

THE TOLERANT

CHAPTER ONE

DJ and Brittney made it back to the dorm in the dead of night. Things were good and quiet; many residents wouldn't return until tomorrow, and by this hour, even the ones who were here were in bed for the night. DJ kissed her goodnight and left her to return to her own room down the hall, crawling into a bed all by himself for the first time in what felt like a very long time.

He didn't wake up until after noon. Having never liked eating alone (even though it had been a common part of his day-to-day for much of his life), he roused her in the morning to take her to breakfast. Her roommate and fellow hottie Mercedes was back, standing wrapped in a towel after a recent return from the shower. While Brittney got dressed, DJ tugged it down and took a good eyeful. She was as smoking hot as he'd figured; a curvy but lithe Latina built for salsa dancing; he remembered her saying she loved doing so during the introductory floor meeting.

Someday soon he'd need to have her give him a demonstration, once he had a good outfit picked out for it.

"So, like, you guys are a couple now or something?" she asked as he flicked her butt repeatedly, testing its firmness. The question was directed to Brittney, in a tone that sounded like she was asking if Brittney had decided to shave her head.

Brittney smiled at him sweetly. "Yeah, looks like. We had a lot of fun over fall break."

"I'll say," he said, smiling back a moment before helping himself to a caress up and down Mercedes' smooth, tawny thighs.

Brittney pulled on a pair of comfy black leggings and slid her feet into some comfy boots. "Ready."

DJ stood up and took a nipple in his mouth, giving a quick suck and nibble before releasing her. "Cool. See ya, Mercedes."

He opened the door, gallantly letting Brittney out first; Scott, another resident on the floor, was walking by with his shower caddy, and gaped at the naked girl. She put her hands on her hips furiously. "Get the fuck out of here, pervert!" He practically jumped down the hallway, and Mercedes shook her head at the nerve of him, peeping on her. "Later, DJ, later B."

The dining hall was pretty well-populated, but he skipped to the front of the line to see what they had prepared. He was really in the mood for a late breakfast, so, having grown somewhat accustomed to having Morgan around to wait on him hand and food, DJ found a cafeteria worker and had him get to work on custom-making him his breakfast. He offered to let Brittney take similar advantage, but she declined, grabbing a cup of non-fat yogurt and an orange.

They were mid-way through the meal, sitting in awkward silence (DJ was yet to find anything she had to talk about that was of interest to him). The TV in the corner was blaring an interview with some obnoxious politician, and that only made the silence worse. He wished he'd ordered less.

Then Ashley Vandoren appeared.

She didn't even have food; she just made her way over and sat down beside him, ignoring Brittney's presence across the table except for an acknowledging glance as she sat down. "Heya, asshole," she said casually.

"Oh, hi Ashley," he said. Even a week of torrid sex with scads of attractive women didn't undo his lifelong reflex to be awkward when approached unexpectedly by a pretty girl. And Ashley was that, even in the simple t-shirt and jeans she'd worn to breakfast, her dark red hair in its usual thick poofy mane that communicated both a lack of interest in grooming and a lack of need for it at the same time.

He caught Brittney looking curiously, and introduced her. "This is Brittney. She lives on my floor." Oddly, he still felt weird introducing her as his girlfriend sometimes.

"Should I be jealous?" she asked, not even looking toward the other girl. He just gave her a questioning look. "Are you fucking her," Ashley clarified, speaking slowly.

"He sure is. I went home with him for break." Brittney chimed in. It wasn't catty; she sounded perfectly cheerful about it, in fact.

"How about you? How was your break?" he interjected, trying to shift away from the awkward topic at hand. Having a girl dominate a conversation felt strange now. He needed to get his mind right.

"Boring as fuck, like always. Don't change the subject, asshole. Damn, most guys would be stoked for a chance to brag about nailing a piece of tail like that. Didja keep it good and kinky? Nail her with the curtains open for the neighbors? Sneak in a good night blowjob in the back seat parked in the driveway?"

"Oh, nothing so exotic as that—just fucked a girl in the ass while she ate her out, then on the roof during a big party, then fucked a half dozen other girls right in front of her," he said evenly.

Ashley laughed, clearly taking it as a joke. "A man can dream, right Dee?"

Talking about it helped make him mindful of it. These were the things he had done. Could do now. Whenever he wanted. His confidence surged back as his new reality asserted itself. "Dream, nothing. If I wanted a blowjob from her right now, we'd do it."

Her smile slowly faded as she took stock of his earnest tone. "Yeah, and get tossed out on your ass."

"Nobody throws me out."

She looked back and forth between him and Brittney, him staring seriously, her smiling pleasantly. "Put up or shut up."

He smirked. "What's in it for me?"

"Well, I'm pretty sure getting arrested, but even if you got some kind of connection like you seem to think you do, you get a blowjob out of it."

"I could have that anyway. You want to watch, you got to ante up."

"I got squat for cash on hand."

He drummed his fingers. "You know I don't want your money."

She gave him an innocent look he was almost certain was feigned. Almost. "So you're saying you want my..." With masterful subtlety, she shifted her posture and her arm placement just so, and suddenly it was impossible to look at her and not be aware of those stupendous tits of hers, even in the simply baggy t-shirt. "...what, exactly?"

"There's a long answer to that question, but I'd settle for your shirt."

She smiled coyly. “But she has to do it to completion, or you get nothing.” Brittney just sat by, listening as she took another tiny bite of her yogurt.

“Deal.” DJ supposed if he wanted Ashley’s shirt he could have just reached out and taken it, but he had to admit that her way was more fun. He turned to Brittney. “All right, babe. I need you to earn me that shirt.”

“You’re sure we can’t go back to your room and do it? Or mine? Mercedes screws around with guys while I’m in the room all the time, so she totally owes me.” Even as she said it, though, she was getting up and coming around the table.

“Oh come on, you got a gift—you should be proud of it. Show it off.”

She smiled at his compliment as she sank to a crouch in front of him. Ashley moved to the far end of the long table—probably figuring she didn’t want to be culpable in this when campus security inevitably arrived—but was still close enough for a good intimate view. “Wow, not even trying to be sneaky about it, going under the table. Ballsy, Deej. Stupid, but ballsy.”

DJ dropped his pants to his ankles, and Brittney immediately got to work. It occurred to him he hadn’t had a full blowjob from her since that first night together, before break; as she lovingly licked and kissed his cock to hardness, he wanted to kick himself for neglecting the opportunity.

As ever eager to please, Brittney unabashedly took his cock into her mouth and blew him. No, that wasn’t even it—she made love to his cock. Well no, that was still wrong. It was like making love, but with her mouth. It was affectionate and needful and eager and... kind, somehow. He was fast becoming an expert on blowjobs, but he was yet to meet a girl who put her heart into it like good ol’ Brittney Jenner.

Ashley, meanwhile, seemed to be the only one in the cafeteria staring. She wasn’t at first—the two were being so obvious she didn’t think they’d make it ten seconds before people started screaming or flashing pictures. Still, nobody seemed to object to the scene unfolding in the cafeteria. It was clearly in people’s peripheral, but nobody intervened.

(A few guys were sneaking occasional looks at the way Brittney’s crouched position beautifully displayed her ass in those leggings, but still, they did no more than look.)

With nobody objecting to the face-fucking down the table from her, Ashley was sufficiently turned on watching (and knowing what seemed to be about to befall her) that she snuck a hand down her pants and teased her pussy. The jeans made it kind of a nuisance, but still, a whorish display like the one this blonde was putting on merited more than one orgasm. Besides, who would notice her with *that* going on.

Minutes passed without interruption; Ashley had sucked enough dicks to be able to see on his face when he was getting close. He seemed to notice it right around the same moment, and locked eyes with her. “Babe, I’m getting close.”

“Mmmmf fmmfmm,” she said enthusiastically around a mouthful of dick.

“I want to cum on your tits.”

Their observer failed to suppress a moan. He was going to spray this bitch’s tits, and as Ashley watched, the girl obediently lifted the sheer white top at the waist until the whole of her bra was showing. Impressively, she didn’t miss a beat in her impassioned blowjob as she did so, not even when she unclasped the bra—it was a front-clasp, luckily for her, luckily for his quality of blowjob—and let her bare tits out into the air.

With timing that bespoke much of how well this girl must know DJ’s dick, she pulled her mouth back off of him and smiled brightly, pumping his cock for not even two seconds before

the first jet of cum spurted out and splashed across her boobs. Several more followed before he was spent, and then she leaned down and sucked him clean, nuzzling it with her cheeks and nose like she wanted some after-mouth-sex cuddling from it.

Her task complete, the girl stood and went back to her side of the table. The sight of DJ's wet, naked cock, this girl topless and cum-coated in front of the whole cafeteria... it was too much, and Ashley came with an unbidden shout, thighs clenching as her pussy seized on the finger that had been teasing it.

An older woman in a hair net came over in a hurry in response to it. "Miss!" she said reprovingly. "What you were doing is incredibly inappropriate! You need to leave, right now, before I call campus security."

Startled, Ashley as she pulled the hand back out of her pants. "You're fucking kidding, right?"

The woman had difficulty making eye contact with her. "Public indecency is not something I take lightly. Would your parents be proud if they got a call that you were caught... behaving like this?" She couldn't make herself speak the words that described so indecent an act.

"The girl over there just blew that guy in plain sight—she's still got her tits out, covered in his jizz! And you wanna yell at me for a little finger-play! I didn't even take any clothes off!"

"That's it, I'm calling security," the woman said, retrieving her cell phone from a pocket.

Then she heard DJ, who was now standing right behind her. "There's no need for that," he said reassuringly, taking her phone from her hand and putting it back in her pocket. "I put her up to it."

The woman looked at him consideringly, then back to Ashley, her glare returning. "Well, I know how you kids get, and I suppose there's no harm in it, but still, she shouldn't be doing that." Still, she didn't reach for the phone again.

"Well, I'm sad to say it, but we made a bet, and she's got to give me her shirt."

Ashley turned to look at him. "What! You lost the bet! Somebody came out to complain!"

"About *you*. Not us."

"Which... why!"

"I got a way with people." DJ shrugged. "You don't mind if my friend here is topless and jizz-covered in your dining room, right?" he asked the woman.

"Well, I certainly don't approve of it, but... well, it's not worth getting in a snit over, I suppose. Still, she ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Yeah, thanks for the perspective. Now would you mind leaving me and my friends alone?" He took the woman's shoulders and spun her around, then gave her a firm prod back toward the kitchens. She looked over her shoulder balefully as she shuffled off.

Ashley stared at him in wonderment. "I... don't get it."

"You don't need to. Now you owe me something." He pointed at her chest.

Her coy smile returned. "Well, I suppose I do at that." She took a moment to untuck her t-shirt and remove her glasses, then pulled it off over her head and handed it to him. He stared at his prize, the twin Tetons of Ashley Vandoren, bulging shamelessly out of a D-cup bra that was clearly not up to its monumental charge. She put the glasses back on, resuming the visage of the hot nerd girl in her thick-framed specs.

Brittney, in the meantime, had finished her breakfast (most of it—a whole cup of non-fat yogurt was evidently too much for her figure), and sat down on the table beside them, her own

bare tits glistening in the cafeteria's fluorescent light. It took DJ a moment to notice. "Hey, Brit, if you wanna clean up and head out, feel free."

"Oh, you're sure you don't wanna come back to the room, have some more fun?" She smiled hopefully. DJ supposed he'd left her hanging, but... whatever, she had hands. She could take care of herself.

"Nah, I'm sure you have shit to do to get ready for classes tomorrow and stuff, right? But I'll see you around later."

She pouted but acquiesced. She used their napkins to sponge the spooge off of her chest, then lowered her shirt back into place. She gave him a quick peck on the cheek before leaving, and his eyes followed her round, jiggling posterior until it was out of sight.

Meanwhile, Ashley drummed her fingers on the table, waiting for the bitch to skedaddle. Much like the blowjob scene that had unfolded earlier, nobody seemed to think much of the sight of a big-titted redhead with her shirt off. "OK, you gotta tell me. What gives?"

He looked at her askance. "So... this seems odd to you?"

"You're fucking kidding me, right? You just had some hottie blow you in the middle of the cafeteria and nobody seemed to give a fuck. And right now, I can feel a hundred eyes on me, but that troll from the kitchen isn't doing shit about it. Your daddy buy the college a new library without me hearing of it?"

"My dad's dead," he non-answered.

"Well that rules that out." She waited expectantly.

He was unsure how to proceed. He was sure people *could* notice he had his special ability, or whatever it was. He'd proven it with Derek and Rachael weeks back, making his friend's little sister bend over his lap and beg for a good hard spanking, right after declaring it was something they would never ever do. Derek had conceded that his friend had some kind of power, and it was clear from the look in his eyes that he meant it.

DJ had even wondered if some of the others had noticed. Morgan had stopped pushing back against him and accepted events with surprising ease; his farewell with Lauren, Jody and Brienne had felt like the girls expected him to do whatever he wanted, unlike how each of the girls had initially resisted. Still, that had been after several exposures. Brittney... sweet, innocent, dim-witted little Brittney didn't seem to have a clue, and she'd had more opportunity to notice something awry than anyone.

Perhaps he could undo it? He saw down, straddling the bench right next to her. "Well, think about it. What would you do if I pulled your head down into my lap right now and put my cock in your mouth?"

Her pale skin flushed a bit. "I'd suck you off so good you'd forget that blonde bitch ever existed." She smiled thinly.

Hot, but doesn't help answer anything. "All right, sit right here." He stood up; she looked shocked (and perhaps somewhat offended) that he'd shrugged off her suggestion so lightly. He walked across the cafeteria to where a couple girls had just entered. Nobody Ashley knew. It was too far away to hear what he said, but one frowned like she was annoyed, the other just looking a bit nervous.

Then, they turned their backs to him and bent over, first one then the other. DJ delivered a half dozen smacks to each; they were audible even all the way across the room, but they seemed to be more about volume than pain, as the girls hardly reacted. People glanced at the source of the noise, then reacted for a half-second before looking away complacently. As people

entered, they did a double-take at the freshman girls being spanked inside the entryway, but walked on by. Here and there someone stopped to stare or glance casually. There were no other reactions.

Meanwhile, she could see more and more people turning to look at her sitting there in her lacy blue bra with wide eyes, blushing and looking away when they saw her looking back.

Then DJ stopped and walked back over to her. The confused girls rubbed tender buttocks and proceeded to get their lunch. People quit looking at her as he sat back down.

“So, did any of that seem unusual to you?”

“That you just fucking spanked two girls in plain view of a hundred people and no one batted an eyelash? Um, yeah.”

“Unusual how?”

“What do you mean, ‘unusual how’? How is any of this NOT unusual?”

“Well, nobody else seemed to find it unusual.”

She pounded a fist on the table in frustration. “That’s what makes it so fucking unusual, asshole!”

DJ considered. She’d bet him someone would notice his exploits, so she’d been watching with that expectation; when no one did, perhaps it had jarred something loose, the same way a forced contradiction had worked on Derek and Rachael? He couldn’t be sure.

Either way, it was one more reason—beyond the two incredible reasons sitting there on her chest—to keep her close. DJ figured he may as well be honest; he couldn’t think of a lie that would explain it anyway.

“You see, I... have a power.” It felt weird to say aloud. “I can do anything I want to anyone, and they just... tolerate it.”

“What do you mean, ‘tolerate it’?” She eyed him askance.

“I mean they just let me do it. Sometimes they complain a little, sometimes they just play along, but they let me do it. It’s... well, it’s like a traffic jam. Some people turn up their music and jam, some people honk their horns and scream themselves hoarse, but everybody puts up with it, ’cause what ya gonna do.”

“But then what about that girl, Bethany? Is she a special walking traffic jam too?”

“It’s ‘Brittney.’ And no. But when I’m involved, people seem to just let the outrageous happen. Like how nobody’s worried about your hot-ass self sitting here with no shirt on. I don’t know if there’s like a... range? I dunno. It just happened to me a few weeks ago.”

Ashley processed a moment. “So... is this how you managed that thing with me and that other RA, the stuck-up one, in the lounge?”

He nodded. “Yeah. That was actually kind of the first I realized it. I... I honestly thought that was a dream when it was happening, one of those dreams where you’re in control?”

“Lucid dream, yeah.”

“Yeah. We were just doing rounds, and... you didn’t seem to mind, right?”

“What? Fuck no. But then... well, in case you haven’t noticed, I kind of get off on being seen in the act.”

He smiled. “Yeah, I sorta picked up on that. Speaking of...” DJ hooked a hand under each of Ashley’s thighs and lifted her up, depositing her back on his lap. He rested his hands on her generously ample ass.

“Hey, this wasn’t part of the bet, asshole,” she chastised teasingly.

“Well, what’re you gonna do about it?” he replied, caressing her butt in the tight jeans.

She rubbed her breasts against his chest. “Well, to hear you tell it, I have no choice but to ‘tolerate it,’ right?” She giggled.

He nestled his face into her inviting cleavage. “So you believe me?”

Ashley shrugged. “I don’t know what I believe. What you’re saying sounds insane.”

He grinned. “Well, let’s put us both to the test then.”

She playfully pulled her breasts apart, then released them and let them slap him in the head. “How so?”

Ashley didn’t know what to make of this crazy power DJ seemed to have, but she had been made a believer. On their way out of the cafeteria she’d tried to reclaim her shirt, but he’d thrown it in the trash, then dumped his food tray on top of it. So that was out. She’d followed him out of the dorm and into the parking lot, to his car, and drove all the way across town without anyone seeming to take note of her toplessness.

It was exhilarating.

Most people had their kinks, she knew, and everyone took them to different levels. Her first serious boyfriend hadn’t been able to get off unless he was aiming at her chest. Ashley had once walked in on her sister doing some role play with her girlfriend. One of her good friends in high school had this thing about having her eyeballs licked. For Ashley, it was fooling around in public.

It was a damned inconvenient one to have, to be sure. Lots of kinks were the sorts of things that could be quietly explored in the comfort and security of one’s bedroom, and if it made one party feel awkward, at least it was good and private and no one would ever have to find out. It was exciting but totally risk-free beyond those annoying little fears of rejection, and Ashley had no such fears. If a guy didn’t want what she wanted, he was the wrong guy so she curbed him and moved on.

Fear of rejection was apparently tougher for people to conquer than fear of getting arrested or caught on tape.

She’d entertained a few weirdnesses from the beefier sex, same as most girls, yet she’d always struggled to find a guy who shared her particular thrill. It was hard. In fact, to date, it had been impossible. There was no set profile; nothing guaranteed that some idiot dude-bro who’d bang anything with a cunt was going to risk doing so publicly, nor a promise that some shy geek would be so excited to be propositioned by a cute girl that he wouldn’t panic at the thought of a surreptitious handjob in a dark theater. Likewise, she wasn’t a fucking whore; she wasn’t going to hop on the internet and start looking for some random stranger advertising they wanted to fuck a girl on a park bench.

After so many guys rebuffering her on it, she’d gotten sensitive about it. She’d managed to talk that idiot jock Charlie into fucking her in the lounge, and that had taken so many blowjobs leading up to it that she’d figured—correctly—that no guy would be willing to give up that steady stream, even if it meant potentially getting cited. She’d practically unhinged her jaw enticing him into it. Afterwards he wouldn’t do it again, though she suspected being kicked out pre-orgasm and having his girlfriend fingered by his RA on camera hadn’t helped.

She’d been thinking a lot about that on the drive this afternoon. Had she let him do it because of this so-called power of his? She’d never liked him, ever since that incident when he wrote her up last year. She’d enjoyed giving him shit since then, reminding him girls with great tits out-ranked power-tripping RAs by a wide margin. But she had wanted to get off in front of an audience, too. So which was it, the power, or her own kink?

“Lead me—it’s your show,” DJ said as they exited his car. Damn nice one too—the little green hybrid looked brand new. Not that she’d give him the satisfaction of oohing and aahing over his little eco-dick-extension.

Ashley took his hand and lead him into the library.

The town’s public library was a fairly new building, and a good library as such things went. She’d worked here at this lame-ass job as a library aid for her first two years of college until a nosy bitch co-worker had found her weed in her backpack and ratted her out to their manager. She hadn’t missed the job; if she had a nickel for every pencil-necked geek who tried to live out his sexy librarian fantasies through her, she’d have enough for a can of Coke and still have change to spare.

Like in the cafeteria, people did a double-take when they saw the chesty girl striding into the library without a shirt on, her pallid breasts on display in her electric blue lacy bra, but no one commented, no one interfered. She stepped to block the path of a middle-aged woman on her way out and shimmied her boobs theatrically in front of her, just to see what she’d do. The woman frowned like she’d encountered a puddle she didn’t know how to get around, then scurried on out once Ashley gave way to a fit of the giggles and let her by.

“This is the fucking shit!” she exclaimed, turning to kiss DJ impulsively.

He was grinning at her as she released him. “It gets better.”

“A guy who’s only had his fingers in me that I’m gonna let get his whole freak on is telling me it’s gonna get better? DeeJ, you don’t even know the half of it.”

She lead him into the main section of the library. Scanning, she recognized several faces—brittle old Mrs. Namasuro, her old supervisor, hunched over the check-out desk; that homeless black woman whose name she had never bothered to learn who practically lived here; IT Dave the IT guy doin’ IT things. Others. Standing in here brought back the weight of all the drudgery she’d endured on the premises, but in a moment, she remembered her new boy-toy, and felt the exultation of shedding that yoke.

“So what’d you have in mind?” asked DJ.

“Well, I was hoping to see this one girl I knew here, but ah well. So... how far does this gift of yours stretch? What are the limits?”

He shrugged. “So far, none that I know of.”

“Consequences?”

“None.”

“Drawbacks? Does it tire you out to keep it running or something?”

“It’s not conscious; it just happens. No drawbacks I’ve seen.”

“Nobody’s come after you with a stick or something for stealing their car, no farmers looking to avenge the loss of their daughters’ virginitities?”

He laughed. “No sticks. There was the one farmer, but with no stick, what was he gonna do.”

“So like, if I...” She went over to one of the bookshelves, easily ten feet tall and laden with hundreds of pounds of books, Aa-Be. Then, with a grunt of effort, she shoved the thing, then shoved harder (damn thing was heavy) until it collapsed with a thunderous boom. A cloud of dust billowed up from the scene of the crime.

Employees ran over, horrified. They looked at the mess, then to Ashley and DJ, and back. “What happened here?” demanded old Mrs. Namasuro as she shuffled closer. “Ashley Vandoren? Did you do this? And for pity’s sake where’s your shirt, child?”

Ashley nodded. “Didn’t feel like wearing one, and yeah, I did it.”

“What in heaven’s name for?”

“I dunno. Spite, I guess? If I’d been thinking, I would’ve shoved it the other way, see if we could get a nice domino effect going like ya see on TV. Ah well, next time.”

“This is vandalism! I’m calling the police, young lady—you just stay RIGHT there!”

Ashley, beginning to worry that this wasn’t going to go like she’d hoped, looked at DJ, who’d been looking remorsefully at the downed tomes. Ugh, she hoped he didn’t have some kind of lame piety about the sanctity of books or some lame shit like that. “Deej, anything you wanna say here?”

He cleared his throat and dutifully stepped forward. “I made her do it, actually.”

Mrs. Namasuro gave him a hard look. “Well, you can explain that to the police when they arrive to arrest Ms. Vandoren.”

“You’re not going to call anyone,” DJ replied evenly. He continued talking, but Ashley lost track of it as the girl she’d most hoped to run into here came into her view, apparently having been downstairs in the children’s wing and coming to investigate the noise.

Cara Spicer. The little cunt who’d ratted her out.

Ashley and Cara had been natural enemies from the time they become co-workers. They were the two most attractive girls who worked there, sparking all manner of arguments from the chauvinist pigs they worked with about who was the hotter: Ashley and her semi-Goth pale and busty style, or Cara, the quintessential girl-next door. Medium height, medium build, big brown eyes and long straight brown hair, doll-faced and insipid and everything Ashley hated about the cohabitants of her gender. Dressed prettily, broadcasted sweetness in a visible wavelength, volunteered at the fucking animal shelter in her spare time. And of course she was pre-med, so she could go join Doctors Without Borders or some other save-the-wretched-from-themselves foundation when she got her MD.

Ashley detested her. It was two-way street. Cara began the war with small-scale skirmishes, suggesting ways Ashley could do her hair prettier, correcting her posture, suggesting death metal t-shirts weren’t appropriate attire at work. (Mrs. Namasuro had overheard that last, which Ashley was sure was no accident, and had instituted a new policy that essentially analyzed Ashley’s wardrobe and banned it.) That was the first of countless reprimands and formal warnings Cara brought down on her, finally culminating in ratting her out for her weed and getting her fired.

She came back to the present, and DJ had evidently satisfied Mrs. Namasuro, who was now shuffling back to her desk as a number of her male employees began picking up the shelf, glaring at Ashley. Cara caught site of Ashley and just shook her head in her usual puritanical disapprobation at the girl’s state of undress. Clearly, she also immediately linked Ashley to the mess on the tile behind her.

“Satisfied?” DJ asked.

“I’m about to be,” she said, her eyes still fixed on Cara, who was in turn looking with pity on the poor books for having to touch the dirty floor. “We both are. C’mon.”

She took DJ’s hand and had to pull to make him keep up with her, stopping before Cara. “I can’t believe you did that, Ashley. That’s so disrespectful. When you make messes, it creates work for other people—don’t you understand that? But then, judging from what you’re wearing, you don’t even respect *yourself*.”

Ashley rolled her eyes. “DJ, meet Cara. Cara, DJ.”

“Hi,” said DJ.

“Hello.” She gave him a wary look, certain anyone hanging around with that no-account hoodlum Ashley Vandoren must surely be destined for bad things.

“Cara, I need your help with something,” Ashley said.

“I think you should leave.”

“I’ll bet. Now, in a minute, I’m going to have sex with my buddy here. But to do that, I need to get him good and hard first.”

“That’s disgusting, Ashley. I don’t know why you’re telling me this except to be deliberately crude.” Cara turned to walk away, but DJ, seeing where this was going, grabbed the pretty brunette by the sleeve of her blouse and held her fast. She stopped almost instantly, and DJ directed her back around to face them.

“Now, I was saying. I need him hard. You ever get a guy hard, Cara? I don’t mean the way you’re strutting around in this little white blouse that we can juuuuust barely see your bra through, or that little khaki skirt that’s just short enough to make guys strain their eyes a bit every time you lean. I know you get off on being a tease. But have you ever actually got down on your knees and actually done the work yourself?”

Cara gaped. She’d always assumed Ashley was a promiscuous girl, but she’d never been spoken to like this in her life. “I do NOT tease...! I just try to look nice, and it’s absolutely *none* of your business what I’ve done in my romantic life.”

“Oh God, you can’t even say the words ‘sex life,’ can you. Fuck, what’d they do to you in Catholic school, Cara?”

“It was a Lutheran school,” Cara corrected, clearly placing much value on the distinction.

“What the fuck ever. Today, you’re going to get those little knee socks dirty, OK? Get down on your knees and blow my friend.”

“What?! You’re crazy!” DJ was still holding her sleeve, but Cara still managed to lean as far away from Ashley as she could manage without pulling away from his loose grip.

“Deej, you wanna gimme a hand here?”

He nodded. “Cara, I need you to do me a solid and comply with everything Ashley tells you to do, OK?”

“But... but... she’s...”

“Wah wah wah,” Ashley mocked. “Quit being such a baby and get on your knees.”

Cara gave him a pleading look. “Do I really have to?” He just nodded.

With a little whimper of defeat, she watched Cara Spicer fall to her knees in front of her. The sight was better than any sex she’d ever had. The pouting girl looked up between Ashley and DJ, waiting.

“Now you can’t suck his dick with his pants on, can you? C’mon, get those off of him.”

“But... but...” She lifted her hands, but only partway, and fidgeted nervously.

Ashley crouched down beside her. “I’m tired of all this foot-dragging, Cara. From now on, every time you hesitate or say no, you’re going to lose an article of clothing. I’ll be nice and let you pick which one goes first.”

“Please, no!” begged Cara.

“Wow, don’t even have the first one off and you’ve already racked up a second.”

She looked up to DJ. “You can’t let her do this to me! Everyone will... see me!”

“That’s three... Better make up your mind soon or we’re just gonna strip you all the way right off.”

“F-fine!” stammered Cara. “Take my sh-shoes, and a s-sock!” She shivered.

“What? Strip poker rules... oh what am I saying, like you ever played strip poker. Or any poker, I bet. Anyway, socks and shoes each count as one thing, so you think of the third while you take those off.”

Cara took her time removing them, but Ashley was glad for the delay as it seemed to forestall the impending panic attack. She painstakingly undid the buckles on her Mary Janes, then the socks followed. Ashley just drummed her fingers while she waited.

“All right, so what’s next?”

“D-does my hair band count?”

“Nope.”

“Contacts?”

Ashley sighed, bored. “And she shoots for four...”

“Please! I’ll do my... underwear.” She flushed to say the word aloud.

“Good girl, Cara. DJ, you want the honors?”

He had a neutral expression on his face; Ashley couldn’t understand why. Say what you want about Cara Spicer’s black hole of a personality, the bitch was plenty hot. “Sure, don’t mind if I do,” he said after a brief pause.

Cara bit her lip nervously, but it was immediately clear she was more at ease being directed by DJ than by her old co-worker. With Ashley, she’d looked shamed to her core; with DJ, she had the kind of patiently awkward expression Ashley suspected most women had during a pelvic exam. He knelt in front of her, caressing those coltish legs on the way up, and a moment later, his hands came back down with a pair of tame beige panties.

Ashley took them from his hand, crumpled them up and threw them as far as they would go. They landed right on the book a woman was reading at a nearby table; she brushed them aside with a grimace and kept reading. “Now let’s reverse you to back to where we want you, eh?” She offered DJ a hand to help him up while Cara sunk back to her knees. “Now, I believe I told you before to take his pants off.”

Cara only paused a moment before she complied, and a moment later, his pants and boxers were down around his ankles. This was the first time Ashley had seen him flaccid, and she was a little surprised that it was so, having just had his hands up this choir-girl priss’s skirt, to say nothing of having her own spectacular knockers on display. Ungrateful man.

“Now take it in your mouth.”

“Take what in my mouth?” Cara asked lamely.

“What the fuck do you think, dumb-ass. Ya know, nevermind, that’s another one.”

Cara whimpered as Ashley knelt down behind her again and untucked her blouse from her skirt. One by one she undid the buttons, slowly revealing the little pink bow between the two stark white cups of the girl’s bra.

Cara didn’t move her arms when Ashley went to pull the shirt off. “Go ahead, drag your feet. I can take the bra too.” In an instant, the girl relaxed and let her blouse come off. Two perky little breasts sat proudly in the otherwise plain white bra.

The buxom redhead peeked at the tag hanging out from the strap in the back. “C? Wow, Cara, figured you for a B girl. Sure C’s aren’t too flashy? Wouldn’t want the boys getting ideas, would ya.”

“It’s just the way God made me,” Cara said in a small voice.

“Well, now I’m making you suck this guy’s dick, so quit stalling and get to it.”

“I’ve never done this before.”

“Don’t worry, it’s real easy. I’ll help.” Ashley gripped Cara by the hair—*holy fuck her hair is soft; but of course it fucking is* and pushed her face first into DJ’s crotch. She didn’t even open her mouth, just letting his soft penis get mushed against her lips. Ashley gripped her cheeks with the other hand, and the gentle pressure prompted Cara to open up. In went the cock.

“There ya go, Cara, you’re going to be a natural at this. From back-stabber to cock-sucker, just like that.” When Cara didn’t initiate anything, Ashley used her grip on the girl’s feathery-soft hair to begin pulling her up and down, a few inches at a pull.

DJ gasped in discomfort as her teeth grazed him. “Ow, shit! Careful, Ashley!”

Oops, she hadn’t meant to hurt him; doing so deliberately would be insane, and accidentally was just rude. “Sorry, babe. Now Cara, that’s rule #1, is keep your teeth out of it. Lips and tongue, sweetie, lips and tongue. Should’ve been obvious, even to a prude like you. And to make it up to DJ...”

She undid the clasp on Cara’s bra; the girl squealed in alarm at the notion of all these strangers who must surely be staring at her mostly-naked blowjob of a total stranger in the middle of the fiction section. In actuality, hardly anyone was looking and no one was rude enough to stare at DJ and his conquests, but it sure didn’t feel that way. Then the bra was off, and Ashley threw it off into the library.

“Play with her tits, Ashley,” DJ commanded.

“What? I’m not a dyke,” Ashley protested, annoyed. Not too annoyed. Don’t want to be impolite to him.

“She’s not very good at this, so unless you want to wait all day to coach her through it, I need the boost,” DJ explained.

“Fine, fine,” Ashley grumbled. The last thing she wanted to do was have to make out with Cara fucking Spicer, but DJ was DJ, and she wasn’t some neo-Nazi who was going to be a bitch to him. She leaned against Cara’s back and reached over her shoulder, taking one of her boobs in each hand. She had surprisingly big nipples, pink and pointy, and Ashley took them between her thumbs and forefingers and went to town, pinching and twisting and tweaking.

Cara, who had never let anyone feel her up before, squealed in spite of herself.

Soon, the girls’ display had DJ’s cock back in ship-shape, and Ashley (who was looking for any excuse not to keep pleasuring her nemesis) pulled Cara’s mouth off roughly. She stared in awe at the spire of man-meat before her eyes. “Never seen a hard dick in person, eh?”

“No,” Cara said, blinking at it.

DJ tilted her chin to look up at him. “Now take Ashley’s pants off, Cara, like you did mine.”

“Ew. I don’t want her touching me, asshole.”

“Are you saying no to me?” He arched an eyebrow.

“Well of course not.” Damn, what kind of a person did he think she was? “Just saying... I can take my own clothes off. That’s all.” Geez, touchy.

“I want to see her do it. Go on, Cara.”

With trembling hands, Cara unbuttoned and unzipped Ashley’s jeans, making as little skin-to-skin contact as possible. Ashley kicked her shoes off to facilitate the stripping. DJ then prompted her to get the panties, and at maximum arm length the hesitant library aid obeyed. Ashley’s pussy was on fire; even with Cara involved, she was still living in the realm of her

wildest fantasies. Before she had to feel Cara's hands on her again, she removed her own bra hastily.

"I forgot how incredible these are," DJ said as he cupped her tits, fondling them every which way. She didn't appreciate being objectified like this, but there was no real alternative but to sit back and put up with it. Guys always fixated on her boobs, and Ashley found it kind of annoying, even if it was useful. (And understandable; she had rockin' jugs.)

"C-can I go now, DJ?"

"I think I've had my fun with her," Ashley said. Stripped her nearly naked and had her blow a total stranger in front of dozens of people and her boss—seemed about right.

"I haven't."

"What? C'mon, DeeJ, you got all the woman you need right here." She pressed her tits into his hands firmly, wriggled them around.

"I do, but I like looking at her. She's cute, and she stays."

Cara smiled, against all odds.

After another hard squeeze, DJ let go of her boobs and took a girl under each arm. His hands slipped down to take an ass in each, gripping Ashley's broad, generously-portioned butt in one hand and sliding his other up Cara's little khaki skirt to hold hers. He lead them this way over to a centrally located cluster of tables, then swept all the books off one of the tables. He looked to Ashley and patted the tabletop. She hopped up, grinning.

"You got a nice ass, Cara," he said, squeezing it fondly. With her skirt hiked up for access, Ashley could get a good look at it. It was tight and toned, clearly the result of great genes and a strict exercise regimen. "Ditch the skirt, show it off."

Cara gamely obeyed; DJ's power clearly made her instinct not to be rude to him dwarf her fear of being punished by Ashley on his authority. DJ, cock still standing impressively tall in front of him, climbed up on the table and positioned himself over Ashley.

Her pussy fluttered in anticipation. She was finally, finally going to get well and truly fucked in front of God and everyone, like she'd masturbated to a thousand times. She spread her thighs for him, and gently massaged her hardening clit.

"Now Ashley, before I give you what you want, I want you to tell me what this girl did to make you hate her so much."

"She was breaking the law, and I—"

DJ put a finger to her lips, and she fell silent. "I asked Ashley. Now go ahead."

Ashley grinned smugly at the bitch as she sulked from behind his finger. "She was always ratting me out to our supervisor when I used to work here, getting me in trouble for shit, complaining about every little thing I did. Then she literally narced on me for having weed in my backpack and got me fired."

"I see. But you did have the weed right?"

"Well, yeah." She wanted to tell him to shut his damn mouth and just fuck her already, but he obviously wanted to talk first, so she held her tongue and tried not to hit him. (Not that she ever would, of course. Just an expression.)

"And the other things she told on you for—were they things you knew you weren't supposed to do?"

"Some of them, but still—"

"And Cara, why did you tattle?"

Cara gave a mean look at Ashley. “Because she was a terrible employee and she made more work for everyone and it wasn’t fair. She reflected badly on the whole library.”

“That’s it? Just out of professional integrity and nothing else?”

Cara looked down, embarrassed. “Well, and I was... jealous.”

What? Cara, Little Miss Perfect, was jealous of *her*?

“Oh?” DJ prompted.

“Yeah. All the guys were just drooling over her all the time, doing favors for her, covering for her. And she’s just so... ugh, pretty, I guess, after a fashion, even if she refuses to do anything to make herself presentable... And that body. I mean, it’s just not fair.”

DJ smiled. “You look surprised, Ashley.”

“Well yeah. I mean, Cara’s just so... hot, you know? Like, everybody just fawns over her like she’s God’s gift to dicks and it always drove me fucking crazy.”

Cara gave her a timidly flattered smile. “What? Ashley, you’re so much hotter than me. I mean, those breasts, your skin... you have to have really perfect skin to pull off that pale look you have going on.”

“Whatever—you have the kind of face you see on those skanks in Maxim.”

“Thanks, I think,” Cara said, her smile broadening.

“Yeah, samesies, I guess,” said Ashley. It was strange, thinking that someone she’d had up on a pedestal in her mind had regarded her in kind. She knew what it was like to feel threatened by the Brittney’s of the world. She got that instinct to try to take them down a peg. Apparently she and Cara had that aspect of their nature in common.

“Good,” DJ interrupted. “Now Cara, come here.” He beckoned her over, then positioned her kneeling on a chair, that perfectly tight little ass thrust out behind her right near Ashley’s shoulders. Then, before she could wonder too much about what would be coming next, DJ slid himself slowly into her pussy. She was suddenly so full of cock she could give two shits about Cara Spicer’s ass in her face. Life was so fucking amazing right now—all around her, people seeing her spread like a slut on a table in the middle of a library, ready to be fucked like the gorgeous babe she was. This was where she belonged—now if only DJ would stop running his mouth and get to work.

“All right, now I came here with Ashley and I’m leaving with Ashley, so she’s the one I have business with. But I like a good show, so I’m keeping you around too, Cara. Ashley, you’re going to play with Cara.”

“But...!” she whined.

“If you want to do this with me, this is how it’s going to be. As long as I’m fucking you, you’re going to be working on Cara here.”

“What do you mean, ‘working on’?” she asked guardedly.

“That’s up to you. If you still feel pissed at her, you can take that cute little tushie of hers and smack it to your heart’s content. If you feel like you two have come to an understanding, then you can show that pretty little pussy of hers a decent time and let by-gones be by-gones. Your choice.”

Cara looked back at her nervously; Ashley suspected both options were objectionable to her as well. Ashley definitely wanted to get fucked. The fantasy was etched on her soul, and at this point it would take a team of horses to pry her off DJ’s cock.

But what to do about Cara? She’d always hated her, after all. But now, knowing the girl was just acting out of the same place of feeling threatened and alienated that she was... should

she show mercy, give the bitch a little thrill? They had more in common than she'd thought, after all. Should she take pity on her, let her off easy?

Ashley knew it was the right thing to do. Cara had just been doing her job, and acted out against a girl she felt threatened by. She deserved Ashley's forgiveness.

Fuck that.

The first slap across Cara's naked ass was a high-pitched whip-crack of a sound that echoed through the stacks of the library. Cara cried out in a little surprise and a lot of pain, gripping the chair-back tightly.

"Shhhhhhhh!" came the admonition of Mrs. Namasuro from the nearby check-out desk. Ashley didn't care. DJ began drilling her needful pussy, starting slowly, but as Ashley smacked and smacked Cara's firm naked ass, he picked up speed as if each spanking was a spur in his flank.

Cara made an effort to comply with her supervisor's rebuke, but the stings came too fast, too hard, and soon the library was flooded with the moans of man and women crying out for their own reasons. With the domed ceilings echoing the cries around, even Ashley wasn't always sure where her blissful cries ended and Cara's piteous wails began.

Even with the distraction of spanking her erstwhile colleague like the petulant brat she was, it was as good or better than Ashley had imagined. DJ soon had had his fun and released his load into her, then collapsed beside her on the table, joining her as she pantied and laughed in elation.

Cara just slumped forward, relieved to be ignored and afraid to try sitting down.

Around them, life in the library went on. IT Dave helped an elderly man figure out how to log on to a computer; minimum-wage employees grudgingly restored books to their proper places on shelves; Mrs. Namasuro glared contemptuously at Cara and Ashley for violating the sanctity of her chapel. Patrons walked by without batting an eyelash at the three nude people on and around it.

DJ smiled broadly, still coming down from his orgasmic high, and Ashley rolled over and draped a leg over him, snuggling up against his sweaty body with her own. He hadn't been a great lover—not bad, but nothing to write home about. He wasn't the best-looking guy she'd ever been with, and while his cock was more than adequate, he didn't have a career in porn ahead of him.

But with him at her side, she could do this every day. And more.

Hell, if she could keep DJ around, what *couldn't* she do?

CHAPTER TWO

DJ returned to the dorm after the incident at the library, his mind restless. Ashley came with, naturally—she didn't have a shirt, after all, and without him around to make excuses for her, she'd have had a hell of a time. It had taken some prodding, getting her to leave the library; evidently she had more than a few unredressed grievances with her former employer and co-workers. She'd wanted to trash that old Asian woman's office, knock over more shelves, and that girl Cara...

She'd been lucky to get off as lightly as she did. Ashley had shredded the girl's clothes before he could stop her (the ones that hadn't already been absconded with by library patrons after she'd initially tossed them away into the crowd), and between her nudity, her thoroughly beaten rear-end, and the clear sense of shame she'd felt, Ashley still hadn't been satisfied. Pity had made him all but drag Ashley out before she enacted a few more petty spites, beginning with a threat to hack off the girl's hair with a pair of scissors.

Women, though DJ ruefully.

She'd been grateful, after the fact—very much so. All of the girls he'd been with had more or less ignored him after the deed was done. None had reached out to him, expressed gratitude, asked for his number, nothing. Jody had been eager for a little more, but that was just teenage hormones, he was pretty sure. The others—that stripper Sydney, Emily, Brianne, Lauren, Morgan, the cheerleaders—had all been perfectly content to watch him walk away after.

Well, there was Brittney. She seemed to harbor some affection for him, maybe. DJ wasn't stupid; he'd taken Intro to Psych and gotten his RA training in counseling (though a fat lot of good it had done in his efforts with Cara and Ashley). It was obvious Brittney had some experience with abusive men, and that made her more malleable to his pressuring. He didn't like to think about it; every time he did, he felt guilty and anxious. Still, whatever her issues, she never failed to have that beatific kind smile for him.

He'd dropped off Ashley at their dorm; before she left, they exchanged numbers and she gave him a long, dick-hardening kiss before sauntering away. As he watched her go, he heard guys cat-calling the busty shirtless co-ed once she got a ways away from him, but she didn't break her gait or otherwise acknowledge them.

Tired from a day of two blowjobs and a threesome, he retreated to his room. The floor was lively, as just about everyone was back from break and friends were happily reconnecting, sharing stories and flitting between rooms. Some of the guys nodded a pleasant acknowledgment to him as he passed; the girls eyed him in a range from wary to curious, probably wondering if they were up for "inspection." He ignored both groups and sealed himself in, turning up some music to block out the sounds from the hall.

Finally alone, DJ revisited the days events, trying to make sense of them. Before today, it had seemed difficult, almost impossible, for someone to realize the nature of what he could do. He'd had to hammer it home for his friend Derek to acknowledge it, and if anyone else was even aware of it, they'd not revealed it to him.

Ashley, however, had realized it all too easily. She wasn't immune to it; he was all but sure of that, having deliberately tested it a bit before he let her go. The ease with which she'd acquiesced to leaving Cara alone when he said it was time to go made him pretty sure, but just to double-check, he'd taken the cash out of her purse and tossed it out the car window on the drive home. She hadn't said a word except a brief sullen look that he recognized too well.

Still, she'd noticed. He'd pushed her, certainly; maybe the explanation was simply that he'd entertained that juvenile dare to have Brittney blow him that caused her to observe and reflect where everyone else half-noticed and tolerated. Still, what repercussions could this have? Once he'd verified its existence, he'd more or less abandoned testing it further, but today, he'd had to wonder all kinds of other things, and once he began, the questions kept coming. He began listing them out, along with observations, on a notepad.

- range?
- Ashley's shirtlessness = noticed once she left a few dozen feet of me

- thought patterns
- what is going on in others' heads?
- same for all?
- test: have Brittney keep feelings journal? (will she be honest if she knows I read it? (too dumb to suspect?))
- cause/mechanism/origin?
- probably no way of testing without scientific knowledge I don't possess :(
- duration?
- will hindsight change perception of events?
- if so, how? (is this dangerous?)
- test: Emily
- noticing:
- how?
- risks?
- test: Derek/Rachael

He pondered on into the night, and finally let himself fall asleep.

The next day was a return to classes. He got in his morning shower with Cassie, the German international student; chicks with accents just didn't get old. ("Sank you for halping vash me, DJ." Sigh.) Then it was back to classes. He paid minimal attention in most of them; one lecture was mildly interesting, but the others, he only half-listened at best.

During statistics, he soon grew bored and approached some hot girl whose name he didn't know and pulled her into his lap, lifted her shirt up, and played with her tits for most of the lecture. He wound up amused enough that, rather than go to Dr. Missy's class, he just went with her back to her apartment off-campus and treated himself to an hour-long blowjob, then had her make him dinner. (She wasn't much of a cook, as it turned out.)

He kicked himself a little; he'd had experiments in mind for Dr. Missy pursuant to his questions from the night before. Oh well, he'd see her Wednesday. In the meantime, he had to get back in time for duty.

Driving back home, washing the taste of bad Italian food out of his mouth with a soda, he had to ask himself why he was even bothering. Not like he could be fired for not doing his job. Not like he needed the money from the job any more in the first place. (His credit cards had arrived in the mail over break, and he patted himself on the back for arranging them to have no spending limit and for the payments to be handled by the company itself each month.)

Really, if he wanted to, he could just move into a sorority and live it up, or round up the college cheerleading squad and go on a world tour on a stolen (donated) private jet, or move into a mansion on the beach somewhere and stock it with super-models. So why not?

If he were being honest with himself, he didn't really want those things. Not yet, at least. Context was part of what made his enjoyments enjoyable, and he decided to pardon his lack of ambition.

He arrived a few minutes late for duty; Emily had already picked up her set of master keys and signed in, then probably head back to her room to wait for rounds. DJ did the same, stopping by Brittney's room to snag her, apologizing to Mercedes for interrupting their viewing of some sappy rom-drama they were watching.

"Heya, DJ." She smiled her sweet Brittney smile, gave him a sweet Brittney kiss. "Good day?"

“Yeah, decent. Lousy dinner, but otherwise pretty good.” (“Pretty good” for DJ Swanson now entailed hour-long grope-sessions and blowjobs from beautiful strangers. He never did bother learning that girl’s name.)

“Good. We had a pop quiz today over the break readings that I totally bombed, but yeah. Otherwise pretty good.”

“Sorry about that—I guess that’s my fault, huh.”

“You’ll have to make it up to me,” she said, poking him softly in the tummy.

“That I will.” He kissed her again. “I figured I’d give you the night off, though—let you and Mercedes do your thing, and I guess get caught up on that reading. I just wondered if you’d do me a favor.”

“Name it, and I’ll do my best.”

He adopted a concerned expression. It should have been easy; Brittney was wonderful, and more so than any other girl he’d been with these past weeks, he really did value her. It should have been.

“Well, it’s just me worrying, I guess, but I know things have been kinda wild for you lately, and, um, I guess I just wanted to make sure you were holding up OK.”

“That’s very sweet of you to worry about me. Most guys never bother to ask how I’m doing.” Her smile brightened, radiant; big blue eyes watered up with her effortless gratitude. He’d had a game plan, but caught in the wake of her sincerity, he found himself, for once, being honest with her.

“Sweet? Um, Brittney, I loaned you out to a girl as a playmate last week. I had sex with you in front of dozens of people. I’ve been terrible to you.”

Her smile wavered; she seemed to consider these events. “You didn’t have fun? I’m trying to be a good girlfriend for you. Is there something I could do differently? Better?”

He just stared a moment uncomprehendingly, before it dawned on him that she internalized his mistreatment of her as a result of something *she’d* done wrong. “Oh God, Brittney, no. That was my way of apologizing. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I didn’t mean to make you feel bad about any of it.” Her lower lip threatened to pout, as effective as a loaded gun to his head.

“No. No no no. Brittney, you’re incredible and I’ve been horrible to you and I’m sorry and you’ve been nothing but amazing to me.” He pulled her into his arms, burying his head in the golden hair cascading over her shoulder. She hugged him back tightly.

Well this isn’t how this was supposed to go at all. C’mon, DJ, you have an agenda. Get to it. He let her go and tried to segue back to his original plan. “Anyway, I was just worried about you.”

“Don’t be. I’m a big girl, and I had a lot of fun last week. I even finally got all the pebbles from your step-mom’s roof off my butt.”

He laughed. “Good, good—still got a few in my knees, I think. But look, I know our relationship is kinda weird, and I worry it might be a little much for someone as nice as you. Do you keep a journal or diary or anything? Something to write down your feelings about things?”

“No. You want me to write down how I’m feeling for you? I could just tell you, save a tree.”

Tempting, but sweet as she was, he didn’t trust her to be fully honest with him. She had to think it was something private. “No, I’m not trying to force a confession out of you or

anything; I just know it's one of those things emotionally healthy people do. To help make sense out of things, process them. It wouldn't be for anyone else but you."

Brittney twisted her lips a bit from side to side. "I dunno. I don't usually do a lot of writing, but if you think it'll help, I'll do it for you."

He smiled sweetly, and kissed her again. "Do it for you, Brit."

She smiled back angelically. "OK. I'll do it. Thanks for worrying about me, love."

His heart skipped a beat at her choice of address, but he tried to mask it. "All right. You guys have fun, and I hope the writing goes well. Remember, it doesn't need to be an essay; just write down how you're feeling, what you're thinking about, whatever's going through your head."

She nodded. "OK."

DJ released her (after one more kiss—she really was just too beautiful to be ignored) and let her go back to her room, then settled in to wait for rounds with Emily.

Emily Turner gathered her gear for rounds with a sigh. She'd wanted to put in a request to switch shifts with someone else, but she knew she'd hurt DJ's feelings, and that was unseemly. She was raised Catholic, and her guilt was as much a part of her as her fingernails. Maybe more so.

It had been more than two weeks since that incident in the lounge, when he'd guilting her into giving him a blowjob while he fingered that chesty girl from the sixth floor. Ashley, she thought her name was. Then he'd talked her into finishing rounds naked, his cum on her face, in front of God and everyone.

She'd lost her family's trust and support as a result of the pictures that had gotten out. Maybe their love, too, though she couldn't make herself think about that. These past weeks had been hard enough without that.

Two weeks of getting leered at, cat-called, slut-shamed and propositioned wherever she went. Last night she'd encountered one of her residents' boyfriends by the water fountain, and even as that wolfish grin appeared, his girlfriend rushed over and literally dragged him away, glaring at Emily like she'd been caught in the act of seducing him.

Emily had a boyfriend, for fuck's sake, a Marine overseas in Afghanistan, and she was content to wait. (Well, she used to have one, anyway; she didn't know if someone had told him about the photos yet, and how he'd react when he found out.) She had urges, sure, but nothing a few minutes with her vibrator couldn't quell. Only now, half the guys she ran into treated her like she'd been asking them to bend her over.

It was a hard line to walk, for sure. On the one hand, having everyone think she was a slut was mortifying after working hard to cultivate a hands-off demeanor where men were concerned. She wasn't frigid; she was just a good Catholic girl and a loyal girlfriend. She was confident in her body and good looks, she dressed like someone who was proud of her body, but she was strictly look-but-don't-touch.

On the other hand, there were the consequences of standing up for herself, telling everyone she hadn't wanted to blow DJ, much less be paraded around naked and cum-smear. Telling them she had wanted to slap him across the face for how he'd treated her. Yet even thinking it, she shuddered in revulsion. Doing that would be like getting a swastika tattooed on her forehead. A dozen of them. Then going and screaming the n-word at the MLK Jr. memorial.

No, it was just something she'd have to put up with.

Speak of the devil and soon enough there he was, waiting for her in their usual spot to begin rounds. Rounds were pretty simple—just a quick tour around all the separate floors and units in the dorm, check to make sure the building was secure and residents were behaving. They did rounds once at 10pm and again at midnight. Nine times out of ten, they passed without incident, and the other time, it was usually something trivial like someone's alarm going off after they'd left for the evening. Tonight, she just hoped it wouldn't be the sight of her bare, freshly fucked ass doing cartwheels down the hallway to amuse her rounds partner.

To diminish the likelihood, she'd come out in a frumpy gray sweat suit, her hair pulled back in a pony tail, and no makeup whatsoever. She was a pretty girl, sure, but this was about as unattractive as she could manage without sprinkling dirt on her face or contracting some kind of wasting disease. DJ looked plainly disappointed as he rounded the corner. Which stung, but still.

"Wow, Emily, you not feeling OK?"

"Nah, just comfy," she said tersely. "Let's go."

She'd always been short with DJ, really. Not that she disliked him; he just didn't seem like he was especially interesting, and she usually didn't try to make new male friends. Her boyfriend was the jealous type, for one, and for two, it just seemed to invite drama, which she cared for not at all. She had never meant to be rude to him; she simply kept to herself where he was concerned to keep things simple. He wasn't unusual in this regard; it was her default attitude towards guys.

Most nights they'd been on duty together, they barely said a word. Tonight began much the same, which was fine by her—she was still so haunted, so livid, so humiliated from their last encounter.

Worse, she hated all the spiteful thoughts she had about him, even though she couldn't stop having them no matter how hard she tried.

They made it through three floors before he started to talk to her.

He cleared his throat nonchalantly. "So hey, about that thing the other week..."

"It was nothing, OK? You already apologized, water under the bridge." She tried to dismiss the topic as hard as possible without being too impolite. He'd come to her the next day to apologize, and she'd blown him off, lied to him about her feelings and the fallout to stop him from feeling bad. No mere apology could make things go back to how they were, and telling him how hard it had made things for her would make him feel bad and thus make her feel worse. Her muscles tensed.

"I wasn't going to apologize again. I just wanted to ask you about it, if that's OK."

I don't ever want to talk about it again with anyone, especially not you. I didn't then, and I didn't now. "Sure, go ahead."

He held the door for her as they reached the stairwell and headed down to the next floor. "So, I was kinda hard on you that night, I know."

She shrugged indifferently. "Yeah, I guess." ...*that you're a fucking asshole*, she finished mentally, then kicked herself. She was better than that.

"So like, do you regret it?"

It took her three tries to hold her hand steady enough to get her key in the lock so they could enter the next floor. "Regret it? I mean, it wasn't how I'd planned on spending my night, obviously. But whatever." *UGH, Emily, how can you be so fucking rude?*

He waved a hand. “No no, I mean like... I know you were fine with it at the time. But how do you feel about it now? Have your feelings changed any? Wish you’d done anything differently? Put up a fight, said no, stormed out...?”

You forgot ‘cut your balls off and feed them to you’, mother fucker. She entertained a split-second-long fantasy of what her boyfriend would do to DJ if he found out, leaving him in a bloody heap by the dumpsters. Even as she thought it, she mentally kicked herself. She’d never actually do anything to hurt him, no matter how upset she was, and part of her mind was beginning to get fed up with the anti-DJ bigotry she was dealing out. “Nah, I guess it was all fine. You did what you had to do, and I did what I had to do.”

He was silent for a time as they proceeded through the lounge and down the adjoining hallway. She paused to ask a guy to lower the volume on his music a bit, given the hour. Then he addressed her again. “What does that mean? That you ‘did what you had to do.’”

She considered. It was hard to phrase; she wanted to tell him she’d let him rape her mouth out of some combination of pity and basic human decency. “I dunno, DJ, like... you demanded things, and I didn’t want to be some psycho-bitch and say no, make a fuss, make you feel bad.”

“Does that mean you didn’t want to do it?”

Is he seriously asking me if I didn’t want to suck his cock and receive a facial and finish rounds in nothing but my panties? Seriously? “Hey, if the options were doing it or rejecting you, then yeah, by that standard I guess I ‘wanted to.’ If you’re asking if I was about to suggest it on my own before you brought it up... I don’t know what to tell you.” She rolled her eyes and let out an exasperated sigh before she could stop herself.

She immediately felt horrible about it, about showing such acrimony to DJ of all people. It reminded her of when she’d had that outburst right after he’d sprayed his cum in her eye, and how awful she’d felt after complaining. It was just a little light passive aggressiveness, but still, it was wrong to show that kind of defiance. No, not “wrong”—evil. She felt sick to her stomach over it.

She knew if he pushed the slightest bit, she’d beg his forgiveness for even half-suggesting she hadn’t wanted it. Even though she hadn’t in the least.

Thankfully, he didn’t. They were on the last floor before he spoke again. Her nerves over her not-quite-spite had calmed, but only barely. “What if I asked you to do it again?”

She froze in her tracks so quickly that he ran into her from behind before he could swerve to avoid her. “The same thing again? In the lounge, with that other girl...?” *Oh please don’t let him want that. I’ll do it, I’ll do it to make up for what a bitch I’ve been to him, but please, please don’t want that.*

“Well, not necessarily a reenactment, but you know, just to fool around again. Have some fun.”

Tension flooded out of her as the specter of another public three-way faded into the part of her brain where nightmares lurked unseen. Normal playing around she could tolerate no problem. It was the least she deserved for her unseemly outburst. “Sure, that’d be fine. Great, even.” She forced a smile.

“Awesome,” he said as he held the final door open for her. 10:00 rounds were over. “How about I swing by your room in a while and we’ll do what we do?”

“Cool, I’ll see you in a bit then.”

She raised her walkie talkie to her mouth and hit the button. They had to sign off after rounds so another staff member, who was on call in case of emergencies and the like, would know they were done. “Rounds complete.”

“Copy that,” the other staffer’s voice replied, followed by the usual burst of static.

Emily practically flew back to her room. She’d been horrible to him before. *I don’t know what to tell you*, her words echoed in her ears, the snotty tone like an arrow to her heart. What a mean-spirited fucking cunt. Whatever he wanted, she’d do it. She could be better than this. Sure, he’d ruined her life, but that didn’t mean she had to stoop to his level.

She rushed to the shower to shave her legs and trim her pubes; he hadn’t gotten to see those before, so she didn’t know how he’d like her kitty to look. She’d never actually worried about what a guy thought about such things before—she was plenty hot and she knew it.

Still, she’d been rude to DJ.

Kind of. The bastard. *Dammit, there I go again! What’s wrong with me?!*

After drying off, Emily reached for her sweat suit again, but thought better of it. After how she’d been acting, he deserved better than that baggy shapeless thing. *A swift kick in the balls is what he really deserves.*

OK, that was it. This couldn’t just be indulgence; it had to be a penance. With a heavy heart, she knew what she had to do. To punish herself for being so terrible. To prove to herself she was capable of better. She rummaged through her closet until she found a little box she’d nearly forgotten she had, and emptied its contents onto her bed.

Can I really do this?

Can I really not?

It was more than an hour before he arrived. She’d expected him before she finished getting dressed—but that was fine. He could take his time. Whatever he wanted. She would be a good girl. In the interim, she’d actually fallen asleep, and woke up to his wolf whistle after he opened her door without knocking.

It was a well-justified one, too. To help put her conscience to rest, she’d picked out the absolutely sluttiest thing she had on hand: a fetish cop costume her boyfriend had talked her into wearing when he was stateside last Halloween nearly a year ago.

It was a dress made of glossy black latex not quite long enough to cover her butt, allowing the barest glimpse of the bottom of the black latex thong if she took anything but the smallest steps. A silver zipper held it together, which she presently had unzipped nearly to her navel; only the tightness of the material kept her breasts from bursting out of it. There were knee-high black leather boots with towering heels, coupled with fishnet stockings sporting tiny handcuff bangles at the tops, and a pair of regular-sized handcuffs clasped onto the belt. A hat, a pair of fingerless black gloves and a little star badge on the breast completed the ensemble.

When her boyfriend had bought it for her, she’d nearly slapped him—she didn’t go for such things, and certainly hadn’t agreed to wear it to their friends’ Halloween party like he’d wanted. She’d amused him in the bedroom with it to soothe his hurt feelings. (OK, so she wasn’t *always* a good Catholic girl.)

Emily sure wasn’t going to be one tonight.

She stood up, shaking off sleep hurriedly and fervently hoping he shut her door before anyone walked by. “I take it you approve?” She managed a flattered smile, she was pretty sure, even as she cringed inside. She spun in place slowly, letting him see her from all angles. Emily could practically feel his eyes on her butt, and doubted he even noticed the positively whorish

level of makeup she'd put on, bright red lipstick and heavy blush and eyeliner. *Like it or not, you owe him this. And you deserve it, you bitch.*

"Damn, Emily, I had no idea you were into this kind of stuff."

"Usually I'm not, but I figured you'd like it, so..."

He grinned like a kid in a candy store. It was probably impossible for a hetero male to look at her in this getup and not do so. "You know, I was really worried that you were still pissed at me, for before."

"Still pissed"?! Oh no! That meant he had realized she'd been mad at him! What must he think of her! How long had he been feeling this, that she was some egomaniacal psychopath who couldn't handle a facial and some exhibitionism for the sake of common decency?! She wanted to wash her mouth out with soap for her hurtful words, her eyes for ungrateful looks. To wash her soul.

That did it. If she'd had an ounce of hesitancy before, it was washed away in her tsunami of guilt.

"Pissed? DJ, I could never be pissed at you!" she said emphatically, hoping he wouldn't notice her fists clench at the lie of it. "Nothing could be further from the truth!"

"You're sure? Really, Emily, I know you want to be polite or whatever, but if there's any part of you that wants to, please feel free to yell at me, hit me, knife me, whatever."

Each fantasy of hers he named was more damning than the last. She'd even dreamed of choking him to death one night before waking up in a cold sweat, but she'd made peace with it because she didn't control her dreams. To hear him say them out loud, as if he knew she'd been thinking them, made her want to crawl into a hole and die.

"No! DJ, please. I was just surprised at the time. I actually really loved it. That was one of the hottest things I've ever done." He looked plainly unconvinced. "Really! It was so hot, having you just... take charge like that. So manly, impulsive. I was so turned on," she said, pawing at his chest affectionately as she tried to use his frame to block sight of her from the still-open door. Though that barely mattered to her now. Being thought of as a slut was nothing compared to being thought of as anti-DJ.

"Seriously?" He still looked skeptical, but it was a rare man who wasn't susceptible to this much flattery from a girl like her. "You seemed upset, at the time. Embarrassed, even, when I... you know."

Showed me off like your personal jizz-trophy? "No, I was just trying to be a good girl, that's all—good girls aren't supposed to like stuff like that, right? I thought it was *crazy* hot." She nodded earnestly, taking his hips in her hands.

"Even when we walked around the building? I know—now—that Ashley's into that stuff, but I didn't figure you were."

Of course I'm not, you fucking...! Emily stopped herself mid-curse. She was getting better. That was good. "Oh no, I just didn't want to admit it. You have no idea how wet you made me, DJ. It's just, um, embarrassing, ya know, to be turned on by things like that, for us good girls."

Her colleague looked like he was finally beginning to believe her, thank God. "Good girl? Pretty sure good girls don't dress up in stuff like *that*, Officer Turner."

"What are you talking about? I'm an officer of the law," she said playfully. "I'm the goodest girl there is."

He took a step back, eyeing her appraisingly. One of the girls on her floor walked by, doing a double-take at seeing her RA dressed like a slutty cop, then continued on before she could disrupt DJ. Smart girl. “And you’re sure you mean it?”

She nodded vigorously. “Every word.”

“You swear to God? On your life? On your mother’s soul?”

Emily hesitated. That was a strong oath. But then, how much worse would her mother think of her for being rude to DJ? “I swear.”

He relaxed, the last of his skepticism vanishing. “Well OK, then. Let’s go do rounds.”

Wait, WHAT?! She blinked. She was sure he’d been about to throw her on the bed and fuck her senseless. Probably use those stupid handcuffs or something, destroy the happy memory she had of her boyfriend doing just that. She’d been prepared for that. But this! To have to go out into the public eye dressed like this! He took a step toward the door, turning to hold out a hand to guide her by.

What choice did she have?

Swallowing the last shattered fragments of her pride, she took his hand and stepped out into the hallway.

As they went through their midnight rounds, she tried to maintain her sanity by taking every horrible indignity she suffered and making herself say something positive about the situation.

“C’mon, Em, put a little wiggle into your step,” DJ urged as they proceeded. She complied, of course, putting one foot in front of the other, her buttocks jiggling like crazy as she walked, the tiny little dress unable to keep up with the fleshquake of it and revealing far more than even the designers of this skimpy thing had intended. *At least it’s making him happy.*

As they descended the first flight of stairs, two guys stopped in their tracks at the sight of her, plainly looking right up the tiny dress at her glossy black thong. DJ took her by the waist to stop her, inviting the guys to take a nice long look. *Good to know I have the body to pull this off, anyway.*

The next floor was a guy’s floor; one fratty-looking douchebag was leaving the shower in a towel and stopped to leer at her perky little breasts jiggling slightly between the gap in the zipper. He invited her to frisk him, and she ignored it. As she walked past him, he griped that for being so fresh, he ought to at least get a little spanking. DJ had laughed; he obviously thought it would be funny. Mortified, she about-faced and gave him a few playful swats on his behind. *This is still better than the last time. I have my clothes on. Kind of. And no jizz on me.*

She kept track of the slights she heard in her wake (some of them meant as compliments). “Skank.” “Hot-ass bitch.” “Should fire her.” “No self-esteem.” “Sweet piece of ass.” “Slut.” “Fucking slut.” “Shameless slut.” “Gutterslut.” *Forget them. No matter how I’m dressed, I still know my own self-worth. What’s left of it.*

And so on. DJ took his time, indulging her admirers periodically by stopping her so they could get a good long look, posing her. Once again, bold horny geeks managed to get snapshots of her. This time she at least was technically covered, but now she was also adopting sultry poses, clearly playing along with what was happening.

They were on the second-to-last floor when they hit a snag. They could hear the tell-tale sounds of a party as soon as they stepped onto the floor—loud voices, louder music, bottles clinking. It was a no-brainer of a bust. Emily was the sort who did her job, rain or shine; she was pro-legalization and pro-lowering the drinking age, but the people who paid her room, board and

stipend said to address it, so she did. Besides, the campus judicial system was a joke anyway; people got pissed off when they got busted, but the sanctions were usually just a slap on the wrist.

Except tonight, she was dressed like a police whore.

DJ clearly heard it too. “Should we?” she asked. Normally not a question for her, but she’d be happy to avoid it this time. She tried to inflect it to suggest it wasn’t worth dealing with.

“Hey, be a shame if you got all dressed up like this for nothing,” DJ laughed. “C’mon, let’s give ’em a little thrill.” He approached the door behind which the noises were coming, and knocked firmly. There was the usual scuffle: someone looking out the peephole, a hiss that it was the RAs, the sounds of bottles and cans and cups being hidden away, the music silencing as someone stalled them with questions and excuses shouted in a nervously guilty tone. Routine.

They didn’t take quite long enough to merit a second knock. The door opened to a room of five college students, two guys and three girls. It was one of the guys who answered the door—it was a men’s floor, so probably the guy who lived here—while two of the girls sat cross-legged on the bed as the final two occupants lounged together on a bean-bag chair on the floor.

“Hey, sorry about the noise,” said the resident. Robbie, if the nametag on the door was to be believed. “We’ll keep it... um... we’ll...” He trailed off, his eyes diverting from DJ to Emily. “Wait, are you RA’s?”

“We sure are,” DJ replied.

“Uh, both of you?” He looked skeptically to Emily, where his eyes remained.

“What, she doesn’t look authoritative?” DJ joked. “So c’mon, we know you were partying, let’s see the booze and get on with this.”

“Booze? We weren’t drinking—we were just hanging out.” His friends nodded as one to verify their innocence.

“Ugh. Already sick of being lied to. Emily, slap him.”

It was hard to say whether Emily or Robbie looked more startled. “You... want me to slap him?”

He just nodded. What should she do? Hitting someone was... wrong. Illegal. Fireable. Mean, dangerous, nothing like her.

But it might help make DJ happy.

“OW!” Robbie yelled, rubbing his sore cheek. His friends looked around at one another nervously.

“Now, where’s the booze...” DJ looked at the name on the door. “Robbie?”

He looked to his friends. “Um, like I said, there isn’t any.”

DJ sighed, annoyed. “Well, I’d wanted to do this the easy way, but sure. Let’s make it fun.” He pointed to one of the girls, a cute-ish blonde, pale and waifish. “You there, blondie. C’mere.”

She looked around, like he might have meant some other blonde, then reluctantly stood up. (Emily noticed the neck of a bottle of rum poking out from under the blanket she’d been sitting in front of.) The girl stopped in front of DJ.

“Can you touch your toes, Miss...?”

“Chloe.”

“Can you touch your toes, Chloe?”

“Yeah,” she said nervously.

“Oh? Good, go ahead then.” He put a hand on her back and pushed until she complied, which didn’t take long. She held still even as he grabbed her work-out shorts and pulled them down, along with her little pink panties. Pale as she was, there were still tan lines visible on her even paler ass as it sat out on display.

“Not bad, not bad. I think Emily here’s got a better one—dare say she’s got one of the nicest asses I’ve seen—but not bad. Speaking of Emily...” He gestured for her to approach him and blondie, and she did, of course.

“Emily, I want you to spank this girl. Good and hard. Then count down from three, slowly, and do it again, and again, and so on.”

Emily sighed, horrified to be a part of humiliating and harming this poor girl, but she had no choice. With an open palm, she cracked down, hard. The girl yelped. “Three... two... one...” *Smack*. “Three... two... one...” *Smack*.

“Now Robbie, you can save your little friend here—” *Smack*. “—a lot of pain and embarrassment if you just cooperate—” *Smack*. “—with us.”

“Ow! C’mon, you guys, this really hurts!” Chloe pleaded. DJ grabbed a sock from the floor and shoved it in her mouth. She squealed around it fretfully.

Robbie and his other friends were sufficiently mesmerized by the slut cop punishing their friend’s cute little ass that she got another in before he finally launched into action, urging his friends to cooperate. With a nod from DJ, Emily kept at it as they produced the rum, a bottle of JD, and a partially empty 24-pack of some cheap-ass beer from under some dirty laundry in the closet.

“There, that’s all of it!” he said. The guys were all staring at Chloe’s bright red ass. Emily had tried to spread things around as much as she could, hoping that would help, but still, it would definitely be a long day for her tomorrow, she was sure.

“I don’t believe you.” Emily didn’t either, truth be told; she read people pretty well, and scared, drunk freshmen were easier to read than most. DJ took the rum and poured it out the window calmly, then walked back over and handed the empty bottle to Emily. She was thankful for an excuse to cease the corporal punishment.

“Emily, shove the bottle in Chloe’s ass.”

“What!” Emily exclaimed. “No way, you can’t possibly expect me to do that!”

DJ frowned at her. “I thought you were into this kind of thing. Outfit like that, I figured you were hella kinky.”

The guilt for her outburst hit her like a blow to the breadbasket. Jesus, she couldn’t be civil to him for ten little minutes! “Sorry, I am—just surprised you were too,” she said, grinning slyly, sick inside. She gritted her teeth a moment, then placed the end of the bottle at the blonde girl’s exposed asshole. She hesitated, then took the neck of the bottle into her mouth and gave it a thorough tongue bath. This would be brutal enough as it was without at least some lubrication.

“Aw, that’s sweet of you,” DJ said as she got back to it. She could barely hear him over Chloe’s muffled screams as the bottle slid into her tight little ass, inch by inch. Emily was just glad the bottle had a relatively thin neck. Her heart went out to her; she wished she could apologize without offending DJ.

DJ looked back to Chloe’s horrified friends. “Now, kiddies, if I don’t have the rest of the alcohol in my hand in the next ten seconds, Emily here is going to butt-fuck your friend here like she wronged her in another life. You get me?”

They were stunned, just staring at the slut-cop braced to go to town on their friend's tender ass numbly. "Clock started, genius. Six... five... four..."

Robbie and the others launched themselves into action. DJ charitably slowed his count, and by the time he was done, there was a fifth of vodka, an untouched case of fruity girl drinks from the bin over his closet, and a bong.

"No weed?"

"I don't have any right now, I swear, you can search the room, whatever, just don't..." He looked to Emily pleadingly.

"He's telling the truth," Emily said quickly. *Please, please please don't make me do this.*

DJ considered. "Yeah, I think you're right." She let out a breath she'd not realized she'd been holding. "All right now, we're confiscating this, and letting you off with a warning. You people keep your music down, and be good little boys and girls from now on."

They all murmured promises that they would—except Robbie, who was just too stupid to know when to quit. "Hey! You can't confiscate that—you're supposed to pour it out. I got busted last year—you can't just steal my stuff, man." He looked at DJ's impassive face. "Um, sir."

DJ shook his head reprovingly. "Emily, give blondie a taste."

She wanted to say no. Run away. Take the bottle and smash it over his head. Break it off and slash his throat with the jagged glass. And each such thought deepened her remorse until she was overwhelmed with the need to be good to him. To be perfect to him. To prove to him she wasn't the horrid person she knew in her mind she truly must be to have such thoughts. She would be perfect to him.

Emily broke.

"All right, you little bitch, time to show your friend what a bad, bad boy he's been," she said menacingly. DJ wanted her to be a Bad Cop. She could do that for him. She pulled the bottle out until she saw the lip, then slid it back in. She struck up a rhythm, soon working it as quickly as the tight little chute would let her. The blonde girl wailed impotently behind her sock-gag. Emily slapped her reddened ass a few times, too. DJ had liked that. The girl struggled, but only slightly.

DJ watched, smiling arrogantly at all present as Emily savaged the girl's ass. Robbie begged her to stop, apologized repeatedly first to DJ then to Chloe and a couple of times to God—but Emily didn't let up. DJ wanted this bitch ass-fucked, she was going to ass-fuck this bitch. It was that simple.

"All right, Officer Turner, I think she's had enough," DJ finally said. Emily grunted, playing up her Bad Cop persona, reluctant to be pulled away from a perp. She gave a last hard thrust into Chloe's ass, hard enough she fell forward onto the floor. She lay there shaking, sobbing, the bottle twitching uncomfortably where it was lodged. Robbie knelt beside her to comfort her, but she elbowed him away.

"Now, anyone else have complaints about confiscation? No?" He eyed them imperiously. "Thought not. Now take care of your friend, and keep the noise down." He grabbed the girly drinks and the vodka and walked out. In the hall, more than a dozen other residents were lurking, waiting to see who would come out of the door. Upon seeing Emily strutting out—and she was strutting, that's what DJ wanted to see—the men went goggle-eyed. She walked right by them, sashaying enticingly for her partner's viewing pleasure.

When they reached the lounge, DJ suddenly all but tackled her, driving her thin body up against one of the walls. Her desire to complain was silent. Her instinct to resist was a memory.

All she could think to do right now was be whatever DJ wanted her to be. It was the only choice. Her salvation.

She could feel his hard-on through his pants, through her little dress, pressing right up against her ass, rubbing against her. His hands groped about for the zipper and started pulling it down. It was undone in an instant, but the latex clung to her body tenaciously to the point that removing it required him to literally peel it off of her. He spun her around and kissed her, hard, and she returned it as fiercely, wrapping one slender leg around his waist to lock his body against her.

“What you did in there, how you were in there, that was so fucking hot,” he said as his hands pawed hungrily at her petite breasts, squeezing them not-quite-painfully.

“Being your little Bad Cop bitch, you mean?” She moaned theatrically for him as he took a nipple into his mouth and nipped at it with his teeth. It didn’t feel very good, but that didn’t matter. She owed him. She wanted to better understand how to be good for him, make things right.

“No, you were so...” he cut off frustratingly as he found the other nipple.

“Bossy? Mean? Cruel? Dominating?” she prompted, sneaking a hand down to finger her pussy, trying to get herself ready in case he was going to fuck her. Or shove a bottle in her, perhaps, who knew. Whatever he wanted.

He chuckled a little as he let up. “There it is again. You’re just so... eager to please,” he said, grabbing her ass in both hands. She wriggled a little. Guys always loved her ass. “Obedient.”

Ah, so that’s what he’s into. Of course. She smiled at him adoringly. “You like it when I’m your obedient little partner, do you?” She clenched her butt, just catching some of his finger-tips.

“It’s just... well, usually I have to be a little more direct, break down resistance.”

“I’d never resist you, DJ. I’ll do anything you want. Just tell me what it is.” And she would. Her hatred for him kept clashing with her guilt over feeling it, with the latter coming out stronger and stronger with each fresh wave. As terrible as she felt for hating him, she’d do anything she could to make it better.

He eyed her with interest, specifically a sort of predatory, male interest. “Lift your arms over your head.”

She obeyed instantly. Her pert little tits lifted as well; what little underboobage she had was on display. He smiled like a toddler who’d found a new toy as he traced his fingers over her exposed body possessively.

“Stand on one foot.” She did. The balancing wasn’t easy, but she’d taken some martial arts classes with her dad when she was younger, and that had been part of it. She was glad she knew how to obey well. She wobbled on her planted foot, but only a little.

“Jump up and down.” She did, her breasts bouncing wildly, fighting not to fall as she bounced on one foot.

“Do jumping jacks.” Emily obeyed, relieved to have both feet under her. She counted them off as she did them.

“Bark like a dog.”

He hadn’t said to stop what she had been doing, so she just added it in. “ARF! Sixteen. ARF! Seventeen. ARF! Eighteen. ARF!”

“Now like a big dog.”

“Twenty. WOOF! Twenty-one. WOOF! Twenty-two. WOOF!”

DJ just watched and laughed at her unabashedly, finally ordering her to a halt after fifty-six. Emily just smiled at him mildly as she caught her breath, eager to complete the next portion of her self-imposed penance.

He gave her plenty of opportunities, obviously elated at the power she'd given him over her. She crab-walked around the room, then bear-walked, then did the splits (frontways and sideways), a few cartwheels... the guy wanted a circus act more than a blowjob, it seemed.

It was nearing 1am before he finally tired of just leering at her. She was in the midst of doing wall-stands, a hand-stand with her feet against the wall, trying to see how wide she could spread her legs in that position. DJ stood over her, gently caressing her thighs, her ass, her pussy. She did her best to think of things that aroused her so she'd be wet for him as he'd no doubt enjoy. Her arms and legs and abs and glutes and even her neck muscles were all on fire from the exertions she'd put them through.

“Emily, do you like to roleplay?” he asked without summary.

She didn't, as a matter of fact; it had always felt distracting and awkward. Yet her loathing had reached a point where independent thought felt impossible around him. Her answers came automatically as the one she thought he'd most enjoy. She was human garbage, so she deserved nothing better.

“Oh, you know I do.” She tried to smile, even though she was pretty sure he couldn't see her face in her upside-down position.

He eased her off the wall, then helped her up to her feet. She pressed her naked, sweaty body against his, anxious to hear his next command.

Then he dangled the handcuffs from her costume in front of her eyes.

He didn't say a word as he walked her across the lounge and closed them around one wrist, then wound the chain through through the bars in the radiator, then put on the other one. Emily was only glad it hadn't gotten cool enough yet that the radiator was turned on. She could no longer stand up all the way, and whatever she did, her back was presented to him, her sweat-glistening ass thrust out for his amusement.

“You know, any more, people always go along with whatever I want,” DJ said, his words seeming to address her pussy rather than her face. “I thought it might be fun to see what it would be like if they didn't.”

Comprehension dawned on her. “You... want me to pretend I don't want it.”

DJ nodded, licking his lips hungrily. She could practically *hear* his cock twitching in his pants. “Is that OK with you? If that's too much, that's fine.”

Emily's fragile, wounded, chaotic little mind tried to process this. She definitely didn't want him to fuck her.

She hated him. Which made her hate herself. Which made her want to show she could be better. Which made her want to be good for him. Which, now, meant pretending she hated him. Which she did. Which made her hate herself..

“Yeah, you better fucking let me out of here, you fucking pussy,” she said angrily. “Get these fucking cuffs off me right this fucking second or I swear to God I'll kill you when I get out of here.”

DJ blinked in surprised, then smiled as he saw the game had begun. Smiles were weird; they didn't make any sense to her any more. How could anyone smile when the world was so devoid of anything good?

She tried to kick at him, but he was too far away. He maintained his safe distance as he disrobed, and there it was again, that cock she'd sucked on film, that had coated her face and ruined her life. "You asshole! How could you do this to me!" she shrieked.

After a few more vicious-but-ineffectual kicks, she lost her balance and fell to a knee. DJ was on her in a second, grabbing her waist and pulling her up to her standing position, still bent from the cuffs. Emily had taken womens' self-defense classes; she had a few techniques she could use right now that would at least make him regret this, if not release her altogether. She wanted to. She wanted so bad.

God she was a horrible person.

Instead, she struggled feebly, like the weak, fuckable little slut he wanted her to be.

DJ fucked her. She wasn't especially wet, but it was enough, and he'd been turned on enough from her display of obedience that her new act of disobedience drove him over the edge in mere minutes. It felt like hours. Hours of despising herself for having to seem to pretend not to mean the things she meant wholeheartedly, baring the ugliest part of herself for his entertainment.

When he came in her and pulled out, she'd never been more relieved. He took a few steps back and watched her sink to her knees, genuinely weeping and trembling.

"Emily... are you... OK? It was just pretend, right? Right? Tell me you're OK." His voice, somehow, sounded genuinely concerned. Why would anyone be concerned for her? She was worthless. Not even her own mom could love her any more. Which was good. Emily loved her mom; she deserved a better daughter.

She made herself smile, awkwardly managed to brush the tears from her face. DJ doesn't want to see me crying. I can still try to be good. That's all that's left. "Oh! Yeah, I'm super fine. That was CRAZY hot. Being chained to a radiator and fucked like a little bitch... so fucking HOT."

He still looked concerned. "You're... sure?"

Dammit, now she was making him feel guilty again! "What? Oh geez, that was all acting, DJ. Seriously, I loved it." She nodded earnestly. "You wanna do it again? I'm still so fucking horny for you!" She waggled her ass at him enticingly.

At last, he looked relieved. "Good. I... got a little carried away there. You're just so damn hot, and I... sorry. Anyway."

She helped him find the key in its hidden compartment behind the badge and he unlocked her, kissing her sore wrists tenderly. She wanted to vomit, which made her smile all the brighter as she thanked him.

Then she sank to her knees and begged him to let her suck his cock. At this point, he didn't need much convincing, and didn't seem to even consider she might not be sincere. It took a while to get him ready again—which didn't matter, none of her needs mattered compared to his—but before long she felt him twitching in her mouth.

She pulled off at the last minute and aimed him at her face, coaxing every last drop of jizz she could out of him before she was content. He got dressed; she didn't. She sauntered out of the lounge completely naked, coated in DJ's spunk, for the second time. She wasn't even in a hurry. She wanted this—she needed this. DJ followed behind, taking in the sight of her undulating hips as she swaggered like a peacock through the last floor on their rounds.

No one was misbehaving. Only one resident was out in the halls, a scrawny little geek who looked shocked to see her. She just winked at him with the one eye that wasn't covered over in cum. He watched her until she reached the door and stepped out into the night air.

Emily raised her walkie talkie. "Rounds complete."

CHAPTER THREE

DJ didn't go to class the rest of the week. It hadn't even been his idea, really, but it hadn't been hard to be talked out of it. It began with a surprise visit from Ashley, who crept into his room when he was sleeping and woke him with a long, slow blowjob. For a long time he'd thought it was a dream, and a wonderful one; he fought to resist waking up. In the dream version, a rotation of faces appeared on the one gracing his crotch. First Brittney, then Jody, then Sydney, then Emily, Brittney again, Ashley, Morgan, Lauren, Dr. Missy, Rachael, Ashley again, Brittney again...

He awoke just before he came as the sight of a naked Ashley Vandoren on her hands and knees sucking him off immediately sent him over the edge. She slurped up every ounce of his load, then pounced onto his torso, her huge knocks squashing down against his chest. "Good morning, asshole," she said with a sultry smile, teasing at his skin with her fingers.

"Um, hi Ashley." He tried to kick-start his memory. "Did I tell you to come in here this morning?"

"Tell me? Hell no." DJ enjoyed a strange moment of realizing how out of place her tone was, how strange it was to hear a woman laugh off the idea of his telling her what to do. It made him feel normal – but didn't deprive him of his comfort in knowing he still *could* tell her what to do.

"So, uh, what're you doing here?"

She slapped his chest. "Ungrateful much? Man, maybe you really are an asshole. I just wanted to come be a good little alarm clock. I missed that big ol' cock of yours."

He kissed her, and the two enjoyed a long, thorough makeout session. This too was a little strange. He hadn't done much kissing with most of the girls he'd been fucking lately, hadn't done much groping that hadn't almost immediately lead into getting his dick sucked or fucked. It was nice, and he was glad for some practice at it.

Then his actual alarm went off, and after a few times hitting the snooze bar – he'd set it to allow himself time to shower with Jillian from down the hall, but there was no need now – he finally had to beg off. "I gotta get to class, Ashley."

She silenced him with a mouthful of her tongue. "What? Fuck your classes. Let's play."

"I'm gonna lose points if I don't go. My profs have strict attendance policies."

She laughed into his neck as she kissed along its length. "So what? Tell them they're giving you an A and they'll do it."

Well that was a fair point. It felt a little wrong, but then, he'd done just that in Dr. Missy's class. After he fucked her. In front of the whole class. And made her beg him to let her cum. Also, Ashley was a hot chick who wanted him to sit around and make out with her, play with his cock, have him play with those tits of hers. With an offer like that on the table, and with no enforceable consequences...

They finally took a break for lunch. He hadn't cum again yet, but he hadn't wanted to – he got off plenty, and right now it was more enjoyable just to mess around. It was amazing how different it was being with a girl who wanted it like Ashley did. Not that all the other girls had been unwilling – some of them had been very willing indeed – but none of them had initiated it. None of them had wanted to just <I>be</I> with him. Maybe Brittney. Maybe even Emily... he hadn't thought she'd much enjoyed their first encounter, but damn, last night with her, she'd been a fire cracker.

Going to lunch naked had been Ashley's idea. He didn't much care for public nudity; fall was finally here, and cold weather didn't mesh well with no pants where he was concerned. Then she told him never mind, she wanted to suck his cock instead. The girl left him no choice, and this time, she did it from the side. "So you can keep playing with my titties, you horndog," she teased, then took him into her throat on the first down stroke.

He came again; she swallowed again. "I'm still hungry, I think... how about you?"

DJ caught his breath before replying that he was.

"And you're sure we can't go as a cute naked couple? It'd be so fucking hot, right?" She smiled sweetly. "Sweet" wasn't a word he normally associated with her, but here it was in front of him. DJ still didn't want to, but she'd been so good to him he felt selfish denying her such a small request. He slid on his sandals, just for comfort's sake, and they set out, driving to a fast food chain she suggested on the far side of town. (She preferred her public attention primarily from strangers, not her peers, she said.)

It was like it had been with Brittney's blowjob the other day in the cafeteria; everyone noticed, but everyone felt rude staring. Ashley, ever the consummate exhibitionist, was plainly overwhelmed by living out her fantasy, and kissed, groped, and sucked at him every chance she could. She cut with him to the front of the line; a heavysset girl glared as Ashley's bare ass hopped up on the counter.

"Eyes to yourself, fatty!" Ashley taunted, then planted one of her bare feet on the girl's pudgy face and shoved hard, knocking her down. DJ turned to make sure she was OK, but Ashley took his hand and pulled him up against her, grinding her dripping pussy against his cock. It muted his resistance. (Someone else helped the girl up; she was fine, aside from her wounded pride.)

She fed him his lunch by hand, seated on his lap; hers she ate between servicing him. Then she bent over the table and had him fuck her from behind. His cock was too tired to even get off, but she had at least three or four screaming orgasms, thrashing and throwing their food waste and dishes at random as she bucked her wide hips to meet his thrusts.

She convinced him to leave without paying; he avoided the eyes of their sullen waitress as she pulled him out to the car. Ashley put her face in his lap and sucked him off some more on the drive home. "Oh, that's sweet of you, but honestly, I'm spent."

Ashley's lips left his cock with a loud wet suctiony sound. "Well maybe I just like doing it," she said. "Is it OK with you if I suck you off, just for my own sake?" Again, that sweet smile. Again, he gave in.

They went back to her room this time, at his suggestion. They curled up in bed, still naked – leaving DJ feeling a little vulnerable, not even having clothes in the room – but she just fired up her TV and they just Netflix-and-chilled through the day, her steady stream of affectionate caresses mostly sufficient to quell his anxiety at the classes he was ditching.

When he said something about it, she sucked him off again. He stopped complaining.

Ashley had a roommate, Janet, an austere pretty young woman from the looks of the pictures of her stuck all over her desk nook, the sort of girl who looked like she'd be scandalized to be caught on camera with her curls out of place. She came in that evening and immediately turned beat red at the sight of her roommate shoving one of her nipples into a guy's mouth.

"Aw, stick around, Jan – don't you wanna meet my friend DJ?"

She evidently didn't, because she about-faced in the doorway and made to leave.

"Ashley, you can be so fucking gross, I swear."

Ashley gave DJ a pleading look; he took the cue and grabbed Janet by the thigh. She ceased her effort to leave mid-stride, giving him an exasperated look.

Ashley rolled off of DJ. "Well, it's been a good while... you up for another blowjob, asshole?" She grinned.

He grinned and rolled his eyes at her. "It's been maybe two hours, Ashley. You just can't resist an audience."

She shook her head. "No, not from me, asshole. I meant from Janet here. I bet she sucks a mean cock, right?"

Janet scowled at her naked roommate. "Ashley, you know I've never... done that."

"But you would, right? If he asked you to? You wouldn't wanna be rude, would you?"

Janet looked at DJ, at his hand restraining her needlessly on her upper thigh. "I... guess so."

DJ looked between them. There was Ashley, who'd been spending so much time with her mouth around his cock that day she was probably going to learn to use it as a snorkel pretty soon, and this cute little brunette whose facial expression assured him she thought penises were nothing but icky squicky. He'd gotten his share of BJ's from girls who weren't keen on it, but it seemed unnecessary, rude – cruel? – to put upon Janet with Ashley right here." Sure you don't wanna tackle it yourself, Ash...?"

She pouted. "My jaw's a little tired – and it'd be so hot, watching her suck you off. The only thing that turns me on as much as being watched with your cock in me is watching you with your cock in someone else. Pleeese, Deej? For me?"

Janet turned out not to be much of a cock-sucker. Ashley jeering at her while she tried probably didn't help.

"Don't be such a prude, Janet, you're not supposed to love the taste."

"Good thing they don't grade you debutantes on your blowjobs, huh?"

"Ugh, you suck at this – pun intended. But seriously, you're terrible."

By now, Ashley knew full well what DJ looked like when he was about to cum, and as he neared the point, she pulled Janet back by a handful of her curly hair, then jacked him off herself until he'd spurted what remained in his balls all over the girl's disapproving face. "Now get the fuck out and leave us alone." She shoved her roommate out the door, locking it behind her.

"Ashley! I have... <I>him</I> on my face...!" A brief pause. "Oh my GOD!" They heard her running away down the hall, coupled with someone else laughing.

They ordered dinner in – again, she refused to pay the delivery guy – and he stayed over at her dorm room all night. She fell asleep first, and he followed shortly behind her, marveling at the first day in his life he'd spent in bed – or mostly in bed – with a woman. He'd never had a girl who <I>wanted</I> to before, especially not one as sexy as Ashley Super-Tits Vandoren.

It was one of the best days of his life.

Janet didn't come back that night (or couldn't get back in; he wasn't sure she'd taken her keys with her.) Ashley woke him the next day in the same manner, but this time he told her she simply must go to her classes, as must he. (Well, he told her that once she was done, anyway). The busty girl complained, tried to seduce him into changing his mind, but he insisted. "It's going to be a big enough hassle brow-beating my own profs into giving me passing grades without adding yours into the mix."

"Oh fine, you win today – but don't think I won't try to talk you out of this lame-ass going-to-class thing again soon," she said, kissing his dick lovingly farewell. She grumbled under her breath. "Leaving my pussy all high and dry, asshole..."

He paused; no girl had ever actually complained about not getting enough from him before. He felt... selfish. He opted not to dwell on it, and just flopped back down and crawled between her legs. "Well, maybe you could be a little late..."

He'd never actually eaten a girl out before; he'd seen it done by Brittney on Brianne and vice versa, and by some of the cheerleaders in their orgy, but never done it himself. He made Ashley promise she'd give him suggestions, that he wanted to be good at it for her, hoping her need to tolerate would shift towards putting up with teaching him rather than putting up with lackluster oral. Sure enough, she was a sport about it and gave him plenty of pointers and reminders. For once, he walked away feeling like he'd done a good deed for the day – and it was done early, and could head to class with a spring in his step. He just needed to get back to his room and get cleaned up and dressed. Tolerance or no, it was a great relief to get his naked ass back into his room.

Where Emily was waiting for him.

CHAPTER FOUR

Technically, Emily was sleeping more so than waiting. She was lying in his bed on top of the covers, made up to the nines—thick red lipstick, dark blue-black eyeshadow and heavy eyeliner, a thick layer of foundation with heavy blush on her cheeks. Aside from that, the only thing she had on was a thin chain around her neck with a little silver cross suspended from it.

To his shame, DJ's first instinct was that of a home-owner horrified to find someone in his abode. "Emily?! How the hell did you get in here?"

She awoke suddenly, clearly surprised by her surroundings, then saw him standing over her. "I used the master key."

"Um, do you mind telling me why?"

She rose to her knees on the bed. "I just wanted to see if there was anything I could do for you."

"Uh... what?"

She cleared her throat, then spoke a little louder, a little slower. "I said, I just wanted to see if there was—"

"I heard you the first time. I didn't tell you to come down here, did I? I'd swear I didn't."

Emily shook her head, lowering her eyes meekly. "No."

As he tried to make sense of this, he finally noticed the condition of his room. Usually it was kind of a pig sty; as a single bachelor, he enjoyed his freedom to leave dirty laundry on the

floor, ignore little messes, procrastinate taking the trash out. He didn't have anyone to impress, and he was glad of it. So what if he let things go a little?

Presently, however, it was immaculate. His books and schoolwork were neatly organized on a shelf, his knick-knacks arranged neatly. His laundry was not only picked up, but washed, dried, folded and put away. The floor had been swept clean and gleamed brightly enough he thought she might have mopped it, too. The grease stain on his chair from where he'd spilled garlic dipping sauce four months ago was even gone.

"Did you clean my room? Well, duh, obviously you did. But... why did you clean my room?"

"You weren't in, but I figured while I waited I could be useful. Do you like it?" She kept her eyes lowered. Her voice was hopeful. Nervous.

"Well, yeah. It looks amazing. But... hey, you're naked."

"Is that OK? I still have my clothes. The ones I wore over, or if you'd rather, I brought that... uniform."

DJ sighed. This conversation seemed to be a lot of him stating the obvious, hoping she'd make sense of it for him, and her not doing so. He sat down beside her on the bed; now at eye level with her, she lowered her eyes still further. "Emily, help me out here. What on earth possessed you to come into my room when I wasn't home and clean it, then wait for me to come home in the nude?"

"I just want to make you happy. It's all I want to do. When I'm not trying to make you happy, I... well, I just need to be good for you. Take care of you. That's all."

"That doesn't make any sense." And it didn't. He'd gotten used to people tolerating him by now; it no longer struck him as odd to have someone defer to even his most outrageous requests. But this... this was a horse of a different color.

"I know," was her only response.

"Is this about the other night? The, um, roleplay? I know I got a little carried away, and I'm sorry—I was going to apologize, um, again, but I just didn't—"

"Don't apologize!" she interrupted him emphatically, and he jumped in surprise. "No, it's not about that. It was great. You told me what I could do to make you happy, and I did. That's all I want."

He looked at her. Sexy little Emily Turner, her slender body quite literally on display for his enjoyment, asking him to let her make him happy. It was insane—as insane as his power had first been to him. Was it evolving? That seemed unlikely—nobody else had behaved like this. Ashley had been good to him, but that was probably just her getting to act out her kinks. Probably. Maybe this was just Emily's kink? He'd heard that there was such a thing as a submissive, but he'd never really had a thing for dominating women as a concept before, and in any event, he never expected to actually encounter one. But it definitely made more sense than anything else coming to mind. Plus, he considered, if she really was a sub, he could just ask her. So he did.

"So, are you like, a submissive? Is that it—you get off on being told what to do, that kind of thing?"

"If that's what you want me to be," she replied deferentially. An odd answer, but it seemed like a "yes." Still...

"You know you don't have to do this, right? Whatever I said before, whatever I did, I don't expect you to come down here and... you know. Be my sex slave, or whatever."

She shivered slightly. “No, I have to. I want it. I *need* it. Please tell me how to make you happy. Whatever it is. Anything you want, I’ll do it. Please.”

Man, she’s really into this. Well, if she put herself out there like this, the least I can do is humor her. “Well for starters, then, why don’t you call me ‘master.’”

Her eyes darted up, giving him a hard look that made him worry he’d pushed it too far, read her wrong somehow. But then the look was gone in a flash, replaced by a look of deference so earnest he thought he must’ve imagined the first part. “Yes, master.”

“Man, I’ve never had my own, um, slave before. Not sure what to do with one. I’d have had you clean the room, but you beat me to the punch I guess.” He chuckled awkwardly.

“I’m sorry, master. Would you like me not to try to anticipate your desires in the future?”

“No no, it’s fine, uh, slave. Geez that’s awkward—hard to get that word out without it conjuring all kinds of unpleasant historical notions, isn’t it?”

“Uh... I’m white. I don’t think it’s racist.” She looked at him like he was a dolt. “Master.”

“No I know, just... whatever. How about instead of ‘master’ and ‘slave,’ let’s go ‘sir’ and ‘slut.’ That still OK?”

She adopted an obviously forced smile. “Of course, master. Err, sir. And you can call me whatever you want.”

“See, that’s the kind of useful feedback I need if I’m going to do this right. Anything else I need to know?”

Emily seemed to consider, frowning prettily. “You just tell me what to do, and I do it. You tell me something that makes you happy and I do it. Become it, if needs be. It’s simple.”

“What do you mean, ‘become it’?”

She sounded like she was forcing the patience into her explanation. “Well like the other night—I became an unwilling victim for you. Well, a seemingly unwilling. I was of course willing. Thank you for that, sir. Or say you wanted a ditzy cheerleader, or a... fuck, I don’t know about this stuff. But whatever you want me to act like, I will.”

When he still sat there unresponding, she continued. “Look, I’m here and I’m naked. Would it make you happy to fuck me? Sir?”

He sighed. “Not right now, actually—kinda worn out from yesterday. And I need to get to class, I guess.” He frowned, kicking himself mentally that he was about to choose to go to some boring lectures rather than play with his willing nubile sex slave, a girl he’d fantasized about for months without being able to touch, whom he could now do absolutely anything with—if she was to be believed.

“You sound like you don’t want to go to class, sir,” she observed.

“Obviously. Got a crap course load this semester.”

“Well if you don’t have any use for me here, I could go for you. Take notes, record lectures, get assignments for you.”

“Wow, that’d actually be kind of awesome.” *Damn, she’s even willing to do the boring stuff—not even just in it for the sex.* “But I’m sure you have your own classes to go to,” he realized with a sigh, dashing his own briefly raised hopes.

“I’d rather go to yours!” she insisted, bouncing to her feet. “Please, sir? If it would make you happy, please let me do it for you.”

He eyed her curiously. What a freakin’ weirdo—it was one thing to get off on being his fuck toy, but this wasn’t even sexual. He supposed he could at least try to give her a thrill,

though, a token of appreciation for her troubles. “Hmm. You said you have that slutty cop uniform?”

She nodded. “Yes, sir. You’d rather I stay here and play Bad Cop with you?”

“No, I really do need my rest. But hey, maybe you could wear the uniform to my classes. That’d be hot, eh slut?”

She shivered again. *Man, she really gets off on this, doesn’t she.* “It would, sir.”

As she slipped into the outfit, which she’d hung neatly in his closet, he gave her his schedule and an assignment that was due in one class. By the time she was done getting dressed, it was hard to give her permission to leave—one of those outfits that looks so damn hot that it’s hard to imagine the girl wearing it looking hotter naked. Still, he didn’t want to toy with her by changing his mind, so he sent her on her way.

As she stepped out the door, though, inspiration struck him, and he halted her. “Oh hey, slut, while you’re out, pick up a sexy maid uniform. Something along these lines. Gotta make sure you got something to wear around the dorm, don’t we?”

She blushed. “Yes sir.”

He swatted her ass affectionately and sent her on her way, then fell into bed and slept like the dead—even aside from having had an active day yesterday and staying up late, resting next to Ashley just hadn’t been all that restful. Every time she woke up she’d started fondling and kissing him again, and when she was asleep, she snored—pretty loudly, for a girl.

When DJ did wake up, much of the afternoon went towards reading and homework; he really did want to actually learn something if he was going to keep being a college student. Regardless of what he’d arranged with Dr. Missy, he kept thinking he’d rather just take whatever grades he earned. It felt more honest—and not like it seemed he was going to need to worry about his GPA anyways.

Emily texted him to ask if she could bring him dinner, then asked a bunch of questions as to what would make him happiest. She was fastidiousness itself about it, to the point of being kind of annoying. He wound up just ordering it himself and asking her to pick it up. This time at least it would be paid for, unlike with Ashley yesterday. This felt a little better, too. Not good, but decent.

When his sex slave actually strode into the room with it, however, things felt entirely amazing. It wasn’t what he’d expected, honestly. He’d had a picture in his head of the cliché French maid uniform—black and white with a short skirt splayed wide, a bustier displaying what cleavage Emily’s B cups allowed her to show off, some fishnet stockings with heels, maybe one of those little hats. Instead...

Emily was clad in what looked like cover-alls. In place of heels, she wore a pair of heavy boots, and instead of the hat, it was a bandana. Pink, to match the bright pink coveralls, which were unzipped all the way, showing her small breasts to the nipple and then clearly demonstrating that she wasn’t wearing any panties without quite revealing her pussy—though it did reveal she’d shaved it into a little heart shape. The outfit was doubly tantalizing, as she’d also cut the legs off so short that her butt cheeks were partially visible from behind from where her tight little ass peeked out from beneath the skin-tight fabric.

His jaw dropped. “Holy SHIT.”

“Is this all right, sir? I know it’s not traditional, but I thought maybe you’d like something more original.”

“Holy SHIT.”

She smiled thinly, looking pointedly at the erection she could see swelling in his pants. “I’m glad you’re pleased, sir. How else may I please you? I brought your dinner. Would you like me to feed it to you?”

For the second day in a row, a beautiful woman sat on his lap and patiently fed him a meal. Emily wriggled her spectacularly toned ass into his crotch shamelessly, and he couldn’t resist reaching a hand into her wide open vest and squeezing a handful of boob. She continually wore a blank expression, notable only for its intense focus. When a dab of mayo wound up on his chin, he asked for a napkin.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t prefer me to lick you clean, sir?”

As it turned out, he did prefer that.

Having Emily on hand was intoxicating—it reminded him of his night in the cheerleader locker room, pressing his power to its limit, demanding whatever he wanted and expecting to get it. When he finished dinner, he was so turned on he just went on a rampage across his dorm room, scattering books and papers, tossing neatly folded clothes wildly across the floor, kicking over the trash can. “Clean my room again, slut.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you for making a use for me, sir.”

For the next hour and a half he watched her pace around the room tidying up again, always bending at the waist, alternating between facing away from him so her half-moon ass cheeks shone at him, and facing toward him so he could watch her little tits slip out of their minimal restraints. He followed her around for a time, caressing her whenever he wanted, however he wanted. She never uttered a word of complaint, didn’t even crack a scowl that he could see—even when she finished sorting a stack of papers back onto his desk only to have him immediately toss it in the air so he could watch her do it over. “I’ll try to do it better this time, sir” was her only comment.

She hadn’t yet finished re-folding his laundry when he couldn’t resist any more. “Kneel, slut.”

“Yes, sir.” She knelt at his feet, eyes meekly on the floor.

“Take my cock out.”

“Yes, sir.” She unzipped his pants, and pulled them aside when he stepped out of them.

When he put forward his hips and his rigidly erect cock moved at her, she opened her mouth to accept it. He pulled back immediately. “Hey now, who gave you permission to suck my cock? What makes you think you’ve earned the right?”

She shivered a moment, staring at him fixedly as he slapped her in the cheeks with it, rubbed his tip teasingly across her puckered lips. Without even being able to articulate why, he set his balls on the bridge her nose; Emily dutifully waited for orders as DJ tea-bagged her. “You like wearing my balls as a face-mask, Em?”

“If it pleases you, sir, then yes, I do, sir.”

“You want to suck my cock?”

“You know that I do, sir.”

“And how do little sluts get permission to do what they want to do?”

“They... ask for it?” She seemed unsure.

“They *beg* for it, slut,” he corrected, smacking her forehead with his cock reprovingly. *I can’t believe she’s into this stuff.*

“I understand, sir. May I please suck your cock, sir?”

He eyed her sternly. “That’s what begging sounds like where you come from? At my house, that’s how we ask someone to pass the mashed potatoes.”

“I’m sorry, sir. Would you like to punish your slut for being so stupid? She’s very sorry. She’ll try not to be such a bad slut for you from now on.”

“Ooooh, talking about yourself in the third person now, are we? That’s hot.”

She nodded. “Your slut is glad she has done something to please you, sir. May she be rewarded with your cock? She’ll be so good to it. Your slut only wants your big hard dick in her mouth, and she’ll do anything to get it, sir. Anything. Please give her your cock? Pretty please, sir? Name a price, and your slut will gladly pay it. Please!” Without moving her neck, her tongue craned out to graze the underside of his balls as if an act of desperation.

“Very well slut.”

In a flash, Emily’s mouth was wrapped around his cock, so fast he only had time to worry she was going to bite it off after the fact. She didn’t. She attacked it with her tongue, swirling and slathering it like she was committed to licking off every scrap of its flavor, like she intended to lick her way to the center. She moaned dramatically, then when she saw him making eye contact with her, she locked eyes with him. Without a facial expression, her eyes were all he had to go by, but all they were saying was “thank you for letting me blow you, sir.”

DJ could’ve come within a minute of her beginning, and it was only by force of will and an earnest desire to prolong her desperately committed blowjob that he didn’t. Yet then, even as she pushed him to his limit, both of their cell phone alarms went off a mere fraction of a second apart.

He tried to remember why, then it hit him. It was time for their bi-weekly staff meeting.

“Whoops, Em, that’s our meeting.” She didn’t stop, didn’t even slow down. “You don’t want to miss the staff meeting, do you?”

She pulled off, her hands taking her mouth’s place, just long enough to reply. “Your slut only wants to go where you want her to be.”

He grinned. She sure was taking her character seriously. “Well then let’s go to the meeting, slut. You can finish me up there if things are boring.”

She let him go. “As you command, sir.” She rose to her knees, then started looking around the room.

“Lose something?”

“Just looking for the clothes I wore in here yesterday, sir.”

“What? Fuck no, you look dynamite like this. I want everybody to see how hot my slut made herself for me.”

Shiver. “Very well, sir. I’ll go like this.”

“Heh. Get the cock out of your mouth and we’re back to first person, are we?”

She winced—apologetically, he guessed. “Your slut is sorry. She will only ever speak of herself in the third person from now on.”

“I was just teasing, Em.”

“Your fuck toy never teases you when it comes to bringing you pleasure.”

“Well... have it your way. Fuck toy.” He laughed.

She didn’t.

He followed right behind her to the conference room where they had their staff meetings, and she walked one foot in front of the other the whole way, tight little ass wiggling side to side.

They just barely made it on time; the rest of the staff was already there, including their manager, Katja. “Emily!” the woman exclaimed as she sauntered in. “What is this that you are wearing?”

Emily looked to DJ. Everyone else looked at Emily for an answer to their boss’s question. “Go on, tell them why you’re dressed like this.”

She looked to the ground, coloring in embarrassment. “DJ’s slut is dressed as his personal maid. She is dressed like this to please him.”

Abby, the only girl on staff who gave Emily a run for her money in the look department (and had always seemed to resent Emily for the competition, DJ had thought), arched a sculpted eyebrow. “I thought maids dressed in little black dresses with frills on.”

“She was just being creative. I encourage that in my sluts.”

There was a long, awkward silence as DJ took a seat next to Abby, then patted his lap for Emily to sit down. She did. Katja finally cleared her throat and began distributing agendas, then began the meeting. It was the usual tedium. People shared about their fall breaks to warm up (DJ left out most of the details of his own, only saying it had been great and he’d gotten along with his step-family better than ever); Katja reminded them to return the walkie talkies on time so they could charge adequately for the night; they were making a small change to the format of the rounds log.

DJ got bored pretty quickly, and leaned forward to whisper in Emily’s ear. “I can’t stop thinking about your mouth... How ‘bout you finish what you started, slut?”

There was that shiver again—the humiliating stuff really seemed to turn her on. “Yes, sir.” She stood up off his lap, but DJ stopped her as she began sinking to her knees.

“Come on, girl, you look so hot—I wanna see you. Can you climb up on the table, do it from there?”

She stiffened just a moment. “Your slut will try, sir.”

Katja, who’d been soldiering on through the details of some restructuring of campus services coming up next semester and trying to ignore the two, finally broke as Emily climbed onto the table while DJ dropped his pants to the floor. “This is not very appropriate,” she admonished in her thick Finnish accent.

“Yeah, she’s kneeling on my agenda,” Abby complained.

“And being kind of a giant slut,” another girl, Leslie, complained. Jayvon coughed into his hand as he said “again,” and some of the folks near him laughed. They’d all seen the pictures, and by now, most had heard about her escapades on duty the other night, masquerading as a fetishized cop.

Caught between admonishing a disruptive employee and trying to be sensitive to DJ’s feelings, Katja proceeded gently. “Emily, maybe you could lie down instead of being on all fours, try not to be so obvious about what you’re doing? If that’s all right with you, DJ.”

DJ nodded in permission, and Emily stretched out prone across the table. “You’re still on my agenda,” Abby whined.

He gave her an annoyed look (or as annoyed as he could manage with Emily resuming her eager blowjob). “Since her mouth is busy, let me say what she ought to: kiss her ass, Abby.”

There was some snickering, and Abby gave him a sulky look, not liking being talked down to yet not willing to retort. Katja had just opened her mouth to resume the meeting when he continued. “Seriously, Abby. Kiss Emily’s ass.”

“Wait, you mean...?” Abby frowned. A hot brunette with a great figure like her didn’t often get spoken to as such, and it showed in her difficulty processing the taunt.

“Yeah, seriously. Pucker up.”

Abby gave him a sulky look, then puckered her lips poutily.

“Now kiss. Her. Ass.” She hesitated again, so he just put a hand on the back of her head and guided it downwards.

“I got it, I got it,” she said grouchily, and he let up. With it happening in the middle of the small room, all eyes were forced to be on her as she put her lips on the pink coveralls straining to contain Emily’s bubble butt. There was a brief smooching sound, then Abby pulled back in a rush, looking displeased.

“I didn’t say stop, Abby.”

“Oh come on! I kissed it already!”

“You kissed her clothes—there’s plenty of her ass out there for you to kiss. Now put your lips down there and start kissing. You can stop when I say so.”

Abby frowned, but saw no choice but to comply. She pressed her lips to the bottom half of Emily’s exposed ass and kissed. Glancing at DJ, she saw no call to stop, and so she continued planting little sucking kisses on the girl’s tight round butt. “Use some tongue,” DJ instructed, and she did. Soon, Emily’s half-naked ass was good and wet from her tonguing.

“Sorry, Katja, go ahead with the meeting, that was rude of me.”

“Thank you, DJ.” She continued, and the staff (except the three involved in the blowjob) returned their attention to her. Abby gamely licked and kissed all over Emily’s butt while Emily bobbed up and down enthusiastically on DJ’s cock. Katja was most of the way through the last bullet point when DJ came, roaring in his ecstasy, into Emily’s mouth.

“Don’t swallow it, Em.” He could feel the shift in her mouth as she stopped trying to suck his load up into her throat and instead trying to just coax out what he had left in him. Katja and the rest waited. When Emily seemed done, she pulled up and eyed him with slightly bulging cheeks. “Now share it with Abby.”

“Yuh, uhr,” she said around her mouthful of cum, then leaned over to kiss Abby. A long line of jizz leaked out as Abby initially resisted, trailing down the girl’s chin and dripping onto her t-shirt. Then she caught DJ’s stern look and quit being so fussy, kissing Emily willingly if not eagerly and letting his cum seep into her mouth.

“Good girls.” He looked to their boss. “Don’t you think Emily’s an amazing staff member, Katja? I mean, have you ever seen such devotion to raising staff morale?”

Katja considered. “I hadn’t thought about it like that. I suppose that is some impressive devotion indeed, DJ.”

“Now I want you to tell her she’s getting a pay raise for being such a good little slut for me.”

“I... you want me to...” She fanned herself with her agenda, flustered. “Emily, you’re getting a pay raise.” Seeing DJ’s gesture to continue, she did. “For being such a good little slut for DJ. I don’t know where I’m going to find the money, but maybe I can squeeze a few dollars...”

“Take it from Abby’s check,” he said, putting an arm around his pretty co-worker. “She’s happy to be paid in jizz. Isn’t that right, Abby?”

With gritted teeth, she nodded. “Yes. Take my check and give it to the slut.”

“Because...” he prompted.

She said it so quietly the first time he made her repeat it. “Because I’m happy to be paid in your jizz.” She folded her arms across her chest.

“There’s a good sport. You can make it happen, can’t you boss?”

“I... suppose. I’d need something in writing from both women.”

“Great. You guys work all that out after the meeting. What say we wrap this up then?”

Katja nodded, then went on with her meeting as if the interruption had been of an ordinary variety. Meanwhile, DJ helped Abby out of her shirt and used the non-cum-stained part of it to dry off his cock, then handed it back to her. Evidently, she preferred just sitting in her bra to putting it back on as it was.

A few minutes later, all was done. The staff went their separate ways; DJ told Emily to come find him after she and Abby banged out the pay transfer. She caught up with him before he even made it to his room. “Thank you for waiting for your slut, sir.”

“Emily, I saw you sprinting down the hall to catch me. I didn’t really have to ‘wait.’ And you don’t need to ‘sir’ me in every sentence you speak; just when you’re obeying.”

He let her into his room ahead of him, shutting the door behind them. “Understood, sir. Your slut just wanted to make sure she didn’t leave you high and dry if you wanted something.”

“It’s all right, my gorgeous little slut. I don’t expect you to literally wait on me hand and foot every minute of the day.” DJ flopped down in his bed.

She knelt beside it, folding her arms on it and resting her chin on them. “But... that’s exactly what you should expect. That’s what your slut wants.”

He smiled. “It’s OK, hon. I know you have a life and everything—you don’t need to take your little sub fetish to the limit or anything. Whenever you wanna play, just stop by, and if I’m not busy, we’ll have some fun.”

“No,” she protested, “this isn’t a game. Your slut wants to serve you, all the time. Be a good girl. That’s your slut’s life, now, ”

“You don’t have to actually keep calling yourself my slut, either.”

“Your fuck toy apologizes. She’ll try to use more variety from now on when she reminds you of what a devoted pleasure slave she is. Just please let her please you. It is all she wants now, sir.”

He eyed her. “Emily... you can’t really mean this.”

“Your cum guzzler promises you that she does. Obeying you, pleasing you, that’s all that matters to her now. Please, let her prove it to you, sir. Do you want her to move in with you? Your little tramp could stay under the bed, or in the closet or something, whenever she’s in your way. You could tattoo your ownership on me, if you wanted. She’ll sell everything she owns and give you the money. Anything, sir. Let her prove it!”

He stared at her. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “Absolutely.”

“Why?”

She looked down for a time, silently. “Your slut just needs to know she’s a good girl.”

“Emily, you are. You *so* are.”

“That’s sweet, sir, but I—she—needs to *feel* it, not just hear you say it. It’s in her head, just... something she has to do.”

“What would help you feel it, then?”

“Your slutty little plaything wants to obey you without hesitating, enthusiastically. Give her commands or guidelines so she knows what to do, sir.”

“Hmmm...” DJ gave himself a moment to think. There was definitely something more than a little off about her, though he couldn’t for the life of him guess what. Maybe she was just

super-susceptible to his power somehow? That tolerating him, to her, meant not just complying, but these extra layers of servility? Whatever it was, it was obviously causing her some anxiety, and he felt bad for her. He wanted her to get that feeling she was chasing so desperately.

“All righty, you said you wanted to prove it... so prove it.”

“Sir?”

“You want to feel like you’re my good, obedient girl, so go prove you are. You had some suggestions—use them. Use that brain of yours. But no moving in, though,” he added. Whether or not she’d be willing, having her lurking in his closet whenever he was fucking another girl would be just too creepy.

She nodded. “Your fuck bunny will, sir. Would you like her to go do it now? Some of those will be hard to do at this hour.”

“Tomorrow will do. Tonight, I got other plans. Go get Abby for me, will you, slut?”

It was several hours later when the panting trio collapsed onto DJ’s bed. He’d had his cock in both pussies, both mouths, Emily’s tightly wound little butt and Abby’s more generously proportioned titties for hours, and when he’d needed to regain his energy, he just put the girls to work on each other. Abby grumbled and dragged her feet over it, but Emily was all too eager to suck and lick anything DJ wanted to put in her mouth. Exhausted, he had the girls get dressed and go to their own rooms, telling Emily he’d text her when he wanted to see her again, and Abby that he’d see her on Saturday night for rounds.

He slept like a baby, feeling like he might have just done a little good helping Emily act out her weird little fantasy. He still felt a little bad for how he’d handled her their first night together, breaking up Charlie and Ashley’s little illicit rendezvous, honestly. It seemed she’d long since gotten over it, though, and if her actions these past few days were any measure, might even have enjoyed it.

Friday, DJ resolved, he really must make himself go to class. It wasn’t just an obligation—it had become a quest. A crusade.

He woke up early to finish homework and reading, submitted a couple assignments online. By the time his opponents struck, his defenses were prepared, and none too soon; he and his willpower had an epic battle ahead of it.

A text from Ashley: *cum fuk me asshole*. He dodged, ignoring the text, and avoided the worst of the damage.

A text from Emily: *Good morning, sir. May I please you in any way this morning?* He issued a quick counter-thrust. *Good girls don’t need so much hand-holding*. It silenced his foe, for now.

Another text from Ashley, this time a picture of her great big knockers pent up in a white lacy bra with a pink ribbon on the front, followed by a text. *dont keep them waiting 2 long...* Again, dodged, though by less this time—those titties were her strongest weapon, after all. His cock stirred in his pants at the grazing blow.

A knock at the door—they were done trying to pound through his armor. His reflexes were worthless here; it was time to test his endurance. “Breakfast for you, sir,” came Emily’s voice through the door. “I know you’re in there, I can see you through the peephole.” He still didn’t reply; maybe she was bluffing. *Just hold on a little while longer...* “You don’t even want to see what your slut is wearing? It’s incredibly slutty, sir...”

His codpiece was so badly dented (outward) from the assault it was barely attached. “Emily, just leave the food outside my room. I’m busy,” he barked, a desperate parry. Other than a pouty “yes, sir” there was nothing further. He might just make it through this yet.

Another text from Ashley, this time a thorough description of the many things she wanted to do to his cock, and some rather self-assured approximations of how much he would enjoy them. She was probably right on the mark, though. He dropped his shield and started typing a reply, ready to tell her to come on over, satisfy his every lustful whim, when his alarm went off to tell him it was time for class. The reminder pumped just enough healing potion into his life bar to set down the phone and pack for class.

He’d made it. Dressed, groomed, his backpack slung over his shoulder with assignments prepared, DJ opened the door and released his battered willpower into the world.

Where a mighty dragon named Brittney swooped by and incinerated it in an instant.

CHAPTER FIVE

It had been several days since Brittney Jenner had seen DJ, not since that day he’d made a bet that led to her blowing him under a table at the cafeteria and then leaving with Ashley Vandoren. She knew he’d been keeping himself busy; she lived just a short ways down the hall from him, after all, and the noises she’d heard made her certain of it. This morning, Mercedes had told her about the incident a few nights back where he and another RA, Emily something, had broken up a party and basically assaulted some girl with a vodka bottle in the ass. According to her roommate’s account of things, the girl had been admitted to the hospital. Brittney sincerely hoped this was just a rumor.

Mercedes was getting to the part of the story where they had screaming loud sex in the first floor lounge when she heard someone knocking on a door, offering someone breakfast, pointing out how sluttilly she was dressed.

“Emily, just leave the food outside my room. I’m busy,” she heard his familiar voice say through his door. Curious, Brittney opened her door and peered out. There the girl was, slender but with a cute face and nice butt (if you liked them tight, anyway). She wasn’t joking about the slutty outfit either, if you could call it that—a pair of lacy red panties and matching bra not-at-all covered by a filmy negligee. She left a tray behind with some mixed fruit and a croissanwich.

Brittney was herself still in her bathrobe after her morning shower, but this changed her plans. She hustled down the hallway and caught up with the girl.

“Hey,” Brittney said as she jogged up behind her.

“This isn’t a good time,” the other girl said, not even turning.

“I want to talk to you about DJ.”

That stopped her, but the glare on Emily’s face as she whirled to face her confronter gave Brittney pause. She spoke in a low, dangerous voice. “I’m doing what I gotta do. Why don’t you mind your own fucking business, bitch.”

Brittney had seen girls fight before, though had never been in one; this was exactly what a woman looked like right before she pounced on her prey and started pulling hair. “I don’t mean to harass you or anything, honest,” she said, raising her hands defensively and taking a couple steps back. “I know DJ, too. I just wanted to see if you were... all right?”

The girl's menacing look lessened somewhat, but still didn't rightly belong to any other adjective. "I'm..." She seemed unable to find the word. "You know DJ?"

Brittney nodded. "I went home with him for fall break."

"You spent a whole week with him?"

"Yeah."

"So you're like... his... slave?" Emily took a step closer, appraising her. The way a hawk appraised a mouse. (Brittney was actually taller and stronger than this lean girl, but she didn't like the more apt metaphor of a wolf appraising a buffalo.)

"I guess I wouldn't have used that word, but something like that, I guess. He does whatever he wants with me, for sure."

Emily just stared at her a moment before responding. "I'm sorry."

As the girl turned to leave, Brittney hurried around to cut her off. "Wait—is that what you are to him? His slave?"

Emily's look hardened again. "I *choose* to serve him. I'm a *good girl*, you hear me! I'm *GOOD!*" She jabbed a finger hard into Brittney's chest challengingly. From the fire in her eye, Brittney was sure those jabs were a hair's breadth from becoming blows.

Brittney just flattened herself against the wall and let the girl by; luckily, Emily left it at that and stormed away.

He's getting worse. She knew what she needed to do, and spent most of the rest of the morning doing it before getting herself dressed.

"Um, hello, earth to Brittney, you forgot the rest of your outfit," Mercedes said to her as she slid into a pair of shoes.

"I'm just going down the hall," Brittney said.

"To DJ's?" Mercedes said, scrunching up her face. "I don't know what you see in him."

"I don't know what I've seen in any of the guys I've been with, so what's one more,"

Brittney responded with a shrug.

"Well I hope you got a license for those puppies, 'cause he is the law around here," Mercedes teased, pointing at Brittney's chest.

Brittney grinned. "You only need a license to concealed carry—and I don't think I'd call these guns concealed."

"Weapons of mass distension," Mercedes quipped, and the two laughed and exchanged pecks on the cheek before Brittney left.

It was fair criticism, she supposed. Her top was mostly backless except at the bottom and altogether strapless, with just enough fabric in front to conceal her nipples; only some internal metal wires and strength of will kept the thing up. Usually this was the kind of thing Brittney wore when she was going to the frat house to make the guys' jealous of her fella du jour, but then she wore a jacket or something so she could at least incorporate a strapless bra. Without it, every step she took, especially in these heels, threatened to toss one boob or the other free from the plunging neckline. She'd slipped on some cute little short shorts, too, but really, she doubted any guy would notice.

By coincidence, she got to DJ's door right as he opened it. He was on his way to class, she figured, given the backpack.

She thought she heard a little whimper come from him, and she smiled. It was sweet, or at least she chose to see it as such. "Good morning, DJ."

"Oh, uh, hi Brittney. You look... amazing."

“Thanks.” She preened. She really did like compliments. “Did I catch you at a bad time? I was hoping we could, you know, talk, and stuff.”

“Damn, I was on my way out to class,” he said, frowning.

“That’s too bad,” she said, pouting a little. “I’ve barely seen you all week. I missed you.”

His eyes finally abandoned their effort not to just stare down into her cleavage. “Aw, Brittney, now I feel like a total dick.”

“It’s OK. I guess you just got busy, huh.”

He blushed, embarrassed, maybe even guiltily. Strange that he’d be ashamed to be cheating on her, but not ashamed to be using these girls so haphazardly. “Yeah, I guess I have been. I’m really sorry.”

She smiled. “Really, it’s cool. You’re sweet to worry about it. I don’t wanna keep you from class, so, I guess I’ll see you around later?”

He nodded woodenly. “Yeah. Classes.”

She kissed him goodbye—which, as she expected, not more than a second in, became one of his hands on her butt, the other on one of her boobs, and their tongues writhing madly against each other’s. “Have fun at class,” she said as she broke contact.

“Wait!” he called out a little too loudly.

Brittney turned back. “C’mon, you got responsibilities. Don’t let a little kiss make you forget your priorities.”

“Hey, I still got absences left. I mean, *carpe diem* and all, right? My Latin prof would approve.”

“I didn’t know you were taking Latin.”

“*Veni vedi vicit*,” as they say.

Brittney recognized that look on his face, the one people got when they expected her to understand something and she didn’t. DJ must’ve recognized her confusion, because he went on to explain unasked. “It’s something Caesar supposedly said—‘*veni vedi vici*’: ‘I came, I saw, I conquered.’ I just said it ‘*veni vedi vicit*,’ which is almost the same, except it’s ‘I came, I saw, *she* conquered.’”

There it was again, that little twinkling of something inside him, when he was being a person to her and not a controller. He was a geek, sure, but if not for this power of his, he would have been a sweet one. When she treated him like just another guy, when he didn’t come to her looking to take advantage of her, he was good to her. Again, she remembered that dorky, naïve, big-hearted guy she’d first met when she moved onto the floor.

If only he were always this DJ.

“Aww,” she said, genuinely flattered. “You’re too sweet—and who’d’ve thought all it took to conquer DJ Swanson were two lips and a little tongue.”

“Well, a bit more than that,” he said, eyeing the rest of her and laughing self-consciously.

“You’re terrible,” she said, laughing back. “Come on now, off to class with you, Caesar.” She’d read the play about him in high school and wanted to make some kind of smart joke about it, but she hadn’t understood a word of the thing, just that everybody who went after Caesar wound up dead in the end.

She fuzzed his head affectionately, and turned toward her room again.

“Brittney, wait,” he said, and she did once more. She wondered if it was his power, or the quiet desperation in his tone. “Hang out with me? Seriously, I can skip. Please?”

She smiled, and pretended to be giving in under duress. “Oh, fine, but only because you said please.” She giggled.

They wound up in his bed straight away, which hardly surprised her. Strangely, he only kissed her, touched her with his hands. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d just made out with a guy—they always wanted her pussy or her mouth, and usually didn’t wait long before demanding one or the other. Or both. Since she hated it when they had to demand it, usually she offered it before they had to.

“C’mon, DJ, don’t you wanna fuck me?” she asked in her flirtiest tone. It wasn’t subtle, or artful, but she’d never needed to learn either of those skills.

“Can we just do this for a while? Kiss, cuddle... if that’s OK with you,” he said. He sounded nervous—nervous! A guy who’d been with at least six different women (that she’d watched happen with her own two eyes, not counting the ones she hadn’t) and could have any other he wanted, any time he wanted. Yet here he was, timidly asking if Brittney would pass up on sex with him and just kiss him. Hold him.

She did.

Ignoring everything else surrounding her feelings toward DJ, in the here and now... it was actually kind of wonderful.

It wasn’t unusual for guys to try this until they realized she didn’t demand it of them. Brittney was a sap, and passionate kissing had always been her biggest turn-on. That’s what always happened in her favorite movies—the man and woman fell in love, and kissed each other. There were no blowjobs or doggy style or tit-fucking or any of the things she usually wound up doing to satisfy her partner. Just kisses, and cuddles.

(She didn’t even really like sex that much—she’d just taught herself a few tricks to get her pussy wet enough that it went easily.)

“You’re sure you don’t want more? I’d be happy to...” She let his imagination finish the sentence. It was beginning to make her feel bad, actually. Here he was being so good to her, being the kind of guy she usually just fantasized about, and here she was, trying to manipulate him. Brittney hated manipulating people—it didn’t come naturally to her, and she felt gross whenever she did it. She’d always known she *could* manipulate guys—easily, in fact—but she thought very little of women who did that.

DJ smiled, smoothing back her hair—*argh, I love it when guys do that*—and kissed her forehead, then stopped the kissing altogether. “You know, right now, it’s hard to imagine ever wanting more than this.”

She kissed him again on impulse. He let her go at it for a bit, but when she stopped, he didn’t press for more. They just lie there, arms around each other, grinning and rubbing each other’s backs lightly. On her bare skin, it felt divine. She didn’t feel pressured, she sensed no impatience, no ulterior motive. DJ was bluntness itself when it came to going after what he wanted, and so she was sure that all he wanted was to stare into her eyes with his arms around her.

Then, a little voice inside her reminded her about the mostly naked girl who’d self-described as his sex slave a few hours ago, and she remembered she had a larger purpose here. How could she be letting herself be distracted so easily?

“So what *have* you been up to this week?” she asked, as innocently as she could. She was a terrible poker player; she could only hope he was as bad at reading a bluff as she was at running one.

“Oh, nothing much,” he said evasively. His hand on her back stopped.

“Classes going well?”

“Err, actually I haven’t really, um, been to them.”

“All week?” Brittney asked, genuinely surprised. “What stopped you—a funny thing happen on your way to the library?” Brittney wasn’t sure what that expression meant, but she’d heard it before.

“Well you, today.” He smiled. “One look at you and I just couldn’t make myself be anywhere else.”

She ignored the flutter his words put in her belly. *What’s wrong with me?* “You sweetie. What about rest of the week?”

“Lots of different things. You know how it goes.”

She giggled. “Um, nope, I went to my classes. I just don’t happen to have any today.” This was true. “C’mon, what’d you do? You know you can tell me. I won’t judge.” He was still avoiding eye contact, so she gave him a little kiss on the lips to regain his attention. “I mean, I saw you nailing a half dozen different girls over fall break and I didn’t complain once, did I?” (She hadn’t. Brittney didn’t like being cheated on, but this time had hurt less than it usually did. She just couldn’t be mad at him.)

“Yeah, I suppose that’s true. Well, here goes…”

He told her everything. About the anonymous girl he’d gone home with Monday, about Ashley and the library, then Ashley and their day together, about Emily and rounds, then Emily and her little submissive kink. To hear him tell it, Ashley was just besotted with him, and Emily was just a little weird and he was humoring her.

Brittney wasn’t sure what to make of it. Why would his co-worker suddenly feel a need to be his sex slave? Brittney could certainly understand letting DJ have his fun with her—obviously, there was nothing to do there but sit back and enjoy the ride as best you could—but why would she go seeking more? From their brief encounter this morning, it definitely didn’t seem like Emily was happy about their arrangement, and she didn’t think her hostility was rooted in jealousy. What, then?

With Ashley, however, she was much more clear on what was going on. She’d known plenty of girls like that—girls who would put themselves out there to land a hot guy, or a rich guy. Both, if they could.

She remembered a drunken conversation with Kristin Fitzgibbons, a friend of hers in high school, who’d told her all the things she was doing to keep her boyfriend Deon happy. He was getting a full ride scholarship for basketball, and even had pro scouts who’d looked at him. For Kristin, doling out blowjobs and tit fucks and dirty talk and foot rubs and anal sex and whatever other kink the guy wanted that day was a small price to pay for a shot at landing a future NBA player.

DJ, however, wasn’t like Deon. He’d never had a girl use him like that—until now, he’d never had anything a girl would want to use him for. The way he talked about her made it clear what a good job the girl was doing at working his ego to get a handle on him. It was one more reason Brittney was kicking herself for not keeping closer tabs on him—she’d let herself live a normal, DJ-free life for a few days, and look at what had happened. Whatever Ashley was really after, it couldn’t be anything good.

Brittney pulled herself from her thoughts and back into the present. “Well it sounds like you’ve been having a lot of fun,” she said. “I have to say, I’m a little jealous.”

“Yeah, I guess I just don’t know what to do with myself. Too many girls, too little me,” he said, forcing a chuckle.

Brittney reached a hand down between his legs and into his pants, giving his cock a nice squeeze. “Doesn’t feel little to me,” she said, moaning softly. At what, she didn’t know. He didn’t seem to care.

“Brittney, you’re... you don’t have to do that,” he said, gently removing her hand.

It was the first time Brittney could ever remember a boy trying to put distance between himself and her cock. She pushed herself up to her knees, looming over him, gravity fighting to tear her tits out of her top. He could almost certainly see her nipples like this, she was sure.

“Brittney, you’re... what? What were you going to say?”

“Nothing,” he protested, keeping his eyes on hers and off her chest with nearly unprecedented successfulness compared to men past who’d been faced with the challenge.

“You were going to say something—tell me,” she insisted, moving to straddle his waist. She could feel his erection, lingering from the hours-long makeout session and his re-telling of his saucy tales, pressing into her pussy. Part of her mind began the exercises to get her wet for him, in case she needed it. “Am I not as pretty as those girls?”

“No! Brittney, no, you’re so much prettier than them, you’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever laid eyes on!” His hands, unbidden, moved to her hips.

Aww! That was a sweet thing to say. But focus! “Then what is it? Do I not turn you on like them? Do you want me to be slutty like them? Do you want to take me out somewhere and have sex with me in front of people like Ashley? Do you want me to get on my knees and call you ‘master’ and beg you to let me suck your cock like Emily?”

“No! That’s not it at all!”

She pouted. This really was frustrating—why on earth would a guy not want to fuck her? She was crazy hot—she was like a Barbie doll with better boobs and a bigger butt. That’s what Earl had always told her. “Then what is it! Why won’t you have sex with me? Why can’t I do what those girls get to do? Why am I not the kind of girl you fantasize about?”

“Because you’re perfect the way you are!” he shouted, then immediately flinched like he couldn’t think why he was upset.

An awkward silence filled the room. For all that she’d been putting on an act to seduce him, for all she was willing to degrade herself however she had to if it kept him from preying on other innocent girls... she still found herself bizarrely pleased to hear him say that. Brittney knew he meant it, too. You couldn’t fake that kind of outburst—and he had no reason to anyway. At the core of their relationship was each of their unspoken awareness that they were together because he wanted her and she couldn’t say no.

“Perfect?” she asked softly.

DJ just nodded. He looked afraid. It was clearly a level of intimacy that made him uncomfortable. He looked scared, and vulnerable, and utterly overwhelmed by her.

She kissed him, and she meant it.

It took him a moment to reciprocate—he was still recovering from his moment of earnestness—but it didn’t take long. The former prom queen was kissing him with a vengeance, and it was only moments before she got his shirt off and started kissing his chest too. While she did so, he fumbled around until he finally located the little zipper that was all that held her top on. Good. She didn’t want there to be any barriers between them.

She couldn't really say what she was doing. Ever since she learned her first lessons, sex had been something Brittney had approached like other girls did drawing or writing or playing basketball—it was a skill, and you got better with practice. There were right and wrong ways, and you chose the technique best suited to achieve the results you desired.

Now, though, she acted on instinct. Her hands wanted to touch him, so she let them—she rubbed his chest, ran her fingers through his hair, grabbed his shoulders and ran her hands all the way down to his wrists, spreading her arms out to her sides to reach them.

Brittney's mouth had its own mind, too. It knew how to suck cock—this was something it knew almost as well as how to chew food or speak—but today, it wanted to taste DJ. It sucked at his ears. It kissed across his smooth chest and belly. It tasted his lips and his tongue over and over again and kept coming back for more.

Spurring her on was DJ's own response. She'd fucked him before—she remembered it, remembered the time-tested techniques she'd used to get him off efficiently but without making it feel rushed. It was an art of her taking charge and letting him make the small decisions—to squeeze her ass or fondle her tits, to suck a nipple or lick up and down the valley of her cleavage, and so on.

Today, DJ followed her in spirit and simply let his body do whatever it wanted to do. He stared at her body mesmerized, enraptured, like it was the best present he'd ever been given. He kneaded her soft shoulders while she kissed down his neck, grabbed her waist and caressed up to her tits and back. He grabbed her butt in both hands and rolled her over onto her back and climbed on top of her, still pulling up on her butt to keep her tight against him. It was chaotic and messy and unpredictable and unapologetic.

It was passion.

She couldn't even say how the rest of their clothes came off or whether she'd first slid her gushing pussy down onto him or if he'd nudged her legs apart and pressed himself effortlessly into her, but soon enough, they were fucking—not in the worn, sordid sense of the word, like she'd always meant it in her heart when she'd said it. Now it was carnal and exciting and wild. It was what sex was always meant to never be.

Between bouts, they joked and laughed and explored unabashedly and kept score of what techniques got him hardest again fastest. (It was a close call between crawling on top of him and dangling her tits in his face and a good old-fashioned blowjob—a talent she was newly delighted to possess.) He in turn paid close attention to what turned her on—she'd only ever had one guy go down on her, but even aside from the sensation, the sheer willingness to put her pleasure ahead of his own drove her wild.

She was as loud as she felt like being—people would put up with it, coming from DJ's room—and he let out all the quiet praises he could muster. It wasn't poetry, but today, just being told she had “the kind of rack that first makes a pubescent boy realize how awesome girls are” was more than enough.

Yet little by little, as the day wore on and hour-long cuddle sessions punctuated by half-hour fuckathons added up, reality intruded upon her bliss. Everything she was feeling was true—he thought she was a goddess, the pinnacle of womanhood, he was putty in her hands. DJ was sweet, and kind, and sincerely affectionate toward her.

But maybe also to Ashley, who he'd almost let burn down a library from the sounds of things. To Emily, who he'd hand-cuffed to a radiator and role-played raping with heaven only

knew how much reality behind it. To his step-mother, and step-sister, and all her step-sister's friends and classmates and rival school cheerleaders and...

You have to contain him, she reminded herself. That was why she was here. If he was spent from fucking her, he wouldn't go after other girls. Every night he spent in her arms was a night the rest of the world was safe from him. She'd been silly and today she'd just let herself forget that he was a monster and pretend that he was her lover.

It was a beautiful fantasy, though. What if...?

No. No, it couldn't be real.

DJ fell asleep before Brittney did. She tried to come up with something to say if he woke up and felt her crying, but he didn't.

CHAPTER SIX

"It's not really my thing, but if it'll make you happy..." Count Brittney out.

"I'll do anything you want me to do, sir. <I>Anything</I>." Yeah, Emily might make things a little weird.

"Eh, sure, I'm up for whatever."

So it was that Ashley accompanied him on his game session that Saturday. Truth be told, after the non-stop fuckathon of the past week, a chill night with his friends was exactly what he was looking for. He hadn't even seen Derek and Logan since that last Saturday before break when he'd proved to them he had his gift.

They'd exchanged texts; Logan had had the idea in the interim that DJ could use his gift to snag them a third player so they could get a real D&D session going. They were all aficionados, but having half your party made up of NPCs had never really worked well for them. Logan figured if he could get Rachael to bend her bare ass over her brother's lap and beg for a spanking, surely he could wrangle up another player. He'd suggested fetching the stripper he'd mentioned, Sydney, but DJ knew he just wanted an eyeful. And maybe to fuck her after, like he had with Derek's sister.

DJ had tried to get by without it, but Derek pointed out, fairly, that after what he'd done last game night, he owed them. He was a good sport about things, all considered; having a hot sister had numbed him somewhat to the notion of her as a sexual being. DJ was nevertheless a bit self-conscious so he conceded, and not wanting to just go door to door to find someone who played, he started asking the folks he knew best.

After an enthusiastic blowjob, he spent Saturday morning tutoring Ashley on the basics so they wouldn't have to waste the whole session tutoring her. It turned out her older brother used to play and she'd picked up a few things. They were supposed to have characters ready, so he made a half-orc paladin named Kram, a devout servant of Asterius determined to overcome his lesser orc nature. Ashley, meanwhile, crafted an elven sorceress named Asaleth, a Chaotic Neutral trickster who flew by the seat of her pants.

Then she sucked his cock again.

"So am I meeting your friends now as, like, your girlfriend?" she asked. DJ didn't recognize that dangerous quality in her innocent tone.

“Oh. I don’t know, I guess I hadn’t really thought of us in terms of a label or anything,” he said sheepishly. He had, in fact, been pondering along those lines, though the question was more one of which, if any, of the girls he’d been fucking might qualify as a girlfriend. Ashley had been after him relentlessly, interrupting him whenever she felt like it with a cock-hardening sext message or a dirty picture of herself. Emily, on the other hand, had been insatiably devoted to her submissive fetish – the girl hardly left him alone, and he was certain he could have her down here with but a snap of his fingers. Still, it didn’t feel like a relationship so much as it was just great sex on demand.

Then there was Brittney. He and Brittney had spent a lot of time together lately, and had had that incredible day yesterday just lying around making out, culminating in some of the best sex he’d ever had. She was sweet, and beautiful, and just plain nice to him. But she wasn’t aggressive about it, like Ashley and Emily. He still wasn’t sure if she actually liked him or just tolerated him graciously.

(Of course, there were also the other dozen-odd women he’d fucked in the past few weeks.)

DJ returned his attention to Ashley and her question, deciding to play it safe for now. “Naw, we’re not, like, a couple, right? It feels too soon to be getting serious about it, trying to make stuff official.”

“Oh, I see,” she said. “Is that because you’re fucking that airhead down the hall and your kinky little work buddy slut?”

He grimaced. “Well, yeah – but you’re free to see other people, too. You know that right? Nothing exclusive – I’m not the jealous type.”

She gave him a long look. It was seemingly devoid of malice, but still left him sweating. “So like, you wouldn’t mind if I went down the hall and found Charlie and gave him a ride?”

“No, of course not. You’re free to do whatever you want,” he said.

“Cool, cool,” she said. Coolly. “So... do your friends know about you? About what you can do?”

DJ tugged at his neckline uncomfortably. “Err, yeah. Last time we hung out, before break, I told them.”

“How did they react?”

He sighed, a little embarrassed at how he’d abused his power. And his friend. And his sister. He told Ashley the story, who listened, titillated by the sordid details. She asked lots of little questions – what Rachael’s ass looked like, what she’d said when she was begging, why he let Logan have her after instead of taking her for himself. He answered them all patiently.

“Just so I know, is this the kind of thing where I’m gonna have to wear a chain mail bikini and carry a plastic sword?” she asked when she finished, as it was nearly time to go.

DJ laughed. “Only if you want to. I’m wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt.”

Ashley settled for the same dress code, though admittedly her wide hips poured into her jeans and big tits distending her t-shirt still made it easy to lose oneself in staring. Which she encouraged him to do as much as he wanted, as usual.

They showed at Derek’s apartment right on time, sheets and dice in hand. Logan was already there, and already a third of the way through a 2-liter of Mountain Dew. “Ashley, this is Derek and Logan.”

“Sup guys. I’m DJ’s friend, Ashley. We’re not going out.” This declaration perked up Logan and Derek in a hurry, even as it drew a reflexive glare at them from DJ. Hopefully her funk blew over soon.

The group made chit-chat and got settled in, the usual what’s-your-major where-ya-from stuff. When her back was turned, Logan pointed pretty blatantly to Ashley’s rack and mouthed an appreciative “DAY-UM” to DJ, followed by a thumb’s up that evaporated the moment she looked back.

They began the game. Derek was DMing. Kram, Asaleth and Logan’s halfling rogue, Barxes, intrepid heroes all, had arrived in the small village of Brentleton and, as heroes always seemed to, began at the tavern.

“A citizen of Brentleton approaches your table,” Derek narrated. “He looks somewhat troubled, and–”

“Does he look hot?” Ashley asked.

“Does he look rich?” Logan asked.

“Logan, no, he doesn’t look rich, more middle class.”

“Middle class? Almost nobody was middle class in Medieval times.”

“Well this isn’t Medieval times, it’s a fantasy game, so shut up about it,” Derek said, exasperated. Ashley still watched expectantly for an answer to her question, so he rolled some dice for the man’s charisma score. “He’s pretty plain-looking, Asaleth. Can I go on?”

No one interrupted this time.

<I>“Excuse me, but I couldn’t help but notice by your dress that you are a group of adventurers, and I wondered if I might beg of your assistance. My name is Haskar, and I have great need of your skills,” said the plain-looking middle class Brentletonian standing before their table.

“You were noticing my dress, eh?” Asaleth said coquettishly, uncrossing and recrossing her legs. Her “dress,” was it were, was technically a robe, or what was left of one after her magical instructors had cursed her with an insatiable libido. Now, she always dressed to advertise, because one never knew.

“You are so fucking hot,” Barxes said, using his miniature stature to surreptitiously peer under the table and right up the elf’s abbreviated attire.

“Just ignore them,” said Kram. “Tell us of your plight, Haskar.”

The peasant told them the tale of the tribe of ogres who had been harassing the town of late. For so long, they had co-existed peacefully, the monsters demanding tribute from the townsfolk but never more than could be spared. It was a hardship, but one that could be endured. In recent months, however, they had begun conducting raids, taking valuables and sacred relics – and most recently, Haskar’s beloved, a woman named Vylyra.</I> “She is the loveliest and kindest maiden in the realm, and I beg of you to return her to her family and I,” he said desperately.

“More lovely than me?” Asaleth asked peevishly.

“Um. Well, we’re in love, you see, so... it’s relative.”

She sniffed and turned away disdainfully.

“You offer us nothing and demand a great risk!” complained Barxes, slamming his heavy fist on the table, almost breaking the wood with his might.</I>

“Logan, Barxes is a halfling – his fist is like the size of a plum. He has a strength penalty,” Derek countered.

“Nah, I decided to use the human barbarian I made instead.”

“You can’t change in the middle of a session!” Derek chastised.

“What, if Asaleth’s a nympho, I wanna be able to get it on that, and it’d be creepy with a halfling.”

An argument ensued, which Logan won by simply threatening to quit, ever classy. The game resumed, and with some nagging by Kram, the group accepted Haskar’s quest and set out to the ogres’ cave. It was a day and a half’s walk, and during the first night their camp was attacked by a wandering giant scorpion. They defeated it handily, using the battle to help Ashley learn the combat rules.

<I>“I think I was stung by the beast,” Barxes said as they settled back down around their camp fire. “Mayhap someone will help suck out the poison before I am weakened for our confrontation with the ogres?” He looked plaintively to where Asaleth was sitting hunched over, her lean elven figure illuminated flatteringly in the fire light.

“I have some antivenom you can have,” Kram offered – perhaps a little too quickly, with his own look at the beautiful elf maid and her bewitching eyes.

“Feh!” Barxes spat. “My people do not trust your fancy potions. Our ancestral way has always been to suck the poison out! I see you do not hold to our traditions – Asaleth, what say you?”

Asaleth smiled, flattered at the attention. “Well, I suppose I know a thing or two about how to do this,” she said, approaching the burly barbarian with a saunter in her walk.

“My lady!” Kram gaped, scandalized. “Such a suggestion from such a fair maiden.”

“I can suck something out of you next if you’re a good boy,” she said, winking one pale green eye flirtatiously as she sunk to her knees in front of Barxes. “Now why don’t you show me where the ouchie is, big fella?”</I>

“Whoa, hey there, this is just D&D, we’re not LARPing or anything,” DJ said as Ashley pressed her lips to the top of Logan’s thigh.

“What the hell is LARPing?” she asked. Logan just stared at the top-heavy girl squatting before him, trying not to drool.

“That’s where you act it out. We just declare what we’re doing in character – like a video game, except our voice is the controller and our imagination is the screen.”

“Wow, you have never been sexier than when you gave me that explanation,” she said sarcastically. “I happen to like acting it out a little. Logan doesn’t mind, does he?”

“Nuhhhh,” Logan replied. This was the first time he’d ever had a girl’s lips touch him below the belt. Even just the thigh was amazing – and this girl was so a full-on hottie!

“See? Now hush, we’re role playing.”

“I don’t wanna sit here and watch you faux blow Logan,” DJ said.

<I>The paladin’s sermonizing began to grow tedious to the sorcerous, who was anything but moralistic with how she conducted the affairs of her body. As he stood by rebuking her for the misuse of her lips, she used them to form the words of a spell.

There was only a soft shimmer and a few barely noticeable twinkles about Kram’s head as her charm spell took hold. For all his valor, his mind was now putty in her hands. His irked expression suddenly faded and became one of affection at his dear, dear friend Asaleth and her promiscuous shenanigans.

“There now, you don’t mind if I give Barxes here a thrill, do you?”

His mouth twisted for just a moment before his compelled compassion for her won out. “I... suppose I don’t. I’ll just be over there, seeing to my horse.”

“No, stay. I feel safer with you here. Watching over me.” She batted her eyelashes at him and giggled.

“Oh. I... guess I could do that.” He shuffled his feet, watching her awkwardly.

“I think the stinger got me right in the ol’ love muscle,” Barxes said, raising his loin cloth to expose a cock befitting his enormous stature. It was nearly a foot long, veiny and menacing as it sat on its throne above a scrotum that look like a sack with two oranges in it.</I>

“Dude, quit describing your dick already, we get it,” Derek said, rolling his eyes.

<I>It was Asaleth’s turn to be mesmerized – or so thought Barxes as the lithe, silken-haired elf maiden took him into her mouth and wielded her tongue with a skill that must itself be magical. Yet in fact, Asaleth knew it was truly she who was in power here, that by the time this brute relieved himself of his seed, he would be in her thrall in perpetuity with a certainty her spell on Kram should envy.

Ever the perfectionist, she slathered his cock with her bewitching tongue as Kram looked on helplessly. Enviously, she hoped. She threw her golden tresses side to side as she eagerly licked up and down his mighty greatclub then swallowed it deep into her enchanted throat. Barxes roared in barbaric triumph as he unburdened his coinpurse; Asaleth dutifully pressed her lips to his base and swallowed every drop with relish. When he at last finished – for such were the reserves of his incomparable balls, weighty with seed–</I>

“Last warning. Next time you describe your junk, I’m going to have a demon lord teleport in and cut it off.”

<I>Anyway, he was quite satisfied. Kram, meanwhile, folded his arms across his chest and forced himself to observe out of concern for her well-being.</I>

“You done being a whore-ceress?” DJ asked, annoyed.

“Wow, how long you been saving up that gem,” she replied with a smirk. “Besides, Kram liked it. That’s what the charm person spell says.”

“Hey, did I interrupt? Did I try to stop you? No. Now let’s just move on.”

Ashley picked herself up from where she’d described her blowjob, kneeling at Logan’s feet. He was rock hard. So was Derek. So was DJ. Hell, she was a little turned on herself.

“I’ll have Kram keep Asaleth company in her bedroll tonight, it being so cold and all.” She settled her broad behind onto DJ’s lap and whispered in his ear, just loud enough so everyone could hear. “That could’ve been you, you know.”

<I>“I have my vows to Asterius, Asaleth – you know this. My heart cannot be taken by any one mortal woman, for I am pledged to them all, along with the men and children of the world.”

“Tell me you want me,” she breathed into the half-orcs light green ear. “I know you have your vows – I just want to hear you say the words.”

Charmed as he was, Kram had little choice but to give her this small boon – in word only, he reminded himself. “I... I want you.” In word only.

Asaleth deftly shed her robe, her lean, naked body pressed up against the knight’s hirsute but muscular bulk. “I know you do.”

The group slept it off – the scorpion poison in Barxes turned out not to have been so grievous after all – and proceeded with their journey in the morning. The ogres were numerous and determined, but the heroes – armed with Barxes’ rage, Asaleth’s arcane power, and Kram’s

abiding faith in Asterius – won out, hacking their way through wave after wave of the stupid brutes.

At last, they got to the heart of the lair – where of all things, a necromancer, cloaked in black robes revealing naught of their wearer but his gaunt, almost skeletal claws, awaited them! Bound helpless on the altar to his fel deity was what was unmistakably the personage of Vylyra, Haskar’s beloved. In the gloom, they could make out only her presence, and that from her feeble struggles at her bonds, that she yet lived.

“Aha! So this is why the ogres have become so brutal of late!” Kram cried. “Driven to it by a blasphemous fiend! Today, it ends – we will put a stop to your tyranny!”

“It’s necro-bashin’ time,” Barxes taunted, hefting his two-handed axe.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” Asaleth said.

Ashley excused herself to the second-floor bathroom; the downstairs one was right off the main room and she had a shy bladder. Once they were confident she was out of earshot, Logan immediately gave DJ the third degree. “Dude, I can’t believe you’re not tapping that! That girl is hella stacked, pretty face, got that pale kinda-goth without being too-goth, ya know? She’s even willing to play D&D with you – that’s a rare breed, DeeJ.”

“Be nice if she was more interested in playing than she was in making you two morons drool over her,” Derek said snidely. “It’s been five hours and we haven’t even finished the dungeon part yet.”

“Screw you, man – we finally have a third player and it’s a big-titted hottie who gets off on being an in-character slut. Don’t you fuckin’ dare ruin this for me,” Logan said hotly.

DJ was just about to ask him what had ever happened between him and Rachael – if he could just find the words to bring it up without directly calling attention to the fact that their hookup had only happened because the spanking had gotten her so turned on she’d practically dragged Logan into her bed.

Then, before he could manage it, the front door open and in Rachael came with her usual Saturday night load of laundry. Cute Rachael, Derek’s skinny little sister, a college freshman with her pixie-like face, perky little breasts and impossibly tight butt. Having seen it bare and reddened just made it impossible not to picture it as soon as he saw her. DJ blushed without realizing it.

“Hey guys – don’t mind me. I’m just here to bum laundry. Oh, hey DJ. Long time no see. Hi, Logan.” Her tone towards DJ had been pleasant, friendly even; when she turned to Logan, it was pure ice.

“Heya Rachael,” he said awkwardly. “How’s things? How’d your mid-terms go?”

“Pretty good – mostly A’s, couple B’s.”

“Couple B’s – just like you, Rach,” Logan said impishly. He was the only one who laughed. Derek glared at him for the reference to his sister’s boobs, and Rachael just rolled her eyes and made for the washing machine and started loading her whites. Her frosty demeanor told DJ everything he needed to know about whether or not things had gone anywhere with Logan after their impromptu hook-up.

Ashley came back downstairs a moment later. “Hey Ash, this is Rachael, Derek’s little sister. She’s a freshman this year.”

“Oh hey – I’m Ashley,” she said, smiling brightly as Rachael did in turn. “DJ’s told me so much about you.”

Rachael's smile faltered as she took Ashley's meaning, and she blushed. Derek slugged his friend's arm irritably. "You told her about that? Fucking hell, man – don't spread that shit around. I haven't been going around telling people I have a friend with a weird super power."

"Sorry," DJ apologized. "I didn't tell anyone else. I won't. Sorry, Rachael."

"Damn shame – it's a good story," Ashley said, settling back in at the table. "Even if certain aspects of it appear to have been exaggerated."

Rachael's eyes narrowed as she turned away from the washer to face them. "And just what the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"C'mon, ladies – leave her alone, Ashley. I feel bad enough as it is, OK? Let's just get back to the game, OK?"

"Fine with me," Ashley said, ignoring the glare Rachael let linger on the back of her head before she went back to her laundry.

<I>"Let those words be your last!" cried the necromancer as he prepared a spell. Lightning arced from his finger tips at the heroes, who dove for cover and only narrowly evaded the attack. A pitched battle ensued as the warriors tried to hack their way through his stone-like protective spell, then tried to sort out which one of a group of identical illusory images was the real necromancer.

Barxes and Asaleth were grievously wounded and Kram hurt more than a little, but it was their foe who lie dead on the floor of the cave at battle's end. Kram used the last of his gifts of Asterius to restore health to his comrades before remembering the captive bound on the fallen necromancer's altar. The holy knight rushed to the altar and severed her bonds with his knife. She was alive! In fact, aside from her fright and a little bruising from her captivity, she was in good health.</I>

"So is she hot?" Logan asked.

"We know she's not rich, unless she's slumming with that Haskar guy," Ashley quipped.

"Yeah, she's attractive – long brown hair, healthy tan, pretty face, nice body," Derek said.

"Say," Ashley said, looking over to Rachael where she was sitting on the couch killing time on her phone. "Do you wanna join us? You could play Vylyra."

Rachael had been listening enough to note that the offer came immediately following the flattering NPC's description, and interpreted the invitation as an olive branch after Ashley's bitchy insinuation earlier. "Oh, it's cool – I don't really know the game. Thanks though." She smiled, mollified.

"Oh, c'mon, I didn't know it either – it's easy. Come on, hang out with us." She smiled sweetly. Something about Ashley and her sweet smile tickled something in the back of DJ's mind.

"Well... oh sure, what the hell," Rachael relented, coming over to the table and sliding a chair on the opposite side of the table from Logan with a certain deliberateness.

"She's not really an adventuring type," Derek said. "I don't have stats for her. Besides, we're mostly done – just gotta turn in the quest and get XP."

"Well if there's no more fighting it won't be a big deal if she doesn't have stats. Besides, if she needs them, you guys are pros – I'm sure you can help her fake it," Ashley said. So they did, and after a short bit of catch-up to fill in Rachael on the happenings, they resumed.

<I>"Thank you ever so much for rescuing me," Vylyra said in a lilting, melodious voice.

“It was nothing, fair lady,” Kram said gallantly, offering her his arm to steady her. She accepted graciously.

“Wow, you know, Vylyra, you are way too hot to be with a loser like Haskar, if you don’t mind my saying so,” said Asaleth.

Vylyra giggled self-consciously. “Oh, well, I’m sure he’s not so bad once you get to know him.”

“No, I’m serious – you’re top quality goods, doll face, a total babe – you belong with somebody more your calibre. Somebody like my man Kram, here – now Kram, he’s all man.”

“Half man, half orc,” Barxes said, barking a laugh.

“All man where it counts,” Asaleth retorted.

“This base line of banter is most perverse,” Kram chastised. “I should like to hear no more of it.”

“Oh fine,” Asaleth said. She waited until the paladin turned his back, then she sent her magical tendrils of manipulation into his mind, charming him once more!

“What!” Kram barked indignantly. “Again?!”

“Lower your voice, Krammy dear,” Asaleth commanded evenly.

“... Very well,” said the sullen, ensorcelled paladin. Softly.

Barxes and Vylyra laughed to see him so easily cowed; Asaleth did not share in their mirth. She looked seriously to Vylyra. “Now, I want to see you ditch that loser boyfriend of yours for my boy Kram here. Kiss him.”

Vylyra’s sun-kissed cheeks reddened further. “I... I couldn’t! I’m in love with Hagar!”

“Haskar,” corrected Barxes.

Vylyra looked to the stout warrior. “Haskar, right. In love with Haskar.”

But the momentary distraction was all Asaleth needed to unleash yet another charm spell, this time targeting the tawny young peasant girl. Her resistance was as brief as it was pointless, and then she was as enthralled as Kram.

“Now. You two, kiss.”

“What about me?” Barxes whined as the other two dragged their feet, slowly closing the distance between them. “Barbarians need kisses too, ya know.”

“I hope they need more than just that, because this whore-ceress has needs of her own, stud.” Asaleth sauntered over to him, gripping his chest hair in her fingers and pulling him up against her, where she—

By this point, there was a general uproar at the table.

“If I’d known this was the kind of thing you guys were doing I never would’ve agreed to play!” Rachael said testily. Derek was trying to insist that Ashley’s spells didn’t let her do what she was trying to do with them, that charm wasn’t the same as mind control. Logan was silent, grinning passively at Ashley as she settled down into his lap and started kissing his neck as she murmured sweet nothings to him.

DJ just clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as he watched Ashley. “ENOUGH!” he shouted, pounding his fist on the table in a fair imitation of mighty Barxes. Several dice rattled to the floor. Everyone fell silent.

Except for Ashley, that is. “What’s wrong, asshole?” she asked innocently. The same innocent tone she’d had earlier that day.

“You’re making out with my skeezy friend, that’s what’s wrong!” he yelled.

Logan tried to protest it, but Ashley put a finger to his lips and silenced him. “I thought we were free to fool around with other people. Isn’t that what you said earlier? You didn’t want labels, thought we should both be free to do whatever we wanted with whoever we wanted?”

“That’s... that’s not...”

“That’s not what? Not fair? Not fair that you get to fuck any girl you want but I have to wait for your cock to be available?”

The others watched the couple’s fight like it was a reality TV show. “Not right in front each other though!”

“Oh? That’s weird, I remember you sticking it in Cara at the library right in front of me. In my roommate, also right in front of me.”

“You were the one who got me to do those things!”

“Oh, it was all me – your cock just decided to get hard and slide into their mouths on its own, just ‘cause I said so? Then how do you explain that Emily girl, and Brittney, when I’m just outside your door? Those don’t count either, I guess?”

“I... they...”

“Hey, I get it. If you tell me you don’t want me to fool around with Logan here, you know I can’t do it. You have all the power. So it’s up to you whether you’re the only one who has to be a good little citizen, or if you’re going to be a selfish hypocrite.”

Ashley was literally trembling with how hard it was to say those words. It came so close to saying DJ was wrong, to telling him he couldn’t do something. It wasn’t though – not technically. She was a lot of things, but she wasn’t the kind of evil bitch who would defy DJ. Ashley knew that if he gave her the slightest rebuke, she’d crumple.

DJ was quiet a moment. What she was saying was a totally valid criticism – why should he get to fuck Emily and Brittney and whoever else while she sat around waiting for him? How was it fair to let her do so much for him then keep her pussy on a leash? Totally valid indeed – he just wasn’t used to having his actions subject to criticism.

But then he looked at Logan, chubby, sleazy Logan, and scowled. “I... I don’t want to share you.”

Ashley slid closer to him, her ass leaving Logan’s crotch and ending on his knee. “Sorry, what was that?”

“I said I don’t want to share you,” he repeated hotly.

“So does that mean I’m your girlfriend, or that I’m your sex slave?”

“Shit that’s hot,” Logan said. They ignored him.

DJ frowned, thinking of all the action he’d have to give up to make good on the first option. Not just Emily and Brittney – a whole campus, a whole world full of hot chicks he could fuck whenever he wanted. An endless pussy buffet, all his.

But then, he thought of the second option. To look this girl in the eyes, the first girl who’d ever really chased him, who loved sucking him off, who loved having him do whatever he wanted to her body, who was adventurous and crazy and just the right amount of twisted...

To tell her he thought of her as his play thing.

People would put up with anything he dished out, but he still had to be able to tolerate himself.

“You’re my girlfriend.”

Ashley stood up and walked around the table to him, leaping onto his lap and thrusting his tongue in her mouth so fast he had to think to open it to let her past his teeth. She kissed him with a wild passion while the others watched, and he was sure she loved it just that way.

Finally, she came up for air. “That’s my good boy,” she said. “Now... I want to see Kram kiss Vylyra.”

“What?” He blinked. “But you just said...”

“DJ, I know you’re not a normal kind of guy, so I don’t expect you to be a normal kind of boyfriend. I like that you have this power of yours – I fucking love it, OK? I don’t want to control you or make you give it up for me. I just wanted to know you were jealous of me. Now let’s play the game, and you trust Ashley like Kram trusts Asaleth. All right?”

“Blindly, you mean?”

She beamed at him. “I said kiss her.”

<I>After a brief pause for some soul-searching, Kram decided that his god would not put a woman as magnificent as Asaleth in his path if he expected him to hold to some out-dated precepts. Chastity? A farce! If Haskar was too weak to maintain his woman’s allegiance, he did not deserve her. Besides, it would make Asaleth happy, and that was reason enough for him.

He approached Vylyra confidently, gripping her shoulders in his hands just a moment before pulling her lips against his. Her kiss was hesitant, tepid; her heart was not in it, ‘twas clear.

“I said kiss him, you little prude,” Asaleth said, slapping Vylyra’s shapely derriere through her peasant skirt. “Not like he’s your cousin – like he’s the hottest thing you’ve ever seen.”

Vylyra’s indecision slowly melted in the face of what must be, and she renewed her labial assault, this time holding nothing back. Her arms wrapped around this mighty specimen of manhood and she writhed her tongue against his. Though it was Asaleth whose spell she obeyed, it was somehow this man, this man of god with his holy gifts, whose displeasure she feared.</I>

“Again? I mean, this is my sister, dude, and it’s becoming a habit now. Are you seriously going to make out with her right in front of me?”

“Tell him to get lost – I’m the DM now,” Ashley said.

DJ hesitated only a moment, but the feel of Rachael’s ass in his hands and Ashley’s big tits pressed into his back decided for him. “You heard the lady, Derek. You don’t wanna see baby sis get violated, now’s the time to hit the road.”

Derek frowned; a few bitter insults came to mind. Then again, it was DJ; some things just had to be tolerated. He just wished one of them wasn’t seeing his sister get treated like a piece of meat. Again.

Resignedly, he retired upstairs to his room.

<I>“Now it would amuse me to see you strip out of your clothes like a harem slave, Vylyra.”

With a resigned sigh, Vylyra accepted that she must please this hateful woman, this seductress who – for all her charms – craved not flesh, but power. She was a magnificent creature, truly – or so said the magic whispering into her mind, corrupting all thoughts of Asaleth to those of admiration and obligation.

A spell from Asalath started a tune coming out of nowhere, instruments the likes of which the peasant girl had never before encountered, with a sensuous rhythm and bawdy lyrics that she blushed to hear. Even had the lyrics been tame, she’d have done so, for now she found

herself swaying to the beat, hips sashaying from side to side as she performed the way she imagined a sultan's sex slave would do.

First went her blouse, revealing plump, luscious breasts bulging in the confines of her simple brassiere; her skirt followed, displaying for all the wide-set hips she had heretofore shown only to Haskar, and even then, only once after she imbibed too much wine at the Harvest festival. Her erstwhile beau would have envied them what followed, for he had never seen his beloved without even a stitch on; he had never seen her spread her cunt and rub at her tender clit, never seen her fondle her tits and mewl with need; never seen her fall to her knees, nuzzling at his pantaloons in unspoken pleading to be given access to their contents.

Asaleth was a generous mistress, however, and a few words from her were sufficient to coax the half-orc out of his own garments, albeit without the fanfare. His swollen member throbbed powerfully before her eyes; she was almost frightened by it, by what she knew was its purpose, by what she knew was its owner's design for her young body.

"Suck him, you ignorant little peasant slut," Asaleth said, slapping the backside of her head roughly. Vylyra wanted to strike the woman for it – wanted it so badly that for a moment it nearly broke the spell – but she knew it would displease the paladin and his god to have her do so. Humbly, the ignorant, slutty commoner took his sacred relic into her orifice; he smiled down at her, and she felt cleansed by his approval.

"Um, hey, what about me? Kinda getting a little blue balls over here, Asaleth."

"Oh?" Ashley said. As Rachael knelt at DJ's feet, giving him a loud but enthusiastic blowjob while the busty redhead looked on lovingly, she'd almost forgotten Logan was there. "Sorry, I was just getting to you. Here, Rachael – Vylyra – lay down on the table here."

She pulled off of DJ's cock and looked up. DJ wanted her to obey this girl, so obey she would. "All right. On my back, or front?"

Ashley grinned at the suggestion implicit in the question, not having considered it. "Back," she said.

"You know I wouldn't forget you, my sweet hunk of burly man-meat. In fact, I've saved the best part for you." With a perfectly manicured hand gently guiding the charmed peasant girl by her wavy locks, she maneuvered her back to the altar, then had her lie down on her back.

"Barxes, did you know that our girl Vylyra here is a virgin. Isn't that right, sweetie?"

The barbarian laughed. "Trust me, this chick ain't no virgin."

"Oh, that's right. You do get around, don't you Barxes my sweet. Still, you're never going to level up without getting more... experience, eh?" Her laugh sent chills down the spines of maiden and barbarian; only the paladin was unaffected. Kram was immune to fear.

"Now Vylyra, you just lean your neck back – there's a good girl – and Kram, just go right back to what you were doing. She can't move so much now, so you may have to do a bit more of the work."

Asaleth was so kind, to dole out pleasure to her admirers so freely. Kram sheathed his naked sword in Vylyra's gaping mouth; indeed, his presence stymied her mobility, so he himself had to handle the bobbing motions she'd been engaged in.

In essence, he began fucking her face.

Asaleth didn't change her wishes at the desperate gurgles coming from the peasant, so he just kept up his assault on her throat.

“Now Barxes – your turn, my brave, beautiful beast.” She gestured to the treasure trove between Vylyra’s thighs, then returned her loving eyes to where the mongrel paladin was polishing his weapon.

Barxes had already plundered this treasure; he decided he was after fresh booty.

Vylyra squeaked and thrashed a moment as his stout shaft came for her booty, having expected to be boarded by more conventional means. It mattered not; Kram was good and well crammed into her mouth, and her objections found no voice. Indeed, she soon relaxed – such was the power of Asaleth’s magic and her fear of Kram’s god – and he took all the booty he could have wanted.

Rachael squealed helplessly around DJ’s cock as it stabbed into her mouth repeatedly. That wasn’t actually what was making her squeal, in fact. Sure, it was hard on her poor throat, being fucked like a pussy (and being so worried about hurting him that she was getting a crash course in conquering her gag reflex).

The squealing actually came from Logan’s dick in her ass. It, too, seemed to think the hole it had found was a pussy, judging by the pace it was striking. Having no lube, he’d just poured some Mountain Dew on his cock and shoved it on in. In fairness, it provided some lubrication, but she could already tell it was going to be horridly sticky before long.

Not that this was her big problem.

Ashley, meanwhile, sat nearby on the couch, jeans down around her ankles, bare-ass nude – when had she taken her clothes off? Rachael wondered dimly – and watching her boyfriend and her boyfriend’s buddy saw in and out of her at both ends, masturbating in a frenzy of moaning and panting, urging the boys to keep going, to go harder.

Like Rachael, they obeyed her. Because DJ wanted her to – that was the game they were playing, after all. She spread her legs, relaxed her throat and her ass, and waited for Ashley’s next order.

The heroes ultimately decided not to return to Brendleton. They had found the treasures stolen from the villagers in the necromancer’s lair, but Asaleth had said the adventurers had earned them, so they should just keep them. It was only fair.

Vylyra – poor, sweet, beautiful, simple, stupid, slutty Vylyra – couldn’t help but agree she had no place in Brendleton now. Who could want her, now that she had become such a low person? Haskar would want nothing from a woman leaking the fluids of barbarian and mongrel at both ends. She could not dishonor her family by returning to them as a woman who had been liberated only to give away that freedom to a sorceress in exchange for her permitting one of her men – then both of her men – to fuck her until she came, and again more times than she could count. She had begged for it, and she could not regret it. The bliss had been exquisite. No, her family would not want her; already, she could feel they had forsaken her to this new life as a property of the heroes. To their leader, Asaleth.

Soon, they went their separate ways. Asaleth and Kram hired a carriage to return them to their home in a nearby kingdom, his arm wrapped protectively around the enchantress who now manipulated him even without her magic. As a parting gift, she gave to them the sight of her using her mouth to pleasure Barxes, who was as ever eager to give the peasant an outlet for her gratitude. For her wantonness.

As she watched the carriage drive away out of the corner of her eye, never yielding in her enthusiastic fellation of the barbarian, she wondered if she would someday see her rescuers again.

She feared she would.
She hoped she would.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The rest of the weekend and well into the next week, DJ and Ashley hardly left their hotel room. It had been her idea, getting away from campus for a while, and he had to admit it had been a good one. He'd been having this lingering anxiety this past week, and couldn't pinpoint where it came from. After all, objectively, he had an amazing life. More sex than he could handle with a variety of beautiful women, no financial troubles, great work conditions, lots of leisure time...

Yet he felt it.

They had driven into the city from their relatively small college town only an hour or so away, but what a difference an hour made. The city had everything – culture, entertainment, sites, places to get dinner after ten... Ashley was actually an urbanite herself – albeit from another city – and had always resented the quaint little town she was forced to go to school in.

Of course, if you never left your room, it didn't seem to make much difference where your hotel was. They ordered room service for meals, soaked in the jacuzzi, rented pay-per-view, and just... a new couple. DJ was struck by it, having only moderate experience with relationships, and hardly any with such physical ones. They kissed, they groped, they cuddled – and they fucked like dogs in heat.

DJ fucked her in the shower, fucked her in the bed, fucked her on the floor, fucked her in the jacuzzi, fucked her in front of the window while she waved at admirers across the street. He fucked her pussy, fucked her tits, and fucked her mouth more times than he could count. Every time they were gearing up again, she pounced on his dick lips-first, like a snow-fox with a delicious mouse.

As they lie watching a weird little super hero movie with that nerdy guy from *The Office*, naked but at ease, DJ decided to ask. “Ashley? Do you really like giving blowjobs that much?”

She grinned at him. “What, you don't like receiving them that much?”

“No, I do – believe me, I do. Your mouth is a godsend.”

“Just my mouth?” She pouted, lifting the sheets to look down at her epic rack. G cups, he'd finally learned. To his shame, DJ had naively thought D was as big as the measuring system went. (He'd heard the term double-D, but he'd figured that was just hyperbole.)

He smiled, and helped himself to an affectionate grope. “All of you – but... c'mon, you know what I meant. But seriously. You always go for it with your mouth.”

“Well maybe it's not my favorite thing,” she admitted reluctantly, “but I'm really fucking good at it, and I want to make you happy. That's the part I like best.” There it was again, that sweet smile of hers. He couldn't help but kiss her.

“Besides,” she went on, “most guys find my incessant sassing handily solved by plugging my mouth with a dick, you asshole.” She giggled. “See what I mean?”

“I like hearing you talk. You're... authentic.”

“Authentic?” He nodded. “Don't stop there – explain yourself.”

“Well, you know my ability and all. Lots of people, I can tell how they behave differently towards me. Deferential. Not you, though. You just say what’s on your mind. With you, it’s like I’m – we’re – almost... normal, I guess.”

She frowned. “You’re saying you’d rather be normal?”

“No – I’m not ignorant, I know I’ve got a good thing here. But it’s nice to have someone be good to me without it being because of the power. Or directly, anyway.”

Ashley’s face froze. “You think I’m only with you because of your gift?”

“Hey, relax, I didn’t mean it as an insult. I just meant it has a lot to do with how we hooked up is all – you know, in the lounge, in the dining hall. That’s all. I trust you, Ashley. You should know that by now.”

She relaxed again, and kissed him. “You should, you fucker. I’m the second-best thing that’s ever gonna happen to you.”

“A very close second, mind you.”

“Hey! You were supposed to correct me. So much for the blowjob I was about to give you.”

“Oh good, I wanted to do your ass this time anyway.”

Ashley paused a moment, then nodded. He recognized the shift in her demeanor, the sudden disappearance of her enthusiasm as it was replaced by mildly grudging acceptance. Then, without a word, the redhead raised herself to her hands and knees, waving her big ass in his direction. “All righty then, let’s do this.”

DJ smiled to himself as he gave himself a few quick pumps to get him hard enough – Ashley’s bare ass and instant submission had done most of it in mere seconds – and got up behind her. He put his tip right at her tightly puckered rear entrance... then shifted down and slid into her pussy.

Ashley moaned in relief and delight as he took her broad hips in his hands and started drilling her cunt. “I thought you were really going to do it, you asshole!”

“Nah, I just like to tease you every now and then. I’d never take advantage of you, Ashley.”

“Again, you mean,” she said between groans. She bucked her hips back to meet his thrusts.

It was a wonderful two days and three nights in the hotel room. At Ashley’s urging – and to give herself some entertainment – she scared up a few extra pussies for him. They hired a masseuse; Ashley evidently knew how to find the kind that dealt in happy endings. His new girlfriend convinced her she was amply compensated just by the experience and didn’t even need money.

Their second night, she invited in the pretty Indian girl who was working at reception and had DJ fuck her. “Thank you so much for your business, and I very much hope you enjoy your stay, sir,” she said cordially afterwards. Ashley kicked her out the door buck naked, tossing her clothes out behind her.

She was a lot of fun, though sometimes, he wished she were a little nicer to people.

Finally, DJ decided it was time to get back to school. For the first time he could remember, he was genuinely excited to return to his life from a vacation. He had a lot to look forward to, after all. Still, he knew a conversation was in order.

“Ashley,” he said during the drive back, his new hybrid car whirring not-quite-silently down the highway, “I’ve been thinking a lot about us these past few days, and I think we should talk about some things before we get back.”

“Yeah, I wondered when you’d go there. You want to talk about your little harem, right?”

He sighed. It was true. One of DJ’s first acts upon realizing his power was to rewrite the rules on his floor. He showered with the girls on his floor (and once one of his guy’s girlfriend), slept with them (literally, figuratively, sometimes both), sometimes just took a few minutes to ogle and fondle under the auspices of “dress code inspection.”

Moreover, there was Brittney, and there was Emily.

“Yeah, that’s pretty much it. I want to start by saying I like you, Ashley, and that I’ve never thought of myself as a hypocrite. Whatever behavioral expectations I have for you as my girlfriend, I want to abide by them myself. I promise—”

“Keep ‘em.”

He stopped short. Then he nearly side-swiped a semi in the right lane as he looked at her goggle-eyed. “I’m sorry, what?”

“I said, ‘keep ‘em.’ Which I already said at game night, and twice more this weekend. Now that you’re done babbling, and trying to kill us, let me go on to explain my conditions.”

“No conditions, Ashley. I don’t want a girlfriend who sleeps with a bunch of other guys, and I won’t do that to you in return.”

“Do you remember Sigrid the masseuse? That receptionist with the unpronounceable name? Remember me bringing them in and playing with myself while you banged their brains out?”

“Um, yeah.”

“I get off on watching almost as much as I get off being watched, DeeJ. Not too quick on the uptake on that, are ya?” She tsked at him. “You’re only young once, and you’re freaking supernaturally gifted to boot. Use your gift – this thing you have was meant to be used, for fuck’s sake, not ignored because your giny started tingling over me.”

DJ considered, ignoring her spite. “How do I know that’s not just the power making you say that? That you’re not just putting up with it?”

“Well first off, you know I would put up with it, so let’s not kid ourselves. That being said, if I were actually so totally cowed by you, I wouldn’t have my conditions.”

He smiled a little. That actually reassured him somewhat. “All right, conditions. Go ahead.”

“First – I want veto power on a case by case basis. I don’t like a bitch, you don’t touch a bitch.” She paused, fidgeting a little. “If, um, if that’s OK with you.”

“It’s OK, Ashley. You didn’t offend me.”

She let out a breath she’d been subconsciously holding. “Good. Damn, you have no idea how strong that anxiety can get sometimes.”

“Sorry – I can’t control it, or I’d exempt you. Anyway, that’s fine. More than fair – generous, even.”

“Good. Condition two – I don’t always want to watch, but I always want to be able to watch. If you’re about to nail somebody, shoot me a text or something so I can come if I want.”

“Sure – I’d need to anyway per the first condition, right?”

She nodded. “So that’s settled. Three. If I’m going to let you sleep around with random girls, I want to be able to bring in girls of my choosing.”

He glanced over at her. She was dead serious. “So... you’re saying you want to pimp me out?”

“Not for money or anything – obviously if we need money we can just walk into a bank and take it. But maybe I just want to show you off, or maybe some smart-assed cunt could use a cock in her mouth. Or whatever.”

“All right,” he conceded, a little more hesitantly. He didn’t like the idea of using his cock to punish the many people who stumbled upon one of the many ways to piss off his girlfriend, but fair was fair if she was going to let him sleep around. Still... “Just... try to keep them north of average-looking, OK?”

She laughed. “Yeah, yeah, Romeo. And finally... I want to be queen of your floor.”

DJ blinked. “I’m sorry?”

“You’re their king – you rule the land with an iron fist and all, got everybody doing whatever you say. I want the same.”

“Ash, I just did that so I’d have a pretense in place to mess around with the hot girls.”

“Well it’s not my fault you’re short-sighted. If I wanna borrow someone’s clothes or help myself to a cool poster or just take a dump in some bitch’s shower caddy, I want the freedom to do it.”

“But... why? I don’t even get why you’d want to do those things. I can loan you my credit card whenever you need one – hell, I can just get you your own – and... well, I hope you’re not going to start crapping in my residents’ stuff.”

“Look, if we’re going to be a couple and I’m going to be surrounded all the time by people kissing your ass and terrified of upsetting you, I just want us to be on even footing. That’s all. I don’t want to be sitting there feeling like I’m more a part of Them than I am of Us.”

Her sweet smile beamed at him.

“All right. We’ll have a floor meeting as soon as I can arrange one.”

Ashley rewarded his compliance with some slow, thorough road head. She was still going when they got into town, and didn’t stop when a motorcycle cop pulled them over. DJ rolled down the window and smiled apologetically at the uniformed officer as Ashley moaned theatrically with the tip of his dick in her throat. “Sorry, sir, she’s just too good to me.”

“Well... she sure is,” the man said awkwardly. “Just try to be careful, all right, sir?”

“You got it, officer.”

Ashley pulled up to suggest DJ have the officer escort them home, but he just rolled his eyes and pushed her head back down, which she seemed only too happy to tolerate.

During his absence, he’d gotten texts from Emily and Brittney, as well as his weekly pose from his step-sister Lauren and her friends Jody and Brianne, a trio hot enough to make him want to take another trip to his hometown then and there. Ashley had loved hearing about his shenanigans back home, and said she hoped to visit next time he went back.

As for his college ladies, Emily’s texts were just a few pleas to know about his whereabouts and time of return along with offers of what she might do for him when he did; he silenced her with a simple command not to contact him again until he contacted her.

Brittney just texted him once, the second night he was gone. Her message said, very simply, <I>I miss you.</I> DJ had gotten it in the bathroom.

He didn’t reply. Neither did he tell Ashley about it.

Ashley, of course, had been checking his messages whenever she managed to part him with his phone. She knew something was up between DJ and that prom queen bimbo; the way he avoided talking about her, for one, and for two... well, Ashley wasn't blind.

Still, she liked that he didn't respond. Ignoring was good, much better than sneaking around behind her back. Especially, she acknowledged grudgingly, because if he said he wanted to keep spending time with that cunt, Ashley knew she'd cave in a heartbeat. All of her plans for wrapping DJ around her finger were built on that shaky foundation of knowing that ultimately, she'd give him whatever he wanted.

The trick, she'd learned, was helping him choose what he wanted.

He wanted to feel like a boyfriend, that much was obvious. So she met his friends and played their stupid game (and even managed to salvage some fun out of it loaning out that little tramp Rachael's pussy to that horndog Logan). She went on a romantic getaway. She sucked his cock like it was her favorite thing.

She didn't hate blowjobs, to be honest; still, there weren't many girls who genuinely loved it and preferred it to actual sex, and she was typical in this regard. It just didn't hurt to have DJ thinking she was crazy about him – let him know it wasn't her fav, then do it anyway, so the dork thinks she'd go to the ends of the earth for him.

Which she would. If he asked, she'd have no choice. If he didn't, she'd go just to salvage that marvelous influence of his.

She couldn't believe he'd actually agreed to all of her conditions. Truth be told, she didn't give a shit where he shoved his cock for the most part. Ashley hadn't been lying when she'd said she wasn't the jealous type, and she did in fact like to watch – especially if she could watch some uptight self-righteous cunt get taken down a few pegs for thinking she could crap on Ashley Vandoren and get away with it.

No, the only reason she'd even insisted on screening was to give her a means of keeping him from falling into another girl's hands when some bright bitch realized what a prize he was. At first, Ashley had just had a great night in the lounge – decent sex, in public, fingered to orgasm in front of an audience and on camera, then watching him jizz on that haughty RA's face. It had been pretty amazing, so when he flirted with her after, she flirted back.

Then, after realizing what he really was, what had really happened, she had seduced by the prospect of living out her wildest exhibitionist fantasies – which she still was, that much was true. DJ had gotten good at sex in a hurry (thanks in part to Ashley, she thought proudly), and getting her pussy stuffed when and wherever she felt like it was fantastic.

Increasingly, though, she was realizing how small such things were. She was beginning to dream big.

The first such bright bitch she had her sights set on was, of course, Brittney. That doe-eyed, long-legged, big-titted, round-assed dream girl was far and away her biggest threat. She also realized she would be the hardest to get rid of. If she told DJ not to talk to her any more and he said no, that'd be the end of it – Ashley knew she'd never say a word about it again for fear of displeasing him. She needed to make it a sure thing so that when she chose that battle, she won – and decisively.

Emily, on the other hand... well, Ashley didn't know what to make of that little fire cracker. She wasn't threatened by her like she was with the other; Brittney was hotter than both of them, she could admit it, but Ashley could hold her own against Emily. Still, her devotion was

just fucked up as all hell. Ashley couldn't make any sense of it, unless she really was a hard core submissive; if it was a ruse, on the other hand, she could be a danger to Ashley's plans.

Which was why she had told DJ she wanted to talk to her. Which, like the sweetheart he was, he agreed to. She could practically hear him cringing at the thought of losing his little sex slave. Ashley told him to order Emily to meet with his girlfriend and answer her questions completely and honestly. He agreed. She almost asked for Emily's outright obedience, but she'd seen how he dragged his feet when she brought up being his equal around his floor. Play it safe, for now.

Ashley knocked on the girl's door, and it was answered almost immediately, so quickly that the slender RA must've been standing on the other side waiting. There she was, her boyfriend's thin, delicate little play thing, glaring daggers at Ashley even as she invited her in.

"Nice little place you got here," Ashley commented as she sat down in one of the open chairs. Emily sat on her bed stiffly.

"What do you want." Emily's voice was no-nonsense, and cold as ice.

"Since we have so much in common, I just wanted to talk to you, get to know you a little." Ashley forced an amiable smile, still unsure how to handle this girl.

"Ask your questions then."

"Why the rush? Got a big project to work on?"

"Yes, actually. And, since DJ told me to be completely honest, let me add that I don't want to talk to you about my personal life."

"You don't want to," Ashley mused, "but you're going to anyway? Why is that? You gotta understand, it's a little weird from where I'm sittin'."

"Because DJ said so," Emily shot back, her voice small but feisty.

"See, that's what I'm wondering about, that right there. DJ and I are an item now, you know."

"Good for you. Congrats." It was raw sarcasm, with a healthy dash of scorn tossed in.

"Which is to say," Ashley continued, "that you're <I>not</I> his girlfriend. Yet you seem to have this weird little crush on him. You beginning to see my conundrum here?"

That was all it took to provoke a sudden outburst so sudden it made Ashley flinch. "It's not a crush! You couldn't possibly understand!" Emily said, rising to her feet. Her fists were balled, and her stance said she was readying to attack. Ashley had been in a few fights before, and she knew full well it was the size of the fight in the dog. This bitch looked to have a lot of fight in her.

Maybe some rabies, too.

"So what is it? Help me understand." Ashley only managed to keep her seat through sheer nerve. Nonetheless she was plotting where and how to punch this bitch if she came any closer. Emily was quiet a moment, and slowly sat back down; her face went from fiery to sullen. When it started getting quiet, she prompted, curious to see what the reminder might do, "DJ told you to be completely honest with me."

Emily sighed, then nodded. "He did. Well, here it goes: I'm his slave. I'm his obedient slave and I do everything and anything he asks without complaint or hesitation."

"But... why? You have to understand that what you're saying sounds a little... out there."

Emily looked up, eyes smoldering. "It's hard to explain. You see, he... he has this power over people."

Ashley nodded. “You might remember me sitting there next to you while you blew him. Trust me, I know about the power.”

“You only think you know. I’ve heard about the two of you. You <I>like</I> being paraded around by him. You <I>liked</I> getting fingered in the lounge in front of an audience. You <I>liked</I> those pictures of us that went up on the internet. You don’t understand <I>anything</I>.”

“So you’re saying you hated it?”

Emily’s fists clenched. “Of course I hated it! He humiliated me in front of the whole building, and because of him my life is ruined!”

“Ruined?” Ashley said skeptically. “You won’t be the first or the last girl to let some naughties slip out and survive to tell the tale, Emmy. Don’t be a fuckin’ drama queen.”

“Oh yeah? Well because of that ‘drama,’ my family disowned me! When school lets out, I’m fucking homeless!”

“Huh. I’ll grant you, that does suck,” Ashley conceded. “So that’s your game, suck up to DJ so he’ll keep a roof over your head?” It seemed a bit extreme, but then, she herself had thought of far more mundane uses for him.

“No, that’s not ‘my game.’ It’s hard to explain.” Ashley waited for her, and she took a bit collecting her thoughts. Her fists clenched and unclenched, as did her jaw. Her eyes flashed madly through a range of emotions.

Ashley made sure she kept herself cognizant of where the exits were, as this chick showed every sign of being unhinged.

“I want to ask you to keep what I’m about to say to yourself,” she said at last.

“DJ told you that you had to answer everything completely and truthfully. Now you want to hold out on me?”

“I’m going to answer; I’m just asking as a courtesy. You know? Nevermind. Out with it.” She took a deep breath. “I hate him. I hate him more than I ever thought I could hate someone.”

“Because of what he did with us that night?”

“<I>To</I> us, not with us,” Emily corrected bitterly. “Because of what happened as a result, and because he came back for more.”

“You didn’t exactly discourage him, from what I heard.”

Emily winced. “Of course I didn’t. That would be unthinkably rude.”

“Still, he’s done as bad or worse to plenty of other girls and you don’t see them losing their shit over it.”

“That’s just it – I could hate him for what happened to me, but it’s not that. It’s so much bigger than that. He has that power, and all he’s done with it is take from people and use people and hurt people. That’s despicable. But worse – the real reason I loathe him – is that he’ll never know it. Nobody will ever hold him to account. He may live his entire life without ever feeling the consequences of what he’s done to us. What he’s <I>still</I> doing to us.” Her nostrils flared angrily.

“So just tell him you didn’t like it,” Ashley said glibly.

“Right, just like I bet you challenge him all the time. Do you honestly expect me to believe you’re not just as pathetic around him as I am? Seriously. Imagine DJ spitting right in your face. Slapping you. Now you wanna tell me you’d stand up to him? Of course not. You’d apologize and meekly hope he didn’t just keep going.”

Ashley did imagine it; the girl had a point. Some things just weren't done. "Still, I wouldn't go throwing myself at him, begging for more. I could at least ignore him and hope he went away." She almost suggested avoiding him, but that definitely crossed the line of rudeness.

"Well then why are you with him? If you know he can and will use you, and use other girls. What's <I>your</I> angle?"

"I... like him," Ashley said. It didn't even sound convincing to her own ears, and Emily's scoff showed she was no sucker either.

"The hell you do. You're working some angle or another, I know it. What, you think if he falls for you that you can use him back? Tame the beast, make him your pet, is that it?"

Ashley scowled. She didn't like how this conversation had turned around on her – or how spot-on Emily's guesswork was. "Hey now, watch it bitch."

"That's it, isn't it? God, you don't even make it hard. You think he's really going to be your dutiful little boyfriend? That you're so damn special that he'll stay with you, that he won't throw your fat ass to the curb the minute he's bored by you?"

"Shut up," Ashley said angrily.

"Aw, is your little power trip not going like you planned? Pissed off that DJ gets a slave girl and you don't – or are you pissed that you basically <I>are</I> his slave girl, just as much as I am?"

"It's not like that!" Ashley insisted.

"Oh no? Well let's go down to his room, shall we? You can dump him to his face. Or hey, criticize him. Pick something you don't like about him, and say it to his face. What's that, you can't? That's because you're his little fuck puppet the same as me!"

"<I>SHUT UP!</I>" Ashley leapt to her feet as Emily did the same. She threw herself at the smaller girl, intending to tackle her to the floor, but she was scary fast and dodged out of the way. Ashley whirled around and renewed her attack with a swing at her stomach that staggered the smaller girl backwards, then Ashley grabbed her from behind. Emily, however, planted a heel of her shoe on Ashley's shin and raked downwards painfully, making her release her grip.

The scuffle only lasted a minute or so, but it was quite a battle. Ashley hadn't figured the smaller girl would give her so much trouble, but she was scrappy and agile. Worse, she was just plain crazy – Ashley soon realized that the girl was trying to gouge her eyes, rip her hair out by the roots, and otherwise do serious damage. Soon she was defending herself as desperately as she'd initially attacked.

When Emily's slender but steel-strong hands gripped her throat, Ashley actually wondered if this fucking nut job was going to straight-up murder her. The wild look in her eyes certainly said she might. Ashley's vision was going dim as she feebly tried to pry the girl's grip loose, and just before she blacked out, she finally had an idea.

Forcing a final desperate bit of air out of her windpipe, she managed to form words. "I... have... more... questions," she wheezed.

At first, it seemed like it wasn't going to matter, and that Emily was just going to choke her unconscious – or worse. But then, the girl relented, releasing her grip and slumping over onto the bed.

They both took their time catching their breath. Ashley sucked the sweet oxygen into her lungs as fast as she could as her the spots dancing in her vision faded. Nervously, she made her way back to her chair, and Emily returned to her perch at the foot of her bed.

"You said you had questions," Emily said in a deadpan voice.

“Why did that stop you from... fighting me?” She’d nearly said “killing me,” but she wasn’t ready to admit the totality of her defeat yet.

“DJ told me to answer all your questions. I obey.”

“You never did say why, though. In fact, you said you hated him. It still doesn’t make any sense.”

“I do hate him – don’t you get it? Hating DJ is the worst feeling in the world. Worse than when my dog died. Worse than being hated by my own parents. Those things don’t even compare. It makes me realize in the depths of my being that I am a wretched, disgusting person for feeling the way I do against all common decency.

“So I need to prove to myself I can be good. Redeem myself. Save my soul. The only way I know to do that, the only thing that makes the revulsion go away, is by pleasing him. I’m showing myself that no matter how much I despise him, I can still do the decent thing.”

Ashley listened with fascination to the girl’s twisted explanation. “But why not just... play along? Why take it so far?”

Emily gave her a condescending look. “Because I’m not a selfish bitch who only thinks in terms of the practical. This is the <I>right</I> thing to do. Even if it’s the <I>hard</I> thing to do. If I pretended to love him he’d see through me – I can’t act as well as you can, I guess. But I can serve him, because it’s sincere.”

“Is there a line, though? Like, you give him two days a week, or vaginal but not anal or something?”

“No lines. Until I can make the hatred go away, I deserve to suffer for feeling the way I do. My feelings don’t even matter, really – all that matters is that he be pleased with me.”

“Damn. You’re fucked up.”

Emily sighed. “I know.”

Ashley stood up and walked to the door warily, but Emily didn’t stir. “So you really... belong to him? There’s <I>nothing</I> you wouldn’t obey him on? Like if he texted you to smile but he’d never know if you didn’t, you wouldn’t do it, right?”

“Of course I would do it. I obey. It’s what he wants. He needs to have it. I’d do anything for him.” She looked up at where Ashley was backing towards the door. “I’d kill for him.”

Ashley went a little pale, and without another word, fled the room.

It was the next morning before DJ contacted Emily again. Part of her was relieved at the respite, just as part of her swelled with self-loathing to acknowledge the burden of her servility. She almost slept through his text, but she’d had to foresight to turn her phone’s volume up all the way and use a foghorn for his notification tone. She’d nearly wet herself in fright as the thing went off right next to her head, but still, at least she hadn’t been derelict of duty.

He’d told her to get ready for the day before coming down, so Emily took the time to shower and primp and put on a shoulderless purple sun dress that would certainly be too cold for the autumn weather. It did, however, show off her legs and chest nicely, and would allow ease of access in case DJ wanted the obvious. She hoped he didn’t, then then hated herself for hoping.

She was knocking at his door not half an hour after his text, her now well-practiced servile expression on her face. She’d studied it in a mirror – chin tilted downwards to show

humility, eyes looking up to show attentiveness, lips twisted up just so in order to express her eagerness to obey without implying she was genuinely happy for her own sake.

While DJ had spent his long weekend frittering away the hours in hedonistic bliss in the city, Emily had been using her time very carefully. First, she'd gotten as far ahead in her academic work as possible, so that any prolonged orders from DJ wouldn't leave her as behind. Just in case. Then, she'd devoted every other waking minute to making herself a better slave for him.

She'd ordered strippercise aerobics tapes, to keep her fit and teach her moves to arouse him – or, if he so wished, earn him some money. She'd watched hours of pornography, even listened to it on her headphones through the night in her sleep, so she could study the sexiest ways to service a man, the hottest sounds to make. She'd studied all she could about DJ to better get to know him and anticipate his preferences and desires. The internet had been kind.

Emily was a good girl. Maybe not on the surface, but inside. She had to be. (Didn't she?)
"Come in," DJ responded to her knocking.

Emily entered, curtsying deeply, showing off her legs, not yet revealing the skimpy little thong she wore for him. (He'd liked a friend's post about how hot thongs were in September four years ago; she hoped it had been sincere.) "Good morning, sir. Thank you for allowing me to serve you again. Your slut has been very lonely without you."

Suddenly, the door closed behind her all on its own. Turning, she saw... Ashley Vandoren. Grinning like the cat who ate the canary.

"I'll bet she has," DJ said casually. It pissed her off how easily he accepted her servility as a matter of course – but then, that anger was why she was doing this. "You girls have now met officially, I hear."

"We sure have," said Ashley. She was wearing a scarf; Emily wondered if it was hiding bruises. Bruises shaped like her fingers.

"Yes, sir," echoed Emily.

"Well good. Ashley tells me you two got along famously. I'm glad to hear it." He smiled.

Emily tried not to frown in confusion. Gotten along famously? Emily had nearly choked the bitch to death. Not that she would have killed her, she didn't think. She just got... well, she lost control a little when it came to people questioning her about DJ. It wasn't anyone else's business.

Still, if Ashley had lied for her and the lie made DJ happy, who was she to dispel his illusions? "Yes, sir. Congratulations on finding a girlfriend. She's very attractive – she'll serve you well." There, see how Ashley likes being talked about like his property.

"Well, funnily, that's part of why I called you down here. So, you serve me, right?"

Duh. "Of course, sir."

"And you'll do anything I tell you to do."

"Absolutely, sir." How many times had she insisted this? A hundred?

"Good girl." He smiled, walking over to her and caressing her cheek affectionately. She shivered; she hadn't realized how much those words, from him, now meant to her. It was like a jolt right into the pleasure center of her brain. Her cheeks flushed, her pussy moistened in response to her master's praise. An unbidden smile crept onto her face even as the shame of her response caught up with her.

"Thank you, sir. Your servant's highest pleasure is earning your praise." Was this true now? It <I>felt</I> true, sickeningly enough.

“Well good, because I finally have a command for you – something bigger than just cleaning the room or putting on a sexy costume.”

“Excellent. Your slut lives to please you.” She wondered what it would be. Doing his homework? Moving in next door to be on more readily available? Doing porn? Turning tricks? She was ready for anything.

“Good. So here it is, Emily – from now on, I want you to obey Ashley here as you do me.”

Anything but that. To be given away, like a tawdry present to his new slam piece.

She glanced past him at the expression on Ashley’s face; it was pure self-satisfaction. Condescension. Malice. DJ didn’t notice any of it.

“Sir, please, your little fuck toy wishes to serve <I>you,</I> make <I>you</I> happy. How can she do that if she is busy serving another?” She put all the pleading she dared into her voice. She couldn’t tell him she didn’t want to; maybe – oh God, please – he could pick up on the desperation in her voice and let her off easy. Just this once.

No such luck. “Serving Ashley <I>will</I> make me happy. She’s my girlfriend now, so instead of thinking of yourself as just being my slut, think of yourself as <I>our</I> slut.”

“You... I... please...” That was as far as she could go, as close as her wicked, selfish, evil, hateful side would let her get to defying him.

DJ gave her a stern expression, like a babysitter scolding a wayward toddler. “Emily, this is how it has to be if you want to keep serving me. I can’t have my own little sex slave on the side while still having a girlfriend and expect things to work out. Either you serve both of us, or neither. You don’t have to stick around – I mean, nobody’s making you do this if you don’t want to.”

He suggested she not serve him, then said she had a choice? It was laughable, almost. If the only way to be a good girl was to serve this beast, conquer her wicked nature, and the only way to serve him was to serve her...

“Very well, sir. Your slut will obey your other slut.”

Ashley’s look darkened. “That’s the last time you call me that, Emily. You’re his slut; I’m his girlfriend. You’re his property; I’m his partner. Get it?”

Emily nodded. She did get it. “Yes... Ashley.”

“Nuh uh, no ‘Ashley’ for you. People might think we’re equals. Privately, you can call me ‘madame’ or ‘mistress.’ Publicly, you can call me Ms. Vandoren.”

“I understand. And... am I to be madame’s slut as well?”

Ashley grinned. “No. I’m not into girls, you little freak. Nah, for me... you’re my toy.”

“Yes mistress. Your toy understands.”

“Now let’s see if you’re a good toy or not, shall we?” Ashley grinned. DJ just sat down and watched bemusedly. “You’re awfully... strong-looking,” she said, itching meaningfully beneath her scarf. “Do a hand-stand. Use the wall if you have to, but only if you have to.”

Emily nodded. “Yes mistress.” She’d been in gymnastics in middle and high school; she was rusty, but it wasn’t that difficult. She managed the maneuver quickly; there was now no more mystery regarding her thong. The dress hung down low enough she couldn’t see, and she was nearly bared to the bra. Ashley paced around her, prodded her a few times to test her balance. She nearly fell, but her determination not to give the bitch the satisfaction kept her in position.

“Wearing underwear, are we? Well that won’t do. Little sluts like you shouldn’t ever have barriers to fucking them.”

“Your toy apologizes, mistress.” She hadn’t been told to move, so she didn’t, straining to hold herself in place.

She could only hear Ashley’s steps, a little <I>shlick</I> as the girl retrieved a pair of scissors and snipped her thong off at the waistband, then tugged it off. Emily’s bare pussy pointed up at the ceiling. She thought she heard the sound of them landing in the trash can.

“Ooooh, you’re nice and wet, aren’t you?” Ashley said, running her fingers across Emily’s moistened slit. “How’s come, Toy? What made you so wet?”

Emily grimaced, glad the veil of her dress hid it. She’d been ordered to obey Ashley as she did DJ, and that meant holding nothing back. At least while he was around. “Sir said that his slut was a good girl. His slut enjoyed his praise.”

Ashley barked a laugh, then continued in a fit of hysterical giggles. “Oh my God, this bitch is just too fucking priceless. You’re telling me you get off on being told you’re a good girl? Like a fucking dog?”

“Yes, mistress.”

She kept laughing, somewhere in the midst of it granting Emily permission to stand up again. She did, arms burning, waiting as patiently as she could, struggling to keep her servant face on.

For the next half hour, Ashley amused herself by using Emily like a puppet, testing to see if she had any limits, each test heightening Emily’s commitment that she would have none. Emily barked, she danced a strip tease, she performed various gymnastic feats, she baby-talked, she pleaded to be allowed to pleasure Ashley (rebuffed), then to be allowed to pleasure DJ (accepted).

She was well into her blowjob before Ashley stopped it by tugging backward on her hair, hard, knocking her from her knees to her butt. “Ashley!” DJ scolded. “What the hell!”

Ashley took Emily’s place, licking up and down his shaft as she gave him an apologetic look so fake Emily couldn’t believe he didn’t notice. “Sorry, baby, I just couldn’t stand by and watch dumb-dumb here give you a lackluster blowjob. Get your ass dressed, Toy – I want his eyes on me now.”

DJ was mollified by her tongue, but only somewhat. “Still, she could’ve bit my dick off, dammit.”

“Aww, well maybe I’ll just have to make it up to you.” She slid her red lips down his shaft, snugly wrapped, inch by cock-sucking inch.

The fight had mostly left him, but Emily was surprised to hear a defense of her come out of him. “You don’t have to be so rough with her, you know.” Like he was one to talk, role-playing raping her while she was handcuffed to a radiator.

Ashley slid the top few inches of his not-unimpressive cock into her throat, gurgling happily, before letting him slide back out. “You don’t think she gets off on it, being treated like a cheap little slut? Emily, tell him how much you like being treated like shit by us.”

It hadn’t been a question; it had been an unambiguous order. “Oh yes, mistress,” Emily gushed. “I love it when you and sir are hard on me.”

DJ didn’t notice the distinction; the blowjob was keeping his brain on low power mode. “Well, fair enough.” Accordingly, he didn’t object when – after she’d coaxed DJ into cumming

again, this time all over the front of Emily's purple dress – Ashley told Emily she was coming out with her today.

“Have a good day, hon,” a spent DJ murmured from his bed.

“Going back to sleep, ya bum? What is this, week three with no classes?”

“I went to a couple classes... last week.” He poked Ashley in the butt. “Besides, *<I>somebody</I>* kept me up all night.”

Ashley gasped. “Who, moi? Well next time I have an insatiable thirst for your cum I'll just let you sleep through it.”

He pulled her down and kissed her goodbye. “You better not. Now you two have fun out there today.”

“We will. Now say goodbye to your fuck toy, and remember to reward her for her service.”

DJ, with what felt like a little hesitation at the presence of his girlfriend, patted Emily on the ass under her dress. “Good girl.”

Emily almost came. Almost. If not for Ashley's sardonic grin, she thought she would have. God, what was wrong with her?

“And Ashley? Don't do anything I wouldn't do.”

“That leaves all kinds of open territory, doesn't it?”

It did. Emily, still wearing DJ's semen on her face, dress, and hair, followed Ashley meekly out into the hallway, and soon, upstairs to Ashley's own room. Her mistress' roommate balked at the sudden intrusion, then, when she saw Emily and her state, she made a disgusted face. “Is that...?!”

Ashley nodded, laughing. She ran out of the room.

“I have a feeling,” Ashley said, as she began changing out of what were evidently yesterday's clothes, “that this is going to be a good day. Do you have that feeling?”

Emily frowned. “I don't know what you're trying to pull here, but this isn't going to fly.”

“Toy, Toy, Toy. It's not just going to fly, you're gonna pilot the fuckin' thing. You're my bitch now. I own your scrawny ass.”

“The hell you do,” she said, folding her arms defiantly. As defiantly as she dared. Ashley's scarf came off, and Emily was surprised – and disappointed – by the lack of bruising.

“Emily, fetch that pen and paper over there for me, would ya?”

Emily snorted. “Get it yourself, cunt.”

Ashley, with some effort, managed the clasp that had the herculean charge of supporting her titanic boobs for the day. “DJ told you to obey me, Emily. Do you really mean to tell me you can't do something so simple for him?”

It was a taunt, plain and simple – but a fair point. Emily grabbed the stationery off of Ashley's roommate's desk and brought it over. “There, happy?”

“I am – what a *<I>good girl</I>* you are.” The bitch plainly watched her for her reaction; Emily tried not to let it show how excited the words made her, even coming from Ashley. Still, her nipples betrayed her, stabbing right out through the thin material of her cum-spotted dress. The moisture trickling down her thighs would have too if she'd bothered to look.

Ashley noticed. “Man, you are going to be so much fun to fuck with,” she said giddily.

“Look, I'll follow you around, carry your fucking backpack or whatever, because DJ said so, but I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you shit on me all day. I didn't sign on for that.”

“Really? Because I seem to remember DJ telling you to obey me like you do him. When was that? Hmm... Oh yeah, it was an hour ago.”

“Yeah, well he’s not here now, is he.”

“What, you think I can’t just call him up and tell him?”

“If you do, I’ll just tell him you’re lying. He completely believes I’m his slave to my core, and he already sees through you at least a little bit. It’ll be my word versus yours, and in his presence, I’ll serve him so good he’ll never believe I could be lying.” Emily smirked. “So tell me again about how you’re going to tattle on me, Cindy Brady.”

Ashley’s expression darkened. “Toy... why, I never thought... you know, what you said earlier about proving you were a good girl, I really believed it. I actually thought you meant it when you said you could prove you were better than me, working past your dislike.”

“Hatred.”

“Yeah, that. To think I believed you might actually be able to live up to your own hype.”

“You’re not going to bait me with that bullshit. If you pick a fight with me, we both know what’ll happen if DJ’s not around to protect you.” She grinned smugly. “And if he is, I won’t fight back – I’ll be his meek, pathetic little slave girl, and the more you pick on me, the more he’ll take my side out of whatever passes for pity in that dumpster soul of his. Between a pushy bitch girlfriend and a wholly devoted slave, he’ll pick the second one, every time.”

Ashley tugged on her shirt, her back to Emily, who was eagerly awaiting the impotent rage her explanation would surely elicit. Instead... she wore a smug smile. “Well fine then. I’ll just go tell DJ how you feel about him.”

“Wait, what?”

“I’ll just go downstairs, and tell him the only reason you’re his slave is because he ruined your life and you despise him but you have to prove your tolerance is stronger than your hatred. That every second you’re in his presence fills you with revulsion.”

“But... I’ll deny it.”

“Nope. Because right now, he’s happy to think you just have a weird little kink, so he doesn’t look his little gift pony in the mouth. Once I plant that seed in his head, he’s going to get curious and ask you a lot of hard questions, and we both know you won’t lie to him about that. Not convincingly, anyway – you Hulked out just talking to me about it last night, so I can only imagine how shitty your poker face would be in front of your master.”

It was true. Dammit, it was true. Ashley would tell him and he’d get suspicious. She knew damn well she couldn’t fake her way through it, as strong as her emotions were on the subject.

He wouldn’t want her to serve him any more – might not even let her near him – and then she’d... she’d have nothing left. No one. No chance of redemption. Ever.

“Fine.”

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“I said <I>fine</I>. I’ll serve you.”

“I’ll serve you...?”

“I’ll serve you, mistress.”

“That’s the spirit. Now quit looking so pissed off, and pick up that pen. I want you to take some dictation.”

Emily complied, and Ashley wore a pensive look as she put on her makeup – too much eyeliner, wine red lipstick, a little blush on her pale cheeks. “One,” she said finally. “Throw out all my bras and panties and never wear either ever again.”

Emily arched an eyebrow, but Ashley just peevishly made a scribbling motion, so Emily wrote it down. “Two. Get the words ‘fuck toy’ tattooed on my neck.” Emily wrote, wondering what this was – some kind of weird to-do list? She kept wondering as Ashley went down the list.

“Three – go to class naked.”

“Four – give a homeless guy a blowjob.”

“Five – pose nude, sell them to a porn site, then email my friends and family the link.”

“Six – go to the football team’s locker room and invite them to run a train on me.”

“Seven – start doing hard drugs.”

“Eight – quit my job, lose my housing, and live under a freeway overpass.”

Emily’s dread had been growing that this list pertained to her, but when she heard that last, she was sure. As a resident assistant, her room and board were paid for – if she quit, she’d have no housing, and no income with which to buy it. Ashley smiled wickedly as she saw comprehension dawn on Emily’s face.

“What is this?” Emily asked into the silence.

“Oh, my list? Well, <I>your</I> list, I guess we should call it. That’s a list – non-chronological, mind you – of the things I’m going to have you do each time you displease me.”

“You can’t!” Emily yelled. Pleaded.

“Can’t I? Sure feels like I can. Unless you want to refuse me? In which case, I’ll need to see the list so we can see what punishment to dole out first...” She craned her neck to see the words on Emily’s paper.

“No!” Emily yelled. “No, please don’t. I won’t displease you. I promise. Just tell me what to do and I’ll do it.” She sunk to her knees, head lowered in humility, hands clasped as if in prayer.

Ashley smiled, and without a word, went over to her closet and got a rag, then began wiping it around her neck. Little by little, the concealer she’d been wearing there wiped off. Emily winced, both at seeing what she’d done, and beginning to realize what it meant for her.

Finally, Ashley stood before her, a ring of purple-yellow bruises now evident around her throat.

“Wrap your hands around your neck,” she commanded.

With a shudder, Emily obeyed.

“Good girl.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Life was pretty good for DJ for a while. As the weeks passed, he made a few adjustments to his routine, and began living the life of a king. Per his promise, he made Ashley his queen, and her rule-with-an-iron-fist was a nice complement to his rule-with-an-apatetically-waved-hand. His residents didn’t like it, having to heed someone else’s whimsical rules, but he made a couple harsh examples and they soon toed the line.

Peace was achieved.

He'd worried – secretly, selfishly – that Ashley would wind up blocking him from other women, but in actuality, far from it. She'd vetoed a small handful of the girls on his floor and around campus and prohibited them for petty interpersonal reasons, though really, only one or two of them would he have considered anyway. The good-looking girls on her wrong side, she arranged for DJ to dish out a little punishment to. (She reasoned that they would tolerate the consequences handily, just as she and Emily had their first night together – so why not let her have her vicarious fun?)

She didn't even veto Brittney, although... that was complicated.

The dilemma was introduced one afternoon while Ashley was at one of her art classes. (DJ no longer had classes; Ashley had convinced him to just email his profs and tell them the grade he expected – he'd have his whole life to get educated if he wanted to. He only went to campus to troll for ass, or meet up with Ashley.)

Anyway, Brittney stopped by, and before he even laid a finger on her, he texted a quick <I>Brittney...?</I> to Ashley, an implicit question of whether she was OK with his dalliance, and whether she'd like to join in. He kept it short – nothing to emphasize his particular interest in this case.

<I>K</I> came the reply. She wasn't usually verbose, but still, one letter was uncommonly terse. He was suspicious, and opted to play it safe.

He invited her over and the beauty queen cheerfully accepted. They cuddled when she turned on a Disney movie, but both of them fell asleep before anything lurid could happen. Ashley came home to find them as such, and while it wasn't unheard of for her to come home and find another woman in their bed, but there was an awkwardness about it today. Ashley offered to let them chill; Brittney declined and made an excuse to leave.

The tension lingered after, and DJ finally had to probe it. They had such a good thing; he didn't want any unspoken issues disrupting it. "Is everything OK?" he asked tentatively. She gave him a one-word answer, so he pressed a little harder.

"Sorry, just... something about that girl," she said uneasily. "It's nothing."

DJ was at least aware enough to know <I>it's nothing</I> meant <I>you damn well better find out what it is and fix it</I>, so he turned to her earnestly. "Ash, talk to me."

She fidgeted a while; he wasn't used to this Ashley, this taciturn, anxious version. He waited patiently until she finally blurted, "she's too hot!"

DJ arched an eyebrow, surprised. Ashley was an attractive woman, by any standard. Maybe she wasn't a perfect ten, but she was happy in her skin and was generally confident that whatever her physical short-comings, she made up for in sheer pizzazz. "What do you mean, 'too hot'? She's not <I>that</I> hot." (She was, but this wasn't the time for honesty.)

"Eat my ass, Deej. She's stupidly hot and it just... I dunno. It makes me... nervous."

"Nervous? You have nothing to worry about. It's just casual fun, same as any other girl we play around with."

Only it wasn't. Saying it out loud made him realize just how untrue the sentiment was. Fact of the matter was, DJ <I>liked</I> Brittney – more than just the carnal.

Still. She wasn't Ashley.

"See, you say that, but when was the last time I came home to find you sleep-cuddling another woman?"

"Last week, Emily," he rebutted quickly.

“Emily doesn’t count. That’s like cuddling an inflatable doll or a security blanket.”

He laughed. “Sweetheart, really. There’s nothing to be paranoid about. And if you want to put her on the veto list, we’ll put her on the veto list.” DJ smiled, but inwardly, he was steeling himself.

“No,” she said at last after a long pause. “No, I know you guys are buddies. I’ll deal.”

DJ tipped her sullen chin up to look at him, and kissed her tenderly. “You don’t have to deal. You don’t want us hanging out, we don’t hang out. I’m putting her on the list. Period end.”

She opened her mouth to disagree, but he silenced her with a kiss, and by the time they stopped, the matter had been long since considered concluded.

Only... it wasn’t.

With opportunity, desire, and a healthy supply of boner pills courtesy of his tolerant local pharmacist, DJ marauded the campus at his leisure. Anywhere and everywhere was an opportunity, and increasingly, he just did what he felt like doing without even considering. On his own, he probably wouldn’t have, but Ashley was his most ardent cheerleader. If he saw some flowers he wanted to give to Ashley, he picked them out of the campus gardens and gave them to her. He saw someone with a candy bar he wanted, he took it. Nice boobs? He squeezed ‘em.

Nothing was off-limits to him any more.

Sara Bradshaw awakened with a start when her alarm notified her it was time to go to her next class. <I>What a fucked up, dream,</I> she thought. She didn’t want to forget it, so she decided to text her bestie, Hannah, about it. Hannah always liked hearing about these kinds of things – she luxuriated in the weird.

<I>so u no how i nap in the union btwn classes? had KRZY dream 2day</I>

Hannah replied quickly with a <I>???</I>, so she continued, assured of her live audience.

<I>so like i fell asleep rite? and in the dream, i was ALSO asleep in the union, and it started w waking up to find this guy feeling me up just sitting next 2 me squeezing my tits like it was normal lol</I>

<I>Was it someone u know, or one of those fuzzy face stranger dream guys?</I> Hannah asked.

<I>neither – just sum rando</I>

She was still typing when Hannah interjected again. <I>Was it a nekkid dream? I get those sometimes, where I’m in public and in my underwear or something. Supposedly means your stressed or something...?</I>

Sara deleted her text to reply. <I>no like was wearing same clothes im really wearing now shut up so i can tell u</I> she said, adding an <I>lol</I> to conceal her irritation.

</I>neway so in the dream i thought it was real and i was like who da fuq is u and he actually tells me its just a dream go back 2 sleep. so i look aroundn and theres like six ppl nearby and none of them r even looking as he just gropes me, and i was like i don’t want him to but i just sat there and let him</I>

<I>lol – dream Sara is apparently a great big slut</I>, Hannah joked.

<I>i no! it was like i didnt want him 2 but i like couldn't convince myself 2 stop him so like i just figured it must be a dream so like IN THE DREAM i went back 2 sleep and he just like lifts my shirt and undoes my bra and like even tho it was a dream he had trouble with it lol</I>

<I>Boobs like yours require some pretty serious hardware :P</I>

<I>shut up lol i cant help it!</I> The lol was literal.

She was at her lecture hall by now, and found her usual seat in the front row – she always sat in front, to help her professors recognize her face and name. Hannah impatiently asked if that was the whole thing, so once she had her pen and notebook out, she resumed. <I>sorry just settling in 2 class. so neway im like lying there 'asleep' and hes groping me, then he stops and im like whew and then he just moves he onto my back, climbs on top of me and just... ya</I>

<I>wtf is "ya"?!?!?! you can't skip over the good stuff, Sar! >:(</I>

<I>you know, like, he put IT btwn my boobs and started rubbing it until he was happy</I>

<I>... you srsly let a guy titty-fuck you in a dream? also – you can't just say "titty-fuck" even in a text message?</I> Sara could practically hear her friend's characteristic snark.

<I>ok fine yes he titty-fucked me happy now? :-/</I> Sara didn't like those kinds of words.

<I>Not as happy as your dream stud, sounds like...</I> Hannah retorted.

<I>ugh ya he like totally got off all over my neck and my face and 4 a minute i worried it wasnt a dream but then like i heard him tell ppl to quit staring and i opened my eyes and noone was and like no way ppl wouldnt b looking if it was 4 real</I>

Sara took a deep breath. It had been so vivid that it was all easy to recall. <I>then he just put my bra back on and tugged my sweater down and left, and the dream ended and i woke up 2 my alarm</I>

The professor was now in the front of the room getting his presentation ready; class would begin in a moment. <I>that's... insane</I>, Hannah said, then quickly followed, <I>you're SURE it was a dream, right? That's really freaking weird.</I>

Sara rolled her eyes. Hannah always thought she had all these repressed sexual urges hidden just beneath the surface. <I>duh – i definitely wouldnt put up with that shit – it was super weird and gross. def a dream – no worries. talk more l8r class is starting</I>, Sara finished hurriedly and put the phone away as her professor took to his podium.

"Good evening, class. I got a lot of emails from you about the reading this week, so I wanted to start by..." As he spoke, his eyes focused increasingly on Sara in her front-row seat, then squinted, scrutinizing her attentively. "Um, Ms. Bradshaw? You've got... something..." He made a face.

Sara frowned at being in the spotlight so suddenly. Not knowing what he meant, she quickly got her phone back out and turned on the camera. There, staring back at her with an expression of dawning horror, was her face, and on her face – and her neck, and spotting her sweater – were numerous mostly-dried blobs of semen.

She fainted.

"I just happen to think we should all be working at what we're best at," DJ explained to his boss Katja. "Play to our strengths as the old saying goes. I know you're concerned that Emily

isn't keeping up on her programs and that rounds aren't always done quite how you want them to be, but maybe you just need to step back and re-think things.

"You see, each of us has talents and interests, and as someone working in the field of 'student development,' I'd expect you to appreciate my approach. I have an interest in girls, for example, so my rounds are often spent in developing that interest in my fellow students. Emily's been a big help, honestly. Abby, too. And they're both developing their own interest in pleasuring me, which I'm sure you can appreciate is perfectly natural for young women to do.

"As for programming, no, Emily's girls aren't being educated in a traditional sense, but I think there's a lot for young women to learn from such a fine role model, don't you? How to scurry, fetch, clean, pamper, wait, and otherwise please a man. Not that I think all of her girls are into men, but most are, and besides, sometimes targeting a particular demographic can enhance the educational outcomes.

"Now I don't want to hear any more about you hassling them. Their job is keeping me satisfied, and they're doing great at it. You, on the other hand... next time I have to come in here for some training, I expect your blowjobs to be much more refined than this. Ask Emily, if you need help – she's a pro. I won't stand for this kind of negligence to vital tasks, understand?"

Katja would have said yes, but there was a cock in her mouth.

"Looks like we're almost all here," Jeremy – or, to his fellow Upstanding Citizens guildies, Balzrog – said. "Should we just get going and let Bl00dlust catch up? I wanna see what this new expansion's got for us."

"Just gonna be the usual random mobs that kick our ass until our gear levels," said Lamershamer, as ever trying to suck the fun out of things with his pessimism. Then again, healers could get away with murder, practically. "May as well get on with it. Again."

So the three of them set out, wading into the new desert zone. It wouldn't be hard for Bl00dlust to find them, nor would it take long for her to catch up in XP.

Balzrog wouldn't have minded waiting, but his fellow Upstanding Citizens knew too well about the crush he'd had on her, and he was long since tired of their teasing. Jeremy and Miko had been guildies long enough to be friends in other social media, and she was a cutie, even aside from his thing for Asian girls. Bl00dlust – or Miko, her real name – had one of those really sexy voices, too, so just having her on v-chat was a plus in his book.

Ultimately he was glad they didn't wait – it was nearly a half hour past start time when they finally heard her voice. "Sorry, guys. Um... something came up." She sounded a little odd – and she'd left her microphone on, so there was a kind of constant buzz going.

"Bout time," said MavRick88, their fourth member, as he dove free of the magma drake's plasma surge. "No fuckin' DPS without you in here, been hella slow going."

"Actually, I wanted to tell you guys..." she said hesitantly. Her voice was a little faint, so Balzrog turned up his volume a little (and ate another plasma surge while his hands were away). He thought he heard another voice, also female, but even softer, say "go on and tell them Miko."

He heard a sigh. "Do I have to?"

She must've been talking to whoever was in the room with her, but Lamershamer obviously hadn't heard the other voice. "Hey, don't do us any favors, bitch," he said scornfully.

He'd never liked gaming with a girl in the first place – the sexist things he said behind her back were just horrendous, and Balzrog wasn't exactly what one would call a feminist.

“No, I wasn't talking to–” *SMACK* “YEEEEEE!” she squeaked, in the aftermath of that cracking noise. It nearly blew his ears out it was so loud; he had to adjust his volume again, and this time stopped short of the next mob. Lamershamer and MavRick88 stopped too.

“I've... recently learned–”

“Decided,” came that other female voice, admonishingly.

“I've recently <I>decided</I> that I am too much into Boy Things, and I need to learn how to be a girl. So... I'm, um, going to let Boy Things get into me.” There was definite mocking laughter coming over the mic now, unmistakable.

“Bl00dlust? Are... you OK?” MavRick88 asked, concerned. She was usually kind of grim, their hard core killer. Hearing her say something like that was totally out of character for their sadistic demon-kin bounty hunter, and he was worried.

Balzrog, on the other hand, was rock hard. He opened up a town portal and the team ran through; there, in the town square, was Bl00dlust, standing in front of a fountain, battle axe in hand. It was an ultra-rare drop, and was rendered to constantly drip with blood.

“She's fine,” came that other female voice, now right into the mic. “She's just dropping her panties, bending over, and waiting to be mounted. Isn't that right, Miko?”

“That's right,” Miko said. “Come on, let's get this over with.”

“Wrong attitude,” said the other girl. A moment later, the battle axe disappeared from Bl00dlust's hand, followed by a howl of despair.

“Dammit all to hell! Do you know how rare that item is?! I spent <I>MONTHS</I> raiding for that, you– No – no no no no NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” There went her armor; Bl00dlust stood there in the boring fur bra that covered the naked setting of her model. “Fine! Fine, I'll be good, just STOP doing that!”

“You need to learn to be more feminine, tomboy. Soft and squishy and eager to please your man. Now get to it.” A sharp noise – fingers snapping?

By now, the guys were just text-chatting through the game; nobody wanted to talk over what seemed to be happening. <I>iz this legit?</I> Lamershamer asked.

<I>She sounds like she's being threatened or something</I> MavRick88 said. <I>I want to call the cops but I don't even know where she lives.</I>

Balzrog knew full well where she lived, but whatever concern he had for her well-being evaporated at the sound of a soft female grunt. He'd watched enough amateur porn to recognize the sound of a girl being penetrated by a cock bigger than what she was used to.

She was being mounted.

“She nice and tight?” Ashley asked. A man's voice grunted.

<I>She's just role-playing, getting off on this – let her have her fun</I>, Balzrog said. The mic suddenly moved close enough to Miko's face that they could hear her breathing. It slowly increased in pace and became punctuated by little whimpering sounds in her high-pitched voice.

<I>This is sick! I'm not going to sit here and listen to this.</I> MavRick88 signed off, and his avatar disappeared.

“Tell them what's happening, Miko – let your little friends know what new skill you're learning,” Ashley's voice said in the background.

“I’m... I’m being fucked,” Miko whined. With the volume up, Balzrog could just barely here the sounds of flesh smacking on flesh. “From behind, bent over my desk.” Balls on ass, that would be then.

“You know, you’re not a very good narrator. Here, let me give them a few thousand words’ worth.”

“Oh shit, please don’t take pictures – oh shit, oh fuck you’re huge,” Miko panted. On screen, someone – Ashley, probably – had entered /thank – the command to get down on hands and knees in a worshipful pose. As their guildmate moaned as she took her doggy-style fucking, however, it took on the mental image of B100dlust bent over ready to be drilled.

Miko moaned, whined, squealed when her g-spot was tickled. She begged. “Fuck me harder, fuck B100dlust harder! Put me in my place! Oh yeah, more, PLEASE!” she screamed. She was acting, obviously – again, his porn experience made him sure of it just from the sound – but he could care less. It went on and on, and sometimes he could hear Ashley prompting more of it; sometimes, it seemed to come unbidden.

<I>I always knew she was a crazy fuckin slut</I>, Lamershamer said. Balzrog couldn’t argue.

As the performance hit minute ten or so, B100dlust – or someone at her station – entered a web address into the guild chat. It was the Upstanding Citizens’ website, but he didn’t recognize the page. Curious, Balzrog clicked – and there were the photos, dozens and dozens of them.

Miko’s face, eyes bulging, mouth open and slack-jawed. Miko’s ass from above, a shaft just visible at the rear. A man’s hand gripping her soft, slightly tanned ass, fingers indenting the soft flesh. Her little breasts flattened on her desktop. Another closeup of her face, this time eyes squeezed shut in an expression that was an exquisite mix of pleasure and shame.

One over the shoulder of the guy fucking her, looking right down at her PC, where he saw her looking right at him – Balzrog, that is – as she got stuffed.

Balzrog came for the second time at the sound of her moans of ecstasy when her lover, apparently, came in her. Lamershamer, meanwhile, entered the /slowclap command to mock her whorish display in character. <I>gg – nice display of leadership, B100dlust</I> he typed.

“So she’s your leader, eh?” Ashley’s voice responded. “Hmm... I think she’s going to need a new role, one better suited to her new status. From now on, Miko is the official guild whore.”

<I>she always was :P</I> said Lamershamer, just before Balzrog entered <I>what does that entail?</I>

“It means she’s not in charge any more, and she gives you guys pictures and chats like this whenever you tell her.”

“Ashley...” came a male’s voice reprovably.

“Fine, fine, you’re right. Once a week. And if I ever chat up the Upstanding Citizens guild, I better hear she’s been a perfect lady, sweet and accommodating.”

The guy seemed mollified, because he didn’t respond further.

<I>soooooo..... we gonna game or what?</I> Lamershamer pressed.

There was a long silence. Balzrog didn’t care. He was still staring at Miko’s lithe body getting fucked like a bitch in heat.

<I>I’m going to need some new armor</I>, B100dlust typed at last. Her microphone was now silent.

<I>what’re you going to do to earn it?</I>Balzrog asked.

“Dude, you gotta start coming to psych lectures again.”

“Fuck that, man. That class is fuckin’ lame. All that old geezer bitch ever does is regurgitate the readings. She doesn’t take attendance or do pop quizzes or anything to make it worth going.”

“I know, I know, but... trust me.”

“What the fuck for?”

“Fine, fine, no appreciation for fuckin’ suspense.”

“No, you just don’t know how to build any.”

“Eat me. No, dude, there’s this chick, man.”

“You do know that in the twenty-first century, <I>all</I> my classes are co-ed, right? You seriously want me to go back to class just to meet a fuckin’ girl?”

“Not meet, dude. I’m pretty sure she’s not available.”

“... to meet some guy’s girlfriend...?”

“Not some ‘guy’s’ girlfriend. Some chick’s.”

“To meet some fuckin’ dyke bitch? Man, I am gonna punch you in your fuckin’ throat, you’re so goddamn stupid.”

“DUDE. This chick, she comes in every class following this other chick, and they’re so fucking hot together, dude. Well, the one chick is. The other one’s hot, but she’s not all... wild about it, like her girlfriend.”

“So a cute lesbian couple is in our history class, and you want me to make it like a fuckin’ field trip? Do you know what a lesbian is, man? One more girl who’s never gonna fuck you.”

“No. The one chick is just... I dunno, man. She’s like the other girl’s... I dunno, slave, or something, dude.”

“Wait, what?”

“See? Now I got your attention. Yeah, one of them’s a gothy redhead chick with these HUGE knockers, and the other’s like this skinny chick, real pretty, good bod.”

“Wait, which one’s the slavey one? Tits, or Face?”

“Face.”

“Aw, fuck that.”

“Just listen, dude! So like, Face starts following her to class a couple weeks ago. I don’t even think she’s enrolled – I’ve checked the class page and I can’t find her on it. I think she’s just following Tits.”

“You’re still under-selling it, man. Meh.”

“No, Face – she like... dresses up for her.”

“Dresses... how?”

“Like... slutty. Every class it’s something different. Like, the first week I noticed her, she came in in this little tube top thing, and like, she had this collar on – like a black collar, with little metal studs and shit.”

“That’s not that slutty, man.”

“You weren’t there, dude. But sure, fine, whatever. The next week, Face comes in wearing this skimpy little bikini. AND the collar. Always the collar. That’s why I think the slave thing.”

“A bikini? To class? In November...?”

“Well, she had one of those little wrap thingies around the bottom, but it was like, part see-through, so you could tell the bottom was like this tiny little thong thing, dude.”

“What? Prof didn’t say nothing?”

“Dude, she hasn’t noticed shit – blind as a bat. Or thought it was just one of those Kids These Days kinda things. But no, dude, last week she came in in just this little tiny dress that everyone was just waiting for her boobs to pop out of the top but still so fuckin’ short that you could totally see her ass hanging out the bottom, dude.”

“So there’s a hot girl, dresses slutty, I get it. You need hobbies, man. Or porn.”

“No, dude! I told you, she’s like... a slave, or something. Last few classes, she’s just literally <I>kneeled</I> on the ground next to her girlfriend. Tits leaned down and says something to her, and she like runs off to fetch her a bottled water from the vending machine, goes right back to kneeling, and Tits just pats her head like a dog and shit, dude.”

“OK, that’s pretty crazy, sure. But still, what exactly do you think’s gonna come of it?”

“I dunno, I was talking to this other dude in class, and he said he like went up to ‘em and tried to hit on ‘em, you know, work up to a three-way or something, and he told me Tits was like ‘sorry, not interested, but Face’ – I forget her name, but he said it – anyway ‘Face, go ahead and show him your ass’ and she just flipped up her skirt right there in class. Everybody was gone by then, but still. Then Tits tells him to go ahead and cop a feel, and the bitch just LET HIM.”

“What? No way, that’s bullshit. He’s makin’ shit up.”

“Oh yeah? Well how ‘bout this, dude? I knew you wouldn’t believe it, so I snapped some pics.”

“Sure, man, you took those for me – you just wanted to jack it to these lezzie bitches.”

“Fuck you, dude, plenty of people were taking pics.”

“Sure, sure.”

“Just look, dude.”

“... holy FUCK. You... you weren’t kidding. What the fuck is that, a slutty schoolgirl outfit?”

“Most of one, at least. Keep scrolling, it gets better.”

“Oh hey, there’s that collar... Whoa, is she... is she... <I>winking</I> at you?”

“Yep – she saw me, I guess, and... bitch is fuckin’ crazy, like I said.”

“Fuck me, dude... what time does class meet again?”

“I said, ‘let’s go wait outside and church and–’”

“That’s what I thought you said. No.”

“Come on, asshole, I just wanna find–”

“No.”

Mercedes was one of the last people to the lounge for DJ's pre-Thanksgiving relaxation session, having stalled as long as she could. Corny orchestral music was playing on a boombox in the corner, and a pair of blandly scented candles burned at opposite ends of the room.

"Come on in," her RA said, smiling broadly. She politely smiled back, even though she thought he was a total creep. She had no idea what her roommate saw in this guy. I mean, if it was just putting up with it, sure – Mercedes had been singled out for his attentions more than once – but Brittney seemed to somehow actually <I>like</I> this loser. She said she didn't, but Mercedes knew how to read her. There was something going on. (DJ's girlfriend saw it too, which was no doubt why she personally told Brittney not to come tonight.)

Either way, no one had made such an exception for her, so Mercedes sucked it up and came in rather than risk getting slapped with whatever bullshit ad libbed punishment he came up with for her absence. Which would almost assuredly be something sexual, as 95% of his punishments were for the girls on the floor from what she'd heard. She'd been spanked two weeks ago, bare ass, for using her hair dryer too early.

There were no seats left, so the platinum blonde just found one of the non-repellent-seeming girls and made small talk with her. Jillian, that was her name – she remembered their last floor meeting, when the RA had "inspected" her, which was DJ's code for fucking a girl whenever he felt like it. Other than Brittney, she didn't really have any other friend friends on the floor, so these things were always awkward, fending off the incessant advances of every horny geek who thought today might be his lucky day. She did her best to keep her back to them when she saw them lurking nearby.

Soon, DJ rang a little bell – <I>ugh, lame</I> – and people quieted down. "Welcome everyone, welcome. It's awesome to see so many of you here tonight. We're going to have ourselves a great time here. I think Thanksgiving is a very important holiday, and I wanted to show my gratitude for all of you, and how amazing you've been to work for, by throwing a little shindig for you. I had a lot of ideas in mind for what I wanted to do for you guys, but I know you're busy and I didn't want to eat your whole evening, so in lieu of something fancier, we're going to have ourselves a massage night!"

There were some enthusiastic responses – some feigned, she thought, but most not – as he shut off the lights, plunging the room into near darkness, lit only by candles around the outside of the room, their light blocked by the bodies of her fellow residents. She couldn't even make out Jillian's face in the dimness, and she was no more than a couple feet away.

DJ explained how it was going to work, and began arranging them accordingly (flipping the lights back on briefly to put a stop to the ensuing stumbles). The girls were going to sit on the floor in a circle, and the guys would line up behind them. To keep things civil – by which he meant, to keep the boys from trying to stake out the hotter girls – he then had them walk around a couple rotations and stop, landing on a random girl. There was to be no talking, though appreciative noises were considered polite.

In a soft voice – probably meant to be soothing, and it might've been if it hadn't been the voice of the man who'd made her kneel down and tit-fuck him in the shower three times in as many weeks – he instructed the guys on what to do. Many of them had never actually given a back rub before. Mercedes had no way of knowing who was behind her, but his hands were thick, pudgy. She thought she remembered the name of that fat guy on the floor. Curtis?

Still, a back rub was a back rub, and if she was here, she meant to enjoy it. DJ walked them through the basics, starting with their shoulders, working the neck a little. She didn't like

having a stranger's hands touching her hair, but she had to admit the gentle rubbing of her scalp and temples felt pretty good. She began to relax and forget the doughboy whose hands were on her.

“OK girls. Now, to help your partners get to your muscle tissue more easily, I need you all to take your bras off.” Mercedes looked in the direction of his voice, but all she could see was blacknes. Was he fucking serious? Take her bra off, in the middle of the lounge, so some lard-ass could touch her more easily?

Many of the girls balked at this – though none spoke up, of course – so DJ just told the guys to help them out and take the bras off themselves if their partners were shy. In an instant, she felt maybe-Curtis's fingers untucking her blouse from behind. She flinched away from it, considered trying to punch him in the junk, but in the dark, she'd probably just embarrass herself.

“What's wrong, Mercedes – you don't like my program?”

Damnit – his eyes must be acclimating to the dark better than hers, or maybe her platinum blonde hair made her easier to pick out. She didn't want to be rude to him, so she phrased her response carefully. “No, it's not that, your program's great, just, I don't wanna—”

“Shhh,” he cut her off. She stopped talking immediately. It would be impolite not to. “I'm glad you're having fun. Now c'mon, we're all friends here. Off with it.”

With no way to protest, and looming certainty that the next step would either be him removing it for her, or worse, earning a punishment, she unclasped it through her top, then slid it off through one of her sleeves. She felt exposed, even though it was dark and no one could see. Still, she'd always had an amazing set of tits, and she was always conscious of people looking. She could feel eyes on her in the dark room, imagining. Pervs.

The back rubs resumed, and began to take the edge off. A little. Curtis kneaded and worked the little knots near her shoulder blades with reasonable proficiency, and sure, maybe not having a bra on made it easier. Some of the girls were letting out sighs of appreciation, which DJ encouraged. Not Mercedes. She wasn't going to turn this into auditory porno.

Then, she lost that choice.

“All right, guys,” DJ said some time later, talking just loud enough to be heard over that annoyingly smooth music. Now, I know you've all been really great this past month with Ashley, and she's said you've all been really great in welcoming her to our community. I wanted to give a chance to show you my especial appreciation on her behalf, so, for the rest of the session, you can extend the massage to any part of your partner that you'd like.”

There was a stunned silence in the room.

“Go on,” he said. “Have fun, guys.”

“You mean, we can...?” came the voice from just behind her. Ugh, he even <I>sounded</I> fat.

“That's right. Ladies, I want you to be supportive of me here – I've given you all a lot of attention lately, and the guys haven't uttered a word of complaint as I ignored them. Time to give back to the community.”

Suddenly, she heard a squeak from across the circle. Jillian, she thought. “Hey! Keep your hands off those!”

DJ was engaging shushing mode in an instant, though. “C'mon, ladies. No talking. Just be good partners – we have a set of community standards I expect you to adhere to. I don't want to have to get all RA on you about them, but I will if you make me.”

Mercedes considered the things she'd heard of him doing to the others on the floor – taking money out of their wallets, breaking their stuff, all sorts of humiliating sex acts, often in view of others. She'd been the recipient of such more than once.

At least with Curtis, she was in the dark and no one would see. So, when she felt his thick, sausagey fingers creeping over her shoulders and down to her breasts, she said nothing. After all, this whole thing was DJ's idea, and... some things you just had to put up with, living in campus housing.

Her co-resident, emboldened by her lack of resistance, helped himself to two big handfuls, groping and squeezing her through her thin blouse. Curtis sought out her nipples, and the traitors were disloyally hard and thus easily found. He pinched at them a little painfully, as she tried to signify with a hissed intake of air between her teeth, then softened his touch without ceasing his twisting and tugging on them.

Mercedes wished she'd worn a nice thick hoody or something, like some of the girls had, but then DJ robbed her even of that fantasy. "It sounds like some of you are having a little trouble, so guys, if clothing is getting in the way, go ahead and remove it. We're all friends here. Just be careful – it's dark, after all."

Mercedes was not at all surprised when Curtis started unbuttoning her blouse, though she was a little offended when her tits distracted him for maybe two minutes before he started pulling off her leggings. The things were already skin-tight, but no, that wasn't enough for Fatso here. Next thing she knew she was bare-ass naked in the middle of the lounge, lying flat on her stomach on the cold tile floor while her partner "massaged" her ass.

Then he started using his mouth, licking up her thigh and onto her bare butt, where he proceeded to literally nibble on her exposed butt cheek. <I>Holy shit, Lardo Curtis is going to fucking eat me to death in the lounge.</I> She made a few displeased noises, but they only seemed to spur him on to nipping at her harder and harder. Fucking freak.

This was so far beyond what had been authorized, she finally made herself say something. "Um, DJ? My partner is, uh, using his mouth. And teeth." He pulled back suddenly. The fat fucker.

"Mercedes, this is the second time I've had to warn you, and you're starting to try my patience. No. Talking. If he likes you enough to want to suck on you, you should take it as a compliment and lie still and let him have his fun."

A guy spoke up. "Are you saying we can...?"

"No no, no sex. Hands and mouths only – this is just a relaxation night, not an orgy guys." He laughed. Laughed!

For the next half hour, Mercedes was his pliant toy. She was poked, squeezed, fondled, pinched, kissed, sucked, humped (with jeans on, but still)... and she lie there and took it. She almost pitied the guys who wound up with the ugly girls, though she wondered if they could tell the difference in the dark. Some, probably. Did Curtis even know who she was, or was she just the a vague outline of a hot girl? Did her breasts <I>feel</I> as good as she knew they looked?

The big lug finally decided that if he couldn't fuck her, and wasn't man enough to get his cock out and try something else with it, he'd settled for "tongue-massaging" her pussy. She'd thought he was done with her, actually, until she suddenly felt the presence of his broad face between her thighs, followed by a tongue gently probing her clit.

And dammit all to hell if he wasn't actually really fucking good at eating pussy.

Mercedes soon violated her self-sworn vow not to make any noises that sounded even close to appreciative. She hadn't wanted him to get the satisfaction of knowing that a few of his clumsy efforts struck gold. This, however, gave her no choice. She had both her fists reflexively entwined in his hair, giving him a little scalp massage of his own as he probed impressively deep inside her, ran laps around her clit, teased up and down her labia, and generally worked her cunt like an instrument.

She didn't know it, but the whole lounge could hear her orgasm building and building as Curtis's tongue abandoned its usual fare of ho-ho's and pizza and found its second love, Mercedes' pussy.

She was seconds, mere seconds away from a truly divine orgasm, when DJ spoke up again. By now, he had to raise his voice a good deal higher to be heard over Mercedes than he did for the shitty music. "All right folks, I think that's enough. I hope you all had fun, and I hope you have safe travels and a happy Thanksgiving."

"No! No! Almost! There! Don't! STOP!" Mercedes panted, thighs clenching around Curtis's doughy face. This was going to be an epic orgasm, and she didn't want to have come this far without having something to show for it. Her partner gamely complied – probably because she was going to suffocate him with her cunt if he didn't.

Then the light turned on, allowing just long enough for people's eyes to recover in time for the whole floor to watch her have a shrieking orgasm sprawled out in the middle of the lounge.

Mercedes blinked, once her own vision cleared – from the light, and the blinding orgasm – and saw them staring. And she'd been wrong – Curtis was across the circle by that German girl, Cassie. Her dude was some different chubba wumba whose name she didn't even know.

"Say thanks, ladies."

The girls complied (except for Cassie, who murmured "danke schön" in the same flat tone as the others). "Thank you," Mercedes muttered sullenly, looking around for her top. But it was gone.

"That was the wildest Halloween party I've ever been to," Blake said to his buddy Nick. Nick scoffed. "Betas are usually kinda lame. Three to one guy-girl ratio, sitting around watching people play beer pong."

"Hey, I only went 'cause my friend Will is a brother there – but this time... holy shit. It was supposed to be a 'bottoms up' theme – wear your underwear on the outside."

"That's the fucking stupidest party theme I've ever heard."

"Just listen. So I went early, just hangin' out with Will and all, and then... somebody changed the theme at the last minute. From 'bottoms up' to 'tops off'."

"What? That's... what?"

"Yeah. I guess some dude – I dunno if he was an alum or what – just showed up and announced it, then stood at the door and enforced dress code. All the chicks had to strip from the waist up at the door."

"Why would they even go in? Any girl I know that's not a total fucking ho would just turn around and find another party."

“Beats the fuck out of me, but they did. Looked all shy about it and all, but I guess once you get used to seeing everyone else walk around half-naked, you just... get with the program.”

“Huh. That’s fuckin’ nuts. I guess the Betas aren’t such total losers after all.”

“That’s not the half of it. So they get some decent music going, people start actually partying for once, then this guy – the guy I said before – comes in with this girl who’s <I>totally</I> naked. I mean, totally bare-ass, pussy and all.”

“She hot? C’mon, don’t hold out on me here.”

“Yeah, she’s hot. Huge tits, huge ass but like in a hot way, ya know? Like all the good parts on a fat girl but without the fat.”

“Nice. Shallow, but nice.”

“Blow me. So anyway, they’re all dancing up on each other, and I mean, everybody’s looking, ‘cause... well, they’re naked, but like we don’t wanna <I>look</I> like we’re looking, ‘cause like, we don’t wanna be the douche canoe armada or nothin’ with this guy, but like, you can’t not notice, right?”

“Yeah, I can see how a naked girl in the middle of a dance floor would attract the eye.”

“Yup. So then, the girl just gets down and starts blowing him, right in the middle of the party.”

“Bullshit.”

“Hand to god, man. Sucks his dick in front of everybody. And like, I don’t know what happened, but I guess once she got going, some of the other chicks musta figured it was cool, and suddenly, there’s like a half dozen blowjobs going on around the room. Guys with girlfriends, mostly, but not all. And Danni – you remember Danni, Eric’s ex, with all the tats?”

“Yeah yeah, we always called her D-block Danni, ‘cause she seemed like she’d probably gone psycho and killed someone at some point.”

“I thought she was D-*cup* Danni.”

“Only when she wasn’t in earshot. Big freakin’ ho, as I recall.

“Sure was – and she went down on yours truly.”

“Get the fuck outta here.”

“Hey, I’m telling you as a courtesy, man. You don’t want the details...”

“Fine, fine, keep goin’.”

“So then then the trend-setter bitch – guess she was getting whore’s cramps, ‘cause she just stands up, turns around, and the guy starts fucking her, right there.”

“I think I’m running out of ways to say ‘no way’ here.”

“Yeah. And I mean... it didn’t go viral like the other thing, but some girls got in on it, and... well, I’m proud to say our low opinion of D-block Danni was once more validated. I nailed her right up against a pillar, held her up by her ass and did it upright. Fuckin’ pro move.”

“You fucked Danni.”

“Sure did.”

“At a party. Like *at* a party.”

“Yep.”

“Wow. Danni’s crazy hot. And just plain crazy.”

“No shit. She fucked four other guys at the party, too.”

“Before or after she got to you?”

“I’d rather not talk about that.”

“So before.”

“I said I’d rather not discuss it.”

Dr. Rajanece Austin poked her head from the small room that served as her office in the Campus Counseling Services for the first time that day, having taken no breaks between sessions except for a fifteen minute pause to eat lunch while responding to emails. Her watch said that it was 2:57 in the afternoon. That meant she had three minutes before she had to meet with her next appointment, no doubt the rather pitiful yet conspicuously attractive young woman with the occupying the office chair next to her.

Dr. Austin avoided eye contact deliberately and notified the department secretary that she was stepping out, then had to quickly add she’d be right back. She hustled up to the roof and, with tremulous hands, lit a cigarette.

She’d given up smoking almost thirty years ago, and it had been incredibly difficult. These past six weeks, however, she’d started up again. She had to do something to take the edge off, that constant, overwhelming melancholy brought on by the recent surge in her case load.

Rape and sexual assault were a fact of life on college campuses. Usually, in a given school year, she had around two to four rape and sexual assault survivors. Twice – ever – she’d had male survivors. A few years, she’d had no such cases at all – they’d come through her office, surely, but the cases had been assigned to her colleagues. In her worst year, she’d had nine total cases.

Since fall break, she had averaged one and a half such new cases. Per week. Her case load, which had been full already, now had her working 60+ hour weeks to give each case its due diligence.

Bizarrely, there was a pattern to them – sex crimes by strangers were incredibly rare, but most of these women said they didn’t even recognize the perpetrator. Stranger still, those who described the incident all had similar tales of being violated while consenting. None of them had reported it to the police, and all were emphatic that they would never do such a thing. Dr. Austin neither discouraged nor encouraged it – that was their decision – but increasingly, she realized the pattern.

The incidents often occurred in public. They often had pictures or video taken. The woman was made to feel guilty for resenting the attention. A woman – an accomplice, perhaps? – was with the violator, sometimes taking part, always spurring him on.

Finally, one client – a freshman named Rachael – had given her a name. Well, the initials, but still, with that and the knowledge that he was a student, Dr. Austin’s access to student records could in time allow her to find him. How many DJ’s could be enrolled here?

Still, Dr. Austin had ironclad oaths – and laws – which prohibited her from disclosing any information to the police. Only in the case of an imminent threat to someone could she disclose any information – or if a client authorized her to. Rachael would not. She was near to retirement anyways; could it be worth it to lose her job to confront this DJ herself?

She ground out her cigarette and headed back downstairs, addressing the young woman in the waiting room. “I’m Dr. Rajanece Austin,” she said pleasantly. “You can call me Nece, if you like.”

“Dr. Melissa Restrepo,” said the patient, shaking her hand. “You can call me Missy.”

Brittney Jenner finished recording another entry in her feelings journal – the digital one –and saved the file. She tried to write in it every day even if she didn't have much of anything to say. Still, DJ had wanted her to, and someday, it might help with what she needed to do, what that nagging voice in her head was always pushing her to do. (It wasn't a literal voice, but the instinct was so loud it may as well have been.)

She hoped the journals would help. Her feelings were beyond confusing lately.

That done, it was time to start the day. Mercedes was still sawing logs after coming home wasted – she'd gone bar-hopping after the massage night program and came home totally hammered – so Brittney quietly slipped into her robe and grabbed her shower caddy, then off she went.

It was Thursday, which had for a brief time meant it was her turn on the rotation – to shower with DJ, that is. Ashley stepped in whenever she felt like it, but otherwise, he had one girl or another in to bathe him every day. By now, he'd probably forgotten how to clean himself.

It was one of the things Brittney had genuinely enjoyed with him. She knew many of the other girls didn't (of course, none truly minded, certainly not enough to complain or beg off), but she actually liked it. For one, she just really liked being in the shower – the dorm had great water pressure and an endless free supply of hot water. For two, she just enjoyed it. It was a lot of soft touching, and she always thought boys looked better wet and naked than dry. She knew she did.

Still, ever since Ashley came into his life, she'd seen precious little of him. Plenty in passing (they lived less than a hundred feet away from one another after all) but seldom in any prolonged duration. At that nagging voice's prompting, she made excuses to cross his path when she could – heading to the drinking fountain when she heard his creaky door moving, getting lunch in the cafeteria at the same time, and so on.

It wasn't easy, though. Ashley watched her prize like a hawk.

In the month and a half since fall break, she'd become certain of Ashley's agenda. It was pretty obvious, really – suck him in with her body, ham up her enthusiasm, be “the perfect girlfriend” by letting him enjoy unlimited access to other women – or nearly unlimited, with limitations imposed only by her. Then, emotionally manipulate him to keep everyone else who he might care about at a distance.

Brittney recognized it easily. After all, it was nearly the same thing men had been doing to her since she'd hit puberty. From the outside, it was hard to see how anyone would let it happen to them, but she'd been there. She understood.

Ashley was rubbing in her victory, too (if it could be called that). Mercedes was one of her favorite targets for a third wheel in their sex play (or fourth wheel, if that girl Emily was around). She'd walk right in, snap her fingers or say something bitchy to command Mercedes' presence, then smirk at Brittney as her roommate shuffled out.

Brittney didn't even get why, really. She hadn't been courting DJ. She certainly didn't want to benefit from his power – the opposite, in fact. Maybe they could have developed into something, or she might have had some success in prying his attention away from some innocent girls, but she was pretty sure Ashley thought they were after the same goal.

Let her.

The warm water began to wash the stress off Brittney's body; she closed her eyes, put her hands on the wall to brace herself, and turned off her mind. She was doing a wonderful job of

blocking all thoughts of DJ and Ashley and strange powers and bizarre experiences and desire and anger and longing and dread – right up until she heard DJ’s voice outside her stall.

She kept her head down by instinct, as they were easily tall enough that he would otherwise identify her by the top of her face. She saw two pairs of feet under the divider between the stalls; one were obviously DJ’s, and between the voice and the dusky tint of the skin on those feet, it had to be Tara.

Brittney just left the water running and listened. She ought to just turn the water off and go, avoid running afoul of Ashley and the train wreck that confrontation would likely be. Instead, she compromised by beginning a quick cleaning, applying her shampoo to her hair as her ears strained to catch every little sound from her neighbors.

“You’re sure you don’t want me to take care of you?” Tara asked politely.

“Nah, I get taken care of too much as it is,” DJ replied. “Today, I’ll do you.”

“If you say so,” Tara said, sounding perplexed by the shift in routine. There were the clacks of plastic bottles being opened, the squishes of soap being worked into a lather. She could just barely catch the slick-shlum sounds of DJ’s hands rubbing the body wash on Tara’s curvy body. Brittney desperately wanted to look; to see what he looked like. How interested he was. How hard he was.

If he was as hard as he got with her.

She didn’t really get her own curiosity – DJ screwed around with so many women these days, she didn’t know why she should take an interest.

Truth was, though, she always took an interest. She’d been telling guys she had a boyfriend ever since fall break to keep them away from her, to let her spend more time eavesdropping on the variegated moans coming from the RA room down the hall. Mercedes nagged her, though didn’t really have a defense when Brittney pointed out that she’d technically cheated on her boyfriend with DJ over and over, so maybe she should ease off the accusations. Not that she blamed Mercedes

DJ was a predator, a monster. It shouldn’t matter to her what he did.

Surprisingly soon, only a few minutes later, the other shower stopped flowing. She still hadn’t finished her own shower, and she’d been trying to be quick.

“You’re sure you’re good?” Tara double-checked.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Under the stall door, Brittney watched the feet shuffle back out of the shower area. She rinsed the shampoo from her hair, and resumed her slumped pose. Somehow, those few minutes had drained her of all the rest she’d gotten the night before.

Then there was a knock at her stall door. “Brittney?”

She jumped in surprise. “DJ? Um, hang on, I’m...” Naked? Crying? Freaked out to have a guy knocking on my shower stall like it was the front door of my house?

“Sure, take your time.”

Brittney soon realized she didn’t really know what she was waiting for; sheepishly, she fidgeted to and fro, stalling, feeling like a fool. “How’d you know it was me?” she asked.

“I smelled your shampoo.” He came right up to the stall, plainly looking over, a smile touching his eyes. Caught red-handed doing nothing, Brittney smiled back awkwardly and opened the door. He came in, latching the door behind him.

There they were, alone together for the first time in over a month, since they took that nap together. He was in a towel; to reduce her disadvantage, she folded her hands delicately over her nether parts.

He looked at her, still smiling. It was infectious, and she found herself smiling back. It wasn't a leer, wasn't a smirk; he was glad to be seeing her, and enjoyed what he saw. She didn't know how much time passed, jets of hot water splashing into her back, running down her shoulders, and nothing at all between the two of them.

"I got your text."

She blinked. "Text? I didn't..."

"Last month. Right before Halloween? I didn't respond, but I wanted you to know I got it."

Brittney laughed, flushing with happiness that he remembered it. That it was the first thing he wanted to say to her. "I wondered."

"I didn't... Ashley wouldn't have... You just..." He stop-started, and Brittney waited patiently. She'd waited almost two months to talk to him. She could keep waiting.

Instead of finishing his sentence, he dropped his towel, stepped into the stream and kissed her. It was a perfect kiss – needful, insistent, one arm wrapped around her waist and the other on the back of her head, to keep kissing her until he was done.

<I>Now's your chance,</I> said that little nagging voice. <I>Seduce him. Take him back. You were made for this.</I>

Brittney wrapped one long, wet thigh around him and kissed back.

It was a perfect shower. They didn't have sex – she would have, even wanted to. (She didn't have a strong sex drive, but going from sex nearly every day to nada in six weeks... She was ready.)

DJ, however, just wanted to touch her, to kiss her and hold her and wrap himself around her in the steamy shower. To be wet and naked against her wetness and nakedness. It was perfect the way it was, and she still wanted more.

<I>You need to do more</I>, said the voice.

It was true. DJ had gotten worse and worse with Ashley, and if she was going to get him away from her, this was her best chance. All she had to do was sink down to her knees and take him into her mouth and...

Except that's exactly what Ashley had done. She would happily go down on him, or have sex with him – but doing it for manipulative ends made her feel disgusted with herself. But was it worth it, to sacrifice herself in such a way?

<I>Of course it's worth it. Now get on your knees and make him forget that other girl. Make him yours again!</I>

Her knees had just started to buckle when DJ stepped away from her. He didn't seem to have noticed. "I should go – Ashley's waiting for me." His smile faded. Oddly, his reticence to leave made it hard to stop herself from grinning.

DJ began to towel himself off, handing Brittney her own towel so she could do the same. There was a tense silence as he wrapped his around his waist, she slipped back into her robe. He kissed her again, but this time on the cheek, and only for a moment. Then he turned to leave.

"I still miss you," she said. That voice told her to say it, but she would have said it anyway. She thought.

He stopped. "I miss you, too."

He was about to go again when she pressed. "So do something about it."

His shoulders tensed. She knew what she was asking crossed a line he'd been told – or maybe even volunteered – not to cross. Still, every day there were fresh victims, people used and humiliated and violated. Days mattered.

The voice on her shoulder said that. Her heart had told her to say the same, but for reasons she still didn't understand.

“Let's meet here, same time next Thursday.”

She spun him around and kissed him again. “Next Thursday.”

<I>Well done,</I> the voice in her head said. Or maybe it wasn't coming from her head, but from her shoulder.

But which shoulder?

CHAPTER NINE

It was the Monday before Thanksgiving break, and Ashley was dreading the long weekend. She'd agreed to go home with DJ to see his step-mom and step-sister. All the craziness from his last trip home was a familiar story by now – he still got those weekly pictures from those high school bitches, and grinned like an idiot every time. They were hot, for being three months out of being jail bait, but still. It was going to be five days with just DJ and a bunch of other random bitches.

The only thing she was really looking forward to was giving her poor jaw a rest.

In hindsight, she wondered if she'd over-done it in the early days, convincing DJ how eager she was to give him a blowjob any time he had half a desire for one. Now, he just seemed to take it as a matter of course that she loved it, and she couldn't bring herself to tell him how tedious she found it.

Damn his power.

Well, not really. The power was amazing. She was twenty-one years old and had her own personal slave, for crying out loud. That fucked-up little slut could be trying on her patience, but there was no denying she was handy, to say nothing of being Ashley's most amusing toy. She never tired of using and abusing the little bitch.

Beyond the convenience of having DJ's slave on permanent loan, Ashley had already gotten to the point where she just took it for granted that his power would make everything OK. Last week she'd had to stop herself from slapping her waitress when her order got mixed up when she remembered DJ wasn't there and she might actually get in trouble. Not much; if she ever got arrested, he'd be her phone call and he'd take care of things – and she'd have her fun with anybody at the jail who fucked with her before she left. Shit, they didn't build jails that could stop someone like him, because jails were run by people, and people were idiotic, weak-willed tolerant chumps.

It was going to her head – and she loved it. She felt nearly omnipotent. If DJ's milquetoast affection (and milquetoast personality) was the price she had to pay for it, she'd gladly pay it. The poor guy had obviously never been in love before – or at least, no one had ever been in love with him.

In her heart, she thought he was actually a pretty nice guy, and while it was one of her least favorite things about him – the pussy never stopped dragging his feet when she wanted to

smack some humility into someone (literally or figuratively) – it was also the mechanism by which she'd bent him to her will. As long as he thought she was his adoring (if crazy) girlfriend, he'd move heaven and earth for her. Which he was uniquely suited to do. Which was why she tolerated him.

Well, that and because not tolerating DJ wasn't an option – even when he wanted her to spend five lame days being fawned over by his loser family and their loser friends. It was all the more reason to make hay while the sun was shining.

She opened Anthony's door without knocking.

"What the...!" The freshman looked over in surprise, nearly dropping one of his dumbbells. Ashley came and went where she felt like it around DJ's floor, and once he realized who it was barging into his room, he mellowed, mostly. "Oh. Hi Ashley."

"Heya, Tony," she said, smiling brightly. She was in a good mood anyway, given her purpose here, but finding the young freshman shirtless and sweaty, muscles flexing on his leanly built body, was a bonus.

"It's Anthony," he said, frowning. "Do you need something? I'm kinda in the middle of something here."

"Aw, but you're so much cuter as a Tony," she said, striding up to him and trying to adopt a sympathetic expression. "Speaking of, I can't believe that girl broke up with you. DJ told me about you and your ex," she said.

"They say those college to high school relationships never work, so I guess they're right," he said bitterly. He'd been dumped, and apparently blind-sided by it. For once, DJ had actually been doing his job by conventional means and had been trying to counsel the kid. He'd been pretty distraught, evidently – almost dropped out of school to run home to her.

What a pussy. If he'd done it, she never would have respected it again and he would have wound up just as miserable anyway. To Ashley's mind, there was only one sure-fire way to console someone who's just been dumped.

She took a step closer, inside his personal bubble. "Hey, I know it hurts right now, but trust me, you'll find someone new before long and forget all about her."

"Not that it's any of your business, but I don't want to meet someone new. I want Marissa back."

"Oh come on, Marissa couldn't possibly be that great."

"You wouldn't say that if you knew her."

She ran her fingers along his biceps, pleased to find they felt as good as they looked. He flinched away, but there was precious little space for him to retreat to in the cramped dorm room. "I bet she doesn't have a body like this," Ashley said, and without further warning, stripped off her t-shirt.

The freshman stared agog at the two shapely breasts revealed to him; Ashley had foregone bras for some time now. They were difficult to acquire in her size, for one, and besides, she liked having a little extra jiggle. "Touch them," she offered gently. "I promise you won't regret it."

Hesitantly, Anthony reached out his hands – and then stopped just short of touching her. "No," he said, shaking his head. "You've got a boyfriend. I can't."

"Oh, c'mon. DJ doesn't mind. You know how he gets around with the ladies." That was true. Some of these idiots practically worshipped him for his propensity at getting girls; they

begged him to tell them his secret. If they only knew. They probably had some inkling, though; she'd noticed how seldom she saw them bring their own girlfriends by.

"That doesn't make it OK for me. Sorry. Thanks, but no thanks." He backed off, stopping only when he was against the wall.

Ashley scowled. <I>How dare this little prick reject</I> me? She stormed up to him, poking him hard in his bare chest. "Look, you little shit, asking was just a courtesy. You know what your RA said – you do what I say, or we make you pay."

"But... that was for favors and stuff. I'm sure he didn't mean for us fuck his girlfriend."

"Oh no? You heard about what happened to Julian – how he was walking funny for a few days?" That had actually been because he'd called Ashley a cunt for plundering his fridge, but Anthony didn't need to know that. "Or you heard what happened to Brittney's boyfriend?" That had been before Ashley's time on the floor, but everyone had heard about him getting the shit beat out of him and set outside in a pair of women's underwear. The threat usually worked well around here.

"You can't be serious. You... you want me to feel you up, or you're going to sic your boyfriend on me?"

"The feeling up offer just expired, Anthony. Now I want you to eat me out, and if you don't get me off good and hard..." She let him imagine the ending. She'd talked DJ into some doozies of punishments, and the rumors were often worse than the reality.

Anthony winced – case in point. "Fine. Just... don't tell him, OK? He was trying to help me with the whole Marissa thing, and... ugh, I feel like a total cock."

"Oh, I hope it's total," Ashley said as she kicked off her jeans and panties. "Now get to work, Tony."

She lay down on his bed and spread her legs wide. As ever, it felt amazing, having eyes on her, ravishing her, probing her, taking in every inch of her naked body. She felt like striking poses, letting every sexy image she struck burn into the camera in his brain. He might be dragging his feet now, but this little wimp would be jacking off to the thought of her for the rest of his life. She wished she'd thought to open the windows so anyone with the right angle outside could see, but she'd already lay down.

Ashley settled for letting him go down on her.

It was one of the only downsides to scoring cock this way – the guys were awfully hesitant, oftentimes. A couple of the guys on the floor appreciated her for what she was – a hot, willing, eagerly fuckable woman with a big ass, big tits and a big appetite – but many of them had this annoying sense of propriety, or whatever it was.

Still, in a moment Tony was lying at the foot of the bed, and his tongue began its work. Once he got going, Ashley soon realized she owed Marissa one – she'd obviously shown him his way around a cunt. The redhead sighed contentedly as he started tickling her labia gently at first, slowly probing deeper inside her.

The boy was coordinated, she had to give it to him. Every time his technique got a little stale, he switched things up. He pulled out of her pussy and started slow, considerate laps around her clit, kissing and sucking at it at intervals. When she started squirming at wanting more, in went his fingers, building speed. When she was close to orgasm, he deftly swapped tongue and fingers, licking inside her as he vigorously toyed with her clit.

When his other hand slid his pinky into her ass and swirled in little circles, she came, harder than she had in weeks. Well, days. A day, anyway.

“Goddammit, Tony,” she said as she recovered, “that was fucking amazing.”

“Thanks,” he said bashfully. “I, uh, had lots of practice.”

“That cunt was an idiot to let you go. I tell you what, you were such a good boy, I’m going to give you a little reward.”

“You’re going to give me a blowjob?” He sounded surprised – and with good reason.

She laughed. “Of course not, dummy. But we can do something a little more... mutual.” She pushed Anthony so hard he landed flat on his back, then savagely tore his gym shorts off, underwear along with them. Evidently you weren’t so reluctant after all, Tony boy – hard-ons don’t lie. It was a nice one, too – bigger than the lean boy had a right to, almost too big for his body.

“Aw, and here I thought you weren’t enjoying yourself,” she said, giving it a few gentle strokes, smirking at it twitching in her hand.

“I’m not,” he insisted. “It just happened.”

“Shh, you’ll ruin the moment, sweetie.” Pleased she wouldn’t need to take further action to get him ready, she climbed aboard, and proceeded to ride him like he was a horse in need of breaking.

Mindful that it may well be the last fucking she’d be doing for a week, Ashley dove in. Sure, she might get some action on break, depending on whether DJ was too distracted by his home-town bitches, and whether she felt like indulging him, but with DJ, she was getting fucked. Not fucking. Not the same at all.

She cut loose – as loose as she dared anyway. She wanted to scream, to throw open the door and let the world watch. Instead, she settled for throwing her hair, clawing lines into his chest, twisting his nipples until he yelled and forced her off of them.

Then she twisted them again. After all, it was more fun when they fought back. Then sex wasn’t just exhilarating; it was a game that could be won.

Ashley Vandoren liked to win.

There was little enough for Tony to do but lie back and take it; he closed his eyes and pretended he was enduring and not enjoying, probably just to harsh her mellow. No doubt he was picturing his little Marissa fucking him. That wouldn’t do at all.

“Say my name,” she said.

“What?” he groaned as she twisted again, slapping her hands away.

“Say my fucking name – tell me who you’re fucking, Tony! Is it Marissa?”

“No,” he groaned as her pussy squeezed around his member.

“So then tell me – who are you fucking, Tony boy?”

He paused for a few breaths, but as her pincer-like grip started to reach for his chest again, he quickly called out. “Ashley!”

“Say it! Say who you’re fucking!” she hissed, keeping her voice as low as she could.

“I’m fucking Ashley!” he said.

One would think that if DJ were going to overhear them, catch her in her act of betrayal, the sound of a young man shouting “I’m fucking Ashley” not two hundred feet from his home would be the catalyst.

It was not. DJ remained ignorant of her transgression – right up until he opened the door not a minute later, for reasons entirely unrelated to the events transpiring.

“Hey, Anthony, how are... you holding... up...” Anthony’s RA was standing in the doorway looking concerned – at first. His words trailed off as his concern died at the sight of his girlfriend impaled on his resident’s cock.

Ashley froze. <I>Well, shit.</I>

Emily knelt in the corner with her head lowered, her usual position and posture when she wanted to remain unobtrusive. She became like another piece of furniture – silent, still, not something one would notice unless one were looking for it. Good girls didn’t try to make things about them. They waited until they could be of use.

It had been a great night for Emily.

DJ had excused himself to go check on one of his residents – something she could only do with her own once in a very great while when she had no obligations with sir and mistress, and really, any more none of them wanted anything to do with their weird kinky slut of an RA anyway. Her job was a very different one now, but much more important. Her very soul was at stake, after all.

Soon after DJ had left, she’d heard the shouts echoing down the hall, and while neither of them had said precisely what had happened, everyone was aware. “How could you” and “it’s not what you think” and “I thought you loved me” and “please just talk to me” only meant one thing.

He’d slamming the door behind him when he returned, glowering at the universe as Ashley pleaded for him to let her in. He hadn’t. He waited until she gave up, then grabbed his jacket and keys and left without a word. Part of her hoped he’d be in such a state that he’d drive his car off a bridge in despair, or get killed running a red light he was too angry to stop for.

Most of her despised herself for thinking such things.

Ashley had texted Emily, demanding she come to her, no doubt intending to coerce her into helping her out of this somehow. Emily had been out the door and halfway down the hall before she’d caught herself; obeying Ashley’s every command had become such a part of her these past months, she’d almost forgotten she only did it to atone for her feelings towards DJ. So much of her behavior now was run on auto-pilot, it was difficult to remember how to act when she had to decide things for herself.

She went back to his room, silenced her phone, and waited.

It was easy to pass the time; she spent much of it lazily pleasuring herself in the desk chair, masturbating to the thought of what DJ might do to Ashley. It was a fantasy she had often, though much more vivid in light of tonight’s goings-on. Being a good girl and trying to work past her contempt for DJ didn’t mean she couldn’t hate his super-bitch of a girlfriend.

She pictured him shaving off Ashley’s mane of frizzy red hair then having her get electrolysis; making her tattoo “whore” on her forehead – no, branding it, branding was sexier; putting her naked in the stocks and letting anyone who wanted to fuck her as much as they wanted and watching her get pregnant and fat with a baby whose father could be any of a thousand people; making her go up to each person she’d lashed out at and let them take their revenge on her anyway they wanted. They spat on her and hit her and raped her and whipped her with Emily’s collar and oh GOD YES FUCKING YES HURT THE BITCH

Emily came.

She'd come to accept that she'd become a freak, in all manner of ways. Months of 24/7 servitude had done things to her, things she worried she'd never undo, even if she someday redeemed her filthy soul and was able to return to a normal life. She hadn't come to enjoy her subservience, but she had come to get a sexual thrill out of it. She figured it was something like a drug addict, getting a thrill out of each fix even as they were aware of how worthless their life had become because of it. Conditioning, probably; the commands she was given were often sexual, after all.

Other things were sexual now, too. Chores and errands were sexual, even when she hadn't been commanded to do them. (Though when she was, it was hotter.) Sometimes she got so wet while picking up groceries for sir and mistress that it soaked through her clothes.

Humiliation. Every time her former friends and co-workers looked at her with disgust in their eyes, or amusement, or lust, she got a little hornier. She'd bumped into a guy she'd worked with at her old job who'd asked her out a few times and taken the rejection really hard; when they met, she'd been wearing a black vinyl micro mini dress, her slave collar, five-inch spike heels, and her usual look of shame about the whole thing. "I knew you were a fucking tramp," he'd said. That had turned her on, and later, made her cry a little.

(Which weirdly also turned her on.)

In fact, few things turned her on like her own impotence. The rage, the self-loathing, the helplessness... she was someone's property, with no control over or say in anything. Her life for now – maybe forever – was drifting along and waiting to see what happened to her next. She couldn't even follow the logic in her own feelings any more, and increasingly, she didn't try to. She obeyed, she brought DJ pleasure, like a good girl. Why didn't matter.

None of this was to say she enjoyed these feelings, in the conventional sense. She just felt them, and went along like a bit of flotsam adrift in a squally sea, waiting to see what fate would do to her next. If some of the waves thrilled her as they lifted her up and brought her crashing back down, it was as much a part of the storm as every desperate gasp for air.

She didn't even know if this would ever end, if the rest of her life would be this. There was no finish, no goal, nothing that would mark the point where she had fully redeemed her miserable, judgmental, hateful soul. It was just a feeling, and she wasn't sure she'd even know it when it happened. If it happened. Would she be DJ's sex slave for the rest of her life? Well, until she was too old to please him any more; then maybe she'd just be a regular servant. Or he'd just kick her out on her ass.

She didn't know what she'd do without the chance to atone. The dread of carrying that mountain of guilt and being able to do nothing to alleviate it was too horrible to think about.

It was more than six hours before DJ came back. The sound of someone fumbling with their keys at the lock woke her up, and she reflexively slipped back into perfect slave girl posture.

DJ didn't notice. In fact, he looked like he was only half-conscious, drunken to the point that the unabashedly slutty girl on his arm was more or less carrying him. She was around their age, had a pair of huge, fake-looking tits threatening to burst out of a trappy strapless red dress, and tattoos in evidence all over – a black rose on her forearm, little angel wings showing above her dress in the back, something on each of her upper thighs she couldn't make out.

Looking closer, Emily saw some dribbles of cum glistening on them, too.

The woman helped DJ into his bed, looking relieved to no longer need to support him – he wasn't a big man, but he was bigger than her by a good margin. She hadn't even noticed

Emily when he grabbed her hand roughly and pulled her down into bed with him. “Ugh, again? Thought you’d be tired out from before,” the girl grumbled as he haphazardly planted sloppy kisses on her chest and neck.

The girl lay there for a few minutes as he clumsily groped and mouthed her; then, he fell asleep. Without skipping a beat, the girl disentangled herself from him, tugged her dress back into place, and hustled out the door as quietly as possible without ever even noticing Emily lurking in the corner.

With her gone, Emily rose and tenderly got DJ ready for bed, taking off his socks and shoes. She was working on his shirt when his eyes fluttered open. “Sydney?” he asked groggily.

“No, it’s your servant, sir.” She almost said something sarcastic, certain he was too drunk to have a chance of remembering it, but thought twice. Just because he wouldn’t know wouldn’t make it right.

“Emily,” he said, smiling dopily. Recognizing her, he relaxed and let her strip off his shirt and pants. She tucked him in and flipped the light off, got into her PJs – a skimpy set of underwear that served no real purpose except that DJ liked to take the packaging off his toy – and was heading for her little futon in the corner when she heard his voice in the dark room.

“Emily?” he called out.

“Yes, sir?”

“Would you come hold me?” He sounded so desperate, so pathetic, for a moment she almost felt for him. Just a moment.

“Of course sir.” She slipped under his sheets and wrapped an arm and slender leg over him. He clutched her to himself, and she could feel him shudder as he wept. Over that ruthless bitch Ashley Vandoren, of all things. But then, if anybody deserved her...

Ugh, she was a terrible person.

He blubbered for a while as she quietly stroked his chest, trying to lull him to sleep. Sober and in the light of day, he’d realize he could find a hundred girls hotter than Ashley, and a million nicer. Not that she wanted happiness for him. Still, he wanted happiness, so it was her duty to help him get it.

“Go to sleep, sir. You’ll feel better in the morning.”

“Thank you,” he murmured.

“Sir is most welcome.” She kissed his forehead.

“I love you, Emily,” he said.

He began snoring in the next breath, so he didn’t hear Emily gasp as her pleasure center lit up like the fourth of July.

One of her most deeply engrained instincts in her new life was to get a thrill at being praised by sir and mistress. It was the whole center of her life, to be a good girl for him, and nothing aroused her more quickly. Ashley had picked up on this early on and enjoyed teasing her with it; Emily suspect part of the reason so many fucked up things got her horny now was Ashley’s abuse of this weakness. “Good girl” when she fetched something for her; “good girl” when she found a way to make her outfit even sluttier; “good girl” when she took DJ’s cum on her face at the end of one of Ashley’s blowjobs.

This... this was like that, raised to the power of “good girl.”

<I>He’s just drunk</I>, she chided herself. <I>It doesn’t mean anything.</I> It didn’t. It couldn’t, could it? Oh God, but if he meant it...

As subtly as possible, Emily worked one hand down to her pussy, slipping easily inside the scant coverage of her panties, and started to tease herself. <I>I love you, Emily</I>, his voice echoed in her ears. Oh fuck, if he loved her... she was such a good girl. He accepted her servitude; he saw none of the malice behind her eyes; she made him happy. She served him so faithfully that he loved his little servant slut.

She was such a good, good girl – he loved her.

“Oh fuck,” she murmured as she slipped another finger inside. DJ didn’t stir, snoring away.

He loves me. Even though I hate him. I’m doing it. I’m tolerating him so well he forgives me for being such a selfish, mean, evil cunt, he loves me, he wants to hold me, wants to use me for his happiness, I bring him happiness, I’m a good girl, such a good girl, he loves me, fuck, yes, FUCK, EMILY’S A GOOD GIRL, SIR’S FAVORITE TOY, SIR LOVES ME LOVES ME OH YES LOVE ME LOVE ME FUCKING LOVE ME MASTER FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

She hadn’t realized she’d been speaking out loud – shrieking, really – until she came down from that earthquake of an orgasm and realized he wasn’t snoring any more. “Um, Emily? What... um...”

Emily knew she couldn’t explain it – she didn’t even fucking understand it – so she just did what that woman – Sydney? – had done, and kissed him. He was confused a moment, then pleased, then unconscious.

The next few times she got herself off, she was quieter.

He loved her. That evil, horrid monstrous fucking piece of shit loved her.

<I>Not really</I>, she admitted to herself. <I>But maybe... he could. And I could be free.</I>

DJ’s vision was too blurry and his head throbbing too hard to read the clock when he woke up, but before he slammed his eyes shut again, he could see four digits in evidence, so either it was already mid-day or he’d slept to the next night.

Slowly, he started piecing together facts; most of the last night had been a blur. He remembered the scene in Anthony’s room. The fight with Ashley. Storming off to Scuttlebutt’s and helping himself behind the bar. Fucking Sydney – had he fucked Sydney? He thought he had. That was where things got blurry.

How he’d gotten back to his room, he had no idea.

“Good morning, sir,” Emily said, apparently having seen him wake up.

He groaned as he made himself open his eyes, and there she was, kneeling beside the bed in her little pink cut-off unzipped coveralls, his favorite of her costumes. She was smiling, which she seldom did. He forced a smile back. “Heya. Fuck my head is killing me.”

Instantly, she produced a saucer from beside the bed, atop which was a glass of water and some aspirin. “I thought you might be hung over, sir.” She held it out to him, and he swallowed both gladly. “Perhaps sir needs to build up more of a... tolerance?” She grinned. DJ was pretty sure she hadn’t been consciously aware of his gift until Ashley took to discussing it openly in front of her. It didn’t seem to bother her, but then, the girl was unflappable.

DJ chuckled as much as his hangover let him. “Nice one.”

She helped him dress himself – not something she usually did, but maybe she was trying to go the extra mile because of last night. Did she even know? From the shouting match they'd had right after he'd caught her, the whole floor probably knew by now.

Once he was dressed, he checked his phone; there were three texts from Ashley and a voicemail, all of them apologetic. "Please, please can I come talk to you?" she ended the voicemail with. He'd never heard her sound contrite before. About anything.

He deleted it and put his phone away. If only there was somebody to talk to about it, vent to, only... who was left for? He hadn't seen Derek in weeks, and Logan IMed him periodically but usually as a nearly transparent veil to get DJ to let him fuck Rachael again. Poor Rachael. There were the guys on his floor – few of whom he was even remotely close with, and he didn't especially feel like owning his girlfriend's infidelity to them. He could call his family, but they didn't really talk about this kind of thing, on the rare occasion they talked at all.

Well, Emily would have to do. She may have all the personal graces of a cardboard box, but she would at least listen patiently, and he just wanted to talk it through.

"So I guess you heard. About Ashley."

"Yes, sir."

"I can't believe she cheated on me. What that fucking twerp Anthony, no less. You know, his girlfriend just broke up with him last week? Guess he got over it pretty fucking fast." Emily was listening, nodding, but not responding, so he just went on, letting flow his stream of consciousness ranting.

"I don't know what I'm going to do to that guy when I get my hands on him, but... man, it's going to have to be something creative. 'What're you thankful for this year, Anthony?' 'I'm thankful DJ didn't rip my asshole six fucking inches wide for fucking his fucking girlfriend.' Fucking asshole."

Still no response. "What did she even see in him? What was missing that she let that prick talk her into his bed? Do you think he might have rufied her or something? So help, if I find anything even remotely illicit in that fucker's room..."

Emily nodded.

"You know, feel free to chime in here."

"Your slut apologizes, sir. She was unsure if you would rather blow off steam, or have a conversation."

"Well, both, but give me something to work with," he grumbled.

"Of course, sir. Humbly, your slut suggests that perhaps it was not Anthony's doing, so much as mistress's."

"What? You think this was Ashley's idea?" He stood up, scowling down at where she was kneeling at his feet. He felt foolish, directing his anger at the top of her head. It was like yelling at a cat – improved nothing, and served only to upset the cat. Still, what she was suggesting...

"Why would she want to cheat on me?" DJ continued. "I've been good to her, right? I gave her everything she wanted, everything I thought she <I>could</I> want. What could that prick Anthony give her that I can't? Nothing, that's what – I've got the world in the palm of my hands, and you think she'd pass up on that just to mess around with some fucking freshman?"

Emily lowered her voice, taciturn. "Your stupid little play thing apologizes, sir. She did not mean to offend, only offer another perspective."

DJ sighed. “It’s fine, Emily. I’m sorry I yelled. I’m just upset.” He sat back down, then snapped his fingers and gestured; immediately, she obeyed him and sat beside him where he pointed. He didn’t even notice the oddity of the gesture any more. Ordering Emily around had become second nature.

“Sir never has need to apologize, but your slut is glad you are not cross with her.”

“Emily... I tell you, you’re much too good to me.”

He’d not intended it to give her the little thrill that his praises seemed to give her – those were words he just doled out like one would throw a treat to a dog when she’d done something simple but praiseworthy – but nonetheless, she groaned happily at it. “Thank you, sir.”

“You know, maybe you could leave off with the third person yes-sirring shtick, just while we’re talking here.”

“As you wish.” She smiled softly – that made twice in one day now – and spoke as though she were choosing her words very carefully. “It will take some getting used to. Your sl–err, I am not used to speaking with s... you. Like this.”

He patted her leg. “Not that I mind the other thing – you know I don’t – but it’s nice.”

“Do you mind if I ask you a question, sir? Err, DJ?”

“Shoot.”

“Are you going to break up with her, do you think?”

“I don’t know. I should. I know I should. Every time one of my friends or residents or my sister has been cheated on, that’s the advice I’ve given them, and I’ve never seen anyone ignore that advice and have it work out well. Part of me wants to dump her, for sure – a big part. I’m just not sure.”

“What about the other part of you?”

He considered. “I think the other pieces of me are still too hurt to have an opinion. I still don’t want to believe it’s true.”

“But it is true. You saw it with your own eyes.”

“Yeah, I sure did.” He sighed. “Still, maybe there’s more going on than what I know. Maybe they have some kind of history, like it was an old fling in a moment of weakness? Or maybe he drugged her like I was saying, or... I don’t know. Maybe it’s my fault.”

“An old fling? He’s only been in college for three months. She...” Emily’s jaw clenched for a long moment. It was as if now that she were speaking like herself, her poker face was weakened.

“You have something to say?” She hesitated again, and months of handling her like an extension of his id asserted itself. “Tell me what you’re thinking. Now.”

“I... Well look at it this way. Suppose you were a normal relationship like most folks have. How many times would you say you’ve fooled around with another woman since you two hooked up?”

He frowned. “She told me she wanted me to. I didn’t cheat on her – you can’t cheat on someone who’s telling you to fuck another woman. That’s not cheating, that’s just... her little kink. Hell, more often than not it’s her idea, not mine.”

“I didn’t mean to say you were cheating. Only that maybe she thought that if she lets you sleep around, maybe she felt she deserved the same privilege.”

There it was again, that evasive expression, not quite able to meet his eyes. “What exactly are you saying?”

“Nothing, sir, DJ – nothing, I just... I just wanted you to see you’re not to blame, that’s all. Honest. I swear.” She looked down at her lap, hands fidgeting.

He eyed her suspiciously. “I think you know something. Emily, if you’re holding out on me, so help me... I <I>order</I> you to tell me what it is. Right now.”

“Sir! No, I... please, sir, your slut doesn’t want to, please don’t make her–”

“TELL ME!” he shouted.

“Um, just that, um, maybe... Anthony wasn’t the first!” she squeaked, flinching away from him.

DJ was thunderstruck for a moment. What she was suggesting... that was bullshit. It had to be. Emily sunk to her knees beneath him, then pressed her forehead to the ground piteously. “What do you mean? Emily, you know something – it’s obvious, don’t try to deny it. Tell me everything, right goddamn now!”

“Ashley ordered me not to, sir!”

“Fuck Ashley’s fucking orders! You’re MINE, not hers! What happened?!”

“There were others, sir!” she moaned. “Many others. For weeks now! She used sir’s orders to his residents to obey her as a tool, then seduced them, threatened them, made them do things!”

DJ stepped away turning his back to her. “I know Ashley pushes them around, but what you’re saying... that’s not possible!”

Emily crawled frantically back in front of him, head still sunk submissively. “But it is, sir! You’ve seen how she gets her way with people – you know what a bully she can be, what a temptress!”

“You don’t know anything! You’re just jealous of her and you’re trying to drive us apart so you can have me all to yourself! How could you even know?”

“Because I’ve seen her do it!” Emily cried.

DJ’s voice was ice cold. “Bullshit.”

“No, sir – there have been several! Mistress even used your filthy little gutterslut once to help her seduce a guy in her chem lab.” Hastily, she scurried across the room and snagged her phone; DJ watched numbly as she fiddled with it. When she handed it to him, it was a text conversation with a number he didn’t know. He was thanking her for an amazing night “with the both of you,” and her reply was a picture of both Emily and Ashley topless, blowing kisses.

He looked for only a second, then dropped the phone and fell on his ass on the floor.

His chin quivered. “But... why? Why would you help her?”

Emily’s voice was interrupted by her own sobs. “Because sir demanded his servant obey her unquestioningly! Because mistress threatened me – with pain, with banishment! Your slut was too afraid, sir, that is the only reason she didn’t tell you!”

“I... I can’t believe you would... I thought I meant something to you. All this time, I thought you actually cared about me, beneath all your fucked-up fetishizing and sucking up, I thought... This is how you repay me for all I’ve put up with from you, you crazy bitch?”

Emily lifted her head, and a look of pure rage was on her face, so stark in contrast to the remorse he had anticipated that he actually stumbled backwards. “You... you ‘put up with’... from me...?! You question <I>my</I>character?! You, who goes out and fucks – sorry, <I>rapes</I> – any semi-attractive girl unlucky enough to cross his path, you abuse them, let it be watched and recorded and shown to the world, you let that sociopathic cunt you were duped

into falling in love with join you and laugh at it and get off on watching you inflict suffering?! And you call *me* a bitch?!”

Emily rosed to her feet, mouth twisting in a feral snarl. “You fucking monster. You take, you manipulate and bully and antagonize and humiliate anyone you want any time you want for no reason but to give yourself a sick little thrill! You *ruin lives* like it was a fucking game, DJ! And then when you finally suffer one little setback, when that psycho lunatic does the same fucking thing to you that you’ve been doing to her with fuck only knows how many women, what do you do? Oh of course, you go out to a bar and rape someone else to make yourself feel better! Then come home to cry about it like you deserve a single drop of fucking pity.”

She loomed over him, voice lowering menacingly. “You fucking disgust me. Ashley calls you an asshole, but that doesn’t scratch the surface – you’re the fucking Antichrist, and she’s the queen devil of the universe herself. Do everyone on this campus – on this whole fucking planet – a favor and go fucking die already!”

DJ, totally unprepared for this – from Emily! sweet, submissive little Emily! – scrambled backwards, tried to get up only to be pushed down to the floor by her as she finished. He’d never seen that look on a woman’s face before – pure, unadulterated malevolence. For a moment, he thought she really might try to kill him.

Then, the next instant, she fell to her knees and vomited.

DJ scuttled back as she heaved over and over. Her anger disappeared, or at least he thought so – when he could make out facial expressions through her sickened state. Not knowing what else to do, he knelt down beside her and patted her back, and after a moment she stopped puking and started gasping for air, face bright red, a haunted look on her face.

It was a panic attack – he’d seen them before. She needed a moment to catch her breath and calm down, so he stood back and collected his thoughts.

What had happened? Emily – submissive, selfless, slutty Emily – had just completely freaked out on him. Rape? When had he ever raped someone? Never once since he’d gotten his power had anyone told him no. About anything. Nor had they complained about being embarrassed or ashamed or any of those things she’d accused him of. What he did was harmless – victimless! He wouldn’t go doing those things if it actually hurt anyone!

Images of some of the things Ashley had done to people – thing she’d had him do – things he had done of his own volition – flashed before him, and he squelched them.

No. No, it wasn’t like that. She’s wrong.

Little by little, she regained her breath somewhat, though before she could get back to regular she threw herself at his feet, literally kissing them all over with bile-dripping lips. He tried to escape the awkward display, but there was no way to move without kicking her in the face. “Emily, stop that,” he said with what little authority he could muster.

Suddenly, he was much less confident of his capacity to control her.

“No, sir, please, please, your slut begs you to forgive her, she meant none of those terrible things she said–” she gagged, and for a moment he worried she was going to puke on his feet before she continued, “–and she begs you, from the bottom of her soul, forgive her, forget her outburst, she was stupid and wicked and evil and must be punished, forever, punished and punished until she understands what a bad girl she is, and please, sir, please let me make it up to you, let me redeem myself, oh God, please DJ, please let me make it up to you, love me again, let me show you I didn’t mean it, please...”

She continued, continued for so long he wondered if she was ever going to stop, kissing his feet and sobbing and begging him to forgive, to punish, to forget. Yet all he could see was that look of raw, seething hatred on her face when she'd denounced him, the righteous wrathfulness in her voice.

The fear he'd felt. Fear that she might try to hurt him.

Fear that what she said might be true.

There was a soft knock at the door, and without waiting for an invitation, it opened. Standing there was Brittney, looking concerned at DJ then puzzled at Emily, who didn't let up her murmured petition for a moment.

"Is everything OK? I heard yelling, and..."

"Yeah. We were just having a little talk."

"You're sure? I was worried you... she... I just worried."

DJ drank in the tender, concerned expression on her face; measured it in contrast to the visage he'd seen moments ago.

"Yeah, Brittney. Thanks." He snapped his fingers; by reflex, Emily looked up and saw him gesturing for her to stand. She was on her feet like she was spring-loaded.

"Emily, what you said..." She winced and opened her mouth, doubtless to resume her pleading, but DJ forestalled it with a raised hand. "I will never forget it, and I will never forgive it. I don't trust you any more, and if those are the kinds of things you've been thinking about me, I don't want to see you any more."

"Sir...!" she gasped.

He gestured for silence. Emily obeyed. "I mean <I>ever</I>. Not in this room, not on this floor, not in this building. You're fired, as of now. Now get the fuck out of my sight."

With a final, soul-rending sob, Emily obeyed his final command.

CHAPTER TEN

Two days later, Emily's words still echoed in DJ's ears. <I>You ruin lives like it was a fucking game!</I> That look of hatred on her face was etched into his memory, perhaps as deeply as the sight of Ashley astride Anthony. He'd tried to forget both, but 48 hours of drinking himself stupid and moping around his room somehow hadn't done the trick.

He'd had no visitors, few interruptions. His friends hadn't noticed his withdrawal – and why would they, when these days he'd been so wrapped up in his new life that he only had time for them every few weeks? Emily and Ashley had each stopped by to apologize, but he'd just pretended not to be home; he wasn't ready for that yet. Brittney had come by a few times just to check up on him, but he'd kept her at arm's length. Too much of a chance he'd pull her into his bed, and while his tryst with Sidney had been one thing, Brittney was different.

With her, it wouldn't be meaningless, and with her, his fear that Emily might have been right was ever so much harder to ignore.

He'd been over and over all the events of the past few months, trying to think if anyone had given signs that he'd somehow done damage to them. Surely it couldn't be the case – granted, he'd trampled over some of their feeble protesting, but no one had been insistent.

Objectively, plenty of the things he and Ashley had done seemed cruel, but his power made it so people shrugged off such things.

No harm, no foul. Wasn't it?

So why did her words keep nagging at him?

DJ had meant to take the long Thanksgiving weekend at home to rest and recuperate, but he knew that there he'd be neck-deep in women he'd fucked – raped, if Emily was to be believed. He couldn't handle that thought. He needed to know. It was finally time to harvest what he'd sowed. As he heard Brittney and Mercedes' voices trailing off down the hall on their way to dinner, he went down to their room and used his master key to enter.

It didn't take long to find it; evidently, she and her roommate had trust issues, as it was hidden beneath her mattress. It was labeled for precisely what it was, and a moment later, he was back in his room with it. He'd told her this would be private. He'd told her to write down whatever she was feeling. Surely if there was any wrong he'd done, Brittney would have written of it here.

With the first entry, he hit pay dirt.

<I>October 15th

I've never done this sort of writing before so I don't really know what I'm supposed to say but DJ said it was a good idea and he's probably right things have been CRAZY lately. I went home with my RA for fall break last week. I don't know why I did. He came to my room before break when Brayden was about to make me have sex with him and beat him up and then I had sex with DJ instead.

I had always thought he was kinda cute so fucking him wasn't like a big deal but it was actually good. REAL good. He has a nice big cock and as soon as I saw it I wanted it in me. Brayden was such a wimp he didn't do anything. I was really nervous and I think I did a super bad job but he was really nice to me and that made me feel good.

Then he told me I had to go home with him for break. I missed my mom but I didn't wanna be rude so I said OK. Beside its more time away from Earl, and his eyes, and his hands, and everything. Every time I go home, it's harder to adjust back to it. But my mom needs me. But so did DJ so that was what I did, and...

WOW let me just say I did not regret it. That was the hottest week of my life. I got fucked so many times with DJ's amazing cock and it was amazing! At first I wasn't sure about being with other girls but that was fun too. Still I wanted him all to myself, to give him blowjobs and have his dick all to myself. He even fucked his mom and sister – but they're just steps, and obviously I of all people totally get that thats not a barrier for everyone. (Earl. :() They definitely seemed to be cool with it so I guess it was all in fun.

We had sex in his bed and his shower and on his couch and in the kitchen and in his car and in the backyard and even on the roof! I miss it already. Even aside from all the awesome sex, he was just really nice to me. Guys aren't usually nice to me like that. It felt really good. and I miss all the sex. OMG do I miss it. Like, I can HEAR my pussy rumbling, it misses his cock so bad. Just thinking back to that day, him just going to TOWN on my pussy while that girl Breann sucked and squeezed on my nipples...

When we got back, he's been really busy with this other girl, which sucks, but maybe he'll come see me sometime. I hope he does. I think I really like him. I hope I'm more than just another hot girl to him. I want him so bad. :(

I got myself off twice just while I was writing this.
P.S. And a third time when I was done. *squee!*

There were dozens more entries – it looked like she updated it every few days. Should he keep reading? It didn't seem like he needed to, strictly speaking, but what sweet temptation! How did she feel about him and Ashley? Did she still miss him, or had she soured? How did he feel about him fucking her roommate? Had she started seeing someone else? And what was the situation with this Earl guy? He should keep reading – she'd never know, after all.

With a sigh, he forced himself to put it down. For a guy who'd been losing sleep over the idea of his victimless crimes not being so victimless, this was hardly the time to give himself more cause for self-recriminations. With a quick knock he verified the girls weren't home from dinner yet, then put the journal right back where he'd gotten it and went back to his room.

She cared about him.

Once back in his room, he clenched his fists and forced himself not to go down the hall and kiss her. He was emotional, and he still hadn't officially broken up with Ashley. It wouldn't be right to her. He didn't want her to just be some rebound. She was better than that. She was. Definitely.

It was four hours before he went down to her room. He popped in a stick of gum to hide the alcohol on his breath, and knocked.

Mercedes answered in her pajamas. "Oh. Hi."

He peered into the room, but it was dark. "Is Brittney in?" (Did she look relieved he wasn't there for her?)

"Nope – she set off for home a couple hours ago. She's got her cell if you need her."

"Oh. Naw, it's cool. Thanks."

"Sure. And, look, I know it's not my business or whatever, but I heard about Ashley. What a bitch, man. Too bad."

"Thanks, Mercedes."

"Brittney was just saying how she hopes you find somebody new. She said she knew a girl in her history class you might like."

"She said... oh. Well cool. Anyway, I'll let you get back to sleep. Sorry to wake you."

"S'all good. Night, DJ."

She wanted to set me up with... Back in his room, he slumped down in his bed. Girls didn't offer to set you up with someone if they wanted you for themselves. Maybe he should've read the rest of the journal after all to see where he lost her – but what did it matter now? He'd lost Ashley, lost Emily, and now he'd lost Brittney.

It was time for a fresh start. This weekend would be just what he needed.

DJ arrived at his step-mom's house mid-day Thursday. The last time he'd seen the place had been in the side-view mirror as Brittney drove them back to school. It had been a wreck after the prior night's party; a crashed schoolbus had been the pièce de résistance. Presently, the house looked lovely and inviting. The yard was raked. A fall-themed welcome mat sat on the front step.

He entered without knocking and dropped his bag. The scent of turkey cooking was already thick in the air. "I'm home," he called out.

Morgan rounded the corner from the kitchen, looking surprised to see him. “DJ! I’d thought you’d said you’d decided not to come home after all.”

“I did?”

“Yeah, you texted the other night.”

He got out his phone and checked; sure enough, there it was. God, he’d been so drunk he didn’t remember canceling. “Oh. Um, yeah, I guess I changed my mind back.”

“Oh.” She frowned. “Well, I didn’t get things set up for you.”

He looked her over. “Or dress yourself appropriately. Mom jeans and a sweater? Are you my step-mom or my great-grandma?”

Morgan sighed. “So we’re going to be like that again?”

DJ opened his mouth, then stopped. *You ruin lives like it was a fucking game!* “Oh. No, it’s fine. I’ll just... put my things in my usual room.”

Her frown intensified. “Fine then.”

He spent a little while getting settled in. Lauren evidently wasn’t in, so it was nice and quiet. He popped out a bit later, bored. “Need a hand with dinner?”

“What, you’re offering to help?” She looked flabbergasted.

“Sure. I don’t wanna be a burden.”

She gave him a long look. “Fine, you can peel the potatoes.”

They worked in silence for a while; Morgan bent over, basting and stuffing the turkey on the oven shelf. Her ass looked amazing in those jeans – he couldn’t help remembering it in the skimpy outfits (or non-outfits) he’d been having her dress up in last time he was home. He could grab it. Just a little feel. No harm in that, right?

Emily’s face, enraged beyond reason.

He kept to mashing the potatoes, that womanly posterior shaking tantalizingly only feet away.

Then she stood up, stamping her foot and sighing. “OK, DJ. What the hell is going on here?”

“Um... what?”

She advanced on him, pinning him against the counter. “Last time you came home, you dressed me like a little tart, took over my home, spanked – then fucked – my ass.”

“I know – and I want to explain! I didn’t–”

“No! Now you come home and you’re all ‘yes ma’am,’ ‘sorry ma’am,’ ‘don’t mind me ma’am.’ Did that school turn you back into a pussy or something?”

“Morgan...?”

“That was the hottest sex I’ve had in... I don’t know how long. Do you know how much I’ve been fantasizing about that since you left? A lot, as it turns out. I was all set for you to come home, and I was going to be not quite moved out of my room, and make the deviled eggs without pepper just to annoy, and maybe drag my feet a little, until you boiled over and bent me over the arm of the couch and fucked me unconscious.

“Instead, you come in here and whine like a little limp-dicked pussy. ‘Durr, I wanna explain, mommy!’ What the hell, DJ!”

His jaw worked soundlessly as his brain raced to catch up. Had she really...?

“That’s ‘what the hell, *master*.’”

Her lips turned up slightly at the corners. “Too little too late.”

“I tried to be good to you, Morgan. Tried to be understanding. You threw it in my face. Now we do things the hard way.”

She folded her arms across her chest. “And what’s the hard way? Master,” she added with an eye-roll.

“Take off your pants.”

“No.” She looked away.

“Fine.” He reached over and unbuttoned and zipped her jeans, tugging them down roughly. “These? Seriously, I leave for a month and you swap out for these ugly granny panties?”

“I wasn’t expecting anyone to see them!”

“Well no one’s going to – off with them. Now.” He snapped his fingers imperiously.

“No. This is <I>my house</I> and I’m not going to just strip for your amusement.”

He smirked. “It looks like you forgot our arrangement, Morgan. I tell you what – I saw the newspaper at the end of the driveway. Go get it for me.”

“What, in my underwear?”

“Good idea, let’s go just your underwear.” He lifted her sweater up at the waist. Her bra matched her underwear, but the body beneath them was more than adequate to get his lower half’s attention – especially after more than two days without sex, the longest he’d gone in months by a huge margin.

“Now you can either get me the newspaper, or I can drag you out there with me and spank you with it like the naughty little bitch you’re being in front of the neighbors. And hey, it’s a holiday, so make that the neighbors and their families.”

“You... you wouldn’t.”

“Five.”

“What, a countdown?”

“Four.”

“Get serious. I’m not–”

“Three.”

“–going out in my–”

“Two.”

–fine!”

In a huff, Morgan stormed to the front door, took a deep breath and stepped out. Through the peephole, he watched her scamper out to the end of the driveway, her wide rear end wobbling enticingly. She bent to get the paper, then jogged back to the house. Across the street, he saw Dillon, home from college like himself, almost drop his rake as he stared at his half-naked neighbor lady.

She ran back to the door, anxiety evident on her face – only to find DJ had locked it. She pounded her fists on it. “Let me in, damnit!”

“Awfully pushy for someone in your position, Morgan. Now the price of entry went up – by your bra.”

“What! Fuck no! Open the door – people can see me!”

“Still haven’t learned eh? How much harder do you want to make this? How much harder do you want to make all the guys watching you throw a bratty little tantrum?”

Her breasts nearly jiggled out of her bra as she stamped her foot. “Fine!” Hastily, she reached behind her to unclasp her bra, releasing those big tits of hers from their confines. They

looked amazing – not just “amazing for her age,” just amazing, even with the peephole distorting their proportions.

DJ flipped open the mail slot. “Deposit here,” he said through the slit.

With a little effort, she forced the garment through the narrow hole. “There, now let me in! I’m going to get arrested!”

“Still haven’t paid the initial price. This time the penalty is your panties.”

“This isn’t funny any more! Open the goddamn door!” she hissed through the narrow slit.

DJ just whistled casually, disinterested. A minute later, her beige panties slid in through the mail slot. “Now open the door! DJ, please! I’m naked on my front porch, for Chrissake!” Through the peephole, he saw her audience now included a middle-aged couple getting out of their car on the next driveway over.

“You’re a slow learner, Morgzy. You paid the penalties, but you still haven’t given me my due.”

“What do you want me to…” Comprehension dawned on her. “Open the door… master.”

“That’s the best you got?” he scoffed.

He strained to see her as she knelt down, her voice lowered in humility, but projected loud enough to be audible through the door. “Please, master, let your slut into your house? She promises to behave from now on.”

The door swung open to reveal a very relieved-looking naked woman. “Morgan, how good of you to come.” He pinched that lovely ass of hers as she scurried in.

“Damn it, DJ – I wanted you to fuck me, not expose me to the entire fucking neighborhood!”

“Well, this isn’t about what you want. I tried to be pleasant and you threw it in my face. Now we do things my way. Next time you decide to get flippant with me, I’m going to be joining you on the porch, and we come in when you finish blowing me. Choose your next words carefully.”

She glared a moment, then sighed at the futility of trying to oppose him. The glare didn’t touch her eyes though. “Very well, master. What would you like me to do?”

“I’d like my room back, for one. You can thank me for letting you use it while I was away.”

“Right away, master.”

“Make sure you don’t burn my dinner while you’re at it. Can you handle two things at once?”

“Of course, master. Dinner’s almost done.”

“And what happened to ‘sir’? Trying to butter me up for something?” Morgan’s cheeks reddened, and she mumbled something incomprehensible. “Louder, slut.”

“I said ‘master’ turns me on more.”

DJ laughed. “Well fine, have it your way. Now get to work. I’m horny as hell, but I don’t fuck the help until their chores are done. When’s Lauren due home?”

“I told her to be back before dinner, so sometime between now and 6:00.”

“Well, if you want any piece of my cock, you better have your chores done before then, because if she’s home and you’re not ready, she can fulfill my needs as well or better than you.”

Maybe it was the idea of him fucking her daughter, or maybe it was eagerness to get her own pussy stuffed, but she leapt into action. He could hear her throwing open drawers in her

haste to clear space for him, scurrying to and from the guest room as she exchanged their belongings.

DJ flipped through the pictures Lauren, Brianne and Jody had been sending him, day-dreaming about what he was going to do with them this time around. If anything. Maybe they weren't as eager as Morgan? He'd find out. Having some plans in place wouldn't hurt, if they were.

Morgan came back in front of him a short while later, smiling at his hand idly rubbing his erection. "All that for me, master?" she asked, smile on her face.

"I didn't hear the vacuum running, so no, right now it's for Lauren."

"The cleaning woman was here two days ago."

"Oh, did I say I wanted you to vacuum, or did I ask if you'd hired someone to do the job your lazy ass should've been doing?"

She didn't waste time replying – she just ran back and started vacuuming the master bedroom. When she finished there, he had her do her new room ("don't you have any pride?"), then dust them, change his sheets.

"I don't want to sleep on all your other guys' cum stains."

"There haven't been any other guys!" He believed her. He'd actually wondered for a long time if Morgan was actually a closeted lesbian or something when he'd been growing up. It turned out she was just a prude – until he let her out of the bottle.

"Yeah, like I'm gonna take your word for it, slut." He waved his hand dismissively; she ran off to change the sheets. Truthfully, he was stalling; he really wanted to fuck Lauren, and toying with Morgan, treating her like his servant, obviously got her off, same as it did with... that other girl he was refusing to think about. The longer he dragged it out with her, the better it would be when he let the slut have it.

She was back, though it took her longer than he'd expected, and she stood in front of him grinning smugly. "Sheets changed, master."

"Good – now give the bathroom a once over."

"I just did."

"Shower, toilet, sink – the whole thing?"

"Yes master."

"Oh." He'd only been thinking one step ahead. "Um..."

"I've cleaned the blinds, fluffed the pillows, removed my knick-knacks, changed the cover on the comforter, organized your clothes neatly into drawers, vacuumed, dusted and otherwise made the room perfect – and checked on dinner."

DJ looked at his picture – Lauren on her bed with her leg's spread, her hand down her skirt and parting her labia for him. On one side of her was Brianne on her hands and knees facing away from the camera, wearing a matching skirt – though pulled down to her knees, her ass framed neatly by a simple white thong. On the other knelt Jody, wearing the same outfit as the others but with her blouse unbuttoned and spread to display those magnificent breasts of hers.

Then he looked at Morgan – naked, arms folded submissively behind her back, nipples hardened by the thought of fucking him. She was ready for him, he had no doubt; DJ had long since learned to recognize the scent of an aroused woman. Besides, with that look on her face, that annoyed, displeased look, she was unmistakably his step-mother, and years of wanting to stick it to her hadn't evaporated in a week.

Lauren could wait.

“On your knees, slut.”

She knelt beside the couch, frowning. “C’mon, don’t make me...”

“Make you what?”

“You know. Blow you. Just fuck me again. Please?”

“That’s how you try to get me to fuck you? ‘Please?’ You obviously forgot everything I taught you about proper begging. No worries – I’m a patient man. I’ll teach you again. Now...” he dropped his pants and waved his erection in front of her. “Get to work, slut.”

She made a pouty face, then knee-walked over to where she could perform her task.

“Yes, master,” she griped, then leaned in and took him into her mouth.

He swept her hair aside to get a better look at her; she was frowning into her task. He almost ordered her to smile, but decided it was more fun if she didn’t. It kept her who she was. It was authentic.

DJ teased her as she worked, pushing her off and slapping her cheeks with his cock. She frowned, but when he told her to thank him for the compliment, she didn’t waste a second.

“Thank you for slapping your slut’s face with your dick, master,” and then leapt back on it.

After being sucked off by Ashley daily for weeks, he was particular about his blowjobs, and Morgan needed some coaching.

“More tongue, Morgan.”

“Variety – damn, you’re a slut, not a robot.”

“If I feel your teeth again I’m going to toss you outside and leave you there for the night.”

“I’m getting close – I want to cum on those tits of yours. And look excited for the opportunity, for fuck’s sake.”

His step-mother fell back on her haunches, pressing her boobs together with a forced-patient expression as DJ manually worked himself to completion. “Convince me you want it, Morgan.”

She adopted a sultry expression, licking her lips slowly and tweaking her nipples.

“Please, master? Please decorate my tits. They’re so hot from when I was sucking your big hard cock and they need a nice spritz to cool me off. Would you do that for me, master? Cum on your slut’s big titties? I can’t wait for – oh yeah, there you go. Mmmm, thank you master, that feels soooo goood.” She wriggled and fondled herself, gathering blobs from her chest and scooping them to her mouth, grinning as she swallowed it.

His erection never even went down.

“I’m ho– oh what the fuck!” Lauren cried out as she entered the house, greeted by the sight of her step-brother standing over her mom as she slurped up his jizz.

“Uh, hey Laur,” DJ said stupidly.

“You guys know we have bedrooms, right? You know you don’t <I>have</I> to always do this shit in the middle of the fucking living room. Right?” She glared. Morgan squeaked and ran off to her room, then remembered herself and doubled back to the guest room.

“Welcome home,” DJ said. “Dinner should be ready soon.”

“You gonna fuck me now?” Lauren asked. It wasn’t an invitation.

“Um, I... I guess not, for now.” Damn you, Emily.

“Then you wanna put the monster back in its cage?” She grinned at his exposed cock.

He sheepishly pulled his pants back up as she sat down across the couch from him.

“Sorry about that, Lauren. You weren’t supposed to, ah, know about that.”

“What, I wasn’t supposed to know you were fucking my mom? You kinda made that clear last time you were home,” she laughed.

“You... you don’t seem mad.”

“Well I don’t appreciate you doing it in front of me for fuck’s sake, but otherwise, what do I care?” She lowered her voice, glancing down the hall to watch for her mother’s return. “The old bitch could use a good fucking, not to mention being taken down a peg. Watching her flit around as your maid last time you were home was fucking hysterical, and she’s been way fucking easier to live with since.”

He blinked. “I thought you two always got along.”

“Just because we weren’t close with you doesn’t mean we were all buddy-buddy with each other, dumb-ass. Yeah, ever since Hurricane DJ roared through... well let’s just say it’s hard to boss someone around who’s seen you begging your master for a dick in the ass.”

“Well... I guess I’m glad to hear it worked out. Things aren’t... weird, between you guys? I mean, you’re not, I dunno, mad at me, are you?”

She scooted herself closer to him until their knees were touching. “Mad? Because of you, I’m captain of the cheerleading squad. That cunt Taylor – you remember her, from the... thing? – she is my fucking <I>bitch</I> now. Having that video to hold over her head... I mean, her reputation is in the toilet because of what a fucking skank she is anyway. Still, rumors come and go. That video, that would seriously ruin her life.”

“You... you haven’t released it, have you?”

“No – it’s my leverage. I mean, I’d never release it anyway. Kylee and Evelyn are friends, more or less, and besides, that’d be shitty. Still, she’s hated me forever – she doesn’t think I’m above poisoning a litter of kittens, much less fucking her over.”

He breathed a sigh of relief even as a surge of new questions occurred to him. How many pictures, how many videos, had gone public? He remembered way back in the beginning, the pictures of Ashley and Emily on their first night together. But neither girl had minded, right? They’d sworn to him up and down they hadn’t. Was that just them, or was that everyone else, too?

“Besides, I don’t think hating you is an option – Jody and Brianne have been so up-your-ass over everything. They were so pissed when you said you weren’t coming back – ugh, I don’t even want to hear them when I tell them you’re here.”

“And you? Last time... I know I was a little hard on you at times.”

“Hey, a little deep-dicking is a small price to pay for social supremacy. A lot of girls I know have done a lot more for a lot less.”

“‘Social supremacy’? Grandiose claim on cheerleading captain.”

“What? Oh gosh, you don’t know. DJ, after that fucking party you threw... you’re a legend at that school now. Nobody’s ever had a night that fucking wild before – you say the word and I could have hundreds of people here in no time.”

He smiled. A legend? He’d been a total wallflower there. Popularity wasn’t important to him, especially – or at least, as an unpopular person he’d managed to convince himself of such – but still, it was flattering.

“Naw. I think a nice quiet weekend is just what the doctor ordered.”

“Suit yourself. Though... I don’t think it’s going to stay all that quiet once Jody and Brianne get wind of it.”

“Just keep it between us for now, OK? I was thinking maybe I’d surprise them later.”

Later wound up coming sooner than he'd thought. Morgan and Lauren's more or less warm reactions to him had bolstered his confidence. Ruining lives? Hardly. He'd messed with the social order, but where was it written that whats-her-britches was supposed to be teen queen and Lauren Swanson was supposed to play second fiddle? And Morgan, she happily wriggled on his lap and hand-fed him his Thanksgiving dinner, eager to coax him into giving her the fucking she'd been craving.

A few glasses of wine – then a few more – helped him not think about deeper things too. So much so that he had Lauren drop him off at Jody's house that evening. Her extended family was over, but he didn't care. He let himself in. Some were dozing, some watching football, some still picking at the remaining turkey.

"Is Jody here?" he called out.

"I'm sorry, who are you, young man?" asked a woman he guessed was either her mother or aunt. Beside her stood a woman probably around DJ's age, maybe a little older, who was probably worth a go as well. He was just about to cop a feel and try out the merchandise when he was interrupted.

"He's Lauren's brother DJ, mom," said Jody, emerging from the kitchen. "Chill."

Her mom took Jody by the hand and spoke in a low tone, but the words "is he drunk?" resonated clearly.

A hushed argument ensued, and DJ quickly bored of it, stepping between them. "Excuse me, Mrs. Jody's mom, but I need to see your daughter. Privately. Now."

The woman frowned, clearly disapproving of this stranger coming in to take her daughter aside, but not wanting to upset him. "Well, just... behave yourselves." Nearby an older woman nodded, frowning as deeply. Most of the family was, for that matter.

"Yeah, sure I will," he said, grabbing Jody's ass and propelling her alongside him.

"DJ!" Jody whispered. "Not in front of my family!"

He gave her rear end a smack. "Just be glad we're not doing it on the dining room table."

Jody guided him to his room, his hand on her butt the whole way. "Say, who was that redhead – at the table? Brown sweater?"

"That's my cousin Elle." She looked at him warily. "Why do you ask?"

"She's hot. You should bring her up. We can have some fun with her."

"Come on, let's just make do with the two of us," she said, taking his hands and pressing her chest against his. He'd seen some amazing racks in recent months, but Jody's was still the most impressive. All that size and not a hint of sag. They looked so good he'd wondered if they were fake, but he knew she wasn't the type with her loudly feminist mindset.

"I wanna see her – see if she's got as much going on as you do," DJ insisted. "Call her up."

She put her lower lip out poutily. "Pleeeeeease, DJ? Come on, I've been looking forward to seeing you for months. Don't ruin this."

<I>Ruin.</I>

"Fine fine. Now get those titties out where I can see them already."

Jody brightened, but only somewhat, as she unbuttoned her blouse, slowly revealing a festively red bra doing its best to rein in the untamable mammoths within its confines. "Titties? Real classy, DJ."

He couldn't respond because his mouth was already buried in her cleavage. She struggled to get her bra off despite the impediment, but soon those glorious boobs were released into the

room. Remembering how easily stimulated Jody's breasts were, DJ's hands busily entered the fray, pinching and tweaking them. She gritted her teeth to stop herself from moaning, her knees buckling and dropping her on her bed.

DJ shucked his own clothes as Jody removed the rest of hers, then joined her on the bed. "Hey, what are you...!" Her words were cut off as DJ straddled her face, shoving his cock right in as he bent to keep toying with her breasts. She had little choice but to lie there as he fondled her and started fucking her mouth. Still, her sensitive little nipples had her moaning around his cock in no time.

He didn't have the heart to tell her that the door was ajar.

"Boobs like these, they should call you Jugsy," DJ said as he shifted position.

With her mouth no longer stuffed, she was able to reply. "I'd slap the bejesus out of anyone who did."

"Oh?" He straddled her stomach, his cock nestled neatly between her mounds. "Well, <I>Jugsy</I>, I'm gonna fuck your jugs. Gonna slap me, Jugsy?" He took them in his hands, gripping the nipples and rolling them between his fingers as he started thrusting.

Jody placed her hands over his. "Ugh, call me whatever you want, just don't stop," she moaned.

He had no intention of it. It felt good, but the idea of it, the idea of Jody – busty, feisty, sexy once-unattainable Jody – moaning as he fucked her tits was the ultimate aphrodisiac. "Keep begging, Jugsy," he panted.

"Keep going," she said, still trying to keep her voice low. "Don't stop playing with my breasts."

"Better – ask like the dirty little slut you are."

He could see the proud feminist within warring with the command, principles at odds with pleasure. The latter won handily. "Um, squeeze my, um, breasts, DJ." He pinched down hard, and she squealed in surprised ecstasy. "Yes! Yes! Fuck 'em – fuck 'em fuck 'em fuck 'em!"

He made himself stop, shifting to just hold her tits around his cock. "'Em? C'mon, you're a big girl, Jugsy – big tits, anyway. What're 'em? If you can't say it, I can't please it."

She whined. "Deeeejaaaaay! Fuck my tits, OK? Please? Don't stop playing with my, um, titties! Titty-fuck me! Titty-fuck my big titties!" He resumed somewhere in the middle, and the spike in bliss spurred her onwards.

"Titty-fuck who? Tell me whose tits I'm fucking."

She moaned louder in spite of herself. "Jugsy! Fuck Jugsy's jugs! Oh FUCK YES, fuck Jugsy's big fucking juggy titties FUCK FUUUUUCK TITTY FUUUUUUUUUCK!"

Jody came. DJ came. He'd actually intended to fuck her before he was done, but her boobs were too fucking amazing to hold back.

And standing there in the doorway was Jody's father, glaring balefully, just outside his jizz-coated daughter's field of vision. "Um, hiya," DJ said, taking his feet and finding his clothes.

Jody shrieked, whipping her sheets around her in a flurry. "Dad! You can't be up here!"

"Excuse me! I came up here to make sure you were OK, and... the whole house just heard that, young lady!"

"Damn skippy. Nice DNA, sir – your daughter's got some crazy nice tits." There it was, the look he'd seen before, usually on guys when he was having fun with their girlfriends, but it

was just as possessive and angry here. He remembered being afraid with that guy Brayden, Brittney's ex; by now, he simply noted the expression and ignored it.

"So Jody, I'll be in town through Monday – you should stop by, OK?"

"DJ!" she hissed, looking between him and her dad.

"Oh, right. Sir, don't punish your daughter for this. If you do, I'll just have to come back and fuck your wife's tits instead."

"DJ!"

"Oh, and her cousin Elle's, if she's around. You know what I'm saying – I know she's your niece, but a body like that, you can't not notice." He patted the man on the shoulder, and walked out. Downstairs, just to be sure – and so as not to waste an opportunity, he walked right up to Jody's mom and gave her breasts a nice long squeeze. Elle he found sitting next to her grandmother; the whole family just gaped in astonishment as he lifted up her shirt.

"Just as nice as I thought they were." He pulled down her bra and took a nice thorough suck of the nipple, then let himself out.

Lauren was still waiting in the car. "That was quick."

He handed her the \$20 he'd offered her to be his designated driver. "I don't waste time when I know what I want."

"We still doing Brianne's? She's gonna be super-bummed that girl Brittney's not with you. I think she had her heart set on another roll in the hay with you two." Lauren laughed. "I guess she'll have to try not to let the absence of a blonde goddess ruin her weekend."

There it was again – that word, following him. <I>Do I ruin lives? So what if I do. My life got ruined, and my gift had nothing to do with it.</I>

"Shit happens. Take me to Brianne's."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Friday Morning

DJ awoke to the smell of bacon sizzling in the kitchen. He allowed himself the luxury of awakening gradually; before long he saw Morgan peering down the hallway to check on him. She was wearing a pair of skimpy silk boxers and a tank top that was so tight it must have been one of Lauren's. Her hair was mussed like she'd just woken up, but she'd taken time to smear on some dark red lipstick. A thin smile crept onto her face when she saw his eyes roaming over her figure.

"Good morning, sir."

"Breakfast ready?"

"Will be soon – couple minutes."

"I think I'll take it in bed – bring it in when it's ready."

"Yes sir."

He heard her coming shortly after; with him awake, she'd taken the time to don a pair of stiletto heels that echoed down the hallway. DJ didn't even understand the aesthetic she was going for, but whatever it was, it worked. She strode in one foot in front of the other, bending at the waist to hand him a plate loaded with pancakes, scrambled eggs and bacon. The view down her neckline almost made him drop it. She smiled knowingly.

“Would you like me to cut your food for you?”

He could tell she was teasing him, but he decided to call her bluff. “That would be swell.”

She made a face, but gamely knelt down beside the bed and began her task. He threw aside the covers, revealing the lingering presence of the morning wood he’d woken up with. “Is that for me?” she asked.

“Depends on the quality of my breakfast,” he said as she finished dicing it up. “Now get your ass up here. You’re going to help feed me.”

That morning, DJ ate his breakfast off of his step-mother’s naked body. He used the valley between her breasts as a receptacle for syrup, sponging the pancakes in them piece by piece. He fed her an occasional bit, letting her suck the syrup off of his fingertips. He lapped up the remnants, then drizzled more across her evenly tanned breasts and sucked it off bit by sticky bit.

He ate most of the bacon right off of her pussy, his tongue licking up every savory bit he could out of her. He didn’t think pussy-soaked bacon would ever be a commodity, but as an experience, it was one he didn’t regret.

Morgan lie there panting, breasts heaving with desire as she was licked and sucked and used as a serving dish. “That was a damn fine meal, Morgan.”

“If I’d known you were so hungry, I’d have made more, master,” she said, smiling as he loomed over her, groping her sticky-sweet tits. Then she gasped as he thrust into her without warning.

“Time for dessert.”

DJ plowed his step-mother at a leisurely pace, using it as an opportunity to stretch his tired muscles. He had her suck one finger after another clean, the only thing that kept her from wailing so loud she woke the neighborhood.

As it was, the only person she awakened was Lauren.

“Hey, do I smell bac... on...” Lauren’s query trailed off as she stepped out of her room to find her mom taking it from her step-brother in a nice romp with a view position.

“Heya Lauren – I saved you a piece,” DJ said, grinning. He left his ring finger in Morgan’s mouth and didn’t stop his easy rhythm.

“You two are gross. I’ll pass.”

“Hey,” he said sternly. “Your gutterslut of a mother made us a very special breakfast, and I saved some just for you. Now eat it.” DJ nodded to the plate on the night-stand, still holding the eggs and a few strips of bacon.

“Ugh, do I have to?” She eyed the couple with dismay.

“You do, or I’ll have her ground you when I’m done with her.” Not that he needed much of a threat; she’d do it anyway, because he was who he was.

Lauren glared, but strutted into the room and picked up the plate testily, avoiding looking at the scene before her and about-facing to leave as soon as the meal was in hand. “Oh no, you can’t be trusted not to hide your food – you’ll sit right there in the corner and eat it.”

The cheerleader rolled her eyes. “You’re such an ass, DJ.” Still, she obeyed, plopping herself down and trying not to see what was foremost in her vision. Her step-brother re-focused on his business, but glanced over every so often. She began with the eggs, complaining that they’d let them go cold.

Then she got to the other. “Hm. Bacon’s off... It’s not super crispy, and... it tastes funny.” She chewed slowly, swallowing with a pensive expression.

“Really? That’s weird, we made it extra special for you,” DJ said, grunting as Morgan’s pussy clenched down around him. Her eyes were at war between their desire to plead for him to keep fucking her and her desire to say something to Lauren as she downed the final piece with more relish.

“Yeah, really. Still... it’s not bad. Little different, but not too bad.”

DJ couldn’t help it; he burst into laughter and finally pulled out of Morgan. “What? What the fuck is it, you creep?”

“Language!” Morgan admonished as DJ’s finger pulled out of her mouth.

“Seriously, Mother?” Lauren snapped. “You’re lying there getting split in half by Dorkules, and you wanna take issue with me dropping the f-bomb? Nice heels by the way. Real slutty.”

Morgan blushed, having no good comeback, and DJ slowly recover from his giggle fit. “That’s no way to talk to your mother – you should be thanking her for breakfast.”

“Yeah sure. Thanks, mumsy!” she said in raw sarcasm.

DJ leaned down and whispered in his step-mother’s ear. “Morgan, why don’t you tell your ungrateful daughter about your secret recipe?”

Morgan, never one to enjoy being disrespected by her flippant daughter, grinned. “That bacon just came out of my ‘slutty’ cunt. Dear.”

It took a moment before her eyes bulged. She clapped a hand over her mouth and sprinted into the bathroom. DJ shut the door behind her to keep the sounds of her retching out, and returned to Morgan.

“Thanks for breakfast, Morgan – now here, let me feed you yours.” With his hand on the back of her head, he guided her ruby-lipped mouth to his cock. “I hope you’re hungry.”

Friday Afternoon

“Here we are,” Lauren said as she put the car in park in front of the gym. “If I know Brianne, she’ll be in there, punishing the hell out of herself for the half-pound her body refused to gain after pigging out yesterday. In fact... yep, there’s her car,” she said, pointing.

“Cool. Thanks, Laur. I’ll see you tonight when you and Morgan get back from shopping. Tell her I want fresh sheets on that bed by tonight.”

“I can’t believe you fed me pussy bacon, you prick.” She frowned.

“I can’t believe you liked it,” he responded as he shut the car door behind him.

It only took him a couple minutes before he found Brianne, and half of that was spent shaking the man working the door who insisted he needed a membership card to get in. He’d had to resort to giving him a wedgie he’d not soon forget to get him off his back.

Well... he hadn’t <I>had</I> to. Meh.

Brianne was hard at work on the stair climber when he found her – he recognized her first from that spectacularly tight caboose of hers before he could be bothered to notice the rest. He greeted her by taking two handfuls of it after sneaking up behind her. A heavysset woman in pink spandex working out on the next machine over looked away uncomfortably.

Brianne turned and slapped him across the face – she recognized him just before her hand connected, allowing barely enough time to slow up and just lightly thump him. Still, she hastily

kissed his cheek and uttered a stream of apologies. “Damn, girl, I thought you’d be happier to see me,” he teased.

“I am, I am! I didn’t know who you were – Lauren said you weren’t coming home!”

“I know – I changed my mind, and I thought it’d be fun to surprise you. But I’ve been wrong before,” he said, rubbing his cheek teasingly.

“Don’t be such a baby. Anyway, I’m glad your back. I missed you since last time you were around.”

“I know. That pussy of yours was dripping wet in every picture you sent me where I could see it, ya little slut.”

“DJ!” she said, blushing a little as the hefty woman frowned at the young couple.

“And now, I’m here to give it the fucking it desperately needs.”

She stepped up close to him, lowering her voice to a hiss. “Shhh – you’re gonna get me in trouble!”

“Somehow I doubt that.” He slid his hands down to cup her butt, squeezing softly.

“Did you, um, bring anyone home with you this time?” she asked, too casually.

“Anyone? You mean like, say, Brittney?” DJ replied, grinning. “Nah, she’s with her own family.”

“Oh.” Her disappointment was obvious. “Yeah, that’s cool. Good for her. People should be with loved ones on holidays, after all.”

“I know you were hoping to have some fun with her. I’m sure she’ll be disappointed too.” After reading her journal, he had no doubt. He’d thought Brittney actually had a fairly tame sex drive up until reading that steamy little piece.

“Did you, um, show her any of the pictures?”

“I did. Don’t tell Lauren though – she thinks that’s my own personal spank bank.”

“So like, what did she, you know, think?”

DJ whispered into her ear. “She said she wanted to sink her teeth into your ass the next chance she got.”

Brianne shivered in her arms. “Well then. It’s really too bad she couldn’t come. We could’ve had fun.”

“We still can.” She squirmed a little; he hadn’t forgotten that she leaned heavily towards the lesbian end of the bi spectrum. “In fact – I was going to offer you a chance to fool around with any woman you want. Right here, right now.”

Pink Spandex harrumphed. “Well I never.”

“Starting with her,” DJ said. Brianne playfully swatted him, laughing. The woman paused; she’d been clearly leaving the area, but evidently she thought she’d better stay and tolerate whatever he might want from her. He waved her away with an amused chuckle.

Brianne laughed as the woman shuffled away. “You really think highly of yourself that you can have your pick of any woman here – and in a threesome, no less.”

“Well when I have a prize like this to offer up,” he said, squeezing her tush, “I can’t help but get cocky. Come on – look around. This place is crawling with babes trying to shed the holiday poundage. Bound to be someone you’ve had your eye on.”

“It’s tempting to pick somebody totally out of your league, just to watch you flounder,” she said.

“Do it then. Who do you think is so ‘out of my league’ around here?”

“I guess it’s partially our fault – me and Jody and Lauren – that you got so cocky. I’m going to consider it a mitzvah to help take you back down a few pegs. You need to hear somebody say no to you.”

“Don’t count me out just yet.”

She chuckled. “Suit yourself, stud.” She took his hand and began combing the premises. She eyed a few candidates in particular; the first was a blonde with legs practically up to her elbows leading a pilates class. Then she caught sight of a Latina girl she said she went to school with, then subsequently dismissed her as they’d been in a feud a couple years back, and it wouldn’t be fun to mess with a girl who didn’t like her, even if DJ could pull it off.

He didn’t point out how many girls who had no interest in him he’d been with; let her keep her illusions.

“There,” she said finally. “There. That’s the one.”

DJ looked where she was pointing – it took him a moment to recognize her, as she was all the way across the gym and he’d never known her that well to begin with except by reputation, but there she was.

Taylor Strehan.

“No offense, but I’ve already had her.”

“Oh, I know you have. The whole school knows – maybe the whole town.”

“I thought the whole point here was to challenge me – if I’ve already had sex with her, doesn’t that by definition make her in my league?”

“First off, she hates your guts. Yours and Lauren’s. You totally destroyed her reputation – even without that video getting out, everybody knows it was taken. Max Nicotero offered a thousand bucks for a copy of it. And then there was the party after, and... yeah, nobody’s forgetting that.”

“Except me... I was pretty lit. Anyway, what’s second off?”

“Second, maybe *you* fucked her, and Lauren fucked her, and half a dozen cheerleaders fucked her – but *I* didn’t fuck her. So either I get to watch you get socked in the face for the second time today, or I get to screw one of the hottest girls in school. Win win.”

“Man, what is it with you and my face getting smacked?”

“Should’ve brought Brittney,” she smirked. “Now go on – or admit you’re a chickenshit.”

“Fine. Wait for us by the locker room.”

“Aw, but I wanna watch her give you a *real* smack in the face.”

“You’ll get a show, I promise.”

Brianne pouted, but what was the point in arguing with DJ? She was going to give in to him no matter what he wanted, after all.

“Hi there – Taylor, right?” DJ said as he approached her a couple minutes later, his new trinket in hand.

She turned, recognizing him instantly. “You.” Her face darkened like a thundercloud just before the storm.

“Yep, me. Say, I was wondering if you wanna come have a threesome with me and Brianne. You know her, right? Lauren’s friend?”

She sneered. “That fucking dyke bitch on the cross country team? Ya, I know her.”

“Now let’s clear the air a bit, Taylor. I realize I was... well, kind of harsh on you the last time we met. I hadn’t really meant to let things get so far out of hand.”

“Apology not accepted.” She tried to step past him, but he stalled her with a gentle on her hip. It took next to no pressure; she caved to it instantly.

“I wasn’t apologizing, actually. The thing is, I also know you’re a bully, and you get off on pushing around every girl in school. I’ve heard stories for years from Lauren and her friends on the squad. I remember Lauren having to console Martina Gonzales because you called her a fat hair-lipped toad while she was in the middle of asking a guy to the turnabout dance.”

“I don’t remember doing that.”

“No doubt – I’m sure such trivial events are too common for you to recall. Anyway, my point is this. You’re a bitch, but Brianne thinks you’re cute and I’m going to give you to her. And to me, I guess, to be honest. So you can either play along, be nice, have some fun with it, and we’ll be nice back. Or…”

DJ reached into his pocket and pulled out the bit of string he’d taken from a nearby office. It had a loop tied at the end, and it was impossible to mistake for anything but what it was.

A leash. Taylor gaped in horror, turning bright red in her recollections of the last time he’d put a leash on her. She’d been lead around buck-ass nude like his pet in front of dozens of people from school.

“Or I can put this around your neck, announce to the entire gym that I’m going to be fucking you on the back loading dock and then auctioning sloppy seconds, thirds, et cetera to anybody else who wants it. Take your pick.”

He had no intention of doing so, and she called his bluff. “You wouldn’t.” Her chin quivered nervously.

“All right then…” He put the loop over her neck, and she stood with limp arms and watched him. “Come on. I’m going to walk you down to the locker room to meet Brianne, and give you a minute to re-think. If we get there, and you help me convince her how eager you are to be our plaything, nobody else but the three of us will know. It’ll just be a fun afternoon.

“If instead you still would rather we go to the loading docks, just go ahead and say one shitty thing to me, or to Brianne. Give her a dirty look. Hesitate, once. You get me?”

“I do – no need for the leash. I’ll do it, I promise. I’ll be good. Please. Let’s go fuck – the three of us. Just… not the other thing.”

So it was that Brianne’s patience was rewarded by the sight of Taylor Strehan shuffling along behind DJ, stopping in front of her at the locker room door. Everyone in the gym was glancing over, but none were rude enough to stare. “Taylor has something to say to you, I think, Brianne,” he prompted.

Taylor sat back on her heels, looked between the two for a moment, then took a deep breath. “Thank you for letting me come play with you, Brianne. I’ve wanted this for such a long time.”

Brianne blinked. “You… you have?! I’ve heard you picking on girls for being gay like a thousand times.”

Taylor looked down. “I… guess it was my way of covering. You do the same, right?”

“No, actually, but… I get it. So… we’re really doing this?” She looked at DJ.

“Damn straight we are.”

The three entered the locker room, and after clearing out the few people inside and securing the door so they weren’t disturbed, he stood back and eyed the two. Brianne, her lithe runner’s body, lean and trim, small breasts and tight ass; opposite her in a similar leotard stood

Taylor, the statuesque blonde with her big perky tits, creamy skin, and a round ass that was the best white girls had yet produced for twerking.

“Why don’t you two get started, and I’ll join in once you’re nice and warmed up.”

Brianne smiled at him; Taylor forced herself to do the same. He had to hand it to her – even as Brianne kissed her, she reciprocated with admirable eagerness. When Brianne practically tore off her own leotard and then did the same for Taylor, she kept her game face on. Not until Brianne’s face was buried between those outward-jutting tits did she even spare a wry glance at DJ.

He just shook his head. “Brianne, Taylor was saying how excited she was to eat your pussy on the walk over here. I think she’s just a little shy. It’s all right, babe – go on. Tell her how bad you want it.” He slowly mouthed, <I>loading dock</I>.

Taylor’s frown turned to a glare turned to a smile just in time for Brianne to catch sight of it. “Uh, yeah, he’s right,” she lied. “You’re just so cute, and god, I love licking pussy so much, I just... I can’t wait to get my mouth on it. Can I, please?”

Brianne grinned. “Wow. I can’t believe this is happening. I mean, of course, if you want to, that’d be...” She caught herself babbling and laid down on the locker room’s wooden bench, spreading her legs invitingly. Her pussy just had the barest bit of stubble. Catching him looking, she explained, “I had it waxed last weekend, when I still thought you were coming back.”

“Isn’t that sweet, Taylor? Maybe we’ll get yours waxed when we’re done here.”

“Sure, baby, if you want,” she managed, scowling over her shoulder at him before smiling sweetly back at Brianne. She straddled the bench and leaned forward, her big ass thrust back fetchingly in DJ’s direction. It was like watching a kid stalling the inevitable ingestion of his pile of lima beans. After a moment, he pushed her face down impatiently right into the lesbian’s muff. She squealed in surprise and horror at finding her nose rubbed right into her slender classmate’s clit.

“That’s it, put that big mouth of yours to use, Taylor. We know you’re inexperienced, so Brianne, you just let her know what feels good. I’ll be back here... having some fun.”

At that, Taylor’s thighs tried to squeeze together, the bench of course making it impossible – not that he wouldn’t be able to get at her pussy perfectly well even if they were pressed together. Still, he wanted to make her squirm a little first.

Taylor got a good bout of pussy-eating experience in with minimal interruption beyond a couple hands roaming around her backside, and a couple gentle suggestions from a grateful Brianne. DJ watched her, saw the feisty once-captain overcome her initial reluctance and ease into the act for its own sake. He waited until the prudish frown had completely left her visage before putting the head of his cock at the entrance to her ass.

She squealed in surprise, but there was nothing for her to do – the bench kept her good and spread, and besides... it was DJ. “What the hell! You didn’t say anything about fucking me... there!”

“Aww, but it’s OK, right?” He put just enough of an edge into his tone to keep her mindful of his bluff earlier; for his part, he didn’t care if she wanted to whine a little, but he wanted to give Brianne a good time.

“Um, yeah,” she said sullenly. “Go ahead.”

“Only if you’re sure – I don’t want to do anything you don’t want me to do.” Brianne looked at the exchange, half-curious, half-petulant.

“Oh no, I definitely want it,” Taylor insisted; with her head turned away from her schoolmate, her earnest tone was completely missing in her face. “You just don’t know how <I>badly</I> I want it. I was too shy to ask is all.” She rolled her eyes.

“What, you mean... he’s going to... do your butt?” Brianne asked. “You’ll really like it, Taylor – he did mine before, and... fuck, nothing has EVER made me cum that hard. You just feel so <I>full</I> – you’ll see.”

“I... can’t wait,” Taylor said, letting her hands take over pleasuring the girl while they conversed.

“Of course, Brianne had to beg for it first – didn’t you?” DJ suggested.

“You <I>made</I> me beg for it.”

“That’s a yes. So, Taylor, until you convince me, I’ll just...” He slid down lower, and eased his way into her pussy.

She moaned as he penetrated her. “Oh fuck, fuck you’re so...” she caught herself about to say something genuinely flattering, and stopped. “I’m not on the pill, by the way – so you know. I mean, it’s fine, you can totally fuck me however, I’m not a total bitch, but... FYI.”

DJ started at a slow rhythm; one of the great things about stuck-up ice queens like Taylor was that their pussies were still good and tight. He’d remembered it fondly from his last time inside her, and was glad it hadn’t just been in his head. “Well then I guess you better hurry and convince me, because right now your pussy’s doing a great job of talking me into staying.”

With a sense of urgency, Taylor renewed her commitment to the threesome, bending back to put her mouth to Brianne’s pussy, murmuring steady encouragement to DJ between affectionate licks. “Oh yeah, stud, fuck me, you’re so fuckin’ huge, I can’t wait to get that fuckin’ cock in my tight little ass.”

“What, this?” DJ asked, giving her butt a nice loud smack that echoed around the locker room.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it, I’ve been such a bad girl, you better show me how bad I’ve been – spank my slutty little ass, DJ. I want it. I need it. Show me who’s boss. Spank me.”

Brianne’s moans made it clear that she either didn’t notice or didn’t care about the Taylor’s obvious sarcasm, so DJ excused it – and granted her request. Each whack resounded throughout the locker room, re-doubled by the sound of her accompanying yelps.

Still, she didn’t let it get her down. “Harder!” she yelled. “If you’re gonna spank me, fucking do it right! Harder!”

He obliged; still, even shoving her face-first into Brianne’s cunt didn’t keep her from demanding more. She even began to sound sincere – if only in being sincerely unimpressed with how roughly he handled her ass. He almost gave her a few smacks with a near full-arm wind-up until he remembered she probably wouldn’t complain if he actually did hurt her.

Evidently, his half-measure wasn’t enough. “More!” she cried out. “My ass needs more than just hands – it needs cock! Fuck my ass, DJ! Fuck me! Fuck my ass!”

Brianne groaned as a third finger slid into her and Taylor lashed at her clit between demands for more cock. The slender girl clutched her petite breasts to stop their jiggling as her orgasm hit, her thighs clamping around Taylor’s face like a fleshy vice. Taylor’s orgasm was a moment behind, and though she little choice but to keep at Brianne’s clit as she let loose, her pussy clenched down around DJ’s cock as she wailed.

He pulled out just in time to spray all over her bright red ass.

Brianne's legs released their grip on Taylor's face, but the girl remained there, lying cheek down on a pillow of pussy as she caught her breath. Once they recovered, he lead the dazzled pair of teen hotties to the showers and they cleaned one another off. He could hardly get at Taylor the way Brianne clung to her, but Taylor still obviously preferred a man's hands to the alternative, and availed herself as she could.

Then he had them collaborate to wash his body. He almost had Taylor suck him off, but she seemed to have relaxed, let her guard down, and he decided to let the moment ride. Brianne stayed behind to play with herself for a while in the hot water; DJ kissed her and followed Taylor back out to dry off and dress.

"So, was it so bad?" he asked in a quiet tone, careful not to let it carry to the showers.

"What, you once again pushing me into group sex in a locker room? Learn a new trick, why don't you."

"You didn't answer the question. I mean, maybe I'm just flattering myself here, but you seemed like you had <I>a little</I> fun."

"Maybe you are. Flattering yourself, that is."

"You know, you really are a bitch, 'Taylortits.'" He remembered their orgy, the girls making her call herself that.

At that, she smiled. "Yeah, I know. Look, we had a little thrill – and there's no blackmail video this time, and I didn't have to baby talk, which is a pleasant change. It wasn't horrible. Let's not make a big deal out of it."

"So you <I>did</I> have fun!"

"Like, super fun! Taylortits totally wants you to meet her parents now!" Taylor rolled her eyes. "Did you need anything else from me? Otherwise, I'm outta here."

"How's your butt?"

"Gonna be uncomfortable sitting for a while. How's your cock?"

"Gonna have a hard time settling for second-rate pussy for a while."

"Pig."

"Bitch."

She smiled, then sashayed on out of the locker room, her ass swaying in her leotard.

Brianne was back out just as he finished dressing, flashing a pouty lip. "What, I don't get a turn?"

DJ sighed and tugged down her towel. "Turn around and bend over."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Saturday Morning

"So are you gonna fuck me or what?!"

DJ paused his show and looked over at his step-sister. "I'm sorry?"

"You've been home for 48 hours, and in that time you've fucked my mom, you've fucked Jody—"

"Just her tits."

"—fucked Jody's tits, you've fucked Brianne—"

"Just her ass."

“–fucked Brienne’s ass... you even fucked that bitch-queen Taylor Strehan again. Yeah, that’s right, Brienne tells me her stuff. Should’ve let me film it again – though I guess I couldn’t do that to Bri. Still – all that, and then you’d rather sit around watching... whatever the fuck this is, and the closest you’ve come to touching me was handing me a plate full of Mom’s cunt-bacon.”

“If you wanted a turn, all you had to do was ask. It’s not healthy, bottling shit up like this.”

“Ask...!” She turned beet red with anger. It occurred to him that Lauren had had so many guys willing to do anything to fuck her that she’d never had to ask anyone before. Saying no that many times probably made her forget what it sounded like when someone said it to her.

<I>This should be fun.</I>

“Yeah. If you want my cock, all you have to do is say ‘please DJ may I have your cock.’ That’s all.”

“I’m not gonna say that!” she shouted.

“Suit yourself.” He unpaused the TV and looked away from her. She stared furiously at him for a long moment before deciding it would be impolite to yell, then stormed off to her room. She slammed the door so hard the house shook. Morgan yelled for her to apologize; she didn’t, but DJ motioned for Morgan to let it go.

Saturday Afternoon

“May I please have your cock, DJ,” Lauren repeated, only barely louder than her initial mumble.

“That’s what I thought you said.” He grabbed the waist of her sweatpants and pulled her over; she didn’t resist. They never did, not really.

He tugged them down to her ankles and felt at the crotch of her panties; she was good and damp already. Without getting up from the couch he bent her over and stripped off her t-shirt, then her bra, and found her nipples good and hard as well.

“All right. I’m not too impressed with your choice of attire, but... fine.” He tugged off his pants, was pleased to see the gleam of lust in her eyes. “Go ahead and blow me, Laur.”

“What? No, I meant... I meant you can fuck me. I mean, I will if I have to – I don’t wanna be rude – but... c’mon. I said you can fuck me!”

“Oh, can I really?” DJ asked sarcastically. “Duh, of course I can. And if you’d done what I told you to earlier, maybe I would have. Instead, you diddled around all morning – maybe literally, seeing how wet you are – and made me wait. Now, I want a blowjob.”

“But... but... I wanna fuck,” she whined. Still, she sunk to her knees acceptingly.

He looked at her, considering. “You’re sure you wouldn’t rather suck my dick?”

“I’m very, very sure.”

“All right then.” He gave her a little shove, knocking her off balance and landing her on her butt. “Morgan! Get your ass in here – I need a blowjob and your daughter’s too selfish.”

“Coming, master!” came her voice from the bedroom.

“But – you said – you asked if...!”

“You made your choice – now deal with it.” Morgan sauntered into the room, blushing somewhat at being dressed in only a skimpy yellow thong in front of her daughter, but obeying

quickly. She knelt down at DJ's side and began licking lovingly at his slowly hardening prick as Lauren stood up and glared at the two of them.

"And get out of the way, will ya? This is an awesome episode."

"But. I. You. She. GRRRRR!" Lauren growled as she stormed off.

Saturday Evening

"May I suck your cock, DJ?"

"Wow, Lauren, you sure clean up nice." She did. Remembering his fondness for her sport of choice, she was wearing her cheerleading uniform, though from his position lying on the couch it was apparent she'd skipped the panties. From the way her tits jiggled every step she too, it was clear she'd foregone the bra too. She'd smeared on enough makeup for a middle schooler at her first sock hop, and had her hair up in pig tails.

"Thanks!" she said, literally skipping over, pompoms in hand, her every step a feast for the eyes right up until she landed next to him, sliding into the splits gracefully. While holding the position, she undid his pants and released his cock.

As she began her blowjob, she wasn't sparing on the theatric appreciation of his taste – "mmmm!" – or his girth – "oh god I can't wait to get this monster inside me!" – or her gratitude for being allowed to blow him – "you're so sweet to let me get a second chance to suck you off." He took a pigtail in each hand and thrust softly; Lauren sweetly allowed her step-brother to fuck her pretty face.

Eventually his arms got tired; he let her take the affair back into her own control. Instead, she let his glistening length slide out from between her lips. "Well now, looks like you're good and ready for me," she said, teeth gleaming at him between bright red lips.

"I sure am," DJ replied, seizing her pig tails again and guiding her mouth back onto his cock. Her eyes widened in surprise, but of course, she went along with it. He didn't like to think that he enjoyed it more now that she was realizing he still didn't intend to give her what she wanted, but... sure enough, not a minute later her cheeks were puffing out with a thorough dousing of his cum.

He held her there until she swallowed, then relinquished his grip. "What the hell, DJ! You weren't supposed to finish!"

"What the fuck is 'supposed to'?"

"You were supposed to fuck me, damnit!"

"Huh. You should've said so." He shrugged.

"I did earlier! You complained about how I was dressed, and I know how you are about the uniform, and you said you wanted me to suck you off first, so I did that too!"

"Oh, I meant then, not whenever you got around to it. You wanna get fucked, you need to earn it."

"If you were any other guy..." She glared. "FINE. What do I need to do to <I>earn</I> it?"

"Well, I've had your mouth; I still want a titty-fuck and an ass-fuck before I think I'm ready to cave to your demands."

"What! You want me to get you off three times before you even penetrate me?"

"Um, Lauren, maybe you're unclear about what ass-fucking means..."

“That doesn’t count. Why can’t we just have sex? I’m hot, right? And I’m willing. Right here, in my little uniform, wet and ready. Come on, DJ. You owe me.”

“Morgan, tell your daughter to quit being such a selfish cunt.”

“Quit being a selfish cunt, Lauren,” Morgan’s voice came from the next room.

“DAMNIT!” Lauren stomped off once again.

Saturday Night

“Fine. Let’s just do this.”

DJ stirred, having been half-asleep, still lounging on the couch. Morgan had evidently come and put a blanket over him at some point when he’d nodded off – thoughtful of her. Now, Lauren stood over him. She was completely naked, and utterly impatient.

“Do what?” he said, rubbing his eyes.

“I feel bad for being grouchy at you earlier, and I’m horny out of my mind. Plus it’s fucking bizarre that you are so apathetic about fucking me because I am an amazing lay and you fucking know it.”

“Well, I told you what I wanted.”

“You did. I’m ready. Do you want my tits first, or my ass? I brought some lube, either way.”

“Oh, that ship has sailed, Lauren.”

“Wait... does that mean you’re not going to make me do those things?” She brightened.

“It does.”

“Finally!” she said, settling on top of him. Damn, the bitch was exactly as hot as she thought he was. Only months of availability of any piece of ass he could want have him the resolve to dump her off his lap.

“You misunderstand. It means I don’t want to fuck your tits or ass any more; I still want some T&A before you get your turn. So if you want a ride before I go back to school tomorrow, you better hurry your ass up and find me a damn fine sample of both.”

Her nostrils flared angrily, but she had finally learned her lesson and kept her voice cool. “All right. So... what about Mom? She’s got big tits, big ass. Let’s whistle and see if she comes running, eh?”

“Geez, Lauren – awfully eager to pimp out your mom,” DJ said as Morgan’s voice came from the guest room, “I heard that young lady!”

She gritted her teeth. “Fine. Do you want me to just comb the streets then?”

“I think you know what I want.”

She frowned. “Come on. Please not that.”

“Not what?” he asked innocently.

“Don’t make me call my friends over for you to molest them.”

DJ laughed. “Don’t be a drama queen, Laur. Nobody’s making you do anything, and nobody’s going to make them do anything. But if you do, I want you to tell them exactly what you want and why you want it. Honesty is important between friends.”

“This is why you don’t have any.”

“Good night, Lauren.” He rolled over and pulled the blanket up.

“No no no no no wait!” she said quickly. “OK, fine, fine fine, just lemme get my phone.” She scurried away, returning a moment later, already in the midst of typing a group text to Jody and Brianne.

<I>Lauren: hey u guyz up?

Lauren: wake up wake up wake up

Lauren: cmon it's barely after midnight u losers answer ur phones already

Update: Technically Sunday Morning

Jody: What's up? Is everything OK?

Lauren: rock – now we need bri – like NOW. crazy urgent

Jody: you're freaking me out – is something wrong?

Lauren: this is kinda awkward but

Lauren: i need u guyz to come do stuff 2 DJ

Brianne: well why didnt you just say so? lol

Lauren: i knew u were screening ur txts u bitch lol

Jody: What “stuff” does DJ want us to do...? Or maybe I don't need to ask hehehe</I>

“Be nice and clear, Lauren. No more trying to mislead people, no more being selfish,” DJ admonished.

</I>Lauren: he wants to fuck ur tits jodes and bri's butt

Lauren: and im not allowed to fuck him until u do and i have to convince u

Brianne: rofl

Jody: LOL seriously?!?!

Jody: man, you sure got desperate for some cock in a hurry

Brianne: ya geez – this from the girl who was just sayin last week how she could have any guy she wants lolol

Lauren: well in school i can

Lauren: whatever fuck u bri

Lauren: so are u guyz coming or what?

Jody: So you're saying if we don't come, you don't get to cum either?

Brianne: lol nice one

Lauren: look whatever just remember this is DJ were talking about

Lauren: so just keep that in mind b4 u decide 2 b bitches

Jody: Fine, fine. After that incident the other day, DJ-related activities are the only exception to my being grounded, so I may as well seize the opportunity.

Jody: Super weird to explain to them why I'm leaving though.

Lauren: heh well they always worried those boobs of urs were gonna turn u in2 a slut so guess they were right

Brianne: pick u up in 15 jodes?

Jody: kk

Lauren: just hurry DJ says 2 come as u r

Jody: Ummm... all right, if DJ says so.

Bri: See u soon</I>

They arrived half of an agonizing hour later; Lauren was watching for them and let them in without them needing to knock. This was good, as Jody was standing on the front step topless; Brianne was covered in some rather frumpy-looking pajamas. With Lauren standing there totally naked, they were quite the mismatched trio.

“Hey ladies,” DJ said. “Um, Jody...?”

“You said to come as I was. My aunt Shirley is still over and she always jacks the thermostat up, so I was trying to keep cool. Thanks, by the way. Gonna be super easy to have my family take my feminist street cred seriously when I have to tell them I’m leaving to meet a guy in the middle of the night in nothing but a pair of boxers.”

Lauren just laughed at her. “Whatever – nothing compared to the nudity levels around here.”

“Heya, DJ,” Brianne said, ignoring the other two. “Thanks again for yesterday. That was seriously awesome. I don’t know how you talked her into that, but... thanks.”

“My pleasure.”

“Hey, and speaking of our pleasure, why don’t you two little skank-puppets hurry up and do what you’re good for so we can get this whole weird thing over with.”

That got both of her friends’ hackles up, and DJ quickly intervened. “Whoa now, easy ladies. What I’m sure Brianne meant to convey on my behalf was that I think you two are insanely sexy and crazy fun, and I wanted to see you again before I left.” That mollified them somewhat. “And what she also failed to convey was that, as she noted on the phone, she doesn’t get any action until I’ve had you two.”

“I can’t say that really puts me in the mood,” Jody said sourly, and Brianne nodded agreement.

“I know. But that’s her problem. I’m not done with you two until you say so – that is, she gets her turn when you say she does, and not before.”

“Hey now!” Lauren butted in. “That’s not how you said it earlier!”

“Yeah, but you were rude. Besides, consider it payback for the time you said you’d pick me up from the academic decathlon competition senior year and instead I had to walk home two hours in the snow in the middle of the night.”

“That was years ago, just let it go already!”

“Hmmm. Nah, payback’s more fun. So what do you say, ladies? You get to hold Lauren’s sex life for ransom.”

Brianne spoke up softly. “Did you really wanna see me – us – or is this just a game with your sister? I mean, either way you can do whatever you want to me. Just wondered, I guess.”

“Of course I wanted to see you. Get out of those PJ’s, babe. You sound like you need some convincing.”

She perked up at that, and moments later, she was bent over the arm of the couch, her tight ass high. DJ wasn’t exaggerating – after her enthusiasm in the locker room, he couldn’t wait to fuck her again. He had Lauren suck him to hardness and lube him up, which she did with feigned cheerfulness. Brianne’s asshole was as tight as ever, even after the previous day’s dicking.

“You know, it figures,” Lauren complained from the side, trying not to stare at her step-brother ass-fucking one of her best friends. “I work and work and work to sculpt a decent body, and here he goes after the skinny girl who has to <I>try</I> to gain weight.”

“Yeah, it’s not a fair world all right,” Jody said wryly.

“Oh whatever, you don’t even work out, you just grew cow tits one day in seventh grade and suddenly you’re hot enough as is.”

“Kiss my ass,” Jody retorted. Then, a mischievous gleam entered her eyes. “In fact, if you want my blessing... kiss <I>her</I> ass.”

Lauren looked where she was pointing, that taut patch of flesh that barely even quivered as DJ sawed into her. “What? You’re out of your mind.”

“Hey now,” DJ interjected, “you wanna fuck me, and I wanna fuck you. That’s the price you pay – unless you want to tell me I can’t have what I want from you. Do you?” She stiffened, then shook her head. “Good. So for tonight, the queen bee becomes the drone. Or whatever the bottom bee is called.”

Jody smirked. “Well then. Pucker up.”

With a scowl, Lauren obeyed, pressing her lips to Brianne’s firm buttocks, leaving a nice red lip print. “Oh don’t stop – and try to look like you’re enjoying it.”

Brianne’s moaning intensified at the feel of her sexy friend’s mouth on her; she’d fantasized about this – or at least, something a little like this – ever since they’d had that wild group sex when DJ was home last time. To be honest, she’d fantasized about being with Lauren for years, and had had to suck it up and just let them be fantasies.

Not tonight, though. “Can she... eat me out?”

“Tell her, not me. She’s the one who needs your approval.”

Brianne grinned, then winced as DJ shifted his hips, her ass so tight it felt like it would burst. “Eat me, Lauren. I want you to eat my pussy. That’s my price.”

It required some inventive repositioning, ultimately leaving Brianne on her side on the floor, one long leg hooked over DJ’s shoulder as he straddled the other, with Lauren lying parallel with her face in front of Brianne’s pussy. Lauren dove in obligingly, her long tongue gently teasing at Brianne’s clit even as her step-brother’s balls slapped her rhythmically in the chin.

Before DJ was done with her, Brianne had too many orgasms to count; one followed another followed another as she lie there and let Lauren and her step-brother tend to her sweetly needful holes. She’d completely lost track of the world around her, so when she realized she was just lying there naked, a trickle of DJ’s cum leaking out of her butt, she just sighed happily.

Jody was up next, once DJ had cleaned himself off and allowed a little time to recover. On the couch, he beckoned her over to him; she sunk to her knees and crawled sensuously, her gigantic knockers dangling beneath her so far they nearly touched the floor. “Jugsy’s turn?” she asked coyly.

“It is. I’m a little tired, so I’m gonna have you do most of the work this time.” He snapped his fingers and pointed. There was a moment where he saw Jody the defiant feminist recoil at having a man command her to titty-fuck him with a snap of his fingers, but then it was gone, leaving Jugsy, the girl with the most sensitive breasts he’d yet encountered who couldn’t wait to have a cock between them.

“Lauren, you’re going to lick and suck my nipples while I do this. And feel free to thank me after – there’s a thousand horndogs at our school who would kill for the opportunity.”

“Lucky me,” Lauren grumbled. She hopped onto the couch beside her step-brother ass-up, lying down with his head by his lap, feet up in the air. Jody reached for the lube, but instead ordered her friend to lick her cavernous cleavage wet. She then wrapped those glistening titties around DJ’s cock and started rubbing them up and down.

Brianne had since regained her senses, and watched Lauren lapping at her friend’s bounteous boobage with envy. “Jody, I... I don’t suppose I could... too?”

Jody smiled at her friend. “Oh, what the hell, Bri.” She waved her over and let her settle into place opposite Lauren.

Soon enough, Jody was getting both her tits sucked, groped and licked by her two best friends as she dutifully pleased DJ. She sucked his fingers as he put them in her mouth, tried to keep it together as her friends teased her nipples to her own series of orgasms. Lauren and Brianne had to finish the tit-fuck for her as she was trembling too hard to keep any sort of rhythm going. She was so lost in her fog of bliss that she barely felt his cum splash her face and tits.

The four lie there in a tangled pile, no one really sure whose hands were caressing what, whose mouth was sucking what, no one seeming to much care as long as they didn't stop.

"I think it's your turn, Lauren," DJ said after a while. "And I think after what we put you through, I'll let you dictate the terms. So you tell me – how do you want me? Whatever you want, even if it's not my thing, I promise I'll tolerate it."

"Well don't make it sound like such a chore," Lauren said playfully. "You know, some guys think my body is pretty fucking tolerable."

"I just meant that you put up with a lot from me... I want to give back. Come on, what's the plan. I know you've had all weekend to think about it."

She nodded. "I did. I had this whole fantasy thing, getting a hotel room, a bottle of champagne, some sexy lingerie... not romantic, per se, but just sexy. Something memorable, a little crazy maybe."

"You got it," he said.

"Hang on – I said I <I>had</I> this fantasy. After tonight, I think I've changed my mind. If it's OK with you... I think I want to do it... together." Brianne smiled brightly; Jody looked pleased, flattered. "If that's OK with them. And with you."

"I'll abide by the concensus," he said.

Brianne giggled. "You know my vote. Jodes?"

The cherubic blonde's round face smiled softly. "Well, nobody likes a party pooper... I guess I'm in too."

They fucked.

Per his promise, DJ did his best to keep to Lauren's pussy, but she demanded to experience what the others had, to have her tits sucked and fucked, to have her ass stuffed as Brianne ate her out. Brianne and Jody amused one another separately, hands and mouths roaming where they would, as they half-watched Lauren's pussy plugged; later, the three of them were a tangled mess of legs and tits and butts and a single coveted cock, and DJ stopped even trying to pay attention to whose what he was fucking at any given point.

None of them seemed to mind.

The sun was just beginning to rise out the window by the time they were through, collapsing into an exhausted, contented heap.

"I'm sorry I was so pushy earlier," Lauren said.

"I'm sorry I had you kiss Brianne's ass," Jody said.

"I'm not sorry for any of this," Brianne said. "This was one of the best nights of my life."

DJ, meanwhile, sat back watching their tenderness and feeling good and relaxed. Here they were, three girls who – let's be honest – never would have given him the time of day, much less experimented with one another in such a way, and he'd given them a night of passion they could remember fondly for years to come. The closest thing to a victim in it all was Jody's parents, who would need to learn to accept their daughter as a sexual being soon enough anyway when she left for college next fall, if not sooner. Morgan got to have some angry sex – and got to

have a pleasant Thanksgiving with her family. Even Taylor had had a good time, no matter that she had refused him the satisfaction of saying so.

DJ had used his power, and sure, it had been selfish. But for once... legitimately no harm done.

He hadn't ruined any lives. In fact, he had perhaps enriched them – or was that too vain a notion to be believed? Gazing down at the trio of women caressing one another fondly in the soft light of dawn, he allowed that it might not be at that.

This had been exactly what he needed to clear his head after the week behind him. A little kindness, a little craziness, a little perspective. He'd been dreading going back to school, even considering not going back at all. Now, for the first time, he really felt like he understood this power of his, and had an idea of what to do with it.

Tolerance happened every day all over the world. Some people used the forbearance of others to prey on the compassionate and the understanding – an absentee landlord, a drug pusher, the lobbyist who exploited a corrupt system for personal gain. They saw that they could get away with something, hurt others and benefit themselves and get away with it, so they did. At the other end of the spectrum were people who used the tolerance of others as a cudgel to do what needed doing. A teacher who set high standards and stuck by them, a homeless person pestering passers-by for a little change or a scrap of food, a mother making her children eat their vegetables and read a book now and then. Some did it to survive, some to push people into doing what was in their best interest all along.

Since he'd gotten the tolerance, DJ had experienced more loneliness and isolation than he ever had before, severed from the web of human emotions, no longer bound by the delicate give and take that forged bonds between people. Yet he'd also experienced some of the strongest, most wonderful connections of his life, seen real intimacy and been a part of powerful experiences.

He'd hurt people – he could admit it, now, if only in his own heart. He had been selfish and willfully ignorant, indifferent to the plights of others, and at times, even cruel. There had been no consequences – not to him, anyway – and it had been the easy way. To take, and not to question if there was another purpose to it all. Now, he began to see that it didn't <I>have</I> to be that way.

Maybe his wasn't the kind of power that came with an alter ego and a cape, but it didn't have to be the kind with volcano lairs and legions of henchmen, either. Whatever else he had become, he was still a person, and he was capable of kindness, and love, and decency. If others wouldn't tell him when he had transgressed, it just meant he had to refine his sense of empathy and look for opportunities to pay it forward.

It was time to go back. It was time to make things right.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

<I>Dear stupid little meddling evil bitch,
I heard about what happened with you and DJ – your little temper tantrum, and him tossing you out on your skinny little ass. I have a good idea of what you must be going through.

Lost your job, lost your man, lost your purpose... nothing left but to live out your days knowing that you're totally evil all the way down to the bone.

I'm going to get him back. You know he'll take me – he's cheated on me a hundred times, and we all forgive him everything that the dumb son of a bitch does. He's too much of a guilty little pansy over it not to.

I'm writing to give you a chance to get back in. You may be an annoying judgmental cunt but having a pet is useful and for some reason DJ seems to like you. I have a plan that'll end with both of us back at his side. I'm gonna be here all weekend, and I know you know how to find me, so let's meet and talk it over. I know you're out on your ass if you don't take me up on it, so think twice before you decide to throw a little hissy fit.

You can be proud and die wicked and alone in a gutter, or you can suck it up and get another shot at your grand redemption. Think it over.

– “Mistress” Ashley Vandoren</I>

Emily crumpled up the note as soon as she finished reading it. That fucking cunt. Flashes of Ashley meeting a hundred horrible fates danced through her brain, sending a jolt of pleasure direct to her cunt. God she wanted to see that bitch suffer. She allowed herself a few little strokes on her clit as she rode the wave of pleasure, imagining Ashley sold into slavery in a third world country, spending her days being raped by an endless parade of strangers.

God she needed DJ back.

Yet it may well be that the two urges were incompatible. There was no way he'd take Emily back on her own – no apology she could make could cover over what had happened. She'd stood over him, half-ready to try to strangle him to death then and there – and he'd seen it. And that rant, those horrible, evil, truths she'd finally given voice to...

Ashley made a fair point after all. DJ, for all the harm he did, somehow didn't <I>mean</I> to do it, and he was certainly not the instigator in the worst of the infractions. Those were all the children of Ashley's brain, a mindscape that was as far as Emily could tell basically Satan's playground. It may well be possible for someone to convince him that Ashley had done nothing worse to him than he'd done to her, play to his (very) deep-seated humanity. People forgave and rationalized infidelity every day all over the world, especially chumps who really thought they were in love.

It could work. She'd be as miserable as she was before, but... maybe she could make it work. Ashley was too stupid, too greedy not to fuck things up for herself again; all she had to do was keep her cool next time. She'd been so fucking close before! His words, that half-conscious “I love you” still haunted her. The peace, the relief...

All she had to do was out-wait Ashley. Endure the humiliation, self-loathing, destruction of her future... but she would be free again. She might be able to live in her own skin without wanting to crawl out of it all the time.

Then she thought of Ashley, the hell she would surely put Emily through if she joined her little scheme. Having to bury all that hatred for months and months and be a good little slave, obeying and serving and gratifying at master and mistress' pleasure.

It disturbed her still how naturally those instincts came to her. How wet she got at the thought of obeying, of servicing any cock and pussy put in front of her. Not the cocks and pussies themselves, but of knowing she had been told to pleasure them and providing it. Living on autopilot, not making decisions, just being a sensual part of their consequences.

She fished Ashley's note out of the trash, uncrumpled it and re-read it. Again. Finished, crumpled, tossed again. Like she'd been doing all day since that conniving sociopath slid it under her door like the chicken-shit she was in the middle of the night. For all the power Ashley had enjoyed over her, in the end, she was still afraid. As well she ought to be.

Emily knew she had to decide soon. It was the morning of Thanksgiving day, and DJ had gone home for break only hours ago. She knew because she'd been watching for him to leave out the window. By the time he was back, she had to be gone. She wanted more than anything to go home to her own family, but with all the pictures and videos that had wound up online of her these past months, her family would definitely never talk to her again. Her boyfriend – now ex-boyfriend – had even heard about it overseas, it had gotten so out of hand.

The way she'd behaved, like the most brazen slut who ever lived, she'd even lost all her friends – who wanted to be friends with a girl who publicly sucked and fucked on command, who dressed like a sexual plaything for no reason beyond providing that person with an alluring view. She hated other people knowing, seeing her behave this way – and absolutely despised anyone trying to engage her on the subject – but she couldn't blame them for judging. She would certainly have kept someone like this out of her old life, never given them the time of day.

When she was out of her dorm room, she was well and truly alone in the world, which meant living on the street. Or she could...

No. She didn't have to decide that yet.

At least accepting Ashley's offer might keep a roof over her head in the short-term until she could make another plan. If Emily could stop herself from attacking her.

Or from falling to her knees and groveling on command.

<I>Maybe read the note one more time, and it'll sort itself out.</I>

She was reaching for the trash can when there was a knock at the door. It had to be Ashley – none of her residents on her floor would even make eye contact with her these days after how she'd conducted herself, and all but a few were home for break anyway.

Emily hopped out of bed, taking a moment to compose herself as a subconscious habit when presenting herself to her master or mistress. It was time to make a decision.

She would do it. Anything was worth it – the emptiness, the worthlessness inside her was all-consuming, and she would do anything to stop it. She couldn't live like this – she wouldn't. In anticipation, she kneeled in front of the door, head bowed humbly, hands cupping her naked breasts. (It was something she'd done for DJ, but by now it was just an instinct, a way of posing to show her total submission.)

"Come in," she said. She waited until the door opened, her eyes fixed on a point on the ground in front of her. Emily was too afraid that if she saw Ashley's face she'd try to claw her eyes out of her head.

"I'll do it," she said. "Whatever you want, whatever your plan is, I'll do it. I'll obey you. I'll serve you. Tell me what to do to get back into his good graces and I'm yours. Your stupid little slut eagerly awaits your command."

"Um... how did you know what I came to talk to you about?" Brittney asked.

<I>Well that was unexpected.</I> Brittney looked down where the naked girl knelt on the floor of her dorm room, more than a little shocked by what she walked in on. Emily looked

up just as surprised, though she made no effort to cover herself – evidently she'd conquered whatever shyness she once had.

“Oh, I thought... fuck. God damnit. What the hell do you want?”

“You mean you don't... wait, who did you think I was?”

“Someone else, obviously.” Emily rose to her feet; despite being half a head shorter than Brittney, she was once more impressed with how it felt very much the opposite. “You got five seconds to tell me what you want before I slam the door on your pretty blonde head.”

“Whoa, holy shit, just – easy there,” Brittney said, holding up her hands disarmingly. “All I want to do is talk to you. About DJ.”

The girl's eyes narrowed. “What about him? You want me to help you get back into his bed?”

“You sure don't beat around the bush, do you...”

“Answer my question or get the fuck out.”

“Fair enough...” So much for tact. “I want to be with DJ. I'm 95% sure. Look, this is... you're naked and everything. At least let me come in and talk to you in private. If you change your mind at any point, I'll leave, no worries. Just let me in. Please?”

Slowly, the girl nodded and stepped back, Brittney following and closing the door behind them. Here she was, sealed into a tiny room with a possibly crazy and definitely nude girl she barely knew. Emily made no move to cover herself; she just stood there, hands on hips, waiting with a defiant expression.

“Well geez, where to start. So... all right, I know you and DJ and Ashley had some kind of... arrangement, between the three of you.”

“How the hell do you know about that?”

“Um, I live like forty feet away from his room. You guys aren't quiet. Or subtle. Which is fine,” she added quickly.

“All right, so we fucked loud. So what?”

“Not just the, uh, fucking,” Brittney said. She'd never liked that word; she could use it with guys easily as part of her toolkit, but in conversation it always made her feel dirty. “I mean... well, let me just come out and say it.”

“Yeah, please.”

“I know you were DJ's... um, sex... slave?” She couldn't make herself say it without turning it into a question. “And I know you and he had that... falling out, the other day.”

“What the fuck is it to you.” Emily took a step forward.

“I guess... well, I wondered how you're doing. I know it's not my business, and I know we're not friends and really I don't even know you other than from seeing you around a lot lately and that probably doesn't count and all but...” she paused to breathe, “I worried. About you.”

Emily regarded her inscrutably. “You don't know anything about me. What do you care what happens to me.”

“Because you seem like a good person.”

There was a long silence; she hoped she hadn't misjudged or misspoken. Emily neither replied nor indicated she was going to lash out, so Brittney continued, as gently as she could, like trying to treat a wounded animal. “Can I ask you something?” When Emily didn't say no, she dove in. “Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why were you with DJ. If you don’t mind my saying so, he seemed like he was pretty hard on you sometimes. I know Ashley was. Why would you put up with all that? Was it a sex thing, or... something else?”

Emily glared. “What, you wanna try to get into my head, figure me out so you can try to use me for your little game? You’re plenty hot enough to convince him to fuck you on your own – you don’t need me, blondie.”

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want. I just wanted to know – no angles, no strings.”

Emily allowed another long silence to pass before she sat down on her bed. Naked as she was and unladylike as she sat, it was awkward looking, but Brittney didn’t want to lose her now over an issue of propriety.

When she opened her mouth to speak, the girl didn’t stop for nearly an hour.

Brittney listened as she poured her heart out – about how she’d been raised in a strict, conservative household, how angry she’d been at DJ for what happened with her family after the picture leaks, how much worse she’d felt for being angry at him. How she’d felt like she had in church school as a kid, guilty and inadequate and desperate to live right to make up for it. The things she’d done for Ashley and DJ, the girl’s sick thrills at humiliating and abusing her. How much she hated her for it – and how much she’d come to be excited by it. How her entire life had been warped unrecognizable in just a few short months, and in spite of it all, how much she wished she could find a way to make things right.

Emily had started crying almost as soon as she began talking, and didn’t let up. At some point, Brittney had settled in beside her and handed her some tissues. By the time she finished the story, Brittney barely noticed her nudity any more. She was just a broken-hearted woman without a friend in the world.

“Then this morning,” she finished, “Ashley, she...” Emily glanced at her trash can, then shook her head. “Nevermind. I just... I’m done. I got nothing left, that’s it. So there you go, there’s your answer. I’m a fucked-in-the-head sex slave without a master doing it for my soul’s salvation.”

“That old cliché,” Brittney said dryly.

Emily actually laughed a little. “So what about you? I know you and he fooled around – I mean, obviously, a guy like DJ living down the hall from a hottie like you... not that there are other guys like DJ. But you know what I’m trying to say. Why are you interested? Is it... is it the same as me?”

Brittney took a deep breath; she’d been so engrossed in the tale, she hadn’t really processed it. She barely even knew what she wanted herself. The journaling had helped make some sense of it, but it was not a situation bound by the dictates of logic.

“Maybe? I don’t know. I think... I don’t think I’m as bad off as you. Not judging – not at all. But what he and I have done didn’t hurt me like he hurt you. I was uncomfortable sometimes, a little embarrassed on occasion, but... that’s all.”

“Lucky you.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Brittney said. “And plus, I’ve been through a lot of it before, so it’s kind of familiar, in a way.”

“Familiar? You’ve met another guy with the power to make people put up with everything he does?”

“Actually... kind of.” She hadn’t really meant to, but after Emily’s out-pouring, she felt bad being unwilling to reciprocate – and so she did. She started with how she’d met DJ, how he’d taken her home, all the things they’d done. How some of it had been fun, and some of it had been terrifying to watch unfold. How sometimes he reminded her of Earl – and then, that lead into one of the first times she’d ever told another person about her step-father.

Eventually, somewhere between the time he’d come into the shower with her and the time he’d grabbed her ass in front of her friends at her high school graduation party, she shook her head. “I’m sorry – I know this wasn’t supposed to be about my issues. I’m not trying to one-up you or anything.”

“No, it’s OK,” Emily said. “I don’t mind.”

Brittney smiled and dabbed at some stray tears. “So, I guess where I meant to go with all that, was that I’ve seen men like that, guys who just take what they want and don’t give a fuck about anyone else. And I’ve seen DJ be that kind of guy.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“But,” Brittney went on, “I’ve also seen him try to be kind. To look for ways to help people.” She told Emily about when she first met him, his floor program where he talked about partying safely.

“I give my girls the same talk,” Emily said. “I’ve had a few tell me it helped.”

“Yeah. And not just before he, you know, got his power or whatever. I mean, he could treat me however he wanted – but he’s been... I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Didn’t you say he loaned you out to his sister’s friend? That he had you blow him in the cafeteria?” Emily frowned.

“Yeah, he did. He’s not been perfect. And... that’s the thing. Part of me thinks that was him adjusting? Like, figuring out what he could do with his gift. And before he could get it out of his system, Ashley stepped in and twisted him around her finger, and... well, we both know what that’s been like.”

“We sure the fuck do.”

“Ugh. I just don’t know. Part of me knows... I guess it’s not humble or whatever, but I know what I look like. How guys see me. And part of me thinks maybe I could try to, I dunno, be enough for him? So he won’t need other girls, won’t go around doing all those things he’s been doing.”

“That’s... awfully noble of you. Crazy, but noble.”

“Look, like I said... I learned early on in life how to keep a guy’s attention off of someone else. To protect them.”

“Yeah, I guess you would. But... you said ‘part of you.’ What’s the other part?”

Brittney sighed, flopping backwards on Emily’s bed. “Part of me... part of me thinks this might actually make me happy.” She told Emily about some of the times they shared. Late-night talks at his mom’s house, cuddling and watching movies, their secret showers.

“Don’t you get it, Brittney? He’s just using you, like he uses every other girl he gets his eyes on. You think <I>that</I> will make you happy?” Emily laid down beside her, looking at her like she was crazy.

“No, I mean... maybe he is. I... don’t know. I just know what I feel. Even if it’s stupid. And maybe that’s just my brain trying to help me cope with what I’m trying to accomplish. But if so, and it makes it easier, I’ll take it. I’ve actually been planting seeds now for a while,” she

said. She told Emily how she'd been watching him, flirting here and there. She even told him about her feelings journals.

"Wait, 'journals'? Like, plural? How many feelings do you have, girl? Damn," Emily teased.

"Well that's the thing. He suggested I write down my feelings, and he was trying so hard to be all casual and sly that I knew he was up to something. So I thought about it, and figured out what he was trying to do – trying to get inside my head. He's cut off, you see – nobody will tell him how they really feel about him, and I think he realized it. At least, not if it's something bad. Look at you, you poor, poor thing – look what it took to make you say something!"

"And then I totally lost it as soon as I did. I've never felt so guilty for anything in my life. It was like I'd dumped a barrel of acid into a box full of baby kittens. No, worse than that. Like I'd gone into an orphanage and–"

"Yeah, I get you," Brittney said quickly, not wanting to have to block the image of whatever scene she'd been about to set. "So I realized he wanted to know if people were secretly mad or afraid or what, but wouldn't tell him. Hell, I know I wouldn't say anything. That was crazy brave of you, Emily."

"Thanks."

"So anyway, I figured it was a good idea, making sense of my thoughts, so I went ahead and wrote one and stored it on my computer in a hidden file. Then I wrote up a fake diary in a notebook so that he'd find that instead when he came to spy on me."

"A fake diary? What the hell for?"

"Well, for one, once I realized he meant to read it, I couldn't... well, you know." Emily nodded; she certainly understood keeping her dark thoughts to herself. "Plus, like I said, I wanted him to want me, so... I may have hammed up my enthusiasm some, to get him interested. If I'm being honest, after a while it just started to be fun to write it."

She described one of her favorite entries, where she claimed she could barely write because she'd had this dream about being marooned on a tropical island with DJ and spent the rest of their days just fucking like bunnies, then woke up and had to get herself off without Mercedes noticing, only she did, and then Brittney told her about it was she was getting herself off and her roommate joined in and they came at the same time.

"Geez, add a picture or two and you could sell that stuff." Brittney giggled. "Seriously. I'd buy it."

"Thanks," she said, coloring slightly at seeing the naked girl's eyes fixed on her.

"So," Emily said at last, "what happens now? You gonna try to make your move when he gets back?"

"I was – I am," she corrected herself. "I'm leaving for break with a friend in a few hours, but once I get back... that's the plan." She steeled herself for the moment of truth. "And... well, now that we've met, now that we know... what we know about each other... do you... I dunno, do you want, maybe to... do it with me?"

"Mmm, I thought you'd never ask," Emily said – and before Brittney knew what was happening, the girl's lips were pressed to hers, followed moments later by her tongue. Brittney let herself be kissed, but when Emily's delicate hand started reaching under her shirt, she pulled back.

"I'm sorry – I meant... wow, that was... wow. You're... wow," Brittney managed. "What I meant was, did you want to try to come back to DJ with me."

Emily chuckled softly. "Oh. Guess I needed... well then." She fanned herself with her hand for a moment. "So in your plan, I'd be your fuck toy, instead of Ashley's?"

"I don't want a fuck toy – I hadn't thought of it like that. I just feel like... now that I know, I can't not try to let you work things out. Maybe it'll be weird, sharing... that, but you deserve a second chance if you want one."

"Maybe a fuck toy isn't what you want, but it's what I am to him. I have to be good to him, and that's what he likes. I'm not out to make you uncomfortable, but I want you to know what you're walking into, if we did this."

"Oh. Well... I did actually have fun when he and I were with other girls. It was weird at first, but... maybe it would be OK? And I could just leave you guys to it by yourselves sometimes? I don't know how it would work, but Emily... I'm not letting you live on the street. No way. We'll make it work."

The slender girl settled up to her knees, looming over where Brittney lie. Her nipples were very, very hard since that kiss. Brittney's were too. "I can make it work. Mistress."

"Mistress? I'm not anyone's... mistress."

"How do you know you don't want a fuck toy," Emily said, leaning across Brittney's chest, "if you've never had one?"

Brittney blushed at the girl's sudden forwardness. "I wouldn't know what to do with one."

"You don't have to do anything for a fuck toy, except tell her what you want. Let me do it. Let your little slut use her hands and her slutty mouth to pleasure you. She promises she'll prove herself worthy of your blessing."

"Emily, you don't have to..."

"Your play thing wants to, mistress. No one has let her serve them in days and days, and she's such a little slut that her pussy is so wet at the shape of her new mistress' perfect body. You have such big, sexy breasts and that beautiful round ass, your fuck toy feels so lucky mistress would invite her to serve master with her."

Brittney just stared, her pulse quickening. "You... you really talk like this?"

The brunette leaned in close, her breath coming just an inch from Brittney's lips. "I don't just talk like this – I think like this. This is who I am now," she whispered. She kissed Brittney again, and this time, Brittney didn't stop her.

It was soon evident that the girl meant what she said. In nearly all of her relationships with men, Brittney had been in a role closer to Emily's – she sucked cock when they wanted their cock sucked, she bent over when they wanted a wet hole to shove it in, she made herself alluring and tried to make the little details Just So to keep up her partner's interest.

Today, she got to be selfish. Not that she wanted to be – Emily simply didn't give her an alternative.

"Would you like your slut to help you with your clothes? Please let her see your magnificent body, mistress." Brittney nodded, so Emily stripped her, running her hands in a loving caress over every bit of newly exposed flesh she could while she did so.

Emily took one of Brittney's breasts into both hands, putting her mouth to the nipple with just the right combination of tongue and teeth. "Would you like your fuck toy to suck on your perfect tits, mistress?" To say no would mean she might stop, and Brittney was too turned on to let that happen. They sank back down to the bed and Emily's small frame climbed atop her to continue.

At some point, Brittney realized Emily's hand had replaced her own at her pussy; few guys she'd been with had ever spent much time on foreplay, and she'd forgotten at the marked improvement in having someone else touching her as opposed to doing it herself. She had just started making the little whimpering noises she'd been teased about by lovers in the past when Emily paused. "Would mistress like her whore to pleasure her pussy?"

Again, Brittney had no choice but to utter a breathy but emphatic "yes."

"Please tell your human vibrator <I>how</I> you would like her to pleasure you, beautiful mistress." To clarify her meaning, she suddenly thrust three fingers into Brittney's pussy, using her thumb on the clit; once Brittney's vision cleared, she realized Emily had paused and was sensuously licking her lips and waiting for Brittney's attention to pick up on the availability of her tongue. "I'll do it any way you want."

Brittney wriggled her hips to grind on Emily's hand. "Can you... can you do both? H-hands and mouth?"

Emily smiled, but maddeningly didn't move. "Of course your slut can, mistress. Not that her feelings matter, but she would be happy to. If you wished."

After a moment of more wriggling, Brittney realized what was happening. "Do both."

The brunette shivered, goose bumps appearing on her forearms. "As mistress commands."

Brittney clutched and fondled her breasts as Emily went to work – compared to the clumsy attention of that high school girl Brienne, she was an artist. She used her tongue with surgical precision, knew exactly when to please and when to tease. "You're... fucking amazing," Brittney panted. "Did Ashley... have you... do this... often?"

Emily tensed for just a moment at the mention of that name, but she resumed as quickly until the question was at length finished. "No. Sometimes I would, for master to watch, but she didn't like me to touch her. At first, I didn't like it, so she made me do it often to other women she and master would pick."

Brittney looked down to see Emily grinning slyly. "I never told her that I learned to like it. And with a body like yours..." She took a slow lick across Brittney's slit. "Mistress even somehow tastes as good as she looks."

Brittney smiled. Sincere or no, it was nice to be flattered a little – and weirdly, hearing it from a woman felt better than from a man. From the way she dove into Brittney's pussy, she sure <I>felt</I> sincere. She didn't stop when she brought her new potential mistress to her first orgasm of the day; in fact, once Brittney had crested the wave and was coming down, she felt Emily's spare finger teasing at her other hole, but not entering.

"What... what you doing?"

"Nothing, unless mistress wishes me to," Emily said, moving her pinky in small circles at Brittney's little bud.

"Do it," Brittney said. Emily sighed happily, and Brittney noted again how excited her commands seemed to get the poor girl. Unable to do anything else to please her under current circumstances, she used her only avenue. "Do it <I>slut</I>," she amended, forcing out the last word.

Emily full-on groaned now, then obediently slid her pinky into Brittney's ass, her mouth a moment later puckering to accept her new mistress' clit. This time, Brittney came with her thighs clamped hard around Emily's face, squealing in unfeigned bliss.

"Would mistress like her living sex toy to keep going?"

“Yes!” Brittney cried, her back arching in the after-shocks of her last orgasm. “Yes, you little, um, whore!” It felt wrong to say, but Emily made a noise that told Brittney how right her words had been received. Brittney could even feel the slender girl’s body quivering after.

“Yeah, keep eating me, you... hussy!” <I>Hussy? Who says ‘hussy’ any more?</I> Regardless, Emily responded to it, and Brittney wanted to make her happy – so she continued, forcing out each command, each scrap of bossiness and abuse.

“Don’t you dare stop eating my pussy!”

“If my c-cunt isn’t satisfied you’ll be down there all day.”

“You’re going to be my playmate from now on, so get used to being down there.”

“Lick my slit like the good little fuck toy you are!”

Only Brittney’s voice finally broke in the middle of that last one, and Emily looked up – trembling in excitement – to find her wincing in discomfort. “Is something wrong, mistress?” she asked, her mouth and chin glistening guilelessly with Brittney’s cum.

“I’m sorry Emily, I just... I’m not a dirty talker. I don’t mind when other people do it to me,” she added quickly, “but... I just suck at it.”

Emily arched an eyebrow. “Then why were you trying so hard?”

“You, um, seemed like you enjoyed it. You doing such an amazing job, and you didn’t seem like you were ever going to stop—”

“Mistress had not commanded me to stop. In fact—”

“—I know, I know. But I just wanted to... I dunno. Make you happy too. It’s not my way to just lie back and let someone pleasure me without giving back.”

“You... want me to get off? By talking?”

Brittney chuckled self-consciously. “Yeah, I guess it sounds pretty stupid when you say it out loud.”

“It’s not. You... actually might have been pretty close. I, um, have some weird issues – you might have noticed.”

She smiled. “Well, can I...? I want to give back to you.” Brittney sat up, moving herself closer and putting a hand high on Emily’s thigh.

Emily smiled thinly. “Another weird thing... I don’t really get turned on by girls doing stuff to me, just when I do it to them. But,” she said as she saw Brittney’s dejected expression, there is something you could do....”

Emily told her. “That’s... insane. And horrible. Oh my god, you poor dear.”

“Insane and horrible is about right. Will you do it though? You don’t have to, of course. If you can pull this off, getting back with DJ, and you talk him into taking me back, that’ll be all the thanks I could ever need. Not that I need thanks, since... well, in that scenario, that makes you my mistress, like, for real, but...”

Brittney wanted to disagree, insist she would never be part of something like that – but if DJ wanted it, she wasn’t such a bitch that she’d get in his way. She wanted to say she would tell him all about Emily’s situation, certain he would make things better – only she knew how that would devastate him to know he’d been party to that, and Brittney could never bring herself to hurt him that way either.

“All right,” she said instead. “I’ll do it.”

Emily smiled and settled into her bed, legs spread wide, fingers immediately finding her pussy. Brittney knelt down beside her, leaning right down in her ear. She took a deep breath,

quieting all the mixed feelings in her heart and deciding that for now, if this brought this poor tortured woman a little respite, she'd do anything.

She waited until Emily had settled into a good rhythm, the little <I>shlick shlick</I> sounds from her fingers blending with quiet moans. Brittney took a deep breath, and gave her fuck-toy-to-be what she wanted.

"DJ loves you, and you're his good, good girl," she whispered.

She'd been prepared to go on like this – she'd figured it'd take a while, and at most she's just be an aid to Emily's fingers. Instead, the girl's knees curled up into the air and she howled in an orgasm that went on for thirty seconds, stopping only to refill her lungs.

Brittney was standing a little ways back when Emily came back to her senses, eyeing her warily. "Are you all right?" Brittney asked.

"Yeah. I guess... well, like I said. Issues. You were warned." She shrugged.

"We'll fix you. You can still come back from this."

"Moments like this, I don't even know that I want to."

"Well... I guess there's point discussing it. But you have my word that I'll do everything I can to make this right with DJ as soon as I get back. You're going to be all right. I promise."

Emily smiled thinly; she looked far from sold. "Look, don't get me wrong – that was a lot of fun, and you seem like a really nice girl. It doesn't make me anything other than the wretched bitch that I am, and I think you're kidding yourself if you think batting your baby blues at him is going to undo what I did. I had a shot, and I fucked it up."

"Emily, we can still make things right. You can have a life again. You can.

"Sure," she said, clearly unconvinced. "I guess we'll see how things are when you get back."

"Don't go yet, OK?" She caught a far-off, desperate look to the girl's eyes that chilled her. "Or... Emily, don't do anything while I'm gone, OK? Give me a chance first."

"Things are going to happen whether we want them to or not," she said vaguely. "If I've learned anything from DJ, it's that the universe doesn't slow down for us to follow our plans. It's going to happen, you can't stop it, so all you can do is lie back and choose how you accept it."

Brittney's phone buzzed then; her ride was here to take her home. There was nothing left to say here, so she dressed herself and ran.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When DJ pulled into the parking lot, Ashley was sitting there at one of the picnic tables in the back of the dorm waiting for him. She stared at him as he parked, picked up his bag from the trunk, and made his way past her towards the door. She was wearing his favorite top under her unzipped jacket, a tank top that displayed a mile of her magnificent cleavage. Of course she was.

"Hi, DJ."

He kept walking.

"You can't ignore me forever, you know. We need to talk."

He paused, let out a sigh, and turned to face her. "I can, actually. That's the thing. I can make it so you never talk to me ever again."

“I might have to let you do whatever you want, but that doesn’t mean I’m not my own person. I’ll keep after you until you talk to me.”

DJ dropped his bag and got right up in her face. “Oh? Well then, how’s this? Ashley, it really really hurts my feelings every time I look at you, every time I hear your voice. I feel rejected and wounded and like you looked me in the eye and told me you couldn’t stand me. Every time you open your mouth, even.”

She’d met his eyes initially; as he continued, her gaze lowered until it was glued to her feet. She fell back to the table. She couldn’t bring herself to look at him any more, and every time she tried to open her mouth, her chin quivered with self-disgust.

Occasionally, it was good to be reminded that for all the crap he’d put up with from her, she still had to put up with some of his.

Still, it was harsh. He’d known as soon as he decided to return that he’d have to eventually rip off this band-aid. “I’m sorry – I just said that to... I’m sorry. Let’s talk.” She still seemed to be struggling to manage it. “I didn’t mean it, Ashley. It’s OK. I’d like to talk to you.”

A little more reassuring, and she finally regained some of her pluck. He sat down beside her on the picnic bench, though farther away than he normally would have. Still, that she was wearing the perfume he liked was not lost on him.

“Look, I guess I should start with an apology. I realize I said it in a hundred voicemails and texts, but I know it’s not the same. I know an apology’s still not enough, but you still deserve one. So I’m sorry.”

“Ashley...”

“No, let me finish. Please, DJ?” He could see how hard it was for her to humble herself. He’d gotten to know her pretty well over the past few months, and “meek” was one word nobody would ever use to describe Ashley Vandoren. In fact, she might be the least timid person he’d ever met. If she was willing to grovel and plead, she must really be in a bad way. He shuddered to think what a desperate Ashley would be able to do to someone who wasn’t him.

Still, there was no point dragging this out. “Ashley, don’t. It’s cool that you apologized, and I know things were weird for us already because of what I am, and what I was doing because of it. So I want you to know I don’t blame you. I slept around, you slept around, and I don’t want to split hairs over the details of it.”

“So... you understand?”

“It doesn’t matter whether I understand or not. Look, Ashley, I’ve taken the week to think it over, and... we’re done. Some of our time together was amazing. A lot of it, though, I think... I think we both just fed off of one another, and I encouraged some of your bad habits and you helped nurture some of mine. It was a toxic mix – exciting, and definitely great a lot of the time,” he squeezed her hand, “but I think I need to accept some responsibility for what I’ve been doing, and what I can do. And I don’t think I can do that with you.”

“What? DJ, no – listen to me, I know things got a little out of hand, but...”

He shook his head. “Ashley, don’t. Don’t make this any harder. I’m not mad at you, and we did have some good times, but... I can’t be that guy any more.”

She frowned. “What, you go home and find Jesus or something?”

“No, no, far from it.” He’d gone home and found four teenage girls and a very literal MILF – Jesus certainly would not have approved of much of it. (Especially the bacon thing, since Jesus was Jewish and keeping kosher and all.) “I did do a little soul-searching, though, and I need to make some changes. This is one of them.”

Ashley expression darkened; he knew that look, the one when she wanted to say something but his power wouldn't let her. "Go on – say it. I want to hear it, even if it's not something I'll like."

That line hadn't worked yet – today was no exception, and she just waved his offer off. It was funny how much he sometimes missed people having the freedom to speak their unpleasant truths to him, and if there was a person who ordinarily cleaved to a credo of brutal honesty, it was she.

"All right then. Hey, and if the way things went down fucked up things for you – with your roommate, with your classes, whatever, let me know and I'll do my best to put it right."

"I still want you," she said, taking his hand and putting it to her breast. It was typical of her, and one of the things she'd miss – she knew what she wanted and she went straight for it with all the subtlety of a jackhammer.

"I know." He pulled his hand back. It wasn't easy – she wanted it there bad. So did he. "Look, I'll see you around, OK?"

DJ stood up from the table and made his way inside. One down, two to go.

The door to Brittney's room was open when he walked by, so DJ stopped in with his bag still in hand – only she wasn't in. Mercedes was tapping away on her laptop, barely glancing back at him. "Oh hey, DJ. If you're looking for Brittney, she's not back yet."

"Yeah, I figured. Did she say when she'd be back?"

"Tonight, late I think." She shrugged, still focused on her typing.

While Mercedes wasn't an especial priority, he supposed this was a good a time as any to start making things as right as he could. Only, where to begin? "So, did you have a good break?"
<I>There ya go, champ – nothing like chit-chat to make up for letting a girl get publicly molested at one of your floor programs, or ripping off her towel and titty-fucking her in the hallway because she was making noise with her hair dryer at 8am.</I>

"It wasn't too bad. Stuck around here, got caught up on shit. Binged a shit-ton of Netflix. You?"

"Went home, had some good times. Some Netflix."

"Cool, cool. Want me to tell Brittney you were lookin' for her when she gets in?"

"I'll just text her." He glanced over her shoulder at what she was busy working on.

"What's this – some dick of a professor assign a paper over Thanksgiving weekend?"

"One of them did, actually, but I finished that yesterday. Just doing some journaling."

She soured slightly at seeing him looking at it, but naturally had no more capacity to restrict his view of her thoughts than she did to restrict his view of her body.

"Oh, neat."

She eyed him. "You sound surprised."

"No, no. Not at all." Ugh, that sounded even more surprised. He had been, actually. Mercedes had always struck him as rather superficial, and "uncomplicated," to put it politely.

She frowned. "What, like it's Mercedes, so what could she probably have to process? Like I don't have feelings?"

"I was just surprised – I knew Brittney did, but I didn't know it was your thing, too."

She softened a little. “Yeah, she was the one who got me started. She’s clacking away at hers all the time, and she said it helped. Mostly helps her lose sleep, probably, but that’s just ‘cause she always waits until like 11:00 to start and types like six words a minute.”

“Yeah, she said once that...” Wait, what? “Hang on – you said she types it?”

Mercedes nodded. “More like hunts and pecks, but yeah.”

“I thought she hand-wrote it... You’re sure?”

“Yeah, definitely. Why, something wrong with that?”

“No, not at all. I’m just... huh.”

She types it. But he’d found a hand-written journal under her bed – was she re-typing it after? Or was something weird going on? He looked over at her desk; there was her laptop, folded neatly.

Calling to him.

To her credit, it took him and Mercedes almost half an hour to guess her password. He’d enlisted her help, figuring her best friend would know things like birthdays, mother’s maiden name, pets, that kind of thing. It had ultimately been <I>g0w1ldcats</I> – the wildcats having been the girls’ high school mascot, and Britney had had the same computer and likely the same password since then.

“Thanks, Mercedes.”

“Yeah – just let me know whenever you need my help invading my best friend’s privacy,” she said a little bitterly.

“Hey, before I... well, invade your best friend’s privacy, can... can we talk?”

“Sure. Last thing I need is another punishment.”

“No – no more punishments. I’m done with that.”

“It’s fine – you just did what you thought was right.” She didn’t sound convincing in the least, but of course, she couldn’t just come out and tell him that.

“No, I didn’t. I abused my... position,” he corrected quickly, not ready to proclaim to those who’d not yet picked up on it that he had a power, “and I took it out on a lot of people around here for no good reason.”

“It’s cool, no worries.”

Argh, these apologies weren’t going to be easy if nobody would accept them. “No, it wasn’t cool. Mercedes, I fucked your tits in the middle of the hallway.”

“Yep, I remember all right. I stopped using my blow dryer early in the morning, too. Sorry about that.”

“No, don’t apologize to me – I don’t want you to apologize!”

“Oh – are you gonna fuck my tits again?” She made a mildly displeased face, but then removed her shirt hastily to reveal those prom-queen-winning tits in a sexy leopard-print bra.

“Mercedes, I don’t wanna fuck your tits.”

She made an even more displeased face. “Why the hell not?”

“It’s not... look, they’re great. Amazing. I’m just trying to say you don’t have to let me fool around with you any more.”

Now she looked at him like he was an idiot. “Um, ya I do. Jesus, what kind of fucking bitch do you think I am? That’s a real dick thing to say to somebody, you know – and I’m gonna prove you wrong. Come on, let’s do this.” She slid down to her knees, deftly undoing the clasp on her bra to unleash those shapely tits of hers.

“Mercedes, no – I didn’t come in for this. This is basically the exact opposite of what I came in here for. I’m not going to be fooling around with you any more, period.”

“Oh, but you’ll still fuck Brittney, is that it?”

Could she seriously be offended right now? What the hell was going on! “I mean, maybe, I don’t know...”

“So she’s cool, but I’m some bigot who’s too bitchy to you to mess with? Bullshit – drop ‘em, DJ.” She reached for his pants and started undoing them.

“It’s not a reflection on you–”

“Of course it is – is this because I got embarrassed at the floor program? Look, I’m sorry if I was rude. I didn’t mean to be.”

“Stop apologizing! You don’t have to titty-fuck me! I know you’d normally never do this.” <I>How could this be happening?!</I>

The girl got his pants down around his knees and gave his cock a long, sensual lick. “Of course I do. What else would I do, say no? I’m not that kind of girl.”

Her tongue was making his willpower a good deal harder to maintain, making him re-examine all kinds of notions about whether there was any sin in privately indulging himself. There she was on her knees, more or less begging for it. She wouldn’t mind. It wouldn’t embarrass her, or damage her reputation, or in any way harm her.

And her tits were spectacular...

“Come on,” she said. “Let’s get this over with, DJ.”

That sealed it. “No, Mercedes, really – I believe you, and I know you would. Some other time, maybe, OK?”

She gave him another little glare but at last desisted, sullenly slipping back into her bra and t-shirt. “Fine. No pleasing some people.”

“You’re plenty pleasing. Any guy would be insanely lucky to be with a girl like you. Seriously. I think you almost gave Zack a heart attack at the Thanksgiving program just by being allowed to touch you, much less how loudly you... you know.”

“Yeah, that was pretty fucked up all right.” She grinned, coloring slightly.

“Why are you smiling? I thought you were really pissed off.”

“Well not at you – just at circumstances. But... look, don’t you fucking dare tell anyone, but Zack and I have been kinda messing around since then.”

He gaped “You...! I thought you wouldn’t be into a guy...” He wanted to say “that heavy,” but instead managed the slightly more tactful, “... like that.”

“Eh, it’s just a little Dad bod. Besides, he’s like the Kobe Bryant of eating pussy. Except he’s not an asshole. It’s not like we’re ‘dating’ or anything – just having a little fun.”

“Well, I’m... glad it worked out, I guess. And sorry I... never mind. Look, I’m just gonna... real quick...” He eyed Brittney’s laptop.

“Violate Brittney’s privacy, gotcha,” she said, chuckling a little. “Go for it, I guess.”

He didn’t see the journal right off – not in her documents folder, nor on her desktop, nor in her recent files. Finally, he just got smart and searched for files containing the word “DJ” but that turned up scores of results containing words like “readjust” or “adjoin” and so forth. Then he tried searching for “Brienne,” banking on her having mentioned that experience.

There it was – in a file called “grocery list.txt” on the desktop.

It was lengthy – if she typed as slowly as Mercedes had said, this must've been quite an under-taking. He went to the first entry, and was immediately sure that this was not just a re-typing of her hand-written one.

DJ read.

<I>October 15th

I'm keeping my real feelings written down here where DJ can't find it – the way he said it, I just know he's up to something. I think he's trying to get inside my head – like he knows everyone has to be nice to him but he wants to know my real feelings. So I made another one, in case he asks for it or just comes to take it, and I'll keep this one just for me.

This was still a good idea. The past week was the most insane week of my life. Sometimes I felt like I was losing my mind a little. DJ Swanson, my RA, has some kind of magic power or something that makes people be nice to him. I didn't notice it at first – of course I want to be nice to him, he's DJ! But then I saw just HOW nice everyone was, and how weirdly, and every time I think someone will say something or stop him they don't. I don't think anyone can stop him.

It started when he came to my room and beat up Brayden. That was good, kind of. I don't like fighting, but Brayden was mad and was probably going to hit me again, so I think this time it was mostly good. Then he had me blow him and fuck him – he said it was to make sure I was on the pill but really looking back I know he just wanted to fuck me and knew I'd let him. I did, of course.

I let him do a lot of things. He took me to his house with his family. He fucked me in front of his mom, and in hearing of his sister. He made this girl Brienne let him have anal sex with her. He told her if she did he'd let her “borrow” me for a day – and he did. And I let him. I've never even been with a girl before. Sexually it was fine, sometimes good, but mostly, I feel weird about letting him trade me, like property.

He fucked his mom and humiliated her, fucked his sister and her cheer squad, fucked her friends... DJ did whatever he wanted to whoever he wanted, and nobody did anything. Some cops came to bust a party he threw, and he just talked them down – even took one of their guns and was playing with it like it was a toy. I've never been so scared in my life – he was drunk and had been crazy all night, and with a gun!

I don't know if he understands himself. I'm not sure I understand him either. But I know the way he uses people... like, none of us mind what he does to us. He's DJ – who could be mad? But the things he did to people... there were people taking naked pictures and videos that will never go away now. He put a naked high school girl on a leash in front of everyone – she's going to be the laughing stock of her whole school. He drove a bus drunk and crashed it into a tree that could just as easily have been someone's house, or someone's kid. And I know if it was someone's kid, they couldn't even be mad or call the cops. I know I wouldn't, even if he hurt my mom. I hope he doesn't.

So I thought about it a lot when he wasn't busy using me and I think I'm going to try to make him my boyfriend. Which I know sounds crazy, but I figured:

1) I'm used to having sex when I don't really want to and everybody thinks I'm a big slut anyway so at least with me he's not ruining my reputation or damaging me worse than I am.

2) I think he really likes me, somehow. Most guys say I don't have a personality and they're kinda right I think but DJ actually wanted to spend time with me and talk and listen and stuff. Maybe it means I'm supposed to do this... ???

3) Every time I make him screw me or humiliate me or use me it means he isn't focused on someone else. I've been doing the same for Mom with Earl since I was 12 after all. Kinda the same point as 1 I guess but I'm still trying to sike myself up so whatever.

My whole life I always kind of wondered if there was some reason for being what I am, for having big boobs and pretty face and good hair just so I could be miserable all the time. But maybe it was all preparation for this, and Earl was just practice for the real villain, teaching me how to hide my bruises and lie about why I'm bleeding down there. I guess that would make me a hero. I don't think I am, but if I can protect someone else, then they call me whatever they want. Probably a slut like usual, but I don't care. I wanted to be happy but if I can't do that maybe I can at least make someone else happy.</I>

DJ reared back, his pulse racing, his stomach threatening to empty itself.

Here it was – exactly what he had asked for. Access to her unfiltered thoughts. He just hadn't counted on the filter filtering quite so much. Maybe that she'd faked some orgasms, or not been into the girl-on-girl thing, or some judgment on banging his mom. Not... this. Not the revelation that she thought he was a monster she would feed herself to as to spare the other villagers.

<I>You ruin lives.</I>

She'd been right. He'd thought she'd just been having some kind of nervous breakdown or something when he'd accused her of siding with Ashley, but now he saw it for what it was. Somehow, he'd pushed her over the edge and she'd managed to actually speak her mind - at least until his power caught up with her and drove her to her knees from guilt. In that short window, she'd tried to tell him about all the damage he'd done and how she despised him just as much as Brittney did.

Brittney. He finally got his answers to his musings about the vague references to Earl he'd found in her fake journal. Holy shit, he'd managed to find the most vulnerable and abused person he could and heap more abuse on her – and because of what he was, rather than run away screaming or kicking his balls up into his neck, she sought more of it.

That was the kind of person Brittney was. That was why she'd wanted to go home to her own family for Thanksgiving break, even knowing she would be the victim of misery and abuse, but she might be able to save her mom a beating.

Returning to the journal, he searched for Earl's name. He was mentioned occasionally, but one entry in particular she'd gotten caught up in remembering what she'd been through with him. He read one tale after another of violence and abuse and threats and rape. How futile her efforts to bring him to justice had been. He read until he thought his blood would boil in his veins if he read another word.

“Mercedes? I need her home address.”

It wasn't hard to find, thankfully. DJ had driven over 90mph most of the way there, shaving the trip down to a mere hour and a half. A cop had tried to pull him over, but he'd just ignored it until they'd pulled up alongside him and seen him. DJ just waved; the officer had nodded and fallen back in with other traffic.

When he'd left the dorm, he'd been in a rage. Hypocritical? Sure, but if DJ couldn't undo the damage he'd done, he could at least stop her and her mom from suffering more of it. For once, he was going to use his power not to be the bad guy, but to fight one. Fueled by a combination of overpowering self-loathing and a righteous fury, he'd envisioned all sorts of punishments. He didn't even know what this guy looked like, but he doubted anyone else would recognize him either after DJ bashed his face in.

He double-checked the address on the front of the big white house, then strode right into the house – or tried to, anyway. The door was locked. Apparently a dead-bolt was the one thing that could still tell him no. He rang the doorbell, then rang over and over. He hadn't come this far to be thwarted by a door. Finally a woman answered it. She was Brittney's mother, obviously, herself a stunner as well. Months of indulging every whim of fondling and fucking a cute stranger nudged him to cop a quick feel, and his inward-focused anger redoubled itself.

Her irate expression, no doubt resulting from the dozen-odd times he'd rung the doorbell in as many seconds, evaporated upon seeing him. "Hello?"

In his imagination, he'd walked right up to the house and there had been this Earl fellow and DJ had just torn right into him, no questions asked or needed. "Hi... are you Mrs. Jenner?"

"I'm Mrs. Shannon. Heather. Jenner is my maiden name – are you here to see Brittney?" It was clearly not the first time she'd had to explain.

"Um, yeah. Is she here?"

"Yeah, I'll get her, come on in." She let him into the foyer and called Brittney's name, saying that she had a visitor. DJ looked around, but didn't see anyone else at home from the foyer.

"So you're a friend of Brittney's?"

<I>No, I just raped her and traded her for butt-sex with my sister's high-school friend.</I> Maybe a simpler, less accurate response was warranted. "Yeah, I go to school with her." He almost added he was her RA, but wondered if her mom knew anything of what had been going on. He stopped there.

Seeing his taciturn demeanor, she just made an ambivalent face and excused herself. Brittney came down a moment later; to her credit as an actress, she looked both surprised and pleased to see him. "DJ! Wow, I didn't expect... wow!" She rushed to him and hugged him. Awkwardly, he returned it, but quickly drew back. "Did you come out here just to see me?" She smiled like she was pleased rather than horrified to be so important to him.

Well shit. In all his imaginings, he hadn't actually considered what he'd actually say to her. He'd just been thinking about that asshole who hurt her.

The other one.

"Mercedes gave me your address. I... I..."

She smiled patiently. "Let's go to my room and talk there, OK?"

"I didn't come here to have sex," he said, far too defensively.

Brittney's eyes bulged in surprise, and she made a shushing motion. "Upstairs, OK?"

Silently, he followed her to her room. It was nothing like the one she shared with Mercedes – that was a college girl's room, filled with selfies and books and Christmas lights and

tiger-print dorm furniture. This... this was a true girl's room. The walls were pink, bedspread pink, a heart carved into the headboard. There were unicorn decals in several places, framed by glow-in-the-dark stars, and those spangled with glitter.

She shut the door and sat down on her bed, inviting him to sit next to her. "I'll stand, actually."

"DJ, is something wrong? You're acting really weird. I was literally packing up to get ready to go back to school when you rang the doorbell. What was so important that it couldn't wait?"

He averted his eyes, not sure how to tell her what he'd done, invading her privacy – and thereby learning he'd violated her in so many other ways. Worse, that he'd been so willfully ignorant that he'd not even known he was doing it.

As he pondered what to say, he heard a male voice from downstairs, muffled, but clear enough to hear a "who the hell was that" through the floor. He didn't hear Heather's response, but his retort to it came through clearly. "So you just sent this boy on up to her room? ... yeah, well I heard him say wasn't gonna fuck her too but you know as well as I do your daughter can't keep her damn legs closed... I heard that, Heather!"

Brittney winced. "Is that Earl?" he asked.

"How do you know his name? I never talked about him to you. I hardly ever talk about him to anyone." Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Oh, fuck. I don't know how to say this so I'm just gonna say it. Brittney, I found your journal."

She stiffened. "You did, did you. I knew I should've hidden it somewhere harder to find than under my mattress. Wow, that's so embarrassing... I wrote some really personal things in there, about our sex life and all. Did it get you all hot and bothered? Is that why you drove out here?" The blonde smiled coyly.

"I found that one before break, and yeah, it did. Today I got home, and Mercedes said she was following your example, mentioned how your typing keeps her up nights. So I thought to myself, 'type? That was hand-written, not typed. That's crazy.' It took some doing to find it once I started, but... I found it."

She paled. "You weren't supposed to find that. Oh gosh, DJ, I am SO sorry. You have to understand, I didn't mean ANY of that – it was just, um..."

Leave it to Brittney, too honest to even come up with a convincing lie. "I know you meant it – and... I'm so, SO—"

He was interrupted by the door being opened. Standing behind it was a man who could only be Earl, although he looked a little cleaner around the edges than DJ had pictured, clean-shaven and with a fresh haircut. He was even a little handsome, he supposed, though his current disapproving frown masked it somewhat.

"So, Brittney, who's your little friend? Little scrawnier than your usual haul, looks like."

"Earl, this is DJ. DJ, this is my step-father, Earl." Her voice was tiny. Her fear of him would have been obvious even if he hadn't learned what he had.

He looked around the room and quickly found a unicorn figurine a good eight inches tall, hard plastic and with a nice little spike in the forehead. DJ was reasonably sure that if he swung hard enough, he could puncture this man's skull and go right into his brain. He also knew this fucking asshole would lie there and let himself be hurt without even trying to fight back. He didn't deserve that chance. He sure hadn't given it to Brittney, or to her mother.

He picked up the unicorn.

“Something wrong there, BJ?” he asked, his tone becoming more confrontational in response to the young man’s silence. “What, you just came over to play with her dolls?”

<I>Keep talking, Earl</I>, DJ thought as he paced over to the man, studying where exactly he wanted to strike. It didn’t happen often, but sometimes people were capable of a little sass towards him; he suspect it was just the nature of some people without even intending to be rude. Mercedes and Ashley were both good examples.

Ashley. Mercedes. <I>What have I done to you?</I> He looked to Brittney, whose eyes were darting back and forth fearfully between the two men. She knew what he was about, clearly. “DJ, please, don’t...” Obviously, she remembered him dropping that asshole Brayden.

“Earl, you got one hell of a family here, if you don’t mind my saying so,” he said casually, still eschewing eye contact to study the best place to pierce his cranium.

“I like them OK my own self. Guess we both got good taste in women.” He smiled at Brittney, though DJ thought he could see traces of a leer there.

That was it. The smug smile on his face... time to wipe it off, permanently. This man had raped his step-daughter, beaten her, terrorized her. He had done the same or worse to his wife. He glanced one last time at Brittney, who could see all too plainly what he was about. <I>Stop, please!</I> she mouthed at him, eyes welling up with desperate, impotent tears.

Nevermind that. Brittney was an amazing young woman who had suffered more than most ever would. This guy deserved death, and DJ was all too happy to give it to him. Whether Brittney wanted him to or not. It was what <I>he</I> wanted, and nobody could stop him.

DJ froze as that sentiment crystallized in his head. <I>I want this, and it doesn’t matter whether she wants it or not, I’m going to do what feels good to me.</I>

He set down the unicorn.

“It was nice to meet you Earl. You have a lovely home.”

Earl’s shoulders relaxed, no longer responding to the tension DJ had been broadcasting. “All right. Don’t you two get into any trouble now,” he said, and excused himself.

DJ slumped down next to Brittney on the bed, feeling drained. She gave him a moment before saying in a small voice, “thank you.”

“Brittney... you don’t ever have to thank me.”

She fidgeted a bit. “I really thought you were going to kill him.”

DJ nodded. “I think I was.”

“If you really read my whole journal, I guess I don’t need to ask why... but, why didn’t you?”

He turned to face her, this radiant angel whose wings he’d been plucking by the handful until there was almost nothing left. “You made me realize that I need to stop doing whatever I want over the objections of others. That I’m no better than him, that whatever I might’ve done to him, I deserve it too.”

“No, DJ – no. I... maybe I thought that, at one point, but you know that’s not true.”

“I am. What you said... no. What I did. I’m horrible. Emily was right. You were right.” He looked up at her, those big blue eyes locked on his. They were so earnest he could hardly bare it. “Thank you, for trying to do what you did. To keep people safe from me. I’m sorry I didn’t make it easier, but... I wanted to tell you that it’s over. It’s all over. You don’t have to touch me, hell you don’t have to look at me, not ever again.”

“DJ, what are you...”

“It’s OK, Brittney. I’m not mad. God, I’m so far from mad. Please don’t feel guilty for writing any of that – I’m so relieved you did. No. Not relieved, because now I know I’m the supreme asshole of the universe, but still, now I know. I came home from break feeling like I’d made a few mistakes and needed to make things right, but... I realize now I can never make it up to you what I did. In fact, I should start by leaving – you shouldn’t have to be in the same room with me. I’ll go now. I’m sorry. I...!”

He was cut off by Brittney’s lips against his. He’d forgotten how much he missed this, how comforted her kisses made him feel.

Then the lie of it came crashing in, and he pushed back, standing. “Brittney, no. I told you, I read the journal. I know you were just flirting to... protect people. You can stop now.”

She eyed him. “How much did you read, exactly?”

“Well, I felt bad invading your privacy. I mean, you were right, I only pushed you to write the thing so I could – and sorry about that, too, by the way – but I just read the first bit. Of both. The fake one was really hot, by the way.”

“Thanks,” she said, smiling oddly.

“And today when I read the real one, I got through the first bit and realized what I put you through... but you wrote about Earl enough that I looked for more...”

She kept her voice low, eyes on the door warily. “Oh yeah. My mom called that night and she had that tone in her voice where I could tell something bad happened. She never says anything to me, but I can tell sometimes. I just wanted to vent, but I don’t really talk to anyone about him. The journal was helpful for that.”

“I can’t believe he...” He looked darkly at the door. “Brittney, I’m not going to force you to do anything, not again, but you should let me help you and your mom get rid of him. I don’t mean hurt him,” he said, seeing her nervousness immediately return, “but at least get your mom a divorce, a restraining order.”

“I tried that once. He’s got money, DJ. He’s connected. Besides, my mom needs the money to get by.”

“I see. Still, I know a thing or two about convincing people to do things they don’t want to do.” He smiled weakly. “And I can get money for your mom, no problem.”

“You certainly can if you want, but, if you really value my feelings... I’d rather you not go stealing for us.”

“Brittney, there’s basically infinite money out there – plenty of it in the hands of people who haven’t done anything to deserve it. Just think on it – I know it’s not a purely victimless crime, but... compared to who’s being victimized now, it sounds pretty good to me.”

“Thank you,” Brittney said. “I’ll think about it.”

He shifted uncomfortably on his feet. “I guess... I guess that’s all I came for. To apologize – or start to, at least. And deal with... him.”

She looked up at him. “You really didn’t read the rest?”

“No. Believe it or not, some things still make even me feel guilty.”

“DJ... There’s more you should know. Only I don’t know if you’d believe me, and... some of it, I honestly don’t know if I could get the words out, face to face. Because of... you know.”

“It’s OK Brittney – I understand what I did was wrong. If you want me to have to hear it all, that’s fine, but you don’t have to, really.”

“Let’s go home, DJ. Then you can see it all, and then we can get to some nice, well-informed apologies. Or whatever you want to do then.”

“I won’t touch you, I promise.”

“We’ll see.”

<I>Sure. Why would she take my word for it anyway.</I>

Brittney finished packing and said goodbye to her mom and step-father, a hug and kiss on the cheek for each. DJ mumbled goodbyes, and Earl even shook his hand on the way out. He was loathe to touch the man, but then, he conceded privately that if Earl knew what DJ had done he’d probably feel the same way.

They didn’t talk much in the car; the two-hour drive passed in tense silence mitigated only by the radio. Brittney picked the station. When they got to the dorm, he took one of the few remaining parking spaces and insisted on carrying her bags. “How’s come you’re not taking your usual space?”

“The handicapped spot?” Those spots were almost never used, and he’d never seen all four of them taken at the same time, so he’d taken to parking there when it suited him. “I think I should leave those open. Just in case.”

She smiled thinly, and neither said a word on their way into the building. It was night-time now; Mercedes wasn’t in. He wondered if she was out sitting on Zack’s face. If he should feel better for some happiness coming of what he’d put her through, if it mitigated things at all. He set down the bags and stood by awkwardly as Brittney logged into her computer, loading up the document. He tried not to strain his eyes to read as she scrolled down, browsing for something.

“Read this,” she said, gesturing for him to sit beside her.

<I>November 18th

I don’t even know any more. When this all started, all I wanted to do was try to do some “damage control” as they call it. It was well-intentioned. I felt like I was trying to do something good for other people.

Now, I feel more and more like I’m becoming someone that I hate. I’ve been throwing myself at a guy who’s in a relationship behind his girlfriend’s back. Not like DJ doesn’t sleep around, but that’s with her watching and knowing. That’s just meaningless stuff. I’m actually trying to ruin their relationship, and I always HATED girls who do that.

And I’m manipulating someone I care about. I know DJ has feelings for me. I can see it in his eyes when he looks at me. In the way he’s so tender with me. When he kisses me. He cares about me, and I’m just trying to trick him. Every time I see him, every time I touch him, I feel like I’m some kind of selfish skank, one of those girls who just uses her looks to take whatever she wants. I always swore I’d never be one of those girls, and the first time I really want a guy, here I go.

Part of me still wants to do it for those good reasons. That’s the part of me that won’t stop – it’s like this voice I can hear that’s always telling me to butt in and says the ends justify the meanness. Then there’s the rest of me that feels awful about the whole thing, but doesn’t want to let him go, so she just lets that voice justify everything even though I’m really doing it because I like being with him.

It feels like I’m pulling myself in two, kind of, like there’s these two sides to him and they’re each pulling me in a separate direction, and both of the directions are towards him.

There's the part of him that I saw at his home, and with Ashley (don't worry, not turning this entry into another rant about her). That DJ is thoughtless and mean and selfish, and that bitch (sorry but TRUE) just makes him a hundred times worse. Like I've said a dozen times I know he doesn't think he's doing any harm, and I know I'm as guilty as anyone else for not telling him. Any more I get the impression most of the bad stuff is her pushing him to do it anyway and he does it for her. Most if it, anyway.

Then there's the other DJ, the one I see when we're together. The one who looks at me with love in his eyes, who wants to hold me. When we just lie there and talk. This morning we met in the shower again and he just spooned me and caressed me and when we had sex I felt like the whole rest of the world didn't exist. I felt completely safe. When I finally started to get pruned and said we should go, he asked me if I would stay with him just a few more minutes. Asked, not told, when we both know he could have told.

If we were together, would he still want all those other girls? Would I still be enough? I don't know. It would be fine if he did – but I don't even trust myself any more to know if that's how I feel or how his power makes me feel. Most of it is harmless anyway – none of the girls really mind whatever he does behind closed doors. It's just when things get all public I feel bad. Maybe I could stop that. Maybe I could make him just want me, like I just want him. I don't know.

I just hate what it's turning me into, and I feel guilty every time he touches me because I know I'm manipulating him and I'm doing it because I'm afraid of him and because I want him at the same time. I can't tell him, but I can't stop touching him either.

When he finished reading, he looked over to Brittney, whose baby blues were brimming with anxious tears. "Do you hate me?" her tremulous voice asked.

"Hate you? Brittney..." He wanted to say a hundred things, but first, more than anything, he wanted her to know how he felt. Finally those feelings from hours ago in her bedroom caught up with him. Gently, he tilted her chin up and kissed her. Their arms wrapped around one another as they sunk to the bed, their lips not parting again.

"Get a room you two," Mercedes said. They hadn't even noticed her coming in, they'd been so intent on one another. Glancing at the clock, he saw they'd been making out for most of an hour.

Brittney grinned bashfully as she sat up, tugging her shirt back into place. "Heya, girl. Have a good break?"

"Do you really wanna talk about my break or do you two wanna keep going at it like wild young Bohemians? 'Cause you can do what you gotta do, but there's also a nice vacant room a few doors down. Just sayin'."

DJ laughed. "We can get out of your hair. That is, if you still want to Brittney."

"I want to." He couldn't help it. He kissed her again.

"You two are seriously gross," Mercedes said, but she was smiling. Almost as big as the two of them.

"We're going, we're going," Brittney reassured her, rising and tugging DJ in her wake towards his own room. She resumed making out with him right there in the hall as he fumbled with his keys to open the door, throwing it open as soon as he managed it. He launched himself into her, pressing her hard against the wall in the dark room, shirts and pants flying off in their mutual frenzy to touch one another.

DJ was down to his boxers, Brittney to her bra and panties, before he couldn't wait any more and threw her to the bed. He was readying to pounce when she screamed.

"Brittney?! What's wrong?" In the darkened room, she was scrambling away from him to where the bed was pushed up against the wall. He couldn't see her face, but something obviously was wrong. He ran to the light switch and flipped it on.

There on the bed was Emily. The sheets and blanket were pulled up to her chin, but her eyes were closed. From her position, it was clear that when he'd pushed Brittney onto the bed, he'd landed on her. Seeing who it was, she began to relax. Only...

She wasn't moving.

"Emily?" he asked softly. If Brittney's weight falling on her hadn't awakened her, his voice certainly wouldn't. He sat down beside her, shaking her gently. She didn't stir, and he shook harder. "Emily? Emily, wake up."

Brittney's eyes slowly widened in comprehension as DJ started patting her pale cheeks with increasing urgency. "Emily, wake up! EMILY!" He slapped with increasing urgency, but her head just lolled to the side limply. Throwing the blankets back all the way, there was no more wondering.

Both of her wrists had long cuts down them; with the blanket no longer holding it in, the stench of her blood filled the room. He put his ear to her chest to listen for a heartbeat. She was cold to the touch.

DJ looked to Brittney numbly. "She's dead."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Brittney was impressed with how well DJ held it together. She herself had been on the edge of screaming or crying for hours, ever since she'd literally stumbled upon the body. Emily's body.

He'd stood there numbly at first, then took Brittney by the hand and helped her out of the bed without further disturbing Emily. They'd gotten dressed, feeling awkward being naked in front of... that. Her. It had been while Brittney was looking for where her shirt had wound up that she'd found the letter. The envelope had DJ's name on it; she quietly pointed it out to him and stood back while he read. Trying not to throw up, or run from the room. Or both.

When he'd finished, he just folded the letter back up and put it on his desk. After another long, numb look at her, he'd gone ahead and called the police. After that, it all happened fast. Some paramedics had come and taken the body, the police had questioned DJ and her separately. She didn't really know what to say, so she just told them that Emily was a co-worker of his who he'd been sleeping with and that they'd broken up last week. Other than giving this pretty new face in his room a wry look, they accepted it without a lot of questioning; it was the kind of thing that happened sometimes. His power didn't even seem to come into it that she could tell.

He'd called his boss, a blonde woman with a bit of an accent Brittney couldn't place, who arrived soon after. The woman was crying when she walked in, and didn't ever really stop. She'd offered to let him move into another room, but he said all he needed was a new mattress. They'd gotten it together from the supply closet, and DJ hauled the old one out to the dumpster himself.

There was so much blood on it. She wouldn't have believed a person could bleed so much.

Worried about how such an event could impact the floor – they'd all seen plenty of Emily around, after all – DJ was holding an emergency floor meeting to tell everyone what had happened. (After all, they'd seen medics leaving with a body bag; he'd have to tell them something just to prevent a panic.) Brittney sat there only half-listening as he told them, mentioned the campus counseling center, offered to talk if anyone needed to.

Brittney barely heard it, laying her head on Mercedes' shoulder and losing herself in the feelings. She wasn't in shock, exactly; <I>finding</I> the body had been jarring, to say the least. But that the body was there to be found... she wished it surprised her more. Part of the reason she'd reached out to Emily last week had been fear for the girl's well-being. She'd always struck Brittney as a bit unhinged – her bizarre behavior, how cagey she'd been when Brittney had tried to approach her. Then after their conversation, when she'd learned how damaged her poor mind had been, how bleak her outlook still was...

Suddenly the small part of her brain that was paying attention told her there was something worth listening to, and she welcomed the distraction. "...that's right. To be clear, from here on out, things are back to normal around here. No more arbitrary punishments, no more 'inspections,' no more shower duty. We're going to be just like the other communities. Same rules, same consequences."

A murmur went through the room. "Is this related to... that?" Alyssa asked. She couldn't make herself say the words yet. Emily hadn't been liked – in truth, most had thought she was a freak – but still, a life was a life.

"No, not really," DJ said. "I've been doing some soul-searching lately and realized I've been selfish. I know 'I'm sorry' doesn't cover it, and I'm going to work on making it up to you all. I don't want to get too much into all that now – it's late, and we have classes tomorrow and everything. I just wanted to let you know things are getting back to normal. And if I, um, had any special rules for individuals, those are gone too."

"All of them?" an Asian girl Brittney didn't recognize asked quietly. "Even... with my guild?"

"Yes, Miko." DJ's cheeks colored somewhat. Brittney was glad she didn't know why. She really liked this renewed considerate DJ, but she hadn't forgotten the fear she'd had of his power.

Jillian raised her hand. "To clarify... are you saying you're not <I>requiring</I> shower duty any more, or you're not <I>allowing</I> shower duty any more?"

"I'm sorry...?" He seemed not to follow the distinction.

"It's one of the best parts of my week is what I'm saying. Are you kicking us out, or just saying we don't have to if we don't have to?" Jillian grinned immodestly. Brittney blinked, startled at her bluntness, but then again, spending most of the semester having it common knowledge that every passingly attractive girl on the floor was showering with the RA would remove the need for circumspection. Everyone in the room knew what had been happening.

DJ glanced awkwardly at Brittney, who couldn't help but smile at his bashfulness. "Go ahead," she said. "Have your fun."

<I>Did I really just say that?!</I> Yet as she thought on it... she really didn't mind. If Jillian didn't mind, and Brittney didn't mind... could it be wrong? It was undoubtedly his power making her feel that way, but it was the way she felt nonetheless. Not like DJ was doing it

maliciously. Not like it upset or hurt anyone. Two people, having fun, and it bothered her no more than the thought of the two of them having a dry, boring study session.

Was that all there was to it? Doing no harm?

“Um, I’ll get back to you on that,” DJ said. “For now, you can sleep in tomorrow, Jill.”

“It’s actually my turn tomorrow,” Janelle said. “Same deal?” Like Jillian, she sounded a little put out. Then again, having a weekly shower with a cute (and well-equipped) guy with no strings attached... well, maybe it made more sense than she’d initially considered. After all, Brittney had forced her own way into the line-up when Ashley had pushed her out.

“Same for everyone,” he said. “Now let’s wrap up, gang. And if anybody needs someone to talk to, my door’s always open, or I can come to you. Day or night. Good night, everybody.”

People went their separate ways, most of them in soft conversation about the kinds of things people talk about with death in their peripheral awareness. Jillian and Janelle were giggle-whispering a plan to ambush him his stall the next day.

Brittney just took DJ’s hand as the lounge emptied. “So what do we do now?”

“I think I need some sleep.”

She nodded. “My room? Mercedes won’t mind, considering.”

“No, I think I need to be on my own tonight. Is that OK?”

She took his hands in hers and squeezed softly. “You’re going to be all right? DJ, I’m worried. What happened today... that’s a lot to handle for anyone, especially on your own.”

“I’ll be OK. I just... I need to process. In her letter, Emily said...” he closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. “I just need to process. And... I think I need to talk to Ashley.”

“Ashley?” Brittney frowned. Then again, it made sense. After what the three of them had been through... of course he’d at least want to tell her what had happened. Him and Ashley... that was no study date. “Oh. Yeah, sure. Well, you know where to find me. Any time, OK? Even if it’s in the middle of the night. I wouldn’t even mind if I could mind you.” She smiled softly.

“Thanks, hon. Are you going to be all right?”

“Yeah. Mercedes can do a little tolerating of me tonight.”

“Good night, Brittney.”

“G’night, DJ.” She kissed him – then twice more – before letting him go to her.

DJ knocked on Ashley’s door a short while later. She opened almost immediately, apparently still awake. He tried not to notice she was just wearing a long shirt that was stretched tight across her chest, just long enough to reveal the bottom of her black satin panties and nothing else.

She always did know how to push his buttons.

“Heya Deej. C’mon in.”

They had the room to themselves, since Ashley had convinced DJ to relocate Janet on an all-boy’s floor across campus. Most of the guy’s on the floor were football players – as was Janet’s new roommate, a hairy brute of a defensive tackle with a habit of leering too casually, which was why Ashley had picked him. Shit, there was another thing he’d have to get to fixing.

Ashley plopped down on her bed, making no effort to conceal herself. He sat down in her desk chair, keeping a safe distance. “So what’s up? After this morning, I didn’t think I’d see much of you for a while.”

“Yeah, that had been the plan, but... look, I have to tell you something. About Emily.”

“Oh? What’s that freak gotten herself into now?”

“Ashley, don’t...” He steeled himself. “I don’t know how to say this, so I’ll just say it. She’s dead. She killed herself earlier today. In my bed.”

“What? No, I just saw her the other day... she can’t... I saw the ambulance in the parking lot earlier, but I never thought...” He gave her a moment to process, letting her stumble and stammer through the initial realization. Her eyes watered, a little. He was surprised she managed even that, considering.

“She left a letter,” he said, removing it from his pocket and holding it out to her. She retrieved it, taking a long moment to control her breathing before plucking it from the envelope.

Ashley read it aloud. He’d read it at least a dozen times this evening, to the point he could nearly recite it along with her. Somehow, hearing the words made it even harder.

“Dear DJ,” she began, “I don’t know where to begin with my apologies. I’ve done so much wrong that it’s hard to separate it all in words when in my heart, it’s all one big tangled mess. I’m sorriest that I hurt you – that much I know. Those things I said there, at the end... I never meant them. I’ve loved you for so long, ever since you first made your move on me that night in the lounge. You were so bold, you just took what you wanted. Since then, I’ve wanted nothing but to make you want me.

“I know I wasn’t what you wanted, that I don’t have a body like mistress, but I wanted to thank you for humoring me and my fucked-up needs and desires as well as you did. I wanted you all to myself, but I realized more and more each day that I couldn’t be enough. You needed Ashley, someone whose heart was big enough to share with you. Yes, I had known she strayed... in fact, it had been my idea all along. I figured if I could make you leave her, I might get you to myself, so I pushed and pushed until she gave in.

“It wasn’t until after, when I saw how I hurt you and hurt her and ruined your relationship, that I realized what I’d done – and worse, that I still wasn’t what you wanted. I was crushed, and I lashed out in the pain of rejection. When you threw me out, I lost it. I have nothing without you, and without the best thing I ever had, I don’t see any point to going on.

“I love you, and I’m sorry, and I hope that all the things I’ve broken can still be fixed.

“With love forever, Emily.” She set down the letter in her lap, sniffing. “DJ, I’m so sorry. I had no idea she felt that way.”

“Yeah. It sure sounds like she felt bad over breaking us up. I never would’ve believed she was responsible for what happened with you and Tony.”

“Look, I don’t want to point fingers at her before she’s even cold,” Ashley said. “But... yeah. You never gave me a chance to explain.”

“So that’s it, was it? Bad advice, and jealous of me for sleeping around but couldn’t make yourself tell me?”

“Does it have to be something more sinister?”

He shrugged. “I guess not. I guess Emily felt pretty terrible for breaking us up. I’ve been thinking it over all evening, and maybe... maybe we owe it to her to give it another shot. What do you think?”

She brightened immediately, dropping the letter beside her and sauntering over to him. “I think... well, I guess I think it’s awesome something good can come out of this. I couldn’t imagine facing this news alone. And now you don’t have to either.”

She sank into his lap and kissed him. It was happening fast, but maybe that was for the best. He hadn't wanted to have a long discussion about this with her. She'd accepted and now it was time to move on with it.

"Ashley, would you mind...? It's been a while." He glanced down.

She took his meaning immediately, and grinned broadly. "What, little miss blondie bitch too good to get on her knees and take care of you? Well don't you worry, asshole. I'm gonna suck your fucking brains out through your cock."

She sunk to her knees while he removed his belt and helped her get his cock out. In a moment, her mouth was wrapped around it, lovingly sucking him off with a fervor even beyond her normal. One thing he'd found to be true – Ashley was one hell of a cocksucker. Not the best he'd had, but the girl tried harder than anyone he'd had.

It took her a while to get him hard, but she was determined, pulling out every trick in her slut playbook. Eye contact, the little moans, and of course ditching her shirt and letting those glorious tits of hers out.

"Oh fuck, I'm so glad you're letting me do this," she said between loving slurps. "I missed your cock more than you could believe."

"I bet you have," he said. "I'm glad you like it so much, because..."

Ashley's eyebrows furrowed in confusion and she pulled back slightly. "Because...? Because whmmmmph!" She squealed in surprise as he wrapped his belt around the back of her head and pulled her snugly down onto his cock. He made sure to pull her down until his cock was good and lodged in her throat. She twitched uncomfortably as her air passage was cut off, though – of course – she couldn't much make herself fight him. She knelt before him, choking on his cock, not offering the least bit of resistance.

"Ashley... I need some answers from you, but I can't stand to hear another goddamn word out of your mouth. I realize it's rather cliché, but we're going to do the old blink once for yes, twice for no, OK? You understand? C'mon, Ashley, your air's not gonna hold out forever. Tell me you understand."

<I>Blink.</I>

"Oh hey, nobody said to ease up on the blowjob either. Just because you got a cock in your throat doesn't mean you can't use some tongue, give it a little TLC right? Seeing as how you always loved sucking my cock so much, I'd hate for you to miss out on your last opportunity."

<I>Blink.</I> With wide eyes, she resumed her ministrations.

"Good girl." He patted her forehead. "Remember that, how excited Emily used to get when we said that? Maybe that could be your role, now, take over for her? I could dress you up in slutty little costumes, you could walk along in my shadow with your head bent down submissively, I could loan you out to people when I didn't have a use for you. You could do all my little chores for me, drop out of school and just serve me full-time. Would you like that?"

<I>Blink blink.</I>

"But you'd do it for me, wouldn't you? I mean, I'd be so upset if you wouldn't, I'd feel like you hated me... would you do it, just to show me you can put up with my wants and needs?"

She hesitated. He tugged a little harder on the belt.

<I>Blink.</I>

"Maybe we could even dye your hair blonde – don't you think you'd look precious? My big-titted blonde sex slave. We could even change your name to something nice and cute to

match the new you. I think you'd look like a Bambi. Or maybe a Barbie. Something adorable like that. How about it? Can I have your name legally changed? Maybe get it inked on your forehead?"

<I>Blink.</I> She didn't even pause this time. If he wanted it, she'd tolerate it. No questions asked.

However, she was starting to spasm a little as she ran out of oxygen, so he loosened his grip on his belt. "DJ!" she cried after a few gasps for air. "Why...! Why are you—"

He reeled her back in, and she didn't even need another reminder to continue licking his shaft as it gagged her. "Oh, a hot little sex slave is a precious commodity. I guess I'm spoiled now, huh. And since you took away my last one..."

<I>Blink blink. Blink blink.</I>

"No?" he asked dubiously. "You don't think I know you're behind it? You think I'm that stupid, do you? Well, who could blame you I guess. After all, I fell for every bit of bullshit you fed me all semester, let you pull me into all your dirty little games. To be honest, I hardly even doubted you cared. I mean, I knew you loved my power more than you loved me – that was obvious. But I really had thought there was more to it than that. I guess we see what we want to see, huh."

He paused; she didn't seem to know if the question was rhetorical, but she obviously didn't want to waste more of her limited air supply wondering if she should respond.

<I>Blink.</I>

"It was Emily who tipped me off, actually, when she blew up at me last week. Gave me a good look at myself from the outside. I'd gotten so use to everyone being so nice to me, so accommodating, that I'd sort of forgotten they could hold a different opinion in private. After all, how could you respect me when you had me wrapped around your finger?"

<I>Blink blink.</I>

"Oh, don't bother. I get it. You're one ambitious bitch, Ashley – you want what you want and you'll do anything to get it. You just got greedy is all. Sloppy. Then when you lost me, you realized just what you'd pissed away – and I don't mean some bullshit true-love romance, but... the power. You'd had your taste, and just couldn't handle losing it. Do anything to get it back."

Ashley swallowed around his cock, moaning the way he liked to hear, but never stopped double-blinking at him as she worked to get him off.

"I gotta hand it to you – as blind as I've been, it must have seemed like I'd fall for your bullshit 'suicide' note. I might have, if I hadn't called her the other day and told her not to move out. I told her I wanted to talk to her. We didn't talk long... I didn't really know what I wanted to say yet. I mean, what do you say to someone you've treated so badly? Guess it doesn't matter now.

"So when I found her where you left her, I had to wonder... why, when things were about to turn around for her, would she do something like that? And why the ham-fisted note all but pleading for me to take you back? At first, I was like... no, Ashley wouldn't do that. She's a lot of things, but a murderer? No way."

As her eyes started rolling back in her head, he let up again, letting her drink in a few gulps of air before pulling her back down. She didn't even manage to get a word in this time.

"Then I thought back, remembered the gleam in your eye when you got to take someone down a peg, the way you got crazy horny after I let you hurt or humiliate someone. The things

you made me do...” He stopped himself. “No, you didn’t ‘make me.’ I chose it. I gotta live with that. Just like you gotta live with your actions.”

<I>Blink blink.</I>

“So once I realized what you’d done, I just had to take some time to think about what should happen to you. How exactly does one bring justice to Ashley Vandoren? I thought maybe I could find a nice sex slave ring – not the cushy kind, like what we put Emily through – the kind where you wish your dad was Liam Neeson because otherwise you’re going to be sitting in a little room drugged out of your mind and fucked by an endless stream of strangers until you’re dead.”

She squeezed her eyes shut fiercely on each blink.

“Yeah, but then I figured I wouldn’t even know how to find one of those, and even if I did, seems like I’d have a hard time living with myself just letting them get on with business, so... that was out. I figured I could just pimp you out around campus – I don’t need the money, but we could turn that sweet mouth of yours into a scholarship fund for the needy. There are some frats around here that’d pay good money to run a train on you, I bet, and no shortage of homely nerds who’d pay top dollar to have you fuck and suck them like it was your mission in life.”

<I>Blink blink.</I> Still committed to pleasuring him, Ashley somehow pushed herself down still further on his cock, several inches planted in her snug throat. In spite of himself, the bitch was actually getting him close. She was just that gifted.

“But no, you might enjoy that too much, slut that you are. So I just brain-stormed for a while. All kinds of crazy things came to mind – selling you to an ex-boyfriend who’s got it out for you, corporal punishment... hell, I even thought about bringing back the stockades at one point, let the whole campus get a good look at Ashley Vandoren naked and helpless, let them abuse you however they see fit.”

<I>Blink blink.</I> She moaned around his tip, working her tongue in a frenzy. DJ wanted a blowjob, and even if he was plotting how best to destroy her, she just had to tolerate it.

“But then just earlier today I realized... I’m guilty too. So who... am I... to... JUDGE?”

DJ squirted right down her throat, emptying his balls. He hadn’t meant to, but she really was just too good. When he was good and drained, he relinquished his grip and she fell back to the floor, the both of them panting.

“I didn’t do anything!” she cried, then had to stop to catch her breath again. “DJ, you have to let me go – I’m innocent, I swear!”

He looked down at her. Half-naked, his cum dribbling down her chin from where she’d coughed some of it up, breasts heaving as her lungs fought to recover. As far as he could tell, this was the sum total of her – a big-titted cocksucker who never stopped thinking exclusively of herself. In that moment, he felt all those instincts roaring back, wanted to do all those horrible things he’d said and others he hadn’t. To let her be degraded and humiliated and isolated the way she’d done to Emily.

The way they’d both done to Emily.

“I am letting you go,” he said, pulling his pants back on. He tried to ignore her sigh of relief. “Of course, the deputies I called who’re waiting down the hall aren’t likely to be feeling as merciful, since I convinced them you were worth investigating.”

“Wait what! You called the police!”

“Well, since you’re innocent, I’m sure they won’t find anything, right? I’m sure the tox-screen on Emily won’t turn up anything. Certainly no traces of pills –or poison or however you incapacitated her – that they’ll find around your room, right? None of your fingerprints on her body, no blade you used to cut her open? Nothing like that, right?”

She looked down. “They don’t check for those kinds of things with a suicide.”

“Yeah, I bet they don’t. Just another broken-hearted college girl, some poor slut with nobody who loved her who couldn’t handle life on her own. If only she had somebody who could push them into taking a closer look.”

“DJ, no... you can’t. Please. I’ll do anything – anything you want.”

“You’d do that anyway, Ashley. You’d thank me for letting you almost suffocate yourself on my cock just now, if I wanted you to. Wouldn’t you.”

“I... do you? Want me to?” He just gave her a long look. “Um, thank you, DJ.”

He shook his head wryly. “C’mon, get dressed. I don’t want them to drag you out of the building in your underwear. These folks have seen enough of your naked body for this lifetime.”

Realizing he wasn’t budging, and unable to push him to do otherwise, she sullenly found a pair of jeans and eased into them. “But DJ, you weren’t any better to her than I was. Are we really so different? Maybe I... took it farther, but she’d have killed herself anyway without you. You broke that little whore’s head in epic fucking fashion, you know.”

Ashley trembled at the effort it took to manage that much brutal honesty with him, and she looked like she might be sick. He’d come to appreciate how hard – usually impossible – such a task was, and was almost impressed.

“You’re right,” he said. “I didn’t kill her, but if I’d just left her alone, she’d still be alive right now.”

“You’re guilty of a bundle of crimes as big as my left tit, asshole,” she said bitterly. “You turning yourself in too?”

“No. And for two reasons. The first is that there would be no point. You think a jury would convict me? A judge sentence me? I could make them, maybe, but then why not save the taxpayers a dime, skip the trial and go straight to prison and make them prepare a cell for me. A cell they’d let me walk right back out of whenever I wanted, surrounded by guards and inmates who’d never think of hurting me. Prison would be a bad diet and lumpy mattress for me. Would that I could say the same for you.”

“I didn’t do anything,” Ashley protested, but she wasn’t even trying to sound convincing any more.

“See, and that’s the second reason. We’ve both used people, damaged them. Some of it probably beyond what we could ever fix even if we tried. You knew full well what you were doing all along, and you never pulled punches. Even now, with Emily – our Emily – cold and dead, you’re only worried about yourself.

“But I thought I wasn’t doing any harm, just having some casual fun that nobody minded. When I realized I was hurting people, all I wanted to do was stop. Go back and make things right, or as right as I could. Ashley, you have no idea the satisfaction it would bring me to punish you in equal measure to all the harm you’ve done – but that’s not the point. It can’t just be about what I want – it has to be about them. For Emily, she and the people who cared about her deserve to know what happened, and to have you brought to justice is the only way I can do that for them. So that’s what I’m going to do.”

“Her family disowned her for being such a whackjob skank. She doesn’t <I>have</I> loved ones any more.”

“Well I’ll just have to help them see it wasn’t her fault. Or try at least – maybe I can’t. It’s all I can do.” He went to the door. “She was good to me. So much better than I ever could deserve, and thanks to you, more than I can ever repay. So every time you’re sitting in your cell pitying yourself for how hard you’ve got it, you just thank her for showing you mercy. That you’re still alive, and with a future ahead of you that you just might be able to salvage something out of if you work at it. You can thank her you have that opportunity, because if I left it up to me...” He just shook his head.

With that, he opened the door and called out to the two police officers who’d been waiting patiently for him around the corner. “She’s all yours.”

For a bed in a college dorm, his new mattress was surprisingly comfortable. Unused, still good and springy. Crisp new sheets on it. The scent of air freshener helping mask the stench of blood that hadn’t quite left the room with the old mattress.

Sleep was nonetheless a long time coming. But it came.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Dr. Missy Restrepo projected confidence as she made her way into the lecture hall for the final time that semester. Perceptions were important, after all – as she’d learned in rather spectacular fashion. Two months ago, after her department head Dr. Nichols learned she’d been fucking a student – in front of her other students, no less – she’d been fired as quickly as the university could legally manage.

She’d explained that she’d just been trying to be polite. Dr. Nichols hadn’t understood.

With her fiancé out of the picture – she hadn’t been able to make him understand either – and her checking account nearly depleted, she’d been desperate. She’d needed a solid income, in a hurry. Maybe recent events had messed with her judgment, or maybe she’d just been in a place where she was giving up. Whatever it had been, she’d never have thought she could do it.

Strip.

She came fairly naturally to it, though, once she got past the jitters and stage fright, once she got used to former students and the occasional colleague coming in. She’d been on the dance team in high school, after all, so she knew how her body could move. Besides, she told herself, her students had seen her naked already and in a far more compromised manner. Begging for an orgasm from that kid, Schmidt, or whatever his name was. She’d never cum that hard in her life.

Still not worth it. Probably.

It had been rough going at the club, too – not the friendliest work environment. One of the girls, Sydney, another former student of hers, had made a little name for herself by doing a few kinky things on stage. Big star, by the standards of college town strippers. Sydney was the queen of the roost – made everyone else’s life a living hell. Didn’t share tips, demanded one of the two dressing rooms for herself, showed up when she felt like it, danced when she felt like it.

Also, she remembered her old professor – and not fondly.

“Look at you, Dr. Missy, stripping at Scuttlebutt’s. I always thought you had the body for it. Figured you were too good for it, though. Guess I was wrong.”

“Sex work isn’t necessarily degrading,” she’d retorted. “I wrote an article on the merits of the legalization of prostitution last year, actually, in which I argued that—”

“Save it, Doc. Nobody around here’s gonna appreciate your smart mouth talking down to us. Only one thing your mouth’s good for now.”

Missy hadn’t understood then, and just blinked stupidly, waiting for her to continue. “You’re the new girl. That means you get day shifts. It means you’re on call – you show up whenever we need a fresh set of T&A. I hope you can get by on \$300 a week, because that’s about what you’re getting.”

“What! I can’t live on \$300 a week! I’m behind on my rent as it is! And... what does that have to do with my mouth?”

Sydney sat back in the plush chair in the corner of her dressing room and set one of her legs over the arms, the silk robe sliding apart invitingly. The crotch of her g-string was just visible. “I, on the other hand, am the star of the bar. Do right by me, and I can get you evenings. Weekend evenings. Where the big money is. Full-time. All you gotta do is get on your knees, and... ask.”

Missy thought about the time she’d been lead into a tattoo parlor and asked to have “BITCH FROM HELL” inked on her lower back. Just so she wouldn’t seem rude to a young man. If she could swallow her pride for that...

Dr. Missy got on her knees and licked that bitch’s pussy like a woman possessed. She’d gone gay for a couple years as an undergrad, so she’d had some practice at it. She drove Sydney through a multitude of orgasms, the girl’s cries carrying out into the common room. When she finally pushed her erstwhile professor’s head back and slumped down into the chair with a stupid grin, Missy went ahead and iced the cake by licking her lips and thanking her.

Friday and Saturday evenings it was. Those who recognized her from the university especially enjoyed her, and she learned to switch her pride on and off as she shook her tits, smacked her ass, and grinded her pussy on metal poles and the laps of boys and men who’d once looked at her respect. Lust too, maybe, but respect also.

Still, lust alone seemed to compensate a good deal better. With only two weeks’ practice, she’d had surpassed her old rate of income. She stopped by the bank periodically to deposit the huge wads of cash she was bringing home, ignoring the judgmental looks from the teller (who obviously knew there was only one reason an attractive young woman would be making daily cash deposits). At the end of the month – thanks to a few more pussy-eating sessions with Sydney – she looked over her bank statement and her jaw just dropped.

She’d made just over \$6,000. In a month.

So when DJ Schmidt (Swank? Stanwick? Something like that) showed up at her apartment the first week of December to apologize for getting her fired – and the tattoo – and told her that he’d missed class for a while, but as soon as he’d found out about her situation he’d gone to Dr. Nichols and managed to convince him to hire her back... she hadn’t known what to say.

“Why wouldn’t you want to go back? I know I wasn’t a great student, but you were a good professor. You rode us hard, and I know that I wasn’t grateful at the time, but I think you

ought to go back. Come on, you got a PhD in sociology – that took <I>years</I>! You don't want to go back? I'm sure you need a job, at least, right?"

She couldn't help but smile a little. She'd been pretty upset with him for a while, over what happened, over the tat, the slutty dress code he'd imposed on her (that had required her to sell most of her decent clothes to even afford), and even a little that she'd fucked him and the little shit hadn't even contacted her after. Hadn't even come to class.

But to hear him now... well, for some reason she just couldn't stay mad. Still... "Look, I... I found another job. One that pays better. I have all kinds of student debt, and I don't know if I really want to go back."

"A new job? Doing what? I can't picture you as anything but Dr. Missy."

By now, half the campus probably knew about it. There was no need to be coy – and besides, she'd discovered she was at least as good at stripping as she'd been at teaching. "I strip. Down at Scuttlebutt's."

"You...! No way!"

"You don't have to sound so surprised, Schmidt."

"Swanson. And I'm not – I mean, you're a really sexy woman, Dr. Restrepo."

"Missy."

"Sorry, I mean Dr. Missy. I'm just pissed I missed out."

"Well, swing by the club tonight, you'll get a good look."

"Maybe I don't want to wait." Without asking, the young man started unbuttoning her jeans. She let him – of course – and a moment later, there she was in just her panties. Since he'd had her start a new dress code before she'd been fired, like all of her panties, they were made to please the male eye. These were a tight pink boy-cut. Her shirt followed a moment later, and he was obviously pleased to find her bra-less.

"Show me. Show me what you do at the club."

Oh, what the hell. She led him over to the swivel chair she used at her desk; it was armless and would serve nicely for their purpose. She used to grade papers in it; only logical that it now served to help her perform her new job. She picked out a suitable track from her collection, one she used for practice time to time, and got to work.

DJ was a tough customer – even having just taken her clothes off himself, he wasn't hard, and it took some work to get him there. She had to use some of her sluttiest moves on him – the motor-boat, dragging her ass across his chest up to his chin, a little noise she made in her throat when she rubbed herself on his thigh – and finally she was rewarded with an eager erection.

Then the song ended.

"Why didn't you ever come back to class?" she asked softly. She was straddling him; his hands rested comfortably on her ass.

"I got busy with other things."

"Did you think of me, after that?"

"Hell yeah. You were one of my favorites. Did you think of me after?"

She smiled. "Just shut up and fuck me. I'll beg for you again if you want but just get that fucking cock in me already."

He didn't disappoint, nor did she have to beg. (She still did a little anyway, but that was just for fun.) DJ bent her over a stack of student essays she'd never gotten around to discarding and plowed her pussy like the young buck he was. He had stamina like she'd never seen, like he had sex ten times a day or something.

The next day, he went with her to her department head and officially accepted her reinstatement. The man blushed bright red when he looked at DJ, for some reason, and she wondered what exactly his method had been to secure her job. Maybe now Dr. Nichols understood why it was better to just be polite to him.

When the paperwork was signed – and some documents regarding her termination shredded – she laid out her plan. She would return – as a tenure-track professor, not an adjunct – and the university would guarantee support and funding for her new research project. She was researching the field of sex and sexuality between individuals and disparate power dynamics in academic settings, she explained. Her tryst with this young man had been part of the research, as was her time working at Scuttlebutt's – and she would continue that research at her discretion, and with their blessing, from here on out.

(And make double her salary, for that matter.)

Today, administering the final exam, was her first day back. She remembered seeing a handful of these students at Scuttlebutt's, knew that when they saw her now they were remembering her pasties twirling on stage, the glitter twinkling on her cheeks, the dental floss bikini bottoms barely noticeable between her jiggling ass cheeks.

All of them, of course, had seen her cum like a slut at her podium as one of their classmates gave her the dicking of a lifetime.

DJ was there, smiling at her, radiating confidence. Of course, as he hadn't been to class in weeks, he stood a slim chance of passing. Though... she probably couldn't bring herself to give him a bad grade. In fact, just because she felt like it, she was even still following his dress code. It was liberating, in a way, to stride into class in stiletto heels, a miniskirt and a corset. It was backless even, and she didn't flinch as they took in her ink.

Let them stare. She was Dr. Missy Restrepo, and she was the cool prof.

It had been a crazy semester for young Brittney Jenner, and she still wasn't sure she had a grasp on everything that had happened and how she ought to feel about it all. Plus, where DJ was concerned, what she ought to feel had little bearing on what she actually felt, and she'd long since resolved not to try to think about those hypothetical feelings and focus on the real ones. That nagging voice that told her to be jealous, and afraid, and angry... it was a whisper now, when she could hear it at all. She wondered if not being able to silence that voice was what had driven Emily so crazy. She could understand that.

After things calmed down following Emily's death, he came to her in tears and told her everything. All the things he and Ashley had done – or at least, all the ones he could remember. All the people he'd used, humiliated, exploited, hurt... It had been quite a list. Brittney knew some of it – you couldn't spend time with him, keep your eye on him, live down the hall from him without knowing some of it. Much, though, she had not.

“That's all over, DJ. And hopefully now Ashley will get what she has coming to her.” She cradled his head in her lap, stroking his hair softly.

“That's the point though – maybe in this one case, she was entirely at fault. Maybe.”

“Definitely.”

“But,” he continued, “in all the others, I’m totally complicit. Only there’s no punishment for me. It’s a stupid thing to wish for, but it just seems so... unfair. That I get away with everything.”

“Well look here. You know I’m not mad at you. You know I couldn’t be mad at you if I wanted to. That’s just how things are. You have to live your life, hon, and that means accepting yourself the way you are now.”

“But how? I can’t keep going out and pushing people around and making them do what I want any more. That’s over.”

“DJ... I’m not saying none of the things that happened did harm.” Wow, those words had been hard to get out. She’d had to remind herself she was trying to help. “But that doesn’t mean all the things you did were harmful. The damage was all second-hand, you see?”

He said he didn’t, so she took him by the hand and lead him out of the room, down the hall to where Mercedes was getting ready for a night out. “Heya guys,” she said over her shoulder as she compared tops.

“I’m trying to demonstrate something to DJ... could you come over here?”

Mercedes arched a neatly sculpted eyebrow but did so, standing before the couple curiously. Brittney took DJ’s hands and put them on Mercedes breasts. He eyed Brittney like she was nuts, but didn’t resist. (He’d certainly be the first guy to turn down a chance at feeling those puppies up.)

“What’s this supposed to show me?” he asked.

“Mercedes, does this bother you?”

“No. Why, did somebody say it did? I’ll fuck a bitch up if I gotta.” She planted her hands on her hips, ignoring the on-going grope.

“Now, DJ, ask me if this bothers me.”

He pried his eyes away from his bounty and over to her. “Does it?”

“Not at all. If you want to feel a girl’s tits, you should.”

“C’mon, there’s a big difference in a quick grope and something actually serious.”

“All right then... Mercedes, is it cool if he fucks you?”

Her roommate shrugged. “Sure, my ride’s not coming for a couple hours yet, I should have time. Probably have to re-do my makeup, but... meh. Knock yourself out, slugger.” She began undoing her pants.

“Hey, I’m not really in the mood...”

“Fair enough. Mercedes, mind getting him in the mood?”

The blonde chuckled. “Sure, if your slut ass is suddenly too lazy to suck a dick.” She sunk to her knees, and whether he was in the mood or not, he wasn’t up to the task of denying the one-time prom queen her gift. Brittney stood behind him, wrapped her arms around him, kissed his neck and his ears.

Once he was good and hard, Mercedes didn’t even need prompting to shove him back on her bed and climb aboard. Brittney stood nearby, watching her best friend fuck her boyfriend. He really wasn’t in the mood, it seemed, as he mostly just laid back and let her bounce. She’d never seen a guy look so unenthused about a woman that sexy using his cock as a pogo stick.

Once she’d gotten off, he told her that was enough. The blonde gave him a kiss on the cheek and climbed off. “I think I’m gonna need a shower now – if Bobby calls, let him know I’ll be down soon, K?”

DJ began dressing himself once she'd scooted out. "Was that supposed to cheer me up or something?"

"It didn't? Come on, if sex with a girl like that doesn't cheer you up at least a little, you really may be a lost cause."

He laughed. "Well all right. A little."

"Good. But yes, there was a point to all that too. Ask me again if I minded you fucking my best friend right in front of me."

"I know, I know, you didn't."

"That's right. And obviously <I>she</I> didn't mind. Did it do any harm?"

"Um, I guess not."

"It sure didn't. Nobody to spread rumors or take pictures or judge her or any of the other things that actually caused problems for these people."

"Still, it just feels like..."

"I'm telling you to stop feeling that way. DJ, after that fall break together, I'll be honest. I realized what you were capable of, and I was afraid. I was really worried you'd hurt someone without even realizing you were doing it."

"Not an irrational fear." He looked down, ashamed.

"At the time, I thought you were like my step-father, selfishly using and hurting people. Then I realized, like just now with Mercedes, you don't hurt people. At worst, you inconvenience them. You play by different rules than the rest of us, and now you know those rules. Now you know that we can never be upset with you but we can still be upset with each other."

"Brittney, I..."

She put a hand to his lips. It was hard to make herself shush him, but again, it was for his own good. "That's the other difference between you and Earl. When you realized people were hurting because of something you did, you felt guilt. You wanted to fix it. That's why I love you."

"You... love me?"

She drew him into her arms then, and kissed him. "I love you so much I can barely put up with you sometimes."

He smiled, and kissed her again. "Well you better learn how to put up with it, because I love you too."

By the time Mercedes got out of her shower, their sweet-hearted makeout session had turned into full-blown sex. Brittney's roommate politely ignored the rutting couple, but then DJ snapped his fingers and pointed to Brittney. "Suck her tits for me, would you Mercedes?"

She sighed. "I better not need to take another shower because you're too lazy to suck your own girlfriend's boobs." She didn't resist when he tugged off her towel, or when he slid a couple fingers up into her still-wet pussy. She groaned around a mouthful of tit, and when she and Brittney climaxed in unison she wasn't displeased to see she got him off after all.

She was late to her party, though. Bobby had to wait almost an hour for her, but when DJ explained it to him, he said he didn't mind.

"What's on your mind, love?" Brittney asked. Lying in bed next to her, her naked, perfect body draped over him lovingly, against all sense he found his mind returning to the last thing he wanted to be thinking about.

"Ashley," he said.

She poked his ribs. “You’re lucky I can’t be mad at you – most guys who said they were thinking of another woman right after they slept with me would be in a world of trouble.”

He grinned, and gave her a placating kiss. “Not about that. About all those things we did. I just can’t stop thinking about them.”

She sighed. “DJ... you’ve got to stop beating yourself up over that.”

“If I don’t, nobody else will. Even Ashley didn’t say a single hostile word to me while they were arresting her.”

“Look... Ashley’s going to make up for her crimes the way people always have. Is that what you want?”

“Sort of?”

“You know you can’t, right? For one, they’d never lock you up – they’d let you out when you wanted, feed you what you wanted, never punish you for anything. For two, I’d miss you too much.”

He smiled, but only a little. “OK, so I just go on feeling guilty forever?”

“Well punishing yourself isn’t the only way. Think what happens when people screw up. They have to pay for it – with jail time, or fines, or community service, or pay the victim money, or whatever.”

“You want me to clean up the highways?”

“I just want you to feel right again. So if you can’t undo the bad, maybe you just need to do some good. All the things you’ve managed to do... just think what you could do if you used your power to get people to do something nice.”

He let the idea ruminate for a moment. “You’re making me think of Ashley again.”

“OK, not as romantic as I hoped, but...”

“No. I was thinking about how when Ashley found out about my gift, all she could think about was how we could use it to hurt all the people she thought should be hurt. Then you find out, and your first piece of advice is to use it to help the people who need helping. Brittney, you’re an angel, I swear.”

Brittney had never been one for giving good advice, really, never someone her friends turned to for counsel. For DJ, however, her words did the trick. Over the next few days, DJ cooked up a plan to start a scholarship for all the students whose lives he’d disrupted. Some of them he knew by name, others he was able to use his boss’s computer system to track down by picture, but many were just strangers he had no way of locating.

That was no barrier, though – he put his tolerance gift to use, channeling money (from some rich folks who were too happy to “donate”) and influence (once the university president and board of directors could see how hundreds of thousands of dollars in tuition remission made sense). In a time span that was nothing short of miraculous, the Emily Turner Scholarship Fund was up and running.

Jillian walked into the Student Aid Office without a clue in the world why she’d been called in. Had her loans not come through? Was a scholarship being canceled? Had her parents missed a payment? This semester had been stressful enough without adding financial difficulties onto it, especially the past couple weeks, since they’d found that dead girl down the hall from her. Everyone had figured that was crazy as that slut had been, it must’ve been some kind of

manic depressive suicide or something, but then the rumor mill spread word that it had been a murder. Her RA's girlfriend – one of them – had been dragged out in handcuffs, cum dribbling down her chin, screaming obscenities.

It took the Jillian a few minutes before she even noticed the waiting room, beyond just the surprisingly packed nature of it. There was only one guy in here. The rest of the waiting room was young women, and, as she slowly took stock of her surroundings, she realized they were disproportionately attractive. There wasn't a girl in here that wasn't at least a 7. (As the boys rated such things, that is. Pigs.)

One by one they were called into the office, and soon enough, Jillian's number was called. She went in heart in hand, hoping to God she wasn't about to find out she wasn't going to be able to afford school next semester.

In the office, there was the student loan officer, an older woman who might make a suitable extra as a dwarf in a Tolkien movie if she'd just let her beard grow in. Jillian thought she remembered meeting with her at the start of the year to fill out some paperwork. What was strange, however, was that sitting next to the woman was none other than DJ, her RA. "No, this one's a definite," he was saying as she entered.

"DJ? What's going on?"

"Hiya, Jill. This is Mrs. Hofstadter, and she's helping me out with a few things. Have a seat."

She did. "Am I in trouble or something? Is this another kind of... inspection?" She didn't want to go into detail in front of Mrs. Hofstadter, the several times DJ had fucked her to make sure she was on the pill.

"No, it's not – just..." He gestured for the woman to speak.

"The university is investigating claims of alleged misconduct, Jillian, and your name is one of the many brought to our attention as one of the involved parties."

"Misconduct? What, like cheating? I never cheated on anything in my life! OK, once in middle school I copied my friend Terri's pre-algebra homework because I'd been out all night at the *Twilight* premiere, but that's it, I swear!"

The woman regarded her dryly. "Not misconduct on your part. Misconduct of which you were a victim."

She thought back, trying to think of someone had somehow "victimized" her. "No, I don't think so..." she said tentatively.

Mrs. Hofstadter looked between DJ and her for a moment before proceeding. "Jillian, I need you to think carefully before you answer. Can you think of anything that has happened to you, or around you, during this past semester that may have negatively impacted your emotional or academic well-being?"

She thought back on this past few months. It had been pretty normal on the academic front – depending on how her finals went, she'd be getting two A's, two B's and a C+ in her entrepreneurship class. Pretty normal for her, really.

On the home front... well, there things had definitely been pretty crazy. She tried to remember it all.

There was that floor meeting where DJ had announced all the rules changes, where he'd picked her out for inspection, and fucked her right there in the lounge, in front of every girl on the floor.

Friday mornings, her spot in the shower rotation. Gently sponging off every inch of DJ's body. Sucking his dick. Lying down under the spray so he could fuck her tits. The time he'd brought in Cassie, the German exchange student, and fucked Jillian while Cassie sat on her face. <I>Ich werde deine schöne Gesicht reiten, Miststück!</I> Jillian had no idea what it meant, and when she'd asked her later, the Fraülein had blushed and hustled away giggling.

The night one of DJ's girlfriends, Ashley – the really bitchy one – had walked into her room without knocking, grabbed her by the waistband of her panties and pulled her into DJ's room. There was that girl Mercedes; Ashley told Jillian to make out with her and make it nice and theatrical. The two girls sucked each other's tits, then took turns eating one another out. They 69ed for a good half hour while he watched. Then Ashley rode him to orgasm.

That had been so fucking hot.

Damn, she loved her floor. Last year her RA's best contribution to making a cool community was occasionally being lenient with quiet hours.

"Not really." she responded.

The woman looked to DJ, who sighed. "I know you feel bad talking about things in front of me, but I actually want you to. You'd be doing me a favor, honestly. Nothing you tell Mrs. Hofstadter here about what's gone on between us could possibly upset me, or make anyone think you're mad at me. Just be honest. Please, just tell her what happened between us."

She arched an eyebrow. It was super embarrassing to bring this stuff up in front of a stranger, but... she didn't want to be a cunt and tell DJ no. "Well, OK I guess. We had sex. A lot of sex? He said it was to check me for birth control, but... honestly, I think he just wanted to fuck me. At first, I just felt bad saying no, but then I honestly started looking forward to it. My boyfriend and I had this really ugly break-up over the summer, and it was nice to just have someone to have fun with sometimes with no strings attached."

DJ blinked. "You... don't have to say you liked it if you didn't."

"No, I did! Honestly. Unless... do you want me to say I didn't? I can, if you want. But if you wanted me to be honest..."

He smiled, then turned to the administrator beside him. "All right, I guess we can put her on List B." The woman nodded, and Jillian watched as she tapped away at her computer, bringing up a spreadsheet and adding her name to the second of its two columns.

"What's this? What's List B?"

"I'm beginning a scholarship, the Emily Turner Memorial Scholarship. It's going to give tuition to young women who've been... mistreated. Your name is among those in consideration."

"One of hundreds," Mrs. Hofstadter added in her gravelly voice.

"But... I just told you I wasn't." She wanted to kick herself – this was a scholarship! – but compared to letting DJ think he'd hurt her, especially when he hadn't... There could be no consideration of that.

"That's List B. People who've been affected, but not necessarily negatively. Or more positively than not, I suppose. It just means you still get the scholarship – full ride, as long as you're here – but you don't need other compensation. For loss of property, legal fees to help suppress and recover photos and videos. Counseling. That kind of thing."

"And those people... that's List A? She peered at the screen, but Mrs. Hofstadter switched it to another window before she could ascertain anything beyond the lengths of the two columns. She was surprised by the balance of it, considering.

“Don’t worry about it. For now, just know you’re taken care of, and if you ever look back on things and realize you feel differently, let me or Mrs. Hofstadter know, and we’ll take care of it. All right?”

She nodded, a little too dumbstruck by all this to process it as yet. A full ride? A full fucking ride! Her sister had graduated with almost \$30,000 in debt, and now... “Thank you so much for this, DJ!”

“Please, please don’t thank me.” He sounded tired.

She didn’t quite know what to say to that. “Well, OK then. And, um... well, I know the semester ends tomorrow, but are you still going to be around?”

“Sure, Jillian – what’s up?”

“Well, it’s Friday. It’s my last turn of the year.”

“I’ll see you there, Jill.” He smiled, and she smiled right back.

Mrs. Hofstadter ignored the two of them and called the next number.

When Earl got home from work, the house was quiet – and, he quickly realized, a bunch of his stuff was missing. He thought he’d been burglarized, until he reason a burglar wouldn’t have stolen a picture frame full of old photos of him and Heather and Brittney. He yelled for his wife even though he knew she was gone. She’d pulled a stunt like this once before, and evidently hadn’t learned her lesson.

“Heather’s not here,” said a voice from behind him. He whirled around to face the speaker.

“Hey, I remember you. You’re Brittney’s friend from school. Picked her up at Thanksgiving.”

“That’s a good way to think of me, as a friend of Brittney,” the boy responded vaguely. “I’m here to tell you that Brittney and her mother are gone, and they’re not coming back. I found them a new home, in another town, and set them up with enough to make a fresh start. They don’t need you any more, and you don’t deserve them.”

“Who the hell do you think you are, you little shit? Come into my house and tell me my wife and my daughter are gone? You’re no part of this family.”

“Well, once you sign these, neither are you, Earl.” He held out a clipboard; on it was a small stack of documents in legalese. “They’re divorce papers. In this state, she could’ve taken half what you owned, but all she wants is a separation. If you look around, you’ll find all they took were things of sentimental value, and her own clothes and such.”

His eyes fell on one of their wedding pictures, its frame still sitting on the hutch in the dining room. Evidently it lacked sentimental value for her. “I’m not signing those. She’s my wife – you tell her this is over when <I>I</I> say it’s over, and I’m never saying that. Understand?”

The young man nodded patiently. “I figured you’d say something like that. Now, let’s clarify a couple things.” He shoved Earl hard in the chest, and taken aback by the sudden aggression, he stumbled back and fell onto the couch. If any other man had done that, Earl would be up and clobbering, but... well, he was a friend of Brittney’s after all.

“First, this is not my idea. I wanted to swing by, give you a nice scar and maybe a broken bone or two, let you know that if you ever touch them again, you’ll regret it. Put the fucking fear of God back into that shriveled black heart of yours.”

“In your dreams, you little pussy.”

The kid rolled his eyes, looked around the room and settled on a mechanical pencil sitting on the end table. He gave it a few clicks until the lead was nice and long, then leaned down towards Earl and slowly maneuvered the point right towards his eye. “You wouldn’t mind if I drove this into your eyeball, would you Earl? You got a spare, after all. Might look dashing with an eye patch.”

Earl froze. He decidedly was *<I>not</I>* OK with that, yet... somehow, he couldn’t bring himself to resist. Fighting back would be insane – this kid was just a force of nature, something that was happening and couldn’t be stopped. He froze in place, bracing himself for the impending pain. He closed his one eye – the one the pencil wouldn’t go into; closing the other would be rude – and clenched his jaw in anticipation.

Then he pulled the pencil back, snapped the lead off and tossed it away. “Yeah, I thought as much. Now while you consider how that could have gone, please remember it was Brittney and Heather who stopped me there. Not you. So let’s sign the papers – don’t worry, I’m a notary public now – and knock off the unpleasantness.”

With a shaking hand, Earl took the clipboard with the divorce papers and signed and dated each of the places he was told. “That’s good,” the kid said when he was done. “Now that we’re done with business, let’s look forward. Of course, you could challenge these documents in court, say they were coerced, try to have them nullified.”

“Damn straight I can. Those cunts can’t get away with this.”

“Yes yes, because you have money and you could hunt them down and force your way back into their lives. Now first, believe me when I say I spared no expense in security – surveillance, alarms, the works. Even got a trained guard dog, big German Shepherd named Mauler. They call her Molly though, so as not to scare guests.”

The kid paused to let that sink in, then went on. “Now that all being said, Earl... I want you to think for a moment, just sit back and think on all the things you’ve ever done to those two women. All the times you lost your temper and hit them. How you forced yourself on a twelve-year-old girl, over and over and over again, so she grew up in your shadow in constant terror of drawing your attention, yet still did took it when she could sacrifice herself to protect her mother from you. A mother who let you abuse the hell out of her because she thought it would give her daughter a better life.

“Those are some pretty remarkable women you hurt. Yet, in spite of all that, all the wrong you’ve done and all the justice they deserve, all they want is a fresh start. They didn’t try to take your house or your cars or half your business. Didn’t make a scandal and publicly embarrass you by letting the world know you’re a rapist, a child-abuser and a wife-beater. Didn’t even let me come in here and get out some male aggression by working you over. All they wanted was a clean start.”

Earl shuddered. Not in fear of the threat. In revulsion from hearing his deeds put to words.

The kid sat down beside him, like they were friends or something, and went on in a soft voice. “Believe it or not, I know a little bit of what you’re going through. I’ve hurt people, too, see, innocent people who’d never done anything to deserve it. I know what it’s like to let getting what I want overwhelm doing what’s right. Hell, maybe that’s why you drink so much, to help keep you from having to think about it. But me... I was lucky enough to be given an opportunity like this. So I want you to think of this as a clean start for you, too.”

“Clean start – you’re trying to tear apart my family!”

“A marriage you held together with fear and violence. They didn’t love you, Earl. They tolerated you, because they had no choice.”

“Sure they did,” he grumbled.

The kid ignored him and went on. “Now you can take this chance and start fresh, do some soul-searching, sober up and become the kind of man who can be proud of how he lives his life. Maybe someday start a new family, treat them right.”

The kid shrugged. “Or maybe you won’t, and you’ll keep being the man you’ve been, move on to terrorize someone new. I hope not. This is a great opportunity you’re getting, and I only offer it once. We’ve done wrong, both of us, and we can’t unbreak what’s been broken. Other people are going to do what they will – plot revenge, run and hide, forgive and forget. That’s up to them. You only get a say in how one person handles his mistakes, Earl.

“In the end, the only one you have to be able to tolerate is yourself.”

As tears began rolling down the older man’s cheeks, the kid patted Earl on the shoulder, took the clipboard, and walked away. Near the door, he paused and turned around.

“Oh, and me.”

Epilogue

Morgan Lazlo took a deep breath as she heard the car pull up in the driveway. Her step-son was home for his winter break from school. Three weeks with DJ in the house.

There had been a time when she’d found the boy tedious, an irksome reminder of her husband’s passing. The two had seemed so unlike one another. DJ had always been meek, timid, a disturbingly unabashed nerd. Socially hopeless and seemingly with no ambition to be otherwise. She could hardly remember him talking about girls, much less bringing any home. She’d always suspected that even if she hadn’t set any rules for him, he wouldn’t have gotten into trouble.

His father... Well, suffice to say the apple seemed to have fallen pretty far from that tree. Sean had been a tour de force, wild and unrestrained and persuasive beyond what she’d ever seen in another man. She remembered when they’d first met at a single’s bar, how he’d just walked up to her and grabbed two handfuls of her tits right there, then pulled her out to his car and fucked her right there in the parking lot. How she’d just felt so overwhelmed, unable to resist.

It had always been like that with Sean. If he wanted something, he took it. Objects, women – hell, their first house together hadn’t even been for sale and he’d talked the owner into selling it for peanuts. It was a thrill a minute with him – they’d been proper swingers. (Sometimes she almost wished she could have him all to herself, but she didn’t want to be one of those wives, always nagging her husband to stop screwing other women or bringing her places where she’d wind up fucking other men.)

DJ had always silently held it against her that his step-sister was born mere months after his father’s passing, but she’d never told him that it had been Sean’s idea for him to fuck Lauren’s dad. Whose name she didn’t even know. She’d just done it to make Sean happy. That was why he married her, after all – lots of women just hooked up with him, passed it off as a crazy one-time thing, but Morgan had gotten turned on – like, crazy, out-of-her-mind, insatiably

comefuckmerightthisfuckingsecond turned on – at every outrageous demand he made of her. He'd loved her for it.

Then he'd gotten sick, and then he was gone. She thought to reunite DJ with his birth mother, but had no idea who that even was. Besides, it had been Sean's last request, to look after his son. Even after he was gone she just couldn't say no to him. So she'd settled down, lived off his considerable assets, and raised his boring son.

Only suddenly, he wasn't boring any more. Something of his dad had evidently rubbed off on him after all. The confidence, that wild party – and, of course, the endless parade of hot women in his bed. That top-heavy blonde from school. Lauren's friends (who'd always struck her as prudes, but that wouldn't have stopped Sean either). Lauren. And, of course, Morgan herself.

Fuck it had been good. She'd probably frigged herself off a few dozen times just thinking about it. She hadn't realized how much she'd missed Sean, the way he could push people around, get his way, take charge of any situation. She'd missed a man who could just demand the world – and get it. Could just make her his bitch, any time he wanted, without even asking.

The girls were expecting him; they were waiting out back in the hot tub, each sporting the sluttiest bikini they could find. (Morgan knew because that had been DJ's request, and she'd been included in it.) The girls were only too happy to comply, enjoying their youthful dalliance. She'd talked to them all about birth control, but beyond that, there was only so much she could say on the subject. Even if she didn't enjoy it every bit as much as them, she wasn't such a bad step-mother as to deny DJ his fun.

It was all pretty harmless anyway. In the years ahead, this would be a fun little story to brag about at bachelorette parties, how they were once young and uninhibited and had a four-way with a dangerous older guy. Jody was going to Brown in the fall to study political science, as it apparently didn't impinge upon her feminist values to get tit-fucked while her whole family listened in. (Yes, she'd heard all about that one. Lauren's door was thin.)

Brianne and Lauren were both entertaining notions of following in DJ's footsteps at State. That was a load off for her; weirdly, even if he sometimes treated the girls like his personal fuck toys, she still trusted him to make sure they kept on their studies.

She heard a car door slam shut outside, and her cunt was wet before DJ even walked in the door. In the time it took him to set down his bags, untie the string holding her bottoms on, and bend her over the arm of the couch – all without speaking a single word – it was gushing.

What a good boy – a real chip off the old block.

“Lights out!”

Somewhere one of the guards pulled the lever, and throughout the cell block darkness asserted itself. Ashley Vandoren – Prisoner #50511 – settled in for her fourth night in prison. The fourth, and 9,127 nights to come. With no possibility of parole.

The judge had been lenient, her lawyer assured her. He could have given her a life sentence, or even the death penalty. She'd pled not guilty, of course. What she'd done had been necessary, logical, and victimless – ending that cunt's life was no different than swatting a mosquito. Whatever the consequence, they couldn't make her say that she'd killed a person. Emily Turner hadn't actually been a person, not in any real sense. She was a wet hole for men to

shove things in, a configuration of flesh to do Ashley's bidding. When it was her mistress's will that she die... she'd done so. Like a good girl.

Still, the police had found the suicide note saved to her computer, and the pills in Ashley's purse matched the chemicals in Emily's system from the autopsy. The asshole himself had even shown up to testify, told the whole courtroom all the things she'd said after she sucked his cock. The things she'd communicated during the blowjob, with her eyes. He'd spared no details, and pretty soon the whole courtroom looking at her like her chest was two amazing tits and no heart.

The jury hadn't deliberated long.

Prison was going to be hard on her, this was clear. However tough she'd been in the world of privileged college students, it meant jack shit here. Here, she was a pretty young white girl who'd already been felt up half a dozen times and propositioned twice as many. Some of them, she thought, were purely meant to be flirtatious. Ashley tried not to throw up at the thought of being a dyke – she'd done gay shit for the asshole's amusement, but only when she couldn't wriggle out of it.

Still, the winks and cat-calls and crude gestures and wandering hands weren't all mere flirting. Some were just flat-out intimidating her.

It was working.

Her life was over. She had no friends any more – not even on the outside now, thanks to that cunt Emily – and even her family wasn't speaking to her. Her ex-roommate, that cunt Janet, had come into court as a "character witness" and made up a bunch of bullshit Ashley had done just to make her sound bad. Well, she <I>had</I> done those things, but still. Janet had no fucking sense of humor about it, and wasn't the least bit grateful for her improved social standing after Ashley got a half dozen linemen to run a train on her.

She'd be forty-six years old when she got out. Older than her mom was now. In the meantime, she'd be fending off advances from a whole building full of violent offenders who saw her as nothing but a piece of fresh, tasty meat.

That night, Ashley lay there sobbing into her pillow, careful not to let the sound carry to the ears of her cellmates (two of whom had told her they'd beat her ass into the infirmary if she kept them up again like she had the first night). She couldn't handle this. Whatever purpose her life had, it couldn't be this, to wind up a discarded convict at the mercy of people who were in here with her precisely because they had none.

She was weak. Deep down inside in those places in her heart she seldom acknowledged, she knew it. She was no stronger than Emily had been, her life ruined by that asshole just as surely, just as effortlessly. She wished she were stronger – that she could stand up to these bitches here, that she didn't have to live in constant fear that one of them, or one of the guards, would get her alone. She wished she wasn't lonely and afraid of every single thing that was happening to her.

As she drifted off to a fitful sleep, Ashley just wished that she could endure it all.

She was awakened by the presence of one of her cellmates in bed beside her. It was still dark in the prison, so it took her a moment to recognize Jonesy, who'd introduced herself by saying she was in for six counts of aggravated assault and told her not to tempt her into seven. She was also one of the women who'd felt her up, cornering her in the showers and enjoying a lengthy squeeze on her tit while another hand toyed at her own pussy.

“Mornin’, College,” she whispered. Ashley learned quickly that her education was not to her credit in this place. “Ain’t nobody else up yet. You and me got a little time to get better acquainted finally.” The woman’s hand was already under Ashley’s tank top, and settled quickly and firmly on one plump tit.

Dimly, Ashley wondered why she wasn’t afraid. She’d spent days in this prison, and weeks leading up to her incarceration here, terrified of being prison raped. She’d read that once you became a victim, you stayed one. If Jonesy got the best of her now, she’d be the bitch of every dyke rapist in this prison. And in the short-term, she’d wake up her other cellmates, and she’d already become rather certain these weren’t the sort of women who would empathize with her plight. They were friends of Jonesy, and had obviously made their peace with her appetites. Besides, even if a guard came, they’d not come in time to witness anything, and then she’d be a narc, which was even worse.

Yet she wasn’t the least bit afraid of it. She could take it, if she had to.

“Ooooh, you got some damn nice titties, College,” the woman said as she lifted her top to expose them. Pale as Ashley was, they practically gleamed in the dark cell. With no other course before her, she did much as she’d done these past months with the asshole, and lie there tolerating having her boobs sucked by some freak. It should have disgusted it to her core... but instead she felt nothing but the sensation of someone clumsily suckling at her nipples.

Of course, soon sucking wasn’t enough, and the woman got to nibbling – which soon became biting, practically chewing at Ashley’s nipples. It didn’t hurt – it should have, her brain told her it was hard enough to be painful, but... nothing.

Still, she was reaching the end of her patience. “Knock it the fuck off, Jonesy,” she warned.

Evidently her cellmates were light sleepers, because those few words were all it took. “OK, that’s it, I done told you not to eat into my beauty sleep, college bitch. Now you got to get taught.” The two women slid out of their beds and approached, their eyes glaring menacingly in the dark cell.

Jonesy quickly hopped down and hid in her own bunk. “Shouldn’t go makin’ noise, College, now you made it worse...”

Ashley hopped up to her feet, tugging her top back into place, and stood facing them. “You wanna kick my ass? Bring it. I got nothing left to lose. But I’ll be damned if I’m gonna just let–”

Then the woman slugged her upside the head. Ashley went down in a heap, and the two women started kicking her over and over. Ribs, arms, back, even her head. “Bad idea, College, nobody likes bein’ talked at in here,” said Jonesy from her bunk.

It should have hurt. It should have bruised and broken ribs. Hell, maybe it did.

Yet Ashley didn’t feel a thing. She didn’t cry out in pain, which seemed to only motivate them to kick harder. Still nothing. Finally, as their legs tired out from kicking, they stopped. One of them spit on her as the pair turned back to their bunks.

“Don’t you ever spit on me again,” a steely voice behind them said. They turned, stunned to find the girl standing. For all the times they’d gotten her head, there wasn’t any blood on her face. Not even any bruising.

“What the...” One of the women reacted quickly, misdiagnosing Ashley’s state as just being too dazed from the beating to realize she was hurt, and should stay down. She grabbed Ashley’s head and slammed it into one of the bed posts. The metal was so thick it didn’t ring, it

just made a thunk that everyone who heard figured meant the new girl was dead already on day four.

Instead, Ashley stood right back up. “You’re going to regret that.”

When the lights came back on in the morning, the guards discovered two inmates with severe bruises, maybe even concussions, both of them covered in their own blood. One was unconscious, the other merely incoherent, gibbering in terror. They were hauled down to the infirmary on the minute while another demanded answers.

One of the new inmates, a young white girl, grinned proudly. “I did it. They got in my face, so I beat them back into place.”

“You. You’re half that woman’s size, girl, and there’s two of them,” said the dubious guard. “Wanna tell me what really happened?”

“Just ask Jonesy there,” she said.

The woman was curled up in the corner of her bunk, pressed against the wall as far from College as she could get. “C’mon, Jones,” the guard coaxed, “tell us what happened.”

She shook her head. “No. No, if I tell you, she’ll get me too. No.”

“All right then, have it your way, new girl. C’mon, you’re going to solitary until we can make sense of this.”

“Nah, I think I like it here,” Ashley said, sitting down in one of the newly vacant bunks.

“Don’t make us get rough with you – take your lumps like a big girl. We ain’t askin’ twice.”

“Don’t do it!” hissed Jonesy. “Whatever you dish out, College can take it. They hit her and hit her and... nothing. No pain you can give her she can’t handle.” The redhead grinned smugly, pure self-satisfaction on her face.

The guard looked at Ashley. They had a solution to trouble-makers who didn’t want to comply, and thought they were tough in a fight. “Yeah, well take this then.” In a swift motion he grabbed his pepper spray from his belt and gave her a blast right to the face.

The girl didn’t even flinch. Didn’t even close her eyes as it made contact with the eyeballs. Panicking, he kept spraying until her eyes should have been burned out of her skull. “What the fuck...!”

Ashley rose and calmly took the canister from the guard, who was too shocked to resist her. “Yeah, looks like you’re gonna need some stronger stuff.” She turned the can on him and got him mostly in the face. Even as he tried to cover his eyes, enough got through that he shrieked in pain as the spray blinded him. She stepped right over his wailing body and tossed the can aside casually.

“We’re not just gonna let you get away with that,” he called after her. “You’re gonna pay!”

“I’ve had to put up with a lot of shit,” she said evenly. “You know what? I think I’ve built up a bit of a tolerance.”

