

Sunday morning arrived. Tammy woke up in bed with her arms wrapped around a pillow. She yawned and sat up, her eyes bleary. The young woman rubbed some gunk out of her eyes and then put the pillow aside and stood up. She stretched. She saw Rika sitting at her desk.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Rika rocketed out of the chair, hurled herself at Tammy, and threw her arms around her. Tammy squeaked at a rather high volume and her face turned bright red.

"Y-you remembered!" She managed to say.

"Of course!" Said Rika with an almost manic smile. "What, did you think I WOULDN'T?" She cut off whatever flustered response Tammy was formulating by diving into her mouth with her tongue. The two embraced gently, and moaned gently, as endorphins gently coursed through them.

"Mmmmm...mm." Tammy concluded with expert precision. "I...thank you."

"Do you wanna do anything?" Asked Rika, still grinning. She threw herself backward into Tammy's clutches and was caught, awkwardly, with her back arched and her face gazing happily up at Emily. "Do any *one*?" She teased, reaching up to run a finger daintily across Tammy's face.

"M...maybe later, Rika," Tammy said with a weak smile. "Not in the mood for...you know."

"Of course," replied Rika. She yanked herself back into position standing upright. "Is the plan still on?"

"To watch anime with everyone and eat ice cream cake?" Asked Tammy. Rika said yes. "Yeah, that's the plan!" Tammy stretched once more. "What time did we agree on? I think it was six?"

"I believe it was, yeah," Rika said with a nod, "six PM. Hold on, I can check." Rika whipped out her phone and opened Tammy's group chat. Her search didn't take long. "Six o' clock PM, yep! That's the time!" She returned the device to her pocket and looked at Tammy. "And it's nine now. Breakfast?"

"Not a bad idea. Yeah, let's go get breakfast!"

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Fara frowned. She had a text message draft open on her phone. She knew sending it was the right thing to do, probably, but...her mind rebelled at the idea of pulling the trigger. She groaned to herself in irritation. She felt so...so useless, and selfish, and...she didn't know.

Bad.

"I hate thisssss," she practically growled to herself. She sat at a small table in the little cafe annex next to the cafeteria. With her sat a rather large woman whose hair was bleached white and had rich, dark purple highlights.

"Just let me send it, if this is that big a problem," they muttered to themselves, but intentionally loud enough for Fara to hear. In response to this, Fara rolled her eyes.

"No, Valerie." Fara averted her eyes and looked at the bowl full of milk and cereal crumbs in front of her. "You're not doing it, she doesn't know you."

"I meant give me your phone and I'll push the button," Valerie grunted. Their wide muscular arms and big powerful hands moved as they shrugged. "But if you wanna go and make things harder than they gotta be--"

"Shut it! I knew what you meant!" Fara hissed. She froze for a second and then pulled away. "I...I'm sorry. I'm just frayed about this. Really badly."

"You don't say." Valerie snorted. They lazed back in their chair. "Well, you could start smaller, if that might help. Just tell her that it's Tammy's birthday today, for instance. Something like that."

"Fiiiiine," Fara replied. She held the delete button for a few seconds and cleared out the message she'd originally typed up. She breathed in, heavily, and then contemplated what to say in its place. Her face scrunched up with a mix of concentration and discomfort. "What...to...type," she muttered to herself. Valerie, unbeknownst to Fara, rolled their eyes.

"Do you even want to do this?" They sniped. Their words stabbed Fara between the eyes. She shot back with a glare.

"Yes! Of course I do!" Fara answered. Valerie snorted.

"Could have fooled me," they said, admonishing Fara with the tone of their voice. "It seems more like you've twisted your own arm into it--"

"Because I think I should?" Fara asked, using her venom-soaked question to finish Valerie's sentence for them. "Is that it, Valerie? Is that what you think of me?"

"Not...no, I'm sorry," Valerie said patiently. They sat up and took up a posture of greater seriousness. They looked Fara directly in the face, their own sporting an expression of soft concern. "I was going to say, it seems more like you've guilt tripped yourself into making a concession. And...you seem upset about it. With...yourself, you know? That's not...healthy. And Tammy--"

"Yes, yes, I know." Fara said to cut them off. She rolled her eyes and spun one hand in circles to make a dismissive gesture. "Tammy wouldn't want that. I know. I get it."

"Do you? DO you get it?" Valerie prodded at her. "You still haven't told me what exactly set this whole situation off. Neither has Tammy, to be clear, but that's only because I haven't asked her." Fara seemed to freeze. The tension and irritation oozed out of her like gas escaping a poorly tied balloon. It left her looking a little dazed.

"You...haven't?" Fara asked. Her mouth was slack with disbelief.

"Of course not. I never do, when you...get this way." Valerie rolled their eyes. "Now, let's start over. Is something...wrong?" Fara gulped. She bit her lip. She...sighed.

"Yes." A moment passed and Fara struggled to find words. "I...the new girl. You're aware of her?"

"Yes," Valerie said, "we all are."

"She's...an old crush of mine, and...we drifted apart because I knew things would go wrong if I told her, and she was prone to gossiping in high school, and I've seen her hurt people and then Tammy got all interested in her even though Emily was really rude about-you know that part right?"

"Yep," Valerie said as they smiled. "I remember."

"And just-it looked like Tammy was making a huge mistake and I got all overprotective like a fucking idiot and then Emily figured out I had a crush on her and made Tammy hypnotize her to, like, forget it or something." Fara paused for a breath. Valerie reached across the table-which they were able to do with ease as it was rather small-and rested a hand on top of Fara's.

"Take a deep breath, Fara." They said in a soft and gentle tone. "Don't call yourself an idiot, okay? Please?"

"Ugh, fine. Sorry." Fara said back. "And then-like, I tried to warn her, you know, about how she's too trusting too easily and she's gonna get hurt someday, you know? And-and she didn't let me see it but-" tears welled up in Fara's eyes. "-But I made her cry! And just, FUCK! I wanted to help!" Fara slammed her head into her arms and clenched her fists. She whimpered and her whole body shuddered. An emotion, dark and deep and painful, ravaged her as punishment for her failure to strangle it. "I'm trying! I promise!" She sputtered in between fits of tears and violent heaving sobs. Valerie rose from their chair, a look of concern on their face. They walked around the table and leaned their massive body over Fara. They rubbed her back slowly and with a gentleness that belied their size.

"Hey, it's okay sweetie. We make mistakes," whispered Valerie, "try and breathe. Slow. It's okay. I'm here. I've got you."

"Y-yeah," Fara sputtered. She forced in a deep gulp of air. Her body shook. She let that breath out, and then she claimed another. And after that, another. Her body's shaking slowed down, a little at a time. She slowly, steadily reasserted her control over it. The quivering and tears and panic left her, one by one. She was left feeling a little hollow, but she had Valerie's company to help alleviate that. She sat back up. Took in one last deep breath, and then let it back out. She raised one hand and used its sleeve to wipe tears from her eyes.

"Your...your makeup is running," a worried Valerie said to Fara. "Do you want-"

"I can handle that," Fara said with a weak (and clearly forced) smile. She rose out of her chair and took a handbag that hung from it. "This purse has enough," she said with a sheepish little laugh. "Can you watch my backpack?" Valerie glanced at the clock.

"As long as you're back in twenty minutes or less," they snarked. Fara gently gave Valerie's arm a little punch.

"If I'm not back in twenty minutes my stuff is free," Fara said before she scampered off towards the hall in the very back left corner of the cafeteria. She crossed through the cafe's glass see-through door and made her way off. Valerie watched Fara until her body disappeared beyond the corner of the hallway. Then they slumped back into their chair and pulled out their phone.

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Emily put her tray on the conveyor belt and left the little alcove that contained it. She paused in the cafeteria to collect her bearings. There, she saw Fara pass by. Instinct jumped her. Her heart screamed at her that she should make amends. Her brain screamed back that it would be intrusive and selfish to initiate it herself. She felt torn. Her hand rose on its own, her fingers half splayed as if poised to lazily grasp something small. She felt her body take half a step forward without her permission. Her mouth opened. Why was her mouth open-

"H-hey, Fara." Emily said as dread flooded every blood vessel in her body. She flinched internally. "What're...how're you doing, today?" She asked, her voice shaky and weak and riddled with holes. Fara froze and looked at her. Both girls could tell the other was freaked out. It comforted them, but not much.

"I'm...okay," Fara answered dismissively. Her voice was weary. "Can...can I help you, Emily?" She asked. Emily hesitated. She felt like a piranha had latched onto the part of her brain that told her how to speak properly.

"I...are we...okay?" Emily stammered out. Her hands made a panicked effort to communicate in a flurry of gestures that neither she nor Fara were fluent in. "I'm...sorry?" Fara rolled her eyes.

"So now you want to be my friend again?" Fara spat venomously at Emily. Then, though...she hesitated. Her posture and her facial expression both got softer. "I...I'm sorry. Can we get a seat and start over?" Emily nodded with a soft smile. The two girls walked back into the cafe and took a seat near Valerie. Fara nodded to Valerie as she lowered herself into a chair, but if Valerie saw the gesture there was no physical indication that they had. Nevertheless, Fara focused on Emily. She was the current priority. Her...and the whole mess she was embroiled in.

"Hey, Fara," Emily started the conversation. Her voice was shaky and cautious. She had never been so careful with Fara's feelings when they were younger. Had she grown up or was she just putting on whatever mask would let her smooth everything over? Fara had to fight her own body to avoid scowling at her former friend. Emily's soft, enticing face shimmered even more beautifully with that look of care and concern on it, though. It was too bad that a face so perfectly aligned with Tammy's tastes belonged to her of all people. Fara couldn't stop herself from spitefully wondering if this situation was only happening because of Tammy's incorrigible liking for peppy blondes.

"Hello," Fara muttered back. She had to resolve things, obviously, but the prospect of doing it sounded like marching through tar. Emily watched her with those soft, sweet eyes that had first snagged her heart when they were little. Fara tried not to let those asinine feelings of hers come bubbling up, all warm and soft and...and *wanting*. It was unbecoming. But yet, her traitorous little heart demanded she feel butterflies in her stomach, that she delight in her first crush finally noticing her.

"The uh...the hypnosis," Emily awkwardly forced out, "it wore off. I remember again. That you...I'm sorry." Fara rolled her eyes. She decided to give Emily the benefit of doubt and assume she at least believed she had good intentions.

"If you want to ask me out, skip it," Fara said with bitterness on her tongue, "My heart belongs to Tammy." She hoped Valerie wouldn't overhear that and get mad at her for having said it. She also, perhaps spitefully, hoped that Emily would take this to mean she was Tammy's girlfriend—rather than that Fara was merely pining over her. Emily seemed for a few seconds to be taken aback. Good, growled a part of Fara which she wasn't proud of. She wasn't going to let Emily take Tammy away from her!

"I'm-sorry. I guess...I didn't treat you very well in high school did I?" Emily asked. She sounded hurt and regretful, as if she actually cared deeply about the horrid betrayal she'd subjected Fara to. Fara wasn't having it.

"No shit you didn't," Fara growled. "Rumors about me started going around in your chatty circles of bitch friends and you never stood up for me once! You always told me when we were little

that you'd have my back! Yet here you are, having ghosted me for three fucking years! Or was it four? I lost. Count!" Tears were rolling down her face. Shit, she was crying in public again.

"Oh, oh no no, I'm so sorry dear!" Emily's face bent all out of shape in that protective caring way that it had whenever Fara got hurt as a kid. Emily hopped to her feet and rushed to Fara's side. "That's not why-oh dear, I had no idea, I'm so-"

"That doesn't make it OKAY!" Fara snarled. Part of her wanted to give in. She wanted to accept Emily's apology, let the soft beautiful cheerleader take her back into her arms, but that wasn't an option, it would be betraying Tammy, and Fara was better than that, Fara knew how much she owed Tammy even if Tammy refused to say it out loud, Fara was loyal, loyal in a way that couldn't be dissolved by a pretty face and a half-baked apology.

"You're right," Emily said with a heavy frown. Fuck, since when did this bitch learn how to accept when she fucked up!? Just in time to make Fara look bad!? How astoundingly, frustratingly typical. It made Fara's skin crawl. "What I did to you wasn't okay. I'm sorry, truly. I care about you, Fara. I...want to be friends again, okay?"

Damnit. If Fara said no, she might have to tell Tammy she didn't want Emily to be Tammy's...plaything. Tammy would accept it, of course, which Fara almost wished she wouldn't. She *had* to say yes, for Tammy. Besides...

Part of her wanted to anyway.

"...okay. Fine. We're all celebrating Tammy's birthday at six, in her room." Fara looked away. She was blushing. "If...you want to come join us, I think Tammy would be thrilled."

Emily's face lit up like a Christmas tree. Was she...was Emily blushing?

"Thank you so much Fara! I'm-words can't express, I'm so sorry!" Emily reached out again for a hug. This time, foolishly, Fara allowed herself to be taken in. Emily was soft and warm like always, but she had boobs now. They were soft, big, pretty, damnable things that made certain Tammy would like her. Jealousy gurgled in the pit of Fara's stomach but she managed not to voice it. For now, she'd just have to deal with it. However the cards fell, she'd have to press onwards anyway. Perhaps she'd have regrets. Perhaps not.

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Tammy placed a small ice cream cake on her desk and took a seat on her bed. She checked her phone. It was five fifty PM, and she had messages from three of her subs. Rika, Valerie, and Fara had all confirmed that they were on the way to her room. She felt a warmth between her ribs and a sunray in her mind. This event was going to be lovely, she could already tell.

Someone knocked at the door. Tammy opened and Fara came inside. Tammy shut (but did not lock) the door and grinned. Fara was always the first to arrive- or at least, almost always.

"Heyyyy," Tammy purred. She crossed the distance to Fara and took the girl's wrists in her hands. Fara seemed distraught but her mood lightened at the touch. It always did.

"Hey," Fara answered with a shy little grin. "You remembered-"

"Mmmhm," Tammy licked her lips. She pressed Fara against a wall. Pressed herself against Fara. Fara's skin was warm and plush. Tammy teased her nails up and down Fara's arms over the girl's veins. Fara mewled. Tammy could practically hear the gears in Fara's brain slowing down.

"You're safe here," Tammy growled in that seductive tone that Fara liked way better than she did. Fara's eyes rolled as delight ravaged her. "My sweet Fara, sooooo safe." Tammy pushed a kiss on Fara's mouth. It didn't taste as good as Rika's and her lips weren't a perfect haven of soft moisture like Emily's, but Tammy didn't care. Love flowed between the girls through their locked lips, in a conduit of soft moans and heavy breathing. Someone was at the door. Tammy went to open it, said hi, and returned. She pressed herself back against Fara. They kissed. Tammy laced her fingers with Fara's, just how Far liked, and squeezed the soft just-slightly-sweaty backs of her hands just how Fara liked.

The door opened again. Rika asked whether to let them in. Tammy looked just long enough to see it was Emily. Fara had brought this up. She was okay with it. Such a good girl. "Come in, Emily!" Tammy chirped. She turned back to Fara, who seemed even more turned on. Her crush was watching her be dominated by another girl she liked, Tammy figured, so that made sense.

"Hi," Tammy heard Rika saying to Emily, "I'm another sub of hers! My name is Rika." Tammy put that aside for the moment. She ground a knee on Fara's crotch. Fara moaned.

"Good girl," Tammy growled again. "Soooo easy to *submit*, is it not?" Fara groaned and shook her head before understanding the question properly and nodding instead. Good. "Soooo *right*." Tammy gripped one of Fara's breasts. Far groaned. She might be jealous of Emily's- her own were much smaller and Tammy preferred big ones, after all- so Tammy elected to give them extra attention. "Thaaaat's right dear, you're so *sweet*, your Princess loves you *so much*."

"Y-yes Princess!" Fara gasped. Her mind was swimming; Tammy could see it in her eyes.

"Now thennnn," Tammy grinned. She nuzzled up on Fara's neck. "When I kiss you, everything is gonna go blank."

"Go blank..." Fara whimpered.

"Gooood girl," Rika chimed in. "You're doing soooo well sweetie. We're proud of you, all of us are."

"AIII...of you..." murmured Fara. Tammy chuckled. She so *loved* when her darlings helped each other like that.

"Thaaaat's right dear. Now, three, two, one." She planted a sharp kiss on Fara's neck. Fara gasped and then she was empty.