

# **Monster Girl Mixer: Fall Semester**

*Written by Carol J.*

# Zeta House: Sweet Dreams

Normally Harry could trust what Mike had to say. More than just sensible, he had a way of separating the wheat from the chaff without so much as a second thought. So, you know, when Mike had come to Harry with the news of a party at Zeta house, when he had raved about it, sworn by it, Harry was understandably excited to head over.

This was without a doubt the worst part Harry had ever been to.

Fucking twenty people in a basement, half of them asleep, and the music playing was something like...what, Enya? It had to be Enya, but pitched down and slowed to a crawl. No booze -- Harry was pretty sure they were serving fucking chamomile tea -- and nothing to even, like. Do. No one was dancing, no one was talking. The most people were doing was cuddling on the couch.

Mike included.

Harry leaned down from his miserable perch on a stool and elbowed his roommate in the ribs. That coaxed a groan past pursed lips, so at least Mike was awake. "Hey," Harry hissed, cupping a hand to his mouth in case any of the other people would hear him. "What the fuck, man!"

"Mmf?" OK, so he was awake. That didn't mean that he was in a state to hold a conversation. Rubbing sleep from his eyes, Mike propped himself up with an elbow and squinted at Harry. "Whuzzat? Whuh's wrong?"

"This fucking sucks!" It was probably just the comparison to the undiluted relaxation surrounding him, but Harry felt like a vein was going to burst in his forehead if he didn't calm down. "What the fuck, you said Zeta had, like, the best parties on campus!"

"They do," Mike sleepily asserted. He shut his eyes and laid back down, nuzzling into the cleavage of his partner on the loveseat. The sheepgirl cooed happily in her sleep, one arm lazily raising up to drape over Mike's waist. "You just gotta..." He yawned. "It's not your typical party. Is like."

He waved a drowsy hand in the air before it eventually went slack. "'s like a get-together. Unwind."

"Fuck this and fuck you! I don't come to parties to unwind! Look at this!" Harry thrust his drink at Mike. "They have exactly two drinks here. Tea. And water! I saw a fucking garbage can, and I thought 'oh, so they have some booze,' and I look inside, and it's full of tea-bags! What kind of--"

"Something wrong?" A dreamy female voice cooed from over Harry's shoulder. He looked, and-

Alright, so there was a definite appeal to Zeta house. As mad as he was about the overall energy -- or lack thereof -- the women were unilaterally gorgeous. Sheepgirls were known for a lot of things, and curves were one of them. The one that had come to check in on Harry was no different, and her otherwise simple outfit -- a white sweater and black jeans -- strained against her luscious figure. Hips, tits, ass, she was a walking pin-up, and with a head of wavy, white hair framing her angelic face, she was enough to shut Harry up, if only for a few seconds.

"Hey, Georgia," Mike mumbled from the loveseat. Eyes shut, he was all but drooling against his cuddle-mate's crop top. "Harry's bo-o-o-ored."

"No!" Harry whipped back to face Mike, then back to Georgia. "I'm not- This is just different from most parties I've been to is all. I'm."

Lie, Harry. Lie to her face.

"I'm having. A good time?"

Georgia giggled into her hand, though it turned to a yawn about halfway through. "Mike, your friend's awful sweet, but I think you may be right. Pleasure to meet you." She extended her hand, and Harry took it. "Georgia Sutherland. I'm kind of the house mom here, but only because I'm the only one out of bed before eleven most days."

"Harry Maison. I'm, uh." He looked over his shoulder at Mike. "I'm thinking about pledging to a frat, but not quite sure at the moment."

Georgia's sleepy eyes lighted up at that, and she pulled her hand away to press it to her chest with a grin. "Oh, you're a freshman!" She smiled dreamily, canting her head to the side just so. "Well, I'd be so pleased if you took a glance at Sigma Nu, but that's kinda what I'm supposed to say."

He blinked at her.

"Oh, you probably don't know." Georgia waved a hand towards a bedsheet tacked up on one of the walls, proudly emblazoned with "Z Z Z" and a few Greek letters Harry didn't quite recognize. "Sigma Nu Rho is Zeta's brother house. They're such dears, and I don't know why they put up with us. Hold on, is--"

She narrowed her eyes at the various dozing bodies, clicking her tongue. "Most of the guys here," she explained, "are from Sigma Nu, but I think they're a little occupied at the moment. God." She shook her head with a laugh. "I'm kind of jealous. I'm stuck upstairs cleaning up."

"I can help!" Harry's cheeks burned as soon as he blurted it out. At least his voice hadn't cracked. "I, uh- You know, I'm not really. Doing anything."

Her smile turned beatific, and Harry nearly melted. Then she reached out to cup his cheek, and it was all Harry could do to stop himself from swooning against her.

"Such a gentleman." She hummed. "If you insist, I'm not about to turn you down. Here--" She turned on her heel -- oh, no, she had hooves -- and clip-clopped towards the stairs. "Just follow me. I'm straightening up the den right now, but I think after that, it's just a few more rooms."

Harry hadn't really heard her, given that she walked with a pronounced sway to her hips. Still, it'd be impolite to not nod along.

It'd be impolite to stare, too, but that only really came up when he saw Georgia watching him over her shoulder. Given the smirk on her lips, it didn't seem like she minded, but Harry still went beet-red.

"Like what you see, hun?" She teased, turning at the top of the staircase and placing a hand on her hip. Before Harry could answer, though, she continued. "Forgot to mention. The girls like it warm upstairs -- kinda toned it down in the basement for the party -- but it might get

a little hot up here. You just let me know if you want me to get you water or something. OK, doll?"

Harry nodded, his voice utterly lost. God, he hoped she didn't think he was easy or something, but he'd been practically eye-fucking her on the way up the stairs. He took a deep breath. Shut his eyes. And held it. He was just helping her clean. Sure, he was helping her clean because he was pretty much smitten, but he was still only helping. That was it. If she came onto him, he'd-

He'd think about possibly saying "no." But, really, why should he be so opposed to sleeping with her? Harry was a sexually-liberated man. Yeah, there was no shame in engaging in consensual lovemaking with a partner he found attractive! Especially if-

Especially if she'd stripped nude while he was parsing it in his head.

"G-Georgia!" He sputtered, looking away and shutting his eyes in gross defiance of his every instinct. "I'm right here, you know!"

"Hm?" There was a pause. "Oh. Right. Hun, don't worry, I'm not..." She giggled. "'Indecent.' You never seen a sheepgirl in the 'nude' before? Here." Another pause. "Don't worry, I promise I won't flash you."

Stiff in his pants, Harry cracked an eye open and slowly looked to Georgia.

She wasn't wearing anything, true, but she wasn't exactly naked. Her nipples and the cleft of her sex were concealed by white, fluffy wool, covering her breasts and her lower body in a natural facsimile of a bra and pants. Rings around her neck and her wrists completed her naturally-provided ensemble, but it did absolutely nothing to hide her curves. Any "lewd" parts were hidden from his admittedly prying eyes, but when she was practically nude in front of him...

Harry managed a nervous laugh at the revelation, and he turned to face her once more.

"Aha. Sorry, I, ah. I didn't know, I guess. Never, uh."

"Never counted sheep?" Georgia cracked a wry grin, though her cheeks were flushed, too. "Sorry. Shoulda said something, but..." Fanning herself with one hand, she sighed. "Gawd, it gets stuffy. Kinda have to wear clothes and all because it's indecent otherwise, but we already got a whole mess of wool on anyway. A girl gets hot with all them layers on, y'know?"

"Don't get me wrong, snuggling under the covers is nice an' all, but you can forget about trying to make me wear anything up here when we got the heat on. Ah-" Georgia looked back to Harry. "I'm sorry, hun. This doesn't make you unc-"

"No," he blurted out.

She blinked.

"Well. Good to know. Anyway, keep your hands to yourself." She turned to the sofa in the den and sauntered over. "Sheep got a ways about them, so it's best to steer clear if you don't know what you're dealing with, and I'd hate to see you get all sleepy. Here-" She waved a hand over to the other sofa. Seemed like that's the only type of furniture they had in here, really. "The girls don't really clean up after themselves, but it's all just pillows and blankets. Just gotta fold 'em up."

"Right." Harry needed a moment to focus. Maybe a few more on top of that, given that Georgia saw fit to bend at the waist to straighten the pillows on her couch. God, she had the kind of hips that could grind his lap into dust and have him begging for more. And a cute little tail on the small of her back, too!

"So, uh." He finally wrenched himself from the sight of her and turned his attention to the pillows and blankets littering the floor. "What do you mean 'sleepy?'"

"I'm gonna guess you don't need me to explain what it's like to be sleepy, Hare." Georgia murmured.

"No! I mean-" He looked over his shoulder at her, lost himself in the gentle rock of her hips, and refocused. "I don't really know what, like. Sheepgirls are like. What's sleepiness got to do with anything?"

Georgia straightened up for a moment, fluffing a pillow in her hands. "Ah, yeah. Hold on, lemme think about how to put it." She seemed to look upwards for a moment. Before yawning. "So-" She covered her mouth with her hand, pillow tucked under her armpit for a moment. "So, you know when you're under the covers, and it's cold out, and you gotta wake up? But you don't really want to?"

Harry nodded.

"It's like that. Uhm. Most girls got, like, some magic, and they can use it consciously. Sheep don't." She yawned again, not bothering to cover it this time. "It's."

Georgia went silent for a moment, looking back down. Her shoulders shook with laughter, and she spoke through the giggling. "For sheep, it's passive!"

Harry smiled, though he didn't quite get the joke -- if there even was one. "So. So you guys can put people to sleep?"

"That's the long and short of it, yeah. Gotta be our wool, though. Hoo, otherwise it'd be real inconvenient." Georgia shook her head with a quiet sigh.

"Well," Harry began, turning back to his admittedly neglected work. "At least you guys probably get good sleep. I, uh." He canted his head in her direction, though his focus stayed on the sofa. "I'm pre-med, so, uh. Finals last year were kind of rough on my sleep schedule, and I almost got burnt out studying for them. Woulda been handy to know about this kind of stuff."

"Ah!" Georgia seemed to perk up, though given how sedate she was before, it was more that she was buoyed up to normal enthusiasm. "We actually kind of run a little program when it's finals and such. Most of the girls here are always ready to just latch on and cuddle, so-" She giggled. "If someone needs help sleeping 'cuz they popped an adderall or something, they just come over, and we help them get a nap in."

First time he'd ever heard of something like that.

"It's that strong, huh?" Harry spared Georgia a look. Of course, he'd forgotten that she'd stripped "nude," so that got cut short pretty much instantly. "I mean, caffeine and stuff like that...that affects your body's chemistry. I've heard of succubi and such hypnotizing people, but is this, uh. This is different, huh?"

Georgia was right beside him now, folding blankets. "Wanna feel what it's like?" She

murmured with a lop-sided smile. "Most guys feel it just brushing their fingertips against a girl's wool, so a touch oughta be fine if you just wanna get a taste."

Harry had to admit. He was curious. He'd heard all the warnings before about predatory girls and how they'd use whatever tricks they had to reel in guys, but. What was she going to do, cuddle him to death or something? One hip pushed out, Georgia offered a flank of fuzzy, fluffy white to his eager fingertips, but Harry still hesitated. It was just one touch.

His gaze flicked up to hers. "Pull my hand away if I yawn, OK?"

Her eyes twinkled with unspoken laughter. "OK."

He reached forward. And his fingertips touched the tuft of her wool.

Hm.

It was soft, yeah. And a little warm. But besides that, there wasn't much special about it, Harry decided. He grabbed a handful of her wool and gave it an experimental squeeze. Same as before, it was pleasant to the touch, but there didn't seem to be any noticeable effects. He clicked his tongue and narrowed his eyes at her flank. "You said I'd feel it after a touch, right?"

"Right."

"Huh. Do you mind if I...?" He looked up to her again, raising another hand and bringing it to her other hip.

She shook her head with a wide smile. "Oh, not at all, hun. You just go as far as you need to. I understand it's different for everybody, so..."

So it was OK that he reached up and took her by the hips. Rubbing her wool with two hands now, it was apparent that there was something special about it, but...it certainly didn't make him feel any sleepier. It more kind of impressed him. He'd never felt something so soft and fluffy and warm before. It had a special quality to it, one that he couldn't quite put into words.

Like. There was obviously no specific temperature that he would say made him feel comfortable. Sometimes he liked it warm, sometimes he liked it cool. But the temperature of her body was undeniably "just right." Nice and warm, but it wasn't so hot that he wanted to pull away. Quite the contrary. Harry was grabbing handfuls of it now, marveling at the sheer lightness of it.

"You like?" She whispered to him, and with a slow inhale, Georgia pushed her chest out for his lidding eyes.

"Mhm." Harry was more keen to nod than speak, but he could manage. "It's nice. Like, I don't feel any sleepier. More. Relaxed, I guess."

"Yeah, that's a good way of putting it," Georgia agreed with a purr. "It doesn't make you sleepy. It relaxes you. And being relaxed just happens to let you be sleepy."

"Mhm." Harry nodded again. "It lets you be sleepy. That's interesting to think about."

"It is, isn't it?" Georgia murmured. "I know there are some sheepgirls that sell their wool to make blankets with it. They're all nice and snuggly, but there's really no comparison to a real, live sheepgirl." With a grin, she raised her hands to settle on his shoulders. "We got all sorta perks, see?"

"Mm." Words were getting more and more difficult to muster. All he really had to do was listen to her explain things, after all. His eyes shut, and he leaned against her, a smile curling at his lips. She reached up to stroke at the back of his head, and Harry purred.

"Aw, lookit you." Her voice was a whisper. "You're such a doll." Georgia giggled, and it was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard. "Pretty eager, though. But I guess it's a compliment, huh?"

Whuh? Harry didn't really know what she meant, but-

Mm.

With a sort of half-mumbled apology, he realized that his hands on her hips had turned to two greedy handfuls of her rear. She started to sway, and he started to sway with her.

"Easy, baby. I'm not mad or anything." She hummed in his ear, her hands going to the hem of his shirt. "I wanted to show you what it's like to feel a girl like me. So it's good that you wanna feel every inch of me. That's what I want. Is that what you want, too?"

He nodded, and the motion took his face right into the crook of her neck, right into the "muffler" of wool around it. Tension bled from his body, and the inches that separated them were squished into nothing as he wriggled up against her, chest to chest, lap to lap, belly to belly. She was like a pillow, she was like a big, soft, stuffed animal. Or.

He smiled wider. Maybe it was the other way around? Maybe he was her stuffed animal. A big pillow to hug and snuggle and cuddle with. Maybe she was a kinda girly-girl that had a buncha stuffed animals on her bed. Harry shivered, and though he didn't realize it, he was stiff in his pants.

"I wanna show you how good it can feel," Georgia whispered. Right in his ear. He could feel her breath against the shell of it, hot, intimate, reassuring. "So I'm going to take off your shirt. Is that OK, baby?"

He nodded against her neck. He wasn't going to budge from there anytime soon.

"Take a step back for me, baby."

Well, unless she asked him to.

He was sort of in the liminal state between waking and sleeping, where he was too drowsy to think about what she was saying. Where he obeyed her on instinct. He didn't think twice when she unbuttoned his shirt, nor when she pulled it off of him. He didn't even wonder what was going on when her hands moved deftly to the front of his pants. Off went his belt, and the zipper was similarly undone seconds later.

"Step out of your pants, baby."

He raised his right foot, then his left, and soon he was in the nude. The chilly, uncomfortable nude. The room's temperature nearly stung his eyelids open, so unpleasantly different from Georgia's dreamy embrace, and Harry's placid neutrality turned to the inklings of a frown as the air -- the objectively warm air -- seemed to nip at him. But it didn't matter how warm it was, because it wasn't as snug as she was.

Her arms went around him, her wool pressed against his skin, and Harry swooned into her embrace. The contrast only showed just how wonderful her touch was, and it was with a happy little hum of pleasure that Harry nuzzled into the wool around her neck.

Of course, he'd felt her wool before, but he hadn't felt her body pressed up against his just yet. Not like this, not his bare skin against hers and her fluff. Her breasts pillowed against his chest. Her lap pressed up against his aching prick. His arms went around her, tangling in his own embrace, and Georgia gently, gently guided the two of them down onto one of the couches.

She pulled a blanket over them, gave Harry a peck on the forehead, and let him take himself deeper.

It was how it always seemed to go, really. One touch was never enough, especially if it was their first time. A cursory brush of their fingertips against fluffy snow-white turned to a handful, a grope, and then drowsy obedience. Poor little boys too sleepy to do much more than let themselves be herded like lambs.

Adorable.

Georgia, wide awake despite her apparent lethargy, couldn't help but giggle at the notion that Harry'd been practically hissing at his friend when she'd set eyes upon him. Now he was dozing peacefully in her arms, grip loosened to a sleepy loop around her waist.

And, she noted with a pleased murmur, he was hard.

Very hard.

Harry was too out of it to manage anything more than a lazy grind of his hips forward, but Georgia was more than happy to help him along. One hand reached down to take his penis by the shaft, and it was with an unconscious moan from Harry that Georgia guided him into her sex. Warm, wet, and just tight enough to feel good without being so intense as to shock him awake. And he wasn't going anywhere until she'd had her fun with him.

"Harry," she purred in his ear.

He murmured into her wool.

"You're having a dream, Harry." Georgia whispered, rocking her hips forward. "A sexy, sleepy dream." His cock gave a twitch at that, and she giggled. "You're dreaming about a cute, curvy sheep pinning you down and fucking you silly. She's bouncing on your lap, riding you nice and hard and fast, just how you fantasize about."

Harry's lips parted just so, and his breathing quickened. It was still sedate, but now there was a certain heat on his breath, a kind of needy panting.

"She's so sexy. She's sexy because she's on top and because she's so curvy. You're too sleepy to stop her from fucking you, and you know that if you cum inside of her, she's going to hyp-no-tize you, and you're going to fall asleep. Doesn't that sound sexy?"

Harry nodded. At least, his head sort of twitched in the crook of her neck.

"It's so sexy that she knows exactly how to make you cum." Georgia ground her hips forward harder. Not quite faster. Harry had been hilted in her from practically the moment that she'd taken him into her, so it wasn't as if he was given much of a rest from the sweet, suckling heat between her legs. "It's sexy that she knows how to hyp-no-tize you. You want her to hyp-no-tize you. You want to cum for her."

By now, she'd guided Harry onto his back. Eyes shut, mouth open a little, he was the picture of mesmerized malleability. And Georgia knew exactly what she was going to mold him into.



"You're so aroused, baby," she husked, rolling her hips forward, pressed up tight against her whimpering lover. "You're so turned on, because this sexy, curvy sheep knows exactly how to treat your cock. You love it, and you can feel yourself getting closer and closer to cumming inside of her."

Hell, even Georgia was getting worked up. It'd been- It'd been ages since she had a boy as cute as Harry wrapped around her little finger, and even if this would only last until he woke up, even if he was- She bit her lower lip, thrummed with pleasure, and pushed her hips down insistently. The only sound in the room was the muffled squelch of their laps pressed together and the syncopated gasping of their breath.

He was close. She could feel it. Feel him twitching, throbbing, aching in her cunt.

"And when you cum inside her," she hissed, "you're going to be so sleepy, your brain is going to be so drowsy and satisfied, you're going to listen to everything she has to say." Georgia ground down with insistent, ravenous need. "And you want to do everything she says, so you want to cum. You wanna cum so bad, so you have-"

She gasped. He whimpered. His arms constricted tighter around her. "You hafta cum, baby. You gotta cum right. Right now!" Her voice was a needy squeak, and even under the blankets, even as comfortable and lazy and drowsy as the whole dreamy ordeal had become, Georgia and Harry were-

Her eyes rolled back. His jaw had long since gone slack.

"Cum! Cum for me, baby!" She keened, and Harry managed one single twitch upwards before-

Before he pumped a load of seed into her. She'd worry about if he were on birth control later. Right now she was going to ride this high, the ultimate soporific for both him and her. Her insistent need turned to lazy, almost drugged satisfaction, and her breathing slowed to luxurious adagio.

They stayed like that for a moment. Him plugging her sex up, keeping her womb pleasantly bloated with his seed. Her gently milking his cock for the last few drops of his cum with the clench-slack-clench of her cunt.

And then, finally, she spoke again.

"And she leans down to whisper in her ear. And you're so sleepy, so happy and drowsy, that you can't begin to disobey her. It feels so warm in her arms, and you love doing whatever she tells you to do." She gave him a slow, sensuous kiss, right on his parted lips, and giggled.

"Here's what you're going to do, Harry..."

— — —

"I thought you wanted to look around the other frats?"

Mike had been a little surprised to hear that Harry'd made up his mind so fast. Not like it came out of nowhere, but...he'd decided quickly.

Harry shrugged. "I dunno. Sigma Nu seems like a nice frat. Good values. Service-oriented and all that. The house is clean, the guys are cool, the sister sorority's nice." He stretched out on the couch and let his eyes fall shut with a smile. "I asked Georgia about it the other day, she

was happy to fill me in on the kind of activities they organize together. Seems like Sigma Nu does most of the work, but I'm not doing much anyway, you know?"

Mike managed to hold his tongue, but he couldn't keep the shit-eating grin off his face. He leaned over, nudged Harry's side, and simpered. "Ah? You gotta girlfriend now or something?"

Harry nudged him right back. "More like a blackmailer. She was so understanding about it, but apparently I straight up fell asleep helping her clean up the house during that party. I was mortified."

"Ha!" That sent Mike leaning back in his seat, laughing. "Yes! Oh, my God, that's brilliant." His amusement mellowed. Before he shut his eyes and thought for a moment. "Mm. Hey, just outta curiosity?"

"Yeah?"

"...Anything happen to help you make up your mind as fast as you did?"

Harry went silent. He didn't quite know why, but his breathing slowed, and his pants turned just the slightest bit tighter. "Nah, not really."

He shifted on the sofa and made a note to talk to Georgia later.

"I guess it came to me in a dream."

# Phi Alpha Epsilon House: Honey Wine and Honeyed Words

After a point, one got sick of the mindless debauchery. A bunch of freshmen running around getting drunk out of their skulls because they finally had the chance to slip out from under their parents' watchful eyes and drink. Hours spent stumbling around wasted, only to end up kneeling at the porcelain altar before they collapsed into bed and woke up the next day, miserable and tormented.

That's why Arthur appreciated the idea Phi Alpha Epsilon parties, though he'd never really been before. Apparently they were more classy affairs -- as classy as Fall socials could be, at least -- where the emphasis was on socializing, not mindless overindulgence. Phi was definitely the classiest sorority on-campus, and while that wasn't saying much, it was still a refreshing break from the other houses.

And on top of everything else, it gave him an excuse to dress up.

Not in a costume, mind you, but when else would he really have the chance to wear a proper suit? Not at a Beta party or a Gamma party, that was for sure. But at Phi, it was expected, and the girls were similarly dressed. Definitely a perk, if you asked him.

So there he was, kind of shyly sipping his drink -- just because he wasn't there to get wasted didn't mean he wasn't going to drink -- and standing off by the wall. His friends had decided to duck out and visit another sorority, so he was all on his lonesome. Not necessarily a problem, but it looked like most of the people here had settled into little conversational clusters of their own. He didn't exactly know how to break into them, so-

"Hello!"

Oh, and it looked like he didn't have to. A stunning young woman approached him from the side, smiling brightly at Arthur. To his credit, he managed to merely choke on his drink, not spill it. Small wonder, considering how immediately smitten he was. Long, gold-blond hair pulled back into a French braid, smooth, pale skin, and cornflower-blue eyes. Slender and elegant, dressed in a white, floor-length ball gown, she held his attention like a magnet, and-

Well, he should've expected this sort of thing, right? It was the Fae house.

Campus rules meant they had to sort of rein in their glammers outside of their sororities, and the sight of this bewitching soror only proved the rationale behind the rule. He'd seen some fae outside before -- pretty sure he had a class or two with one, even -- but this, this was the difference between a candle and a spotlight.

It then occurred to him that he'd been silent for a full minute.

"Hi! Hi, sorry, hi!" Arthur, red-faced and smiling, extended a hand for her to shake. "I, ah. You caught me in the middle of a little- You know, a little thing I was thinking of. Sorry, kind of drifted off there for a second."

"Please, there's not a thing to worry about," she said with a wink, bringing his hand to her lips and pressing a kiss to the back of it. Arthur couldn't help but giggle at that, looking

away. Oh, he'd be going to more Phi parties. If this is how he was treated? No doubt in his mind. "We all have our moments."

She blinked. And straightened up! "Oh, where are my manners!" With a deep curtsy, she smiled again. "Morgan De Winter. Delighted to make your acquaintance. And what," she continued, standing straight up again, "ought I call you, my dear?"

Arthur had been relegated to delighted laughter in the meantime, glancing away as she asked him his name. Oh, he would assuredly be going to more Phi parties. Finally, he collected himself. With a slight bow, he replied. "Arthur Stanford. Pleasure's all mine. Wow, you guys really know how to make a guy feel special!" He traced the rim of his glass with one idle finger, smiling at Morgan.

"We try. Sometimes we even succeed!" She glanced over her shoulder at the assembled partygoers and smiled. "It's always nice to kind of bring out the fine China, one supposes." She turned back to focus those brilliant blue eyes on Arthur. "I take it this is your first time at a Phi Alpha Epsilon house soiree?"

"Ooh, a soiree!" He chuckled. "I think this is my first time at a soiree period. But, ah." He cast an eye down at himself, then back to her. "I hope it's not too obvious?"

"Oh! No, no," she laughed, shaking her head and placing a hand on his shoulder. "You're fine, dear. It's just that usually people tend to gravitate towards the people they've met at other ones. Fae are a sort of solitary people, which is why this house ought not really work period. Did you know," she continued, leaning in conspiratorially, "that this is the first sorority in the country to house both Seelie and Unseelie Fae?"

He blinked at her.

"I know," she whispered, eyes wide. "Can you imagine?"

"No, I-" He blinked at her again. "Is that. Is that special?" He straightened up, suddenly looking around with a more scrutinizing eye. "Is that weird?"

"Oh! Ah." Morgan sort of rolled her eyes, thinking. "Well. It's atypical. But enough about that! I'm playing hostess, not tour guide. Oh, but I should ask-" She pointed to his drink. "You did get that from the table, yes? The, ah." And then to the long, wooden table pushed up against the far wall. "The communal one?"

"Yeah. It's just a glass of the punch, so..." Arthur took a compulsive sip of it. "Everything's alright, right? I think I heard that Fae are kind of particular about some of their, uh. Traditions and stuff, so I hope it's OK that I just kind of." He moved to take another, but stopped himself. Out of something like nervousness. "That I just kind of took it."

"Yes! Yes, oh don't worry." Morgan patted his shoulder once more, laughing. "Yes, we're a bit quirky when it comes to food and drink, but you're fine, darling. I ask because that's the communal food and drink, so that's actually what we prefer our guests to have when they first come in. I just wanted to make sure because I know some of our girls can be..."

She paused for a moment, eyes tracing a half-circle above her head.

"...territorial." Her gaze focused on Arthur after a moment. "It's more of an Unseelie thing, honestly -- don't tell anyone I said that -- but I've heard stories of girls offering a drink -- just a beer or something, something small -- and then trying to pressure the poor boy into an oath. Honestly, the nerve of some of these girls!"

And suddenly the party felt a great deal less fun. Arthur tried to look for the exit discreetly, just so he knew where it was, and replied. "Ah, well, I think you're the first person to really talk to me here, so I guess we're safe in that regard..."

"Excellent! Oh, sweetness, I hope I didn't worry you." Her hand moved to his hand, and as Arthur's cheeks heated in response, she laced her fingers with his. "It's just a few bad apples in the barrel." She stared into his eyes, and it occurred to Arthur that he had nothing to worry about. Not with a girl as sweet as Morgan there to keep an eye on him. She bared her pearl-white teeth in a smile and continued. "Most of us are quite nice. If a little unusual."

"I don't think you're unusual," Arthur blurted out, blush deepening as he realized what he'd just said. When she started to giggle, his face practically glowed with heat.

Morgan stood beside Arthur, still holding his hand and leaning just so against him. "That's a very sweet thing to say, but I don't think being unusual is a bad thing. Especially not when it's kind of." She clicked her tongue and shut her eyes, leaning her head against his shoulder. "How best to put it. Nostalgic, I suppose?"

"Nostalgic?"

"Mm." She didn't budge, and the perfume she wore -- honey and clovers, as far as he could tell -- surrounded the pair of them like a fog. "It's a bit silly and old-fashioned, but a lot of Fae are very traditional when it comes to gender roles. The whole thing about the women being more direct in their approach and taking the lead. The men playing coy and such."

She cracked an eye open, glancing up at him. "Some boys don't like it very much, of course. It's insulting to them. Honestly, I can't really blame them for thinking so. I've met some girls here, and they- Oh!" Morgan pulled away suddenly, reaching out to cup his now-empty glass. "You've finished your drink!"

Then it was Arthur's turn to look down. "Oh." He raised his glass, inspected it, and...she was right. "I have. I have?" He didn't really. Remember doing that. But his glass was empty, and it wasn't like he'd spilled it on himself or something. "Uh. Hold on, I'll get a refill-"

"No, no, no." Morgan cut him off with a shake of her head. "Here, I saw what went into that punch, and it's nothing special. I have, up in my room, a bottle of mead back from my fairy-mound, and I've been looking for an opportunity to crack it open." She stepped away from his side, guided him gently forward by the hand, and smiled.

"Would you like to come up to my room? We could open it up. Have a few drinks. Maybe, ah..." She stepped up closer, and her scent only grew stronger in his flaring nostrils. Wildflowers joined the bouquet. "See where it takes us."

Arthur gulped. Not with any sort of conscious anxiety, but there was a pleasant sort of pressure to her request.

He liked to think of himself as at least aware of gender equality and the issues that came part and parcel with it. He didn't like being cat-called or spoken down to. And Morgan was being anything but subtle in her advances.

So why did he get a little tingle in his belly when she made such guileless offers? Why was he nodding along with her, smiling back, giggling? He knew exactly what was going to happen if he went upstairs with her, and he wasn't, like. He wasn't a slut or anything. He hadn't come to this party just to let a girl fuck him, but.

Maybe it was the atmosphere. All these boys dressed up all fancy and nice getting hit on by all these girls dressed up all formally. Refilling their drinks whenever the boys were running low, complimenting them, holding doors open and-

Arthur nodded again, more emphatically. "Yeah. Yeah, I think I'd-" He giggled and looked aside. "Yeah, I think I'd like that. Uhm. Lead the way, I guess."

It was kind of nice, letting her take charge like this. Hand in hand, the pair ducked out of the dining room, the den, went up the stairs to the bedrooms, and-

"Now, I'm going to make a guess, Arthur." Morgan called over her shoulder as they finally stepped in front of what he assumed was her room. She fished for a key in her purse, smiling to herself. "You're from Albion, I'd wager?"

He smiled back. "How'd you guess?"

She shrugged one shoulder, turning the key in the lock and opening the door. "Fae have an eye for that sort of thing. An affinity for kindred spirits. Here-" She stepped aside and presented the doorway with something of a flourish. "Gentlemen first."

Arthur stepped inside, giving Morgan a slight bow in the process. Her room was just as he imagined: impeccably neat with an element of subdued refinement. So tidy as to appear unused, her desk and bed looked more like what one would find in a guest room than anything else. Hell, the only real sign that anyone actually lived there was the open wardrobe, a few outfits hanging on the door. "I'm guess your family's from there, too?"

"Not just my family. It's kind of..." She closed the door behind her and moved to her desk. "It's a bit difficult to explain if you're not more intimately acquainted with the Fae, but Albion's sort of a special spot for us. It's where most of our tales come from." She found what she was looking for -- a small, wooden box -- and popped it open, looking at Arthur over her shoulder. "Titania's from Albion, if that means anything to you."

It didn't. "Oh! Oh, cool! Yeah, I'd always wondered where. Titania was from."

She quirked a brow at him, and her smile turned more to a smirk than anything else. She stared at him for a moment, silent, and finally spoke. "I can only imagine how many sleepless nights were spent agonizing over that. In any case." She turned to face him, the box's contents in hand.

"This, my dear, is a bottle of Thraie Mound mead. Now." She had in her hand two glasses -- must've grabbed them when he wasn't looking. "Normally this is reserved for special occasions -- which is not to suggest that our meeting is not special." She placed a hand on his shoulder, sitting beside him on the bed. There weren't any seats otherwise, so Arthur had opted for the only spot he could find. Drink was hitting him a little bit harder than he'd realized, and he needed to sit down.

"But typically honey-wine of a vintage as renowned as this is appreciated more with the eye than it is with the tongue." She settled a hand on his thigh, and it occurred to Arthur that maybe things were moving a bit fast, but.

But she was being so charming. And apparently she was going to pop open a bottle of some very expensive booze for them to drink. He gulped, and the butterflies in his stomach fluttered once more. He was a strong, independent man, and he wasn't about to let himself be pressured into anything he wasn't comfortable with.

But...

"That being said, it's a bit of a waste if you never end up actually drinking the damned thing, isn't it?" She laughed with a wink. With a twist of her hand, Morgan pulled the cork from the bottle and poured a glass. "Here. Tell me what you think. Don't be shy! It's traditional for the guest to have the first sip."

He wasn't feeling shy in the first place, but somehow the merest implication that he would be was enough to coax temerity from Arthur. Still, it would be rude to refuse. He took the glass -- as Morgan poured her own -- and tilted it to his lips. It finally touched his tongue, and-

His eyes widened just so, lips curling up in a faint smile, and he brought the glass down. "Oh! Ooh, this is pretty good!" Smooth, sweet, very mild with just a touch of heat at the end of his first sip. Arthur could get used to this, he decided at the end of his second, and he laughed. "Oh, no, I could totally drink this like a, uh."

He snapped his fingers.

"Like a drink." He leaned in, adding quickly. "But you know what I mean. Like, a non-alcoholic drink! How strong is this?" He took his third sip before Morgan had taken so much as her first.

"Mm, hard to say." She leaned against him, an arm sliding around his waist, its hand settling on his flank. "This was bottled, I believe, before things like that came under proper regulation. But does it really matter? You can taste it for yourself; it can't be that strong, can it?"

Morgan's hand on his hip squeezed just so, and she cooed. "Ooh, do you play sport? I wasn't quite able to tell under that suit of yours -- that rather dashing suit of yours, if you'll pardon the amendment -- but you seem to be quite, ah." She grinned impishly, staring into his eyes. "Built."

"Ah-" She caught him mid-drink, so he had to finish before answering, but -- oh, and she refilled his drink, what a dear -- he lowered his glass and nodded. "Yeah, I'm actually in on a lacrosse scholarship, so I get plenty of exercise. I actually have practice tomorrow morning, so I was worried I'd have to, like..."

He took another drink.

"...watch what I was drinking, but this seems-"

"Don't worry too hard about that, dear." She cut him off with a giggle. "If push comes to shove, I'll just have a word with the coach. Other sororities may not have much political good-will with the faculty, but Phi Alpha Epsilon's managed to earn a certain reputation. So just enjoy yourself."

She stared up at him, and it occurred to Arthur that he'd always loved blue eyes.

And her eyes were very, very blue.

She was silent in tandem with him, though her smile widened. She started to lean in close, though he didn't notice until she was a few inches from his face. He felt like he should say something, but.

But why would he? It wasn't like she was, like. Hitting on him or something. Right? They were just kind of. Flirting. Right.

Up until Morgan pressed her lips to Arthur. Her eyes shut, his went wide, and he kind of squeaked against her mouth.

That seemed to delight Morgan so much that she pulled away, hand going over her mouth primly. "I'm sorry!" She finally laughed. "I'm sorry, but that was precious!"

"No, no, uh! It's fine! I just-" He sputtered, setting his glass down, red-faced, flustered. "I'm not- I'm not really, like, I'm not, uh- I'm not. Looking for a relationship right now!"

"Why not?"

"Because, uhm. I don't, like-" It was getting a bit harder to piece together the thoughts he knew he had in his head. He was half-hard in his pants, and the mead must've been stronger than he realized, because all he really wanted to do was stare into her eyes.

She had such beautiful eyes.

"I-I dun' wanna be a slut," he finally mumbled.

Morgan's eyes went wide, her cheeks dusted pink, and her breath fogged hot against his skin. Either he'd said the exact right thing, or the exact wrong thing. She leaned in, brought her free hand to his shoulder, and whispered. "Oh, darling." Her hand moved to his cheek, cupping it and running her thumb over his skin. "There's nothing wrong with what we're doing here, is there?"

"I-"

"Is there?" She repeated. And her voice was so beautiful and clear that he just kind of. Arthur just kind of nodded. "Of course not," she hummed. She was being real gentle and slow, and he appreciated that.

"Sorry," he murmured. She clicked her tongue and shook her head, but he shook his back. "No, I'm real sorry, because, uh. I'm." He shut his eyes, and as soon as he did, she pressed another kiss to his lips. This time, he didn't flinch away as violently. "I'm kinda. I guess I'm kinda buzzed. I don't drink often."

"It's perfectly fine, darling." Her voice was like smoke, pluming in- No, that made it sound sinister. Her voice was like. Was like a ray of sunlight through a window. Pure warmth against him. Suffused into his thoughts. "Here, just take another sip of mead while you're thinking. There we are, darling."

It did taste good, after all. And maybe it wouldn't help him focus, but it helped him loosen his tongue. He shifted on the mattress, adjusting to lean against her. Her hand on his hip stayed there. The other relocated to his thigh, rubbing circles against it. "It's, like. I know that most guys go to parties and stuff like this."

"They're just looking to get, like. Laid. And they just wanna feel sexy and have girls hit on them. But, like, I'm- Muh-More than that, you know? Uhm." He trailed off, drink nearly empty once more. "I-I'm not, like. I don' wanna just be, like, some girl's boyfriend and just. Be that. And. But, like. I get."

He fell silent, not just in a pause.

"You get what, darling?"

He hesitated.



"I get, like. Huh. Horny. Sometimes. Like-" Arthur was suddenly galvanized into explanation. "Like, duh, everyone does, and it's not weird or different or, like, I don't get some kind of special super horny, like, I'm not a nympho, but I, just-" If he'd been leaning against her before, now Arthur was slumped against Morgan. "I dunno what t'do when I get, like. Super. Horny."

Staying upright was an exercise in futility. Thank God that Morgan seemed to understand -- she was so understanding, he could tell already -- because as soon as he whimpered, straining against gravity, she guided his head to her lap and stroked his hair.

"Well." She finally began, having remained otherwise silent. "I can tell you right now that I don't think you're being promiscuous. Here. Let's unpack this. You and I."

Arthur nodded.

"Can you open your eyes for me, darling?"

He opened his eyes, if only just so. It was a little easier to open them wider when he saw Morgan staring down at him. She'd been beautiful before. Now she was angelic. Flawless, gorgeous, and. Overwhelmingly kind. Her eyes bored into his, and if he tried to -- which he didn't -- he'd find himself unable to look away.

"Good. Very good." She hummed. "Now." One hand stroked his hair, the other cupped his cheek. "What would you do tonight that you're afraid makes you look...Well, for lack of a better word. 'Slutty?'"

Even the thought of it brought a whine from his lips. Arthur almost looked away, but he found he couldn't

quite manage it

So instead he just furrowed his brow and frowned up at Morgan. "I-I guess, uh. Guys who go to bed with girls they just met. They're, uh. They're. Easy, right?"

"Why?"

"Because they don't- They- They'll fuck anyone, and they just go to bed with the first girl who, like. Compliments them."

"Would you go to bed with 'anyone?'"

He shook his head.

"Then you're not 'easy.'"

Arthur was quiet for a moment. But it kind of. Made sense? One of her hands moved to his belly, rubbing it gently, and trepidation turned to lazy appreciation. Nervousness began to evaporate, and he smiled.

"That makes sense."

"Of course it makes sense," she continued, her voice a sweet, sibilant whisper. "But moreover, we need to talk about something else you said. What's wrong with sleeping with someone you just met?"

The smile on his lips faded, but not because Arthur felt uncomfortable. More because he kinda had to. Think about it for a second.

"Uhm. Because. It's. Special? And you shouldn't-"

"Why is it special?"

"Buh-Because-" He had to think about this one for a bit longer. "Because it's- Buh-Because-"

"I've had that bottle of mead for years now," she suddenly said. Arthur's nascent explanation faded into silence as he listened, and his lips parted just so in passive audience. "But I decided that I liked you enough to open it and enjoy it with you. It's a special bottle of mead. But that doesn't mean I felt guilty or ashamed for wanting to enjoy it with you."

That made sense. Arthur-

"And didn't it taste good?"

He giggled up at her, eyelids drooping. "It did taste good."

"It tasted very good," she said with a smile. "But you wouldn't have gotten to have any if I had decided that it would have been something to feel guilty about if I were to share it with you. You see?"

But all Arthur could see was her eyes. All he could feel was her hand soothing him with each slow circuit of her hand on his stomach. Suddenly not even that.

Oh-

No, she'd just moved her hand from his belly to his groin. Rubbing against the stiffening bulge in his pants.

"If I had decided that I should feel guilty about doing that. We wouldn't be doing this. Doesn't that sound silly?"

Arthur giggled. Morgan giggled back.

"See? You see how silly it sounds now, don't you? The idea that you have to deny yourself because you've not yet satisfied some arbitrary threshold. It's a very silly, antiquated idea. Now."

Her voice carried an element of authority to it. One that confused Arthur with how much he liked it.

"You're a little drunk, it looks like."

He felt drunk, yeah.

"So I'm going to lay you down to rest. And I'm going to tell you what you're going to do tonight, tomorrow, and overmorrow."

"mkay," he mumbled, eyes sinking dreamily shut.

"You have to promise to listen to me, darling. You have to promise to obey me."

It was kind of thrilling how her voice was so sweet and so. So commanding. Like she knew what was best for him. Knew what he wanted and what he needed. And was willing to control him to make sure he did it. But she couldn't really control him, could she? No, Morgan was just-

"You have to promise, darling. You have to repeat after me."

Morgan was just trying- She was only-

"I, Arthur Stanford."

I, Arthur Stanford.

"Solemnly swear before the Courts Seelie and Unseelie."

Solemnly swear before the Courts Seelie and Unseelie.

"To honor Morgan De Winter in her Requests, Commands, and Compulsions, no matter what They may be."

To honor Morgan De Winter in her Requests, Commands, and Compulsions, no matter what They may be.

"For I trust in Her to deliver me unto safety."

For I trust in Her to deliver me unto safety.

"And know that She promises me pleasure in exchange for my eager service."

Her hand had grown steadily insistent in its grinding against his groin, and his cock was so stiff. In his pants. Arthur groaned, pushing up into her hand. She slipped beneath the waist of his pants with a flick of her wrist, undoing his belt, the buttons, the zipper. She was stroking his cock directly now, and all he could see was her eyes. All he could hear was her voice. All he could feel was her hand.

"You have to repeat after me, darling."

He had to repeat after her.

A-And know that She promises me pleasure in exchange for my. Eager. Service.

She thrummed with delight at that, her whole body seeming to glow with warmth.

"And I swear before the Moon, the Stars, and the Sky to be her loyal knight, her prince of princes, her everything and all."

And I swear before the Moon, the Stars, and the Sky to be her loyal knight, her

his cock was so hard, he was so close. his eyes sank shut, and when he wasn't speaking, his mouth hung open.

her prince of princes, her everything and all.

"Having shared the bounty of the land and having joined in ecstasy," Morgan continued, pumping at his cock, milking his shaft of everything he had, everything he so eagerly gave.

"I call upon the powers Fae and Eternal to join Arthur Stanford to me, Morgan De Winter. I seal our oath with a kiss. And the pearl-white seed of Man."

She leaned in, breathing heavy. He was breathing heavy, too, but as far as he could tell, there wasn't much of a reason that she should be blushing so hard. But he wasn't complaining.

"Now, my prince charming," she hissed, a wide, toothy smile on her face. "Surrender. Surrender to pleasure, and know that it is but the ambrosial aperitif to your life as a Fae's lover."

He opened his mouth to answer, but before he could speak, she silenced him with a ferocious kiss. Her tongue thrust into his mouth, his eyes rolled back, and he groaned against her lips. There was no art to it, just aching, hungry need, and as she kissed him, as he kissed back

he pushed his hips up and grunted, staining the front of his pants damp and wet with his orgasm.

His eyes finally sank shut in the afterglow, and it was with a smile on his lips that he drifted off to sleep to her mellifluous chorus of praise.

— — —

For the most part, nothing really changed. Arthur played lacrosse. He went to class. He studied, ate, drank, slept, et cetera.

But every so often -- never so frequently as to interrupt his day-to-day life -- Morgan would find her way to him. And they'd go on a nice, normal date.

He'd never really remember it afterward. But he knew he loved her. And he knew she loved him in turn.

# Beta Omega Omega House: Scared Stiff

The tradition of the Beta Omega Omega Harvest Night party can be traced back around three decades to a semi-private movie screening held on a whim by one of its founding sorors.

Nicole Bacchus, a Junior at the time, felt the sorority's core identity as a drama-based house had not yet been properly established. Beta house had found its focus on acting overshadowed by Alpha Kappa Alpha house, a dramatic sorority more focused on stage theater. Nicole eventually decided to try and push an emphasis on cinema. To that end, she got a few sheets, hung them from the house's balcony, and rented a "Super" 8mm film projector, along with a few B-movie horror films to play on it.

Though Nicole expected only Beta house members to attend, the screening managed to attract a few viewers from several other sororities and fraternities.

In the years to follow, the scope of the party increased steadily until Beta house submitted a request to the school's Greek Council to have the then-unused basement of their house converted into a small movie theater to facilitate the academic study of film.

For whatever reason, this transparent attempt at accommodating yet-wilder Harvest Night parties was approved, and the Beta house Harvest Night film festival has become a cultural mainstay of Lorem Ipsum University.

— — —

"Fuck this," Jean muttered, straining to pin a cardboard bat on the wall. "This fucking- We should just get the pledges to do this." She huffed, turned to Charlotte, and waved her arms. "Why aren't we getting the pledges to do this?!"

Charlotte just shrugged, hovering in place and using a single fingertip to scroll down a list of prospective films. "That'd be against tradition. Stop bitching. Hey." She looked up, clicking her tongue. "Did they show 'Killer Catmen from the Moon' last year?"

"I don't fucking know." Jean growled, finally resorting to hopping up and down in an attempt to slap the damn thing to the wall. "You think I actually watch the movies? Do you-" Her scowl turned to a pointed smirk as she turned once more to her spectral companion. "Do you actually watch the movies?"

Charlotte blinked. "Do you *not*?"

"*Ha!*" Jean leaned forward, eyes incredulously wide. "Oh, my Goddess! You fucking *virgin!* No, I'm too busy gettin' that *dick* to watch some black-and-white jackass in a gorilla suit bumble around. What the *fuck!*"

"Shut up!" Charlotte was nearly transparent now, even if she was laughing along with Jean. "Not everyone can just zap some guy and have his tongue down their throat whenever they want!"

"I can't just *zap* them."

Francine's fingers curled into claws, and she stuck out her tongue. "Bluh! You are now my slave! I want to suck your cock!"

"That's *racist!*" Jean faux-snapped, rolling her eyes and placing the bat at eye-level. "And so is making me put up all these bullshit bat thingies."

"You know what's bullshit?" Charlotte finally floated down to affect sitting on the couch. She was still hovering around an inch or so above it, though. "What's bullshit is putting them halfway up the wall."

"Fuck you. If anyone knows where they'd be, it's *me*. I'm pulling vampire fiat."

"That's such a cop-out! Amira didn't just throw toilet paper around and call it a day when *she* was setting stuff up." Charlotte glanced up from her phone for a moment to glare at Jean...before she turned her attention downwards once more, scrolling through the list.

"That's because Amira doesn't have any idea what a party is like in this country," Jean replied, flopping back onto the couch. She looked around the den. "Spider webs" hung in gossamer veils over the doorways. Crosses hung from the ceiling, looking pretty genuinely freaky for the sheer number of them. Fake boards covered the windows.

And a single cardboard bat menaced above the snacks table.

Jean gave herself a mental pat on the back.

She turned her head to Charlotte. "What're parties even *like* where she's from?"

"What, the East Coast?"

"No, like. Khemet."

"Oh." Charlotte tapped her phone. It pinged. "Dunno, but they probably suck."

— — —

It wasn't like Amira had never been to a party in Libertas before. She'd done her tenure in high school, and, sure, her *first* party had been culture shock bad enough to leave her shivering in her bedroom when she got home, but by now, she'd grown accustomed to it. The blaring music, the shouting over said blaring music, the garbage cans filled with booze-OK, that last one still kind of threw her off, but all that meant was that she didn't drink from *that* particular font.

She shifted from one foot to the other in her Pharaoh costume, making sure not to spill anything on it. Still had to use it in her act, after all, but it looked *way* too good to not wear on Harvest Night. The two-piece white silk ensemble looked incredible, especially against her mocha-brown skin. A gold coins hung from her belt, jangling with every shift of her hips, and the top criss-crossed over her breasts, making them look, in Jean's words, "fucking fantastic." Add some kohl around her eyes and a circlet of dubiously foreign appearance, and she looked straight out of some ancient Khemet pharaoh's tomb.

And if her outfit were to have a positive impact on her projected chat with the cute guy in the lifeguard costume, so be it. She sipped her drink and narrowed her eyes at him. Was it really a costume if he was just kind of wearing swim trunks? He had a lifesaver, though. And a whistle.

Amira downed her drunk, set her now-empty cup down on the table beside her, and made her way over. It proved remarkably easy to quiet the internal debate of outfit v. costume,

especially as she considered how best to get his attention. Preparing to just about bellow in his ear, Amira-

Oh, well, he'd glanced over and was currently gawking at her hardcore. That settled that. Amira raised a hand in anticipatory greeting, and smiled toothily.

"Hey!" She had to shout to hold a conversation, but that was fine. "I was wondering-" Amira settled in beside him, leaning against the wall and lowering her volume to a more intimate roar. "Obviously you're a lifeguard, but are we looking more at a Jaws sort of beach or Creature From the Black Lagoon?"

He'd leaned in to hear her better, but when she finished, he pulled away and laughed. Wasn't loud enough for her to hear over the music and the other conversation, but there was no hiding the way his shoulders shook. He leaned in once more, and this time it was her turn to listen.

"None of the above."

"Really!"

"Yeah, I'm mixing it up." He pinched his forefinger and thumb together, bringing them up for emphasis. "'Beach Blanket Bloodbath.' See?" He held up his lifesaver, and just as the name implied, it was splattered with red.

Amira quirked an eyebrow, and her lips followed suit in a grin. "Oh, what, is that an actual movie?"

"No." He lowered the lifesaver. "But it sure sounds like one, doesn't it?" He extended his hand. "Luis."

"Amira."

"Nice to meet you. Hey, I *love* your costume, Amira! Like, holy *shit!*" He took a step back to look her up and down, and Amira...

Well, Amira may or may not have cocked her hip and raised a hand in the air to complete the pose. "Oh, *this* old thing?" She asked airily, flipping her hair over her shoulder. "If you're gonna do something, do it right. And, like-" She leaned in a bit closer, tucking an errant strand of hair behind her ear. "I'm not an apophis -- obviously -- but, like, I actually grew up in Khemet-"

"Really!"

"Yeah, it was super cool! Well, hot. You know. Anyway! I grew up around all this kind of stuff. It wasn't, like-" She rolled her eyes, waved her hand in the air as she thought. "*This* ostentatious normally, you know, but it was totally the sort of fancy stuff people would wear."

"If you'd like," she began casually, "you could come up to my room and I could show you some of the pieces that didn't make the cut. What you're seeing is the final iteration, but I actually went through a few different concepts."

"Oh?" Luis smiled toothily, and for a moment, Amira wanted to pounce on him then and there. God, he was cute. Fucking bare-chested, Mediterranean tan, fit. She was gonna leave him seeing stars and whimpering and-

Oh, he was talking. She blinked and pretended she'd been listening.

"...hour or two, so yeah, I think I can spare some time. Lemme just text my friend to let him know not to wait up."

A few taps to his phone, and soon Luis was following behind Amira, smiling the whole way through the crowd, up the stairs, and down the hall.

"So you're actually a member of Beta, huh?" He hadn't taken his eyes off of her for more than a second, she noted with a grin, and it was with a sway of her hips that Amira stepped into her room proper.

"Yeah," she called over her shoulder. "I'm more interested in stage acting, but I don't really fit the whole Alpha image. They really only let in doppelgangers, and." She gestured to herself. "Ghoul. Didn't work out. But it's fine! They're more interested in serious theater, and I'm more a fan of stuff like burlesque."

She tried not to smile wider when she saw Luis gulp. He stood just a step past the doorframe, just kind of looking around. Funny how that little gem took his attention elsewhere, but Amira knew he'd be circling back to her any second now.

"Ah," he finally managed. Bronzed skin betrayed just a hint of blush on his cheeks, and when he worked up the nerve to look back to her, Amira gave him an oh-so-innocent smile.

"Burlesque? Like the, uh."

"Dancing, yeah. Technically burlesque more refers to kind of...satirical works?" She sat back on her bed and patted the spot next to her. Luis hesitated...but not for more than a second or two. "It's kind of 'low,' but it's super fun. It can be high-energy, but most of the time it's got this kind of *subdued* feel to it, you know?"

"Can't say that I do, actually."

"Well-" She rose to her feet, smoothing the skirt of her costume. "Lemme give you an example. I actually made this all fancy because I'm gonna use it in my act." She pressed her palms together, moving them to the left...and moving her hips to the right to complement the sudden movement. "Me and a friend are part of a revue that's coming up in November. Still looking for a guy to help out, but we still gotta rehearse our dances."

He gulped again. "Dances?"

"Oh!" She laughed to herself, rolling her eyes. She pulled her hands apart, held her arms out at her sides...and began to slither in place, one arm up, one arm down, her every motion given sensuous emphasis. "Yeah, we're going to be dancing. 'The Snake and the Charmer.'"

"The basic story is that there's a dashing rogue come to rob a mummy's tomb," she continued, swaying her shoulders, her hips, fluttering her fingers as her hands suddenly came forward. Amira couldn't help but giggle to herself when she saw Luis almost rise from his seat at her implicit invitation. "It's guarded by her loyal servant, an asp-naga."

She leaned forward, eyes half-lidded...before she opened them *wide*, right in front of his face. Her captive audience shuddered, but didn't move much beyond that. He didn't even lift a finger to hide the bulge in his trunks, and Amira saw fit to reward his candor with a flutter of her fingertips ghosting over the front of his swimsuit. "She *zaps* him with her mesmerizing gaze," she purred. "And brings him before her queen."

Amira took a step back, her dance pausing for a moment. Hip pushed out to the side, breasts pushed forward, every delicious curve she had put on sensuous display. She winked at Luis.



"Me."

"Then he's helpless to resist my dance. Because, y'know." She smiled toothily, the glittering white of her smile mirrored by his lazy, lop-sided grin. "A pharaoh-mummy's gotta have a few tricks up her sleeve."

"Then," she murmured, turning away from him and peeking over her shoulder. "I perform the Rite of Isis. You know what that is, right, Luis?"

He shook his head. Couldn't even manage words. He looked better like this, she decided: slack-jawed, gawking, sporting a nice, stiff erection in his trunks. Hell, Amira herself had to suppress a shiver at the sight of him. He'd started to lean forward, subconsciously or otherwise, and was inches away from flopping forward.

"Well." She gave her hips a coin-rattling shake to the left. To the right. And then wiggled them right back into his lap, grinding down against him. "I'm not surprised you haven't heard of it. It's not really a thing. But in the show, it's going to be the way I steal his heart and make him my slave *forever*."

"It's gonna be behind this veil so the audience can't see that it's all just a bunch of dry-humping, but basically." Amira turned around in Luis' lap, shifting to straddle him...and push him gently back. "He's going to get the sexiest, *steamiest* lapdance he's ever gotten in his life, and assuming he doesn't *cum* in his *pants* by the end of it."

She brought a single fingertip to her lips, relishing in the glazed passivity in his eyes.

"I'll give him a little *kiss*." She leaned down. Took his wrists in her hands and held them gently to the bed. He wasn't going to budge, but she had an inkling that even as mesmerized as he was, Luis would appreciate his helplessness.

"And he'll be my loyal." She leaned closer. "Loving." Closer still. "*Slave*."

Their lips met, and his hips bucked upwards instinctively. He shivered, whimpered, and fell deliciously, nervelessly limp. Amira grinned wider still as he sank back onto her bed and made a mental note that she'd have to clean the stain he'd just made on the costume. Somehow, though, she didn't quite mind.

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"Fucking *magnificent*. Look!" Eliza nudged Harold's shoulder, taking his attention from her cheek and towards the screen...if only for a second. "Goddess, fucking *look* at those *squibs* pop off! It's like fucking *firecrackers*!" She leaned forward, eyes wide and hands clasped tight together as she watched the poor sap on the movie screen convulse on the ground, peppered with "gunfire."

"Babe."

"Not now! Oh, this is fucking *amazing*!"

"Babe!"

Eliza shook her head, eyes shut, before she turned to her date. The unspoken demand of "Well! What is it!" smoldered in her glare.

Only to fade to cinders when Harold pressed a kiss to her lips. Impish, he pulled back and smiled at her as monochrome monsters fell like paper dolls on the screen.

"Have I ever told you how *cute* you are when you get all dorky like this?" He slid the arm-rest between them up and snuggled against her. "OK. Get me up to speed. Who's doing what. What's going on in the movie."

"You haven't been paying attention?!" Actress or not, there was no way Eliza was faking the horror in her voice. Aghast, she stared with wide-eyed terror at her boyfriend...before shaking her head to clear it and pointing at the figures on-screen. "OK. OK! Here, you see that big guy with the gun?"

"I see that big guy with the gun."

"That's Vincent Van Helsing." She waggled her finger at him. "Total no-goodnik. Hates monsters. Commissioned by-

"Oh, hold on." Harold looked down at his outfit. The skimpy costume didn't do much more than show off his midriff and the attractive tone of his body, but it at least had the implication of...monster hunting? That was a stake on his belt, and if it wasn't, it sure looked like one. "Is that me? Is that who I'm dressed as?"

"No," Eliza answered. "You're just a regular Van Helsing. Vincent Van Helsing is named after Van Helsing."

"That's confusing."

"It really isn't. Anyway, he was commissioned by the mayor of Metropolis City to 'clean it up.' Basically, it means that he's gunning down every monster that isn't on this one gang's take."

"Ooh." Harold wrapped his arms around one of Eliza's and leaned against her, finally watching the movie. "Sounds like a badass."

"Yeah, it's kind of taken on a new life as an example of strong male figures in films recently. I don't really know how deserved that is, considering he ends up head-over-heels for this one scylla-type that he meets on one of his hits, but. Eh. I'm not in gender studies."

"So when do *you* show up?"

She blinked. Turned to Harold. "Huh?"

"I'm in the movie." He looked up at Eliza, eyes innocently wide. "When do *you* show up?"

She looked down at her costume. Deep green corset to contrast with her own light-green skin. A poofy red dress, modeled impressively after rose petals. Standing, she looked like some kind of fairy tale princess with a penchant for botany. Sitting, she looked like a girl wearing a ballroom gown that could not possibly fit in any seat conceivable by man.

She looked back up to Harold.

"I'm not *in* this movie, babe." She paused. "I'm Audrey Two. From-" She looked to the screen, then back to Harold. "You know this isn't Little Shop of Horrors, right?"

"Oh." Harold laid his head against her shoulder. "I thought this was Little Shop of Horrors."

"It's not." Eliza turned her attention once more to the movie, wherein Vincent Van Helsing had just finished shaking down a now-terrified imp.

"It'd be better if it was, though."

God, he was doing wonders to make sure she didn't watch a goddamn second of this film. Eliza quirked an eyebrow, glanced at Harold once more, and smiled. "Yeah? Why's that?"

"Because then you'd be in it." He looked at her, rolled his eyes, and fanned himself. "And then I'd have a leading lady to *fantasize* about while I was watching it."

Eliza bit her lower lip, giggled to herself, and tried once more to watch the movie. She didn't get too far before she felt Harold's lips against her cheek. "Harry!" She laughed -- out loud, this time -- and swatted him on the arm. "We are in a *movie theater!*"

"And?" He smirked at her, shifting in his seat to face her directly. "You may not *know* this, but..."

He looked to the left. Then to the right. Crooking a finger, he beckoned Eliza closer.

She leaned in-

-only to shrink back, laughing giddily when he thrust his hands in the air and shouted.

"We are the *on-ly* ones in the *entire theater!*" He bellowed, waving his arms and going so far as to rise from his seat. She shushed him -- or attempted to between sputtering laughter -- and squeaked when he planted his rear in her lap. "So that *means...*"

"What's it mean, babe?"

"...that it is time to indulge in one of the sacred traditions of watching a movie in a movie theater." He straddled her hips, hands on her shoulders, and smirked at the sudden flush on her cheeks. He pressed his forehead to hers and bared his teeth in a near-predatory smile.

"Making out in the back."

"Oho." Eliza settled her hands on his hips, biting her lower lip and mirroring his smile.

"Ohoho, so *that's* where your mind is. You know-" She pressed a kiss to his pursed lips...and tried not to smirk when he sighed. "-I could very easily get a boyfriend who was more supportive in my study of cinematic works. I'm trying to be an *actress*, you know."

"I know!" Harold said just a bit too eagerly, leaning in to kiss her neck. "I know. And I'm being super supportive right now! Like-" Another kiss, this time to her cheek. "You can watch a movie like this any old time. But! Hear me out."

He motioned to the otherwise empty theater. "A romantic moment, shared intimately by two lovers." He kissed the corner of her mouth, careful to avoid those dark-green lips, plump and glossy. "It's very romantic. The kind of thing guys like me go weak in the knees for. And if you're going to be an *actress*, the kind of scene you're going to have to do one day. So really..."

He kissed her right on the mouth this time, eyes rolling back as his hands went once more to her shoulders. "I'm helping-" His voice had that telltale breathlessness to it now.

Her hands slid to his rear.

"I'm helping you *practice*."

She rolled her eyes in consideration, giving him one, two, three pecks on the lips as she feigned thought. "Mm." Her hum was more luxuriant than anything else, but if he was going to play coy, so was she. "You know, you've got a point."

He squeaked with something halfway between dizzy pleasure and piqued interest.

"Yeah, I could see it. A suave, charming leading lady -- such as myself -- finally alone with the boy she's been after for a few weeks." She reached up to cup his cheek, and Harold swooned into it happily. His eyes shut, and it took everything she had not to pock his skin with kissmarks and take him then and there. "He's a little bit shy. Maybe a bit bolder than your average male lead. Teasing me. But in the end."

She pressed her hand to the back of his head and pulled him in for a deep, intimate kiss. Her tongue forced its way into his mouth just a little bit faster than he could open it to allow her to, and it wasn't long after that his jaw just went slack. His tongue managed to curl and tangle with hers for a little bit longer, but soon it was uselessly still in his mouth. His humming turned to whimpering in seconds, and Harold *squirmed* in Eliza's lap.

She was the one that managed to pull away, finally, and it took no small amount of effort on her part to do so.

"In the end," she panted, rasping with hunger. "He wants me to take control."

"Oh-" He gasped. He gulped. He buried his face in the crook of her neck. "Fuck, baby, tuh-take control."

She could feel him getting harder, and it gave her such a thrill that she could barely, *barely* stop herself from commanding him to go to his knees, and-

Her nostrils flared. Her eyes widened. Oh, this was *naughty*. Eliza looked over her shoulder. No one had come in yet. She smiled, turned back to Harold, and kissed him deeper still. She only stopped once he'd begun to grind against her, needy, servile, horny out of his *mind*.

But she needed him further gone than that. So that's why she pressed a single fingertip to his chest, pushed him ge-e-ently back. Pursed her lips.

And blew a puff of shimmering pollen into his face.

His eyelids fluttered, and his nostrils flared as he subconsciously inhaled a lungful of it. His eyes rolled back, and Harold, her *darling* Harold slumped forward. She guided his face to her cleavage, stroked the back of his head, and whispered to him.

"Harold. Baby." She purred. He mumbled against her breasts. "Your brain feels all sleepy, doesn't it?" He nodded. "That's OK." Eliza licked her lips. "That's *perfect*, actually."

She grabbed a handful of his hair, pulled his head out from her cleavage, and kissed him again. That sent Harold shivering, but it guided him away from the mind-numbing fugue of her scent. She needed him pliable, not insensate. Their lips parted, and she continued.

"I need you," she purred, "to give me a kiss. Ah-ah-ah!" She had to hold him back, the poor boy swooning forward to oblige. "Not that kind. A *special* kind." She gave him a peck on the forehead. "The special kind that you *love* to give me. Because it feels so good, and you *love* helping me feel good." Another kiss to his cheek, this time as she smoothed his hair. "Don't you, baby?"

He nodded.

"Good boy. Now-"

Doors opened behind her. Eliza's eyes went wide, and she looked over her shoulder to see -- oh, *fuck* -- three girls and two boys walk in-

She turned to Harold, and even if she was now pressed for time, she could still- She could still do this. She gulped, smiled, and tried to ignore the giddy heat on her cheeks.

"Get on your knees," she rasped, heart pounding in her chest. He obliged, sluggishly, and soon he was kneeling before her. He stared up at her with dazed eyes and parted lips. She reached down, cupped his cheek...

...before pulling away, grabbing the hem of her dress and pulling it up and over his head. Harold squeaked quietly, his body hidden under the skirt. Eliza's pulse quickened further as she leaned down. He'd already begun to nuzzle at her thighs. Lust-drunk or not, it wasn't like this was his first time.

But still. She wanted to *tell* him to start.

Nearly panting, Eliza found him in the voluminous fabric of her bustle, and hissed.

"*Lick.*"

— — —

The quintet finally found their seats after a bit of debate on where to sit. They were none the wiser to the shivering alraune three rows ahead of them, though they did wonder exactly where that high-pitched squeaking was coming from.

# Beta Omega Omega House: Scared Stiffer

"That one," Jean finally declared, levelling a finger at a tow-headed young man dressed as a 50s jock. His cheeks dimpled as he laughed at an unheard joke, and Jean licked her lips.

"Oh, my *Goddess*, that one. He's fucking *adorable*."

"Bloody adorable," Charlotte corrected.

"Fuck you," she replied, not giving Charlotte the satisfaction of a glare. Jean's gaze didn't budge from him once. She traced the rim of her glass idly -- almost nervously -- and licked her lips. "How do I look?" OK, maybe it budged from him *once*, but that was only so she could fuss over her costume. She looked back over her shoulder at Charlotte.

Who returned the glance with an unimpressed stare. The ghost's arms were crossed, and she cocked her head before answering. "Your tits are practically hanging out, and--"

"It's part of the *costume*. Listen--" Jean smoothed the fabric of her dress out. "In vampire myth, Carmilla is commonly depicted in a dress of sheer, white silk--"

"That leaves her tits hanging out?"

"-*that left men speechless and enchanted, so yes, that left her tits hanging out.*"

Charlotte rolled her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose. "OK, correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought you did this every Harvest Night? I seem to recall you *bragging* about it earlier. Kind of rubbing it in my *face*, even."

Jean tugged her neckline down just a bit lower before looking back to her quarry. "Listen, just because I've knocked it out of the park a billion times before doesn't mean--" Her eyes went wide, venomously so. "Oh, you *whore!*"

"What?" Charlotte hovered a bit higher, head poking above the crowd. "I don't- Oh, *ha!*"

Before, it'd just been Mr. Long, Blond, and Handsome chatting with his friends by the snack table, but the trio became a quartet with the addition of a green-skinned goddess. Eyes went wide and jaws dropped shamelessly at her sudden presence, and from the smirk on her lips, it seemed that attention was appreciated.

"Eve strikes again!" Charlotte laughed, sinking down to pat Jean on the shoulder. "Don't despair; there's plenty of fish in the sea."

"Shut up! It's not *funny!* Oh, that thrice-damned *cunt!* I swear to Goddess," Jean snapped, whipping about to glare at Charlotte. "It's like she has a fucking *superpower* to tell *exactly* which guys I want to fuck."

"She probably *does*," Charlotte replied with a crooked smirk. "One of the perks of being a Frankenstein. Oh, sorry. A 'flesh-based composite golem.'" It was impossible to hide the amusement in her voice, but Charlotte wasn't really trying, either. "Better get over there before he's eating out of the palm of her oh-so-perfect hand."

"*Fuck you*, Jean hissed, stomping her way through the crowd and just barely managing a smile by the time she reached the now-spellbound boys and the mythic bitch that was all but *basking* in their gawking.

"Oh, hel-lo, Jean!" Eve turned to greet the newcomer with her *stupid* melodious voice and her *stupid* dazzling smile. "How's your Harvest Night going?" She pursed her lips, watching Jean expectantly.

She opened her mouth to answer, and-

"I was just telling these three *handsome* young men," Eve continued, interrupting Jean right as she was *about* to speak, "about how Beta House's annual Harvest Night party came about! I know you're more focused on the *social* aspect of it, but this *darling* gentleman-" She reached out, trailed a fingertip under the blond's chin, and smiled. "What's your name again, dear?"

It took him nearly half a minute to answer, but finally he managed. "Derek," he croaked.

"Derek asked, and." She rolled her eyes and laughed. "Well, I figured the Head of House ought to be the one to *inform* him."

Jean clicked her tongue. Normally she wouldn't resort to this, but she didn't see any other way out. Arms crossed under her bust, she rolled her eyes, heaved with a sigh, and held her breath for a moment. OK, no more avoiding it. Time to kiss ass.

"I mean, *obviously*," Jean agreed, shrugging and rolling her eyes once more, this time with a smile on her face. "One of us has been in three movies already, and it sure isn't *me*. Oh-" She touched a hand to her own chin, blinking. "You told them about that, right?"

"Whuh?" One of the otherwise spellbound boys finally stirred, blinking groggily and looking to Jean. "Abow whuh?"

"She's so modest!" Jean laughed, stepping up beside Eve and clapping a hand on her shoulder. "*Evelyn* here was in a few movies when she was younger. Ever hear of a movie called- Now, what was it?" She tapped her chin, eyes narrowed at the ceiling. "'Frankie's Big Break?'"

It took a moment, but one of them seemed to half-answer in the affirmative. The hockey mask made it a bit difficult to see through to his eyes, but he wasn't Derek, and that's what *really* mattered. Jean reached out, cupped his cheek, and stared deep into his eyes.

"Of course you have." She could see the pieces fall into place, dull adoration replaced by transfixed malleability. His body went rigid, and his eyes widened, if only to match hers. "You *loved* it. Watched it all the *time* when you were younger. And now the *star* is *right in front of you*."

Eve rolled her eyes and half-snorted with laughter. "Oh, this is too much. Jean, you *do* remember what happened the *last* time you tried to give someone memories they didn't have, don't you? As I seem to recall-"

"Evelyn-" He pulled his mask up and turned to Eve. "*Evelyn Shelley*?" His eyes glittered with newfound enthusiasm. He clasped his hands together and nearly squealed with delight. "Omigod! I didn't recognize you at *all*! You were- Frankie's Big Break was my *childhood*! I have it *memorized*, I bet! 'I dunno what's going on here...'"

Evelynn blinked at him. She glanced to the side, fought a smile, and failed. Suddenly, she pushed out one hip and waggled her finger at no one. "'But you guys better cut it out!'"

He giggled madly, half-clapping, half-stamping his feet in glee. "You did the line, you did the *line*!"

"Well, you know," Eve cooed. "*Anything* for a *fan*. Jean." She snapped her fingers before waving a hand dismissively away. "Why don't you give Dirk a tour or something while I entertain- I'm sorry, to *whom* am I speaking?"

"Julius," came the starstruck reply. "Can I have your autograph?"

"You can have a great deal more than *th-*"

And Jean got out of earshot *just* in time to keep from retching. Never before had she been so displeased that a plan had worked out, but if it meant Eve didn't get her claws in Jean's implicit claim, that's what really mattered.

The only problem, Jean realized with a sigh and a slump of her shoulders, was that now she had to snap him out of it.

— — —

"OK." John pointed at the first of two girls. "You're. Um."

"Yeah?" She smiled wider, wobbling on the couch. Guessing her costume was proving to be pretty tricky, considering she was just a green slime. But there were a few key traits that meant that John had at least an inkling of who she could be going as.

"Let me just say this out loud. So I can, like, get my thoughts in order." He narrowed his eyes, waggled his finger at her, and clicked his tongue.

"Oh, you better watch out, Kelly," murmured the elf beside the slime, her smile halfway to smug. "He looks like he's going all deductive on you."

"Y'think so, Catherine?" Kelly turned to her companion, her own grin following suit. "All laying out the bulletpoints and following them to their logical conclusions?"

"Straight making reason-based assumptions and corroborating said conjecture with the evidence presented," Catherine continued, sliding an arm around Kelly's shoulder. Her fingers sank into the green of it just barely.

Kelly snuggled up to Catherine's side, watching John with a smile on her mouth and in her eyes. "He looks smart. I mean, he's supposed to be a detective, yeah?"

"The deerstalker's a dead giveaway," Catherine stated plainly, sipping her drink. Right before she finished, she gave Kelly a smack on the shoulder. "It's a hell of a lot better than this last-second shitshow! No wonder he has to bust out this CSI tech!"

"Shush!" John finally laughed, shaking his head to clear the chatter. "Enough of this nonsense. I'm ready to state my answer now!"

"Ooh, he's *stating* his answer!"

"Very sure of himself."

"OK," he continued, cutting off their prattling. "So. You're green. But!" He winked and waggled a finger. "I have not seen you bubble *once*. Which is something that green slimes normally do. So you're not *actually* a green slime." That earned him a round of applause. Whether it was facetious or not was up for debate.

"Furthermore!" OK, the pair of girls giggled at that, but they didn't interrupt him at least. "The whole theme of the *party*..."

"Oh, he's got it for sure," Catherine snickered. "You're fucked."



"...is *horror movies*. So if you're not a green slime, you must be *going as* a green slime. And, as we all know." John allowed himself a shrug. A self-satisfied grin. "There's only one real horror film starring a green slime. You." He pointed at Kelly.

"...are supposed to be *The Blob*."

Kelly flopped back instantly, clapping her hands over her face and wailing with delight. Catherine slapped her belly, sending ripples through her entire body, cackling all the while. "I *told* you! I *told* you he knew! Dude, well *done*." She fixed a dazzling smile on John and winked. "She was so *sure* it was gonna take you, like at least a half-hour. Five *minutes!*" She gave Kelly another slap. "You fucking slut. He's gonna take at *least* ten for me."

That apparently drew Kelly out from her embarrassed slump, her energy replenished -- replaced, perhaps -- with indignant fury. "Oh, fuck *you!* Show him your prop!"

"No!" Catherine suddenly snapped. "He should be able to guess from this!"

"From a fucking *suit?! Fuck* you!"

"Whoa, whoa," John said, swiping a hand through the air, flat, palm-down. "If you've gotta prop, I need to see the prop. It's part of the costume."

"Yeah! *Yeah!*" Kelly surged from her seat, hands planted on Catherine's shoulders and shaking her insistently.

All Catherine could do was hold her breath, furrow her brow, and eventually sigh before she relented and pulled a small pen from her pocket. John quirked a brow, not quite understanding what was going on, until-

Catherine pulled a pair of shades out, slipped them on, and pressed a button on the pen. The tip lit up, and John grinned.

"Oh, you're a Woman in Black."

"'Ten minutes,' more like ten *fuckin*g seconds!" Kelly shouted as Catherine slumped back in her seat, arms limp at her sides, staring at the ceiling miserably.

"Hey, hey, to be fair, to be *fair!*" John offered, leaning forward in his seat and patting Catherine's shoulder. "It's *only* because her costume was so *good*."

Catherine reached up to pinch the bridge of her nose, rumbling with a low, displeased groan, but a self-administered *slap* to her cheek brought her out of her slump. She sat up, took another sip of her drink, and elbowed Kelly. "Tell him what your costume is actually *made* of!"

Kelly giggled to herself, shifting in her seat. She adjusted her posture. Sat up nice and straight, hands in her lap and everything. And shut her eyes. "My costume," she began, "is just a shitton of green food coloring."

"*Food coloring!*" Catherine repeated as John snorted into his hand, hunched over with sudden laughter.

"*Well, it's gotta be edible!*" Kelly brought her hands up, rolled her eyes, and shook her head. "What the fuck! You know-" Kelly pointed at Catherine. "No, don't you even *start*, you *know* it has to be edible."

Catherine's giggling calmed to a silent shake of her shoulders, then to a smirk. She glanced to the side, then to Kelly, feigning curiosity. "Why's it have to be edible, Kelly?"

Try as she might, the slime couldn't help but smile back. She canted her head to the side. "I wonder, Catherine."

"I think I might have an idea or two," John chimed in as-a-matter-of-factly, much to the girls' delight. As they tittered, he continued, holding a hand up to offer his point. The grin on his face, though, was anything but innocent. At least until he had to be *serious* again. "Like, what if she has to give mouth-to-mouth?"

Kelly and Catherine nodded, barely-restrained laughter hidden behind pursed lips. "Very *insightful*, this one."

"Very insightful."

"John," Catherine said, leaning forward in her seat. "This may surprise you, but our costumes are actually *paired*." When he quirked a brow, she continued. "That's right! See, the Blob is from outer space." She motioned to herself. "And Women in Black are all about keeping things under wraps. Things from outer space."

"Mm." John nodded, humming. "Story checks out."

"So-" Catherine craned her neck to look around a bit. Wasn't like there was anyone around, really. Was she looking for someone, maybe? If she was, she didn't find them. Settling a hand on Kelly's shoulder, she smiled. "Kelly, why don't *you* explain the rationale here."

"I think I could do that," the slime giggled. "Well." She "coughed" into her hand. "The basic *idea* is that I'd be the Blob. And I'd have just crash-landed on Earth, and I'd be in *dire* need of sustenance. Biological energy and all that. *So*."

She pressed her hands on either side of her belly, and with a push and a wiggle of her hips, her waist seemed to shrink almost cartoonishly thin. The displaced mass went to her hips and her bust, and after a few seconds of redistribution, the formerly average slime was a sexed-up caricature of sexuality. Her "hair" hung over one eye, a green, shimmering sheet of goo, and her lips turned suddenly plump, pursed and pouty as she puckered them at John.

"I'd touch myself up," she continued in the understatement of the century, "and going hunting for a *man*."

John gulped. "You, ah." He rallied himself, smiled weakly, and tried *desperately* to look Kelly in the eyes. "You think you'd find any takers?"

"Oh, *definitely*. See-" Kelly stretched her back, arching it and thrusting her heaving tits right into John's face. Before sitting back down and shrugging. The damage was done, though, and John had to once more wrench his attention from her breasts.

"This is assuming that it's back in some fifties movie, back when we weren't as *progressive* as we are now." Kelly shifted in her seat, *just* enough to keep her bust bouncing up and down and up and down and- "So we're operating on the assumption that any male victims I manage to get ahold of are the kind of guys that let their dicks take over as soon as they get hard."

"Not like *you*, John," Catherine quickly reassured him.

"Oh, no, not like *you*," Kelly agreed, leaning in to present her cleavage. John's eyes sank to the valley of her green, glistening globes helplessly. When she pressed her arms up on either side of her tits to deepen it further, he abandoned his attempts to look away. "*You*

would probably be too smart to fall for a plan like this. You'd have to be a horny *mess* to just fall for a trick like this."

"Yeah," Catherine agreed, rising from her seat and stepping up beside him. Her hands went to his shoulders, rubbing small, soothing circles into the quickly-relaxing muscles. "No way would a guy like you just stumble *dick-first* into her open, *welcoming* arms."

"Not if you knew I'd pin you down and fuck you *silly*," Kelly purred.

"Not if you knew she'd *brainwash* you by sticking one of her nipples in your mouth and making you gulp down all that sugar-sweet syrup. Oh!" Catherine slowed her massage.

"Kelly, I don't think he knows what you *taste* like!"

"I don't think he *does*," Kelly agreed. Her cleavage grew bigger and bigger in John's eyes, and it was *incredible* that slimes could do this to themselves, and-

Oh, she was just moving closer.

Practically into his lap, in fact. But with a gentle push from behind, John ended up falling face-first into Kelly's arms. She pulled him into a hug. Dazed, he realized he wasn't quite sinking into her. No, he was still very much "outside" of her body, but she was so warm and soft and wobbly. Arms pinned to his sides by her hug, there wasn't much he could do to extricate himself from her embrace, but given that it had his face mashed up against one of her breasts, he wasn't trying to get away.

She was so *warm*. He'd always expected slimes to be at least on the cooler side, but as her hug loosened, John found himself wrapping his arms around her and snuggling up into her. Eyes shut, he smiled against her. Let the hand on his head guide him down to-

Oh, and now she had a nipple. Or. Something to wrap his lips around.

"Go ahead, Johnny," Kelly cooed from above. "Gimme a taste."

So he did. He wrapped his lips around her nipple. First he tried suckling, but nothing actually...came out. So then he gave her teat a lick, lips still tight around her nipple, and...

"Mmmm."

She tasted like honey, but moreso. Like candy, candy that was just a *little* bit too sweet, like cookies and cake and caramel.

And then the syrup finally flowed into his mouth, slow, steady, encouraging a sip every now and then. Not quite guzzling, not quite gulping.

"Yeah, just like that. They'd do *exactly* what you're doing. They'd let my nefarious alien physiology *bend* them to my will."

"They'd go from stiff-dicked saps gawking at her *tits* to mindfucked *studs* ready to plunge into her and give her *exactly* what she needs."

"And one taste wouldn't be enough. I'd let you go back to whatever life you had before, but every now and then you'd get that little craving. That insistent buzz in the back of your head, pulling you back out into the woods, back into my arms." She stroked the back of his head, giving him a physical sensation to focus on, one to steady his mind, so awash in the saccharine ecstasy of her taste. "Time would vanish. Memories would fail to form, but you'd remember the *feeling*. The *taste* of me on your tongue, the sweet, steady *suckle* of my body around your *cock*. And *that*-"

"-is where *I'd* come in!" A hand on the back of his shirt suddenly pulled John back, away from Kelly's pillowy breasts, and he was almost ready to complain, but-

A light *flashed* in his eyes, and the thought fled.

When his vision finally returned to normal, he had Catherine's smiling face to see, shades and all. The tip of her pen swayed from side to side, glowing with a gentler pink -- as opposed to the disorienting white of the original flash -- and his eyes followed it on instinct.

"I'd be the big, bad government *spook* sent to keep her under wraps. But there's a *problem*. See, most of the vics ended up weaned off of her after a while, but not *you*."

Another *flash* sent his eyelids fluttering, and John silently mouthed some vague, wordless protest.

"Don't try to hide it," Catherine commanded, dangling comforting pink from side to side. "You're hooked. *Ruined* by her. And what's more!"

Another *flash*.

"The effects of her body mean that you're *addicted*. We can't take you away from her, or there's no *telling* what would happen." Catherine sighed and shook her head. "So there's only one thing to do."

Two flashes, one after another, and his thoughts faded in their wake.

"We erase you. You no longer exist. We take your identity and eliminate it. And after that?"

Her pen flashed steadily now, punctuating her words.

"You will not run. You will not flee. You cannot begin to think of trying to escape her."

*Flash, flash, flash.*

"For as long as you can remember, you have been her eager slave, her obedient lover."

John sank back into- Into something. Was he sitting on her? Green arms looped around his chest, and he felt so warm and comfortable. Too comfortable to keep his eyes open much longer, but-

*Flash, flash, flash.*

"You are a mindless cum-dispenser, and you cannot think of a better fate to have your seed milked from your cock whenever your mistress sees fit."

It was too much. It was all too much. John's eyes sank shut, his body went limp in Kelly's arms, and -- with a whimper -- his hips pushed up. As a dark spot began to form at the very tip of the prominent tent in John's pants, Catherine licked her lips. Kelly did the same.

— — —

The witch keeping an eye on the front door turned her attention away at the sound -- and subsequent sight -- of a pair moving to leave. Make that a trio, apparently, because the elf was carrying a guy on her back. "Everything alright?" She asked, moving to stand before the slime shook her head and laughed.

"Ah, yeah, don't worry! He just had a little too much to drink is all," Kelly answered.

"Yeah. *Total* lightweight," Catherine added, hiking him up a bit higher on her back. John had begun to drool on her shoulder, but Catherine either didn't notice or didn't mind.

"Mm." The witch sat back down, looking the three of them over before pulling out her phone. "You need me to call you a car or something?"

"Oh! No, no, no, we're fine! He lives on-campus, so..." Kelly couldn't quite hide the nervous edge of her laughter, and as she trailed off, she looked to Catherine.

"So we're just gonna drop him off. We already called his roommate, and he's gonna get him into bed and make sure he's OK. Yeah, thank you for the offer, but we're good!"

"Alright." The witch was less than convinced, but there wasn't much time to scrutinize them. Kelly was practically paving her way around the corner of the house, and as soon as Catherine *thought* she was out of sight, she started sprinting, giggling with Kelly.

# Beta Omega Omega House: Scared Stiffest

The last thing he remembered was the most beautiful woman in the world asking him for his name. Then his memory went blank, like a film strip sputtering into empty frames.

Of course, that gap in his memory only actually amounted to, what, fifteen or so minutes? So it wasn't all *that* bad, but it was still kind of worrying. Or it would've been if Derek were entirely lucid. He was more just kind of piecing together his recovering mental faculties.

Of course, with that came the worrying revelation that he wasn't at the party anymore. No, he was...he was somewhere completely different. A bedroom, one the likes of which he'd never seen before, daubed with Gothic black. This was far beyond the likes of mere college students gussying up their dorm room, and it was more than what a soror could manage in her own bedroom, no matter how prestigious their sorority.

He was lying back on something. A bed, judging by the softness of the surface, but there was no time to just lie around and nap! No, wherever he was, he knew instinctively that he had to get away! He r-

He ros-

He tried to pull up from the mattress, but his wrists -- and ankles, he found -- were bound tightly with red, silk sashes. Normally Derek would've just pulled them off and ran, but these were stronger somehow. Stronger than he could manage to break, even after one, two, three teeth-gritting tugs.

"Help!" He couldn't think of anything else to do! Trapped in an unfamiliar place, discomfort mounting to terror, and-

And creeping further to dread at the sound of a low, throaty chuckle from the shadows. He turned to face the source, only to squeak in fear when two glimmering red eyes stared back at him, narrowed in a predatory smile.

"Oh, my little morsel," came a woman's voice, enchanting despite the danger. "There's no help to be found here. Not if you seek to slip from my fingers, at least. No, you and I are to spend an evening alone, I think, and I've ensured that we're to be uninterrupted."

"Who are you?!" The anxiety rang clear in Derek's voice. Even if he tried to sound tough, there was still that wavering note of temerity in his words. That was enough to bring another chuckle bubbling up from the corner. The eyes moved closer, though the figure hadn't quite stepped into the scant candlelight yet.

"Precious little thing. Do I frighten you?" The eyes flashed cadmium red, poisonous, infectious, and Derek-

Derek swooned back, suddenly dizzy. He tried to bring his head up to look back at her -- had to keep an eye on her -- but as soon as he raised his head even a fraction, he found it buoyed up by a pillow, down-soft. The strain was too much to bear, and with such pleasant comfort to rest back against now, he couldn't quite muster the nerve to look again.

Fortunate, then, that the creature of the night that had trapped him saw fit to reveal herself

to him directly. Derek didn't even have to budge. The woman loomed over him, and his heartbeat only pounded faster.

It was hardly borne of fear, though. No, there was another source for his excitement now, marble-pale and sculpted, impeccable curves and otherworldly allure. She was gorgeous, undeniably so, clad in a void-black dress that managed to tantalize without revealing so much as an inch of her body. Her fangs showed in a wide, glittering smile, and her eyes—  
Her eyes. Her eyes focused on his and never let him look away.

Bottomless red, twin crimson whirlpools, sucking him deeper and deeper, pulling his mind into pleasant disorientation. The need to escape faded as his world was subsumed in sanguine red, and Derek found himself transfixed.

"You must have heard of this before, my darling thrall," she purred, and the body attached to the eyes reached out to stroke his cheek. "A vampire's gaze, capable of ensnaring even the most steadfast of minds. A poor village boy like you cannot hope to resist."

That's right. That's right, he was just a humble villager, completely unable to fight her.

"Such a pity that you couldn't even resist your curiosity. The castle 'pon the mount proved too mysterious to ignore, though, and you, my *darling* boy, flew too close to the sun. Or perhaps it would be the moon?"

With one final glint, her enrapturing gaze turned mundane. Derek's head fell back, having apparently leaned steadily upwards as he was sucked into her eyes, and he moaned softly. His tongue felt heavy in his mouth, useless, and he could barely collect his thoughts to concoct a sufficient response, anyway. Awash in confusion and what he realized was arousal, he laid back and stared blearily up at his abductor.

Confusion, though, gave way to something closer to admiration. Even if she was a vampire -- the bane of him and his people -- she was beautiful. Supernaturally so. She straddled his hips, palms pressed flat against his chest. The tips of her nails -- filed sharp and painted jet-black -- scratched him gently, and it was her delicate touch that helped him realize he was nude.

At her behest, it seemed. She looked him up and down with a hunger that sent Derek flushed red, and-

"Who are you?" He suddenly sighed. "Why are you-"

"Shhh, my pretty." Her eyes *flashed* once more, and the thoughts he'd managed faded into darkness once more. She trailed a fingertip up his neck, under his chin, ending its path with a flick of one pointed nail. "You are here," she continued, "because you trespassed upon my domain. To a vampire, there's no graver sin. Normally I'd wring you dry and leave your withered body as a warning to all who find themselves possessed of a similar curiosity."

He shivered beneath her. Even as dazed as he was, Derek still didn't want to die. But what could he do? He couldn't-

He couldn't think, not when she turned her eyes on him, not when she loosed their full, mesmerizing power upon his weak, helpless mind. She held his face in her hands now, and her pupils shrank to pinpricks as she held his attention. "But you, my foolish boy, should count yourself lucky. I am no mere vampire, and the petty missteps of men disinterest me."

"I," she continued, her voice like poisoned honey, "am Carmilla, and I *desire* you."

That sent his eyes rolling back and his jaw dropping. Yes, yes, Carmilla! The queen of vampires, irresistible, perfect, *ravenous!* That's-

"That's why you forced your way into my castle, isn't it? One taste of heaven before you were drained dry. One exquisite night in my bed before you fell to eternal slumber." Carmilla traced spirals on his chest, and even if her eyes didn't gleam with her vampiric power, Derek couldn't look away. "I can't blame you. Many men have fallen prey to their appetites before I used them to sate mine."

Images appeared in his mind, suddenly, vanishing just as soon as they presented themselves. Her, back arched, head thrown back as she rode her latest victim to orgasm. Ruby lips parted, gasping, keening, rolling her hips against some hapless human's lap. Her sex suckling at his manhood, milking him relentlessly. Her fangs, bared, pressed to soft, vulnerable skin, before-

Derek's eyelids fluttered, and he whimpered under her.

"My appetite gnaws at me, and I fear I will be unable to resist its compulsions," she purred, leaning down to press her breasts against his bare chest. They pillowed against the hard muscle of his pectorals. "But I am no base monster. I am the mistress of my own desires. Are you the master of yours?"

He was. He was! At least, he thought he was. Wasn't he? Derek tried to rally his flagging willpower and shake off the ruinous temptation to surrender to her *beautiful* eyes, to let this *goddess* ravish him, *use* him before she preyed upon him. He shook his head weakly, mouthing wordless denials. He didn't want this, he told himself. He didn't want to be another mindless plaything for this- this vision of perfection, this monument to feminine allure.

But behind shut eyelids, he saw her lips, upturned in a smile. He saw her body, at once lithe and voluptuous. Her breasts begged to be cupped, her hips swayed, hypnotic, and he knew that he'd find heaven between her thighs. And her eyes.

Her eyes. He knew he couldn't so much as glance at them. Not if he wanted even a chance to defy her will. He shut his eyes tight and shook his head, silent in his rebellion.

"Oho." She seemed more amused than anything else. "Found an untapped well of willpower, have you? I wonder." Her hands moved from his chest...

...to his groin. One grabbed at his crotch, squeezing it gently -- but insistently. When he moaned, she laughed and began to massage it through his pants. "Yes, that's it," she hissed, her voice coming from everywhere at once. "Fight it, *boy*. Fight the need, the cloying *throb* in the back of your mind."

"But there's only so long you can fight, isn't there?" She kneaded his balls, just enough to stimulate him. "Only so long you can go before the desire to submit outweighs the denial you so *foolishly* impose upon yourself. Tell yourself you don't want this." She undid his belt and brought his pants down to his knees.

And just like that, his cock sprang forth, jutting up from his lap. He was stiff already. How could he not be? Predator or no, Carmilla was still a woman, and an attractive one at that. But he had to keep his eyes shut. He had to resist. Derek steeled himself further -- though his resolve seemed to flag even then -- struggling against his bindings with what little strength he had.



"Your silence betrays you, *boy*," she hummed. Carmilla had begun to stroke him, one silk-smooth hand gently stimulating his cock as he wriggled under her. "You'll fail. You'll break. They always do. But know this: they yield willingly." Her palm rolled in circles around his cockhead, as if she were toying with it. "There's not a man I've taken who hasn't handed himself over to me, body and soul."

"And that's why you'll succumb. Because you know that the pleasure I offer is sweet enough to turn saints into sinners and warriors into mewling romantics. It takes the steel of men's hearts and renders it mutable and malleable. With that in mind." She shifted suddenly, moving away for some reason. The pleasant weight of her body on his lap vanished, but her voice remained. "I have a challenge for you, boy."

"If you can bear the pleasures of my body and resist the desire to surrender your mind to me as well." She suddenly caressed his cheek, and Derek flinched at her touch, feather-light though it was. "Then I shall let you go free."

"But if you fail." She was back on his lap. Nude, this time. At least, that's what he assumed, given there was a sudden slickness against his cock, pinning it against his belly. "If you open your eyes and look into mine."

He heard her laugh, deep, throaty, resonant.

"Then I'll enslave your body to mine, and your heart will follow soon after. And with that!"

The weight of her body dropped onto his hips, but the shock of it lost out to the sudden heat clinging to his penis. No, more than just clinging, wringing, suckling, clenching around him. Hers was a body made to suck fluids out of her prey, and her sex was no exception.

She was better than the girls back home. Of course she was. But the idea that- Fuck- the idea that she was anything less than divine was harder and harder to argue as she began to ride him, raising her hips only to lower them back down, at once tender and ravenous in her ministrations.

"Imagine, morsel. All this and more, and all you need do is surrender." Her voice was right in his ear, the cool breeze of her breath mingling with the sensation of her cunt wrapped around him, of her breasts mashed up against his chest once more. "All you need do is open your eyes and let me show you your place. *Beneath me.*"

It's a tempting offer, and he's hard-pressed to find a reason to turn it down in the heat of the moment. Only- No! He's a man! He won't be beholden to another, no matter how-

No matter how hard it is to ignore the way she gasped when she brought her hips down. No matter how exciting the feeling of helplessness is, testing his bonds every now and then, just to make sure that he couldn't escape. No matter how enchanting the memory of her eyes was.

Her eyes. If they'd been so beautiful as to capture his heart when he was halfway to terrified. What would they do to him when he was creeping steadily closer to orgasm? He gulped, thinking back to the swirl of red that had so easily ensnared his senses.

No! No, he cast the- He shivered, back arching under her as she gave her hips a *twist* and hastened her movements. She was spending more and more time with him hilted inside of her. It'd quickly become respite when she saw fit to raise up and off of him, because otherwise. Otherwise he had to try and tell himself he didn't want this as her velvet-smooth walls wrung his shaft for everything he had.

A voice in the back of his head spoke, said that there was no chance in Hell he'd best her. Especially not- Especially not when she moaned, long and keening, going vice-tight around him in an orgasm of her own. There was the pleasure of her body around him, but more than that, there was a little tingle of excitement at the notion that she'd pleased herself on *his* cock.

See? The voice continued, traitorous. It felt good. It felt *incredible*. To be a tool, an object for her, an obedient servant to his vampiric mistress. His brow furrowed, and he tried to ignore it. It proved easier, considering that she'd stopped speaking. Only she'd begun to moan now, gasping, squeaking, trilling as she used his body for her pleasure.

Maybe he could just glance up at her. Maybe she was occupied.

Yes, she was- She would almost certainly find herself distracted! And her body had been such crafted perfection. The sight of her, bouncing on his lap, frantically working herself to a second-

"M-Mmh!"

A third orgasm. He licked his lips.

Just one glance. Just one tiny peek. She was in the throes of ecstasy. She wasn't looking. He'd see her succumb to her own carnal hungers and resume his resistance. Derek cracked one eye open-

and drowned in a sea of red.

One moment's glance turned to two saucer-wide eyes goggling at her as she struck him dumb in her presence. His body went slack. His mind went blank. He understood his place now. Every smack of her skin against his, every pulse of her gaze, every slow roll of pressure around his cock, starting at the root and tracing its way up to the very tip of his cockhead.

"You see it now, don't you, pet?" She purred, cupping his cheek as she bounced even faster on his lap. "You see what I can offer you. Pleasure." She held his face in her hands once more, leaning in until their faces nearly touched. Before, her eyes ensorcelled. Now, they dominated. He couldn't look away, not even if he wanted to.

And he certainly didn't want to.

"Your first command, *slave*," she said, imperious, "is to *give in*."

But he'd already given in. He couldn't think to resist her. He was hers, ecstatic in his servitude. He said as such, and she furrowed her brow. Carmilla brought her hips down, hilted him in her, and steadied herself with two hands on his chest.

"No-" She huffed, clicking her tongue. She paused a moment, lips pursed, and continued. "Your submission must be of yet-"

He blinked, and though her eyes were his world, that didn't stop him from at least seeing that the candelabrum on the table beside them was apparently now a common lamp. Complete with a lampshade.

"Your submission must be of yet surer consequence!" She took his chin, ensured his focus, and raised her hips. Only to bring them back down in a dizzying slam. "You must show your dedication with- No!" She snapped her fingers when Derek started to glance over to the poster on the wall. How had he not noticed that before? He loved that band.

Band? He blinked, turning to face her again.

"Just-" She grit her teeth, shutting one eye in apparent strain, and riding him harder and faster. "Just give in! O-Or something!"

Bit by bit, the room seemed more. Mundane. He was in a four-post bed. He was tied to the bed with. Stockings. What was-

Her eyes flashed, and his mind went blank. "I'm Carmilla! I'm the vampire queen Carmilla, and you're still under my spell! Uh! Oh, fuck, uhm!" The vampire queen Carmilla had started to really panic now. Why, Derek couldn't guess, but it may have had something to do with the steady pounding on the bedroom door. She looked over her shoulder and shouted. "*Just a minute!*"

And then those two gorgeous eyes met his once more. "*You will cum, slave, and you will be possessed of bottomless languour, and you will sleep, sleep, sleep until I awaken you.*" She pinned his shoulders to the bed, her gaze boring into his. "*You will think nothing of our tryst but that it brought you great pleasure. You will seek me out, proposition me for a meal spent in private, and we shall be as lovers.*"

She brought her hips down hard enough that he thought he'd pass out, and as Derek came, emptying his seed into her, pumping everything he had into her sex and sagging back when she milked him of everything he didn't know he had...

...his eyelids flagged. Fluttered. And fell shut. His breathing slowed along with his heartbeat, and even the muffled shouting wasn't enough to rouse him from his dreams of red eyes and glittering white smiles.

— — —

"What! What, what, *what!*" Jean hissed, shutting the door behind her. Clad in a black bathrobe, she wasn't exactly in-costume anymore. That being said, it didn't really matter when she was staring down one of her sorors.

"Fucking calm *down*," came the dullahan's unimpressed reply. "Just letting you know that the marathon's getting started for real now. We're done with the-"

"Amazing!" She threw her hands in the air. "Wow! I'll let you know when I *give a shit!*"

"*Hey.*" The dullahan prodded Jean with one finger, her head glaring up at the vampire from under the dullahan's other arm. "You get to bitch about me interrupting sex when you *don't* sign up to work the projector for the first quarter. You brought this on *yourself.*"

With that, the dullahan turned sharp on her heel, cast one glare back at Jean, and stomped off.

And Jean. Jean just kind of stood there for a moment. Before she slumped against the wall. Sighed. And kicked her heel back against it, straightening up and fuming into her room. She had to get changed.

— — —

"Well, you know," Eve cooed. "*Anything* for a *fan.* Jean." She snapped her fingers before waving a hand dismissively away. "Why don't you give Dirk a tour or something while I entertain- I'm sorry, to *whom* am I speaking?"

"Julius," came the starstruck reply. "Can I have your autograph?"

"You can have a great deal more than *that*, my dear. Tell me." Eve began to walk away from the once-trio of boys, now reduced to a dazed solo. Derek had been dragged off by Jean, Julius was following behind Eve, leaving what's-his-name in the lurch. "Have you pledged to a fraternity? Any interest in it?" She glanced over her shoulder at him, expression something between "curious" and "disinterested."

"Oh, I have a few that I'm looking at right now, but nothing's set in stone, y'know!" Not strictly a lie, but not strictly the truth, either. The best kind of answer to give when you were trying to stay on someone's good side, and it seemed to pay off immediately.

"Well, I don't know how much *my* personal recommendation matters to you," she said with the tone of someone who knew she had a breathless audience, "but if I were you, I would look into Epsilon house. Oh, that is to say-" She looked at him over her shoulder once more. "Epsilon Epsilon Kappa. They're Beta's brother house. Darling boys, for the most part." She faced forward once more, and Julius was almost too busy watching her hips to notice that they were making their way upstairs.

"Ah, but that's neither here nor there!" Julius perked up at Eve's sudden exclamation, standing at attention when they finally reached the top of the staircase. She turned on her heel and leaned down just a hair to pat him on the cheek with a smile. "I'd hate to bog down the first time you meet me in the minutiae of Greek politics! Here, let's just find the door we're looking for, and-"

A turn of the knob, and they made their way into a darkened room. "We have the larger theater downstairs," Eve explained, flipping on some lights to reveal a few sofas and a plasma screen television hanging opposite them on the wall. "But it's not as if that's the only venue available. Here, have a seat, darling." She made her way to one of the sofas, sat down, and patted the space next to her.

Julius naturally did just that. There he was, sitting right next to Evelyn Shelly -- *Evelyn Shelley!* -- and she was letting him hang off of her every word! It was like a dream come true!

"I, ah. Miss Shelley-"

"Please." She cut him off with a wink and a dazzling smile. "Call me Eve."

Julius practically swooned then and there, but he managed to keep it together somehow. "E-Eve." Didn't manage to still that stutter, though. "I, ah. I didn't recognize you. You've-" He looked her over.

The green skin was just about all she had in common with the Eve he knew and loved in Frankie's Big Break. Well, that and maybe a few calculated scars here and there. Gone was the bright-eyed, dimpled child star that had captivated him from the flickering screen of a CRT. No doubt about it, Eve had grown up and out. Not surprising, but...

"You've grown," he finally mumbled, struggling to meet her eyes after his impromptu tour of her body.

It seemed his inspection hadn't gone unnoticed, because she wore a smirk on pouty, plump lips when he finally looked back at her face. The quirk of her brow suggested amusement, though, and she wasn't slapping him or anything, so. That was a good sign?

Eve adjusted her seat, smoothed out her skirt, and tucked an errant lock behind her ear.

"Oh, well, that's to be expected," she said. "I don't know how familiar you are with the life

of a flesh-based composite golem, but we're a bit more in-depth than a quote-unquote 'normal' girl. But it's that very same complexity that lets us be a touch...moreso, shall we say."

"For instance," she continued, pushing out her chest for Julius' increasingly flustered gaze, "*typically* you would only see breasts like this on, say, a holstaurus. Perhaps a particularly busty ogre or somesuch. I bind them, more often than not, actually. Here-"

She reached down, undid one, two, three buttons on her blouse, and-

Julius squeaked, and the only way he could stifle his whimper was to clap his hands over his mouth as her breasts seemed to bulge even bigger with a licentious bounce.

"-And they're wholly natural! *Impressive*, aren't they? Oh-" Eve leaned in, arms pressed up on either side of her bust. "But you don't believe me, do you." Before Julius could speak, she shook her head and raised a hand to silence him. "No, no, I understand how it looks! Something like this, it's too good to be true. Especially when you've got *hips* like mine." She rose to her feet and cocked her hips to the side, tugging her skirt down just a hair to better show off the shapely curve of her derriere. "*Lips* like mine." She bent at the waist, leaning in to blow a flirtatious kiss to her ardent admirer mere inches from his eyes. "Or legs, hands, eyes, and *hair* like mine, too." She peeled off her clothes, discarding them in a pile to the side, body bared bit by bit as she expounded her own beauty.

With a performance like that, Julius was spellbound. He gawked at Eve every step of the way, and when she finally shed her skirt, he was unable to even try to hide his erection. Hands resting uselessly in his lap, he began to drool, spittle trickling down his chin.

"Nothing quite like a captivated audience," Eve purred, stepping to the door and locking it. "Though I must admit, the deck's a bit unfairly stacked against you. It's not just my *body* that's perfect." She grinned and eased into Julius' lap. The difference in heights meant that he was pushed back into his seat, all but stifled as she pressed her bust against his face. "My voice. My scent. All designed to be as close to objective perfection as possible."

"Now, Julius, darling. I know what you're thinking." She reached up to stroke his hair. He'd since resorted to pressing ineffectual kisses against her cleavage. "'How can one's voice be perfect? How can one's *scent* be perfect?' And those are very good questions, so I'll answer them for you."

"You probably didn't know this, but I have a few extra vocal cords," she continued, watching with glee as his eyelids drooped. "What this means is that my voice has a little extra layer to it, one imperceptible to the ear. But that doesn't mean your brain doesn't pick up on it."

"So whenever I speak, you're hearing more than merely the mellifluous *purr* of my voice." She paused for a moment, stroking his hair as one would perhaps pet a dog. "You're hearing the binaural hum 'beneath' it. To put it simply, there isn't a man alive that would have me stop speaking once I've started. Not when he's getting more. And more. Relaxed."

Julius had all but dissolved beneath her, and the only thing that was even slightly tense was the stiffened rod of his cock. Which Eve had taken in her hand, stroking its shaft gently.

"But it's not just my *voice*, dear. It's a bit funny, explaining it to you after you've experienced it firsthand, but somehow I don't know if you gleaned the mechanics behind it when you were huffing my scent from my cleavage. Though the enthusiasm's appreciated. In *any* case..."

She kept pumping Julius' cock, speaking more for herself than for him. Hard for him to listen when he was caught up in her hand stroking his shaft. "My *scent*, as you're probably feeling right now, carries with it a complex chemical bouquet of pheromones and hormones. So even a sniff tells a man's brain that I'm an ideal genetic partner, and while that may not *sound* very sexy..."

She tugged the pure, white silk of her panties down, down, down to her ankles before tossing them aside. The dripping slit of her sex came down on his cockhead, and it was with a muffled gasp from Julius that Eve took him into her. "...it's the most *viscerally* attractive thing in the world to your *body*. And really, what so few men appreciate is that it's their *body* running the show, not *them*." She lowered herself onto his lap, breasts still pushed into his face, fingers curling in his hair.

"So you can squirm all you want -- which you admittedly didn't do -- but it's only a matter of time before my *voice* has you mesmerized, before my *scent* has you straining in your pants, before my *body* has you *losing* yourself in daydreams."

"And lucky you, it's about time I found myself a full-time boyfriend. If I'm going to be a movie star -- which I *am* -- I'm going to need a cute piece of arm candy to hang off of me at public events."

She was bouncing in his lap now, her sex just the right temperature, the right tightness, the right- The right everything. Julius had been dazed before, but now he couldn't do anything but let her wash over him. Her scent, her sound, her taste, her touch, her everything. Everything about her defied description in his lust-addled state, but apparently she wasn't saddled with the same handicap.

"Daddy *insisted* I start dating that Hitchford fellow, but he's such a *bore*. You're cute," she hummed, giving Julius a scratch behind the ear. "And you're a fan of my first film. *Most* boys only know my filmography once I turned eighteen, but." She raised her hips up...and brought them down on his lap, hard. Julius moaned into her cleavage, and Eve smirked. "There's something to be said for your kind of dedication. And I think that a few sessions of *instruction* like this will only cement it."

Julius tensed beneath her, and his hips twitched upwards. Eve blinked. Looked down.

Clicked her tongue at the sudden ooze of pearly white trickling from between their thighs.

"We'll have to work on that stamina, though."

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In the projector's booth, Jean glowered, resting her chin on the table, arms crossed beneath it. She sighed and thumped her forehead against the table. "You know, it wouldn't be so bad." She sighed again, looking up at Charlotte. "If *you* could just take over."

"Whaddaya mean?"

"You're already here!" Jean suddenly shouted, waving an arm in the air. "Fuckin'- You're literally right here, and you aren't even *doing* anything!"

Charlotte did her best to hide the smug satisfaction her face, but a roll of her eyes betrayed her. "Well. Hate to say it, but you know how it goes." She reached out, moved to change the reels...only for her hand to pass through them uselessly. "The downsides of being a ghost."

"Chyeah, right," Jean scoffed, flipping the machine off as the latest movie trailed off into credits. She pressed a button on a microphone and spoke into it. "That was 'Killer Catmen from the Moon.' Coming up next is, uh."

She glanced down at the reel's cover. "Uhm. Coming up next is 'Venus Needs Men.'"

"Ooh! Ooh, that's a *good* one!"

"This film will be the last film in our 'Final Frontier' block. Following this film, our 'Creature Feature' block will begin. Thank you, and enjoy." Her finger went off the button, and not a moment too soon. Jean groaned, long, low, and miserable as she switched out the films.

"Fucking *nonnnn*-sense. I can't believe I signed up for this shit. *Ugh*."

"Oh, quit your bellyaching." Charlotte crossed her arms, hovering just behind her miserable friend's head. "Just seventy-five more minutes, then you're outta here. Then it's Eve's turn to head the projector."

"Right, right. Well, fine." Jean flipped a switch, and the projector hummed once more to life. She sat back in her seat, crossed her arms, and watched the movie hum to life on the silver screen. "Hey."

"Mm?"

"You ever hear of this one?"

"What, 'Venus Needs Men?'"

"Yeah."

"Nah." Charlotte watched with similar passivity, leaning back against nothing in the air as the title card proudly proclaimed it to be "A CAROL J. FILM." She scratched her nose. "I've heard the director's pretty good, though."