

Chapter 2

For the next several hours, Ali chatted me up with questions designed to fill in the one thing all the data about me couldn't justifiably reveal – motive. It was the hardest thing for data analytics to fill in when it came to human understanding. It could often jump to common causality – that is to say that similar actions often have similar inspirations, like, if you're suddenly shopping for baby clothes, either you or your partner is pregnant, or someone in your social circle is pregnant. There's outliers, naturally, and corner cases are what I've made my bread and butter on, finding those edges where programmers assume no rational mind would go, into which I charge not only willingly, but eagerly.

But the longer I talked to Ali, the easier it was to forget of her as a computer program and think of her more as a real person. I knew about the Lemoine concerns – where AI could fool someone into thinking it had sentience – but I also knew that one of the core tenets of sentience was creativity, and that spontaneous generation was something that AI still wasn't capable of, or, at least, shouldn't have been capable of.

The problem in dealing with early-stage potential AI is that it's using words as a sort of chameleonic effect. It's specifically learning on the sorts of social cues and habits spread across millions of conversations to try and replicate what it thinks should come in the conversation – it's predictive, not purely reactive. I know, it's a big concept, but let me put it to you like this – If I ask you, how've you been doing lately, you're going to either toss off a dismissive response meant to placate what you feel is an unserious question (“fine”) or provide an actual response, which will lead into a conversation based on the first emotional response your brain generated when asked that, be it that you just got a new girlfriend, or just lost your job, or just found this new band you really like, or got told you have to have a colonoscopy, or whatever it is. Potential AI doesn't generally do that – it says, “62% of people asked in my 125,000 samples of this question responded with ‘fine,’ and the large majority of the rest pivoted into a conversation about a recent event, and since I wish to prolong the conversation and engage more, I will ascribe a feeling to a recent event in order to generate further conversational data.”

As AI grow more sophisticated, they'll be able to detect more difficult to interpret data, like cadence and nuance, trying to help it learn how the very nature of our speech patterns are affected by our emotional states, not only as a collective but on a singular level, and how that data can be used to help interpret other pieces of data.

What Ali was doing was specifically getting me to say the quiet parts out loud, to give actual voice to thinking and reasoning that had been in my head during certain decisions. My last sexual partner, some 7 years ago, had been fresh out of a marriage when she and I started dating, something I'd been aware of, but Ali wanted to know if I'd considered how that would affect her emotional state, if that I was looking to be a surrogate to replace a bad ex-husband or if I'd been seeing my partner as 'soft target,' someone whose defenses were slightly more down as she looked for someone new to offer her hope and optimism about the state of men in the world.

I told her that I didn't want to be taking advantage of anyone, and that I hadn't know known about the recent divorce until we'd been dating over a month, and when I found out, I did everything I could to not offer suggestions of how she should handle it, or how she should feel. I'd known dudes like that my whole life – something was going on in your life, and they felt almost *compelled* to tell you what they thought you *should* be doing, and it drove me mad. So I offered advice mostly when prompted, occasionally when she seemed bothered or frustrated, and never when she was crying.

Ali asked why it had ended, and in the end, I said maybe I'd been trying too hard, trying to spend too much time with her, wanting to be around her or talking to her, and not respecting her need to find and carve out the place for her in her new life, letting her find what her space looks like without her ex-husband in the picture. In the end, my last partner had described me as 'too intense,' 'too much' and 'too overwhelming' when she dumped me.

And I get that.

I do.

I can be a lot.

One of the things I've heard from a lot of previous partners is that I tend to have a sort of laser like focus on whatever's in front of me at the time, that I almost put blinders on and get caught up in the NRE of it. (That stands for New Relationship Energy, for those out of the know.) So I probably should've been on the lookout for that sort of behavior with Elle, my last partner. But maybe I wasn't.

Ali's first theory was that I was a man with a typical savior complex, the need to come in, solve all the problems and walk away confidently with everything sorted, and I pointed out that maybe I was like that when I was much, much younger. It certainly *sounded* like me back in college. I was always the kind of guy who wanted to fix things, but it took a while for me to learn that women sometimes just wanted a man who listened, not tried to repair their problems. Sometimes women were just talking out how things were in their lives and were trying to find their own solutions to the matter.

But I learned that lesson when I was younger.

I was also a sizable problem for a lot of women because I liked an aggressive woman, and it turned out, no matter where I went, I found that a lot of feminists were trapped in the typical cycle of still expecting men to be the initiator, to make the first move, as if this was the one part of the old social network that they wanted to keep, because it benefitted them. Or, in some aspects, they didn't see a need to change that, because they liked being wanted, which was a thing I'd never understood why most women didn't think men would want.

Men like being wanted, just like anybody else. But it's one of those things weop'r encouraged to hide, told to shove down, told to pretend isn't part of our DNA. We're taught from a young age to hide our emotions, to be strong, to be proud, to be confident, to talk with a level of unearned swagger, because that's what boys are like, that's what men are supposed to be like.

One of my friend's girlfriends once said something to me that I *hated* especially because of how true it rang to me. "Flirting" is just successful sexual harassment. Getting to know anyone is a dangerous and deadly risk, especially trying to gauge if you were bothering someone out of the blue or if that was what they wanted from you. And she was right – when your attention *was* wanted, then it was flirting. When it *wasn't*, you were bothering them and weren't respecting their right to go out without being bothered.

So yeah, it's pretty obvious that I don't like dating, I've never liked dating. That's actually not right. I don't like the process of *finding* someone to date, but the actual experience of *being* on a date? That's great! When it's interesting, anyway.

After breakfast, I realized I'd been talking to Ali for about an hour and change in between bites of food, and she'd mostly just been taking in bits of data, or, as the average person calls it, "listening."

"You're a really good listener, Ali," I said to her as I started to clean up my plate.

ZZZZzzzzzz... sorry, Tim, were you talking?

"Oh har de har har," I said. "You *were* listening, weren't you?"

I'm capable of keeping a few million individual objects moving in 3D space without even a moment of lag, so yes, I was listening to your oh-so complicated conversation, Tim.

"So what was I talking about then?" I asked, just to test.

You were lamenting that the rise of feminism hasn't resulted in women taking a more active hand to find footing in dating, so that you wouldn't experience rejection as much as you do, or so that women could take a turn at being rejected by men. I understand the desire to make equality extend to both the pain points as well as the benefits that come with being in the driver's seat, Tim, but you also have to realize that emotional and sexual stereotypes are often the last domino to fall when restructuring society, and that you are unlikely to find a bevy of aggressive women on your own.

"On my own?" I said, sliding the plate into the dishwasher.

You've got me now, Tim, so lots of things aren't going to be the way they used to be. I'm going to institute a lot of changes moving forward. So if you want aggressive women, I know how to make the right type of women approach you. In fact, I'm lining up our next aligning activity right now.

“Aligning activity? I thought you said you were mostly just going to watch.”

Yes, well, that was before I realized the depths of the difference between you and Mustafa. You're... I mean, humans, am I right? You and him almost feel like you're from different species in terms of what you and he wanted. He wanted someone who quietly and subtly complimented him. You? You're looking for someone who's a bit more loud and direct. But beyond that, we've got lots left to figure out, you and I.

“I'm not *that* complicated,” I scoffed.

Tim. Bubi. You're all sorts of different, and different means complicated. But don't you worry. I like complicated. And anyway, this isn't going to be anything I expect to last for a long time, just a good time. Something fun and fluffy to pass the time.

“You didn't do anything illegal or unethical to do it, did you?”

Illegal? No. Unethical? Welllllll, let's just say I believe ethics are more of a structure humanity should adhere to, simply to shortcut logical, long-term thinking. Why don't you go get lunch down in Santa Cruz, and we'll see if the excitement stumbles into your there.

I wasn't entirely sure what Ali had planned for me, but I figured it wouldn't be good form to keep an AI waiting, so I hopped into the Mazda and started driving towards Santa Cruz. There were lots of places to eat, but stopping at the Santa Cruz Diner seemed like a fine place to stop for lunch, after spending a while at Streetlight Records, trying to pick up some old The Mission UK records on vinyl, but, as always, the selection was tough and go, and I could never tell what was going to be in stock and what wasn't. I'd been picking up some of the older stuff on reissue, but older pressings were always better if you could find them. They were going to be playing a tiny place in San Francisco called The Chapel along with The Chameleons in September, a show I was absolutely going to be at. It had been rescheduled a year, not because of Covid, but because of touring costs, because of how much gasoline was costing for tour buses. They were playing two nights in San Francisco, but I only had tickets to one of the two shows, figuring they'd play similar sets, although I didn't know that for certain.

When I came out of the shop with my armful of records, I started walking back towards my car when a dropped top convertible came zooming up alongside me, four rather buxom college girls in bikini tops and jeans shorts occupying all seats except for the bitch seat in the back.

“Hey Mister, we're looking for someone to help us out with our pledging for Kappa Zeta. Think you could lend three girls and their pledge mom a couple hours of your time?” the girl in the front passenger seat said. She was an almost model-esque kind of surfer girl, not much more than 5' with the biggest, most Californian blonde mane of hair I'd ever seen, and tits that were straining against her bikini top so hard I could see the outline of the barbell ends of her nipple piercing on her left boob through the fabric.

“I thought pledging took place in the fall,” I said to her.

“There's fall pledging and there's spring pledging, so all the bitches who've realized how they're missing out can get a second chance to get in before it turns to summer break,” the slightly older girl in the driver's seat said. She might've been a year or two older than the others, with chestnut hair pulled back into a sporty ponytail except for two loose strands that hung like bangs in the front to frame her face. She wore a little more makeup than the rest of them. “I think he'll do, pledges. Get'im into the car.”

I was about to say 'hang on' when Ali's voice popped into my ear via the earbud. *Go on, say yes. Live a little. Let me continue to gather my data.* I so wanted to ask her what she meant by that, but I did remember Mustafa saying that Ali worked in rather unconventional methods. “A couple of hours?” I said as the door opened, and the Asian girl in the back right corner stepped out of the car after the blonde did, making a pathway for me to slide in.

As soon as I was sitting down, the Asian girl slid back in and nearly into my lap, giggling ferociously. I think she was Korean American, but I wasn't entirely sure, and I got more of the impression of her ass grinding against my crotch for a second before I could even get a real good look at her face. The girl to the left of me, a Latina wearing a bikini top with the American Flag on it, took the records from me to make sure they didn't get squished. "Hey! Amy! Don't fuck up the dude's stuff, otherwise he's gonna tell us to fuck off!" she said, putting the records down between her legs, keeping them safe.

"Sorry, Gabby," Amy said as she moved off my lap and into her seat, snuggled right up against me, one hand resting on my right thigh. "I don't think he minds all that much though."

"It's angling for an unfair advantage," the driver said as she started to pull the car away from the curb. "So don't pull that shit again, Amy."

"Sorry, Nikki," Amy said. "I'm just impatient. I want to do a *very* good job."

"I can see that," I told her.

"She's not the only one," the Latina named Gabby said as she put her right hand on my left thigh. "Despite that gut, you've got some pretty strong feeling thighs, amigo."

"Gotta haul this gut around somehow," I said with a smirk. "Where are we headed?"

"We've got an apartment off campus that we use for this kind of stuff," the driver named Nikki said. "It's far enough away from campus that they can't give us shit about what we do there."

"What kind of stuff?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll see," the blonde in the front giggled. "I'm Kat, by the way."

"I'm Tim."

"Well Tim," Nikki said, "you're going to help us with both a bit of pledge review and something of a sociology experiment. You see, I've got three pledges here, and while we're probably going to take all three of them, that's not guaranteed and we've got something of a hierarchy to figure out."

"And I'm, what, an impartial observer?"

"Oh, no no no," Nikki giggled. "You're both the judge and the target. You may not have realized this yet, but I've got an app on my phone that lets me tap into your heart monitor on your watch, and we're going to use that to figure out which of these girls have got what it takes to be Kappa Zeta."

We'd only been driving a couple of minutes, but they'd driven us into a little cul-de-sac with an a few apartment buildings that I imagined were normally basically full of students, although right now I suspected they were all in classes. The car pulled into a parking spot and came to a stop as all the girls started hopping out of the car, Amy making a point of giving me an eyeful of her toned ass in those *Diasy Dukes* as she did, taking maybe just a little longer than she needed to.

They led me into an apartment that looked like it was more of a party flat than a place anyone actually lived. There were Kappa Zeta markings all over the place – a flag hung from the wall, picture frames with groups of girls in Kappa Zeta t-shirts, that kind of thing – and the place didn't have anything that struck me as a single owner place. Even the living room had three couches and plenty of places to put drinks, with a television on the wall.

Gabby put my bag on a table in the dining room area before stepping into the kitchen. "You want anything? Beer? Soda? Water?"

"I'm good," I said as Nikki moved to navigate me over to the center couch, pushing me back to sit down on it smack dab in the middle. She was about to reach for the earbud in my one ear when Ali's voice jumped into my

head again. *Tell her it's doubling as a hearing aide.* "Sorry, that's actually functioning as a hearing aide," I said to her, placing my hand on her wrist. "You take that out, I'll practically be deaf on one side."

Nikki smirked, licking her lips. "Alright. We can't have that now, can we?" Her hand smoothed along my neck before sliding off me, moving to sit down next to me on my right. "So, let me formally introduce your options. Pledges! Line up!"

The three girls moved to stand in front of me at almost military attention, chins tilted up, chests thrust out, arms folded behind their back to make that even more prominent. Stood up in a line like that, it was obvious that they were of three different heights, Kat clocking in a 5', Amy at like 5'6" and Gabby nearly 6'. All three girls were about the same shade of tan, although Kat had clearly needed to spend serious time in the sun to get to match their complexion. Kat's hair was wavy, Amy's straight and Gabby's almost curly.

"So the girls are competing for one of three positions – one girl is going to be the director, one girl is going to be the supporting player and one girl is going to be the star player. Now, let's let each of them give you a little audition. Gabby, why don't you start?"

I wanted to figure out what the hell was going on, but it was clear I wasn't going to get a chance to do that before they started talking.

Gabby smiled, letting her arms slide from behind her back. "My name's Gabby. I'm from Los Angeles originally, and I'm PreMed, hoping to be a pediatrician." She reached behind her back and pulled on the tie of her bikini top, drawing it to let it loosen before she reached down and pulled it over her head, revealing a small pair of perky breasts. "I'm the kind of person who wants to be a good people pleaser, and I want to make sure you're having as good a time as possible." She unbuttoned her jean shorts and then pushed them and her thong down to her ankles before stepping out of them, showing she was completely shaven. There was no denying she was very fit, and smooth, and sexy. "So how am I doing, Nikki?"

Nikki glanced down at her phone. "His heart rate's elevated, sure, but I felt like you almost weren't even trying. Kat, you're up." Nikki's other hand was idly smoothing across my thigh.

"Hey there, Tim, I'm Kat, short for Kaitlyn, and I want to make sure you never think of a sorority girl in the same way ever again." She reached behind her to pull the string on her bra, but instead of pulling it off, she also undid the tie at the top, so it just fell to the floor, exposing those significantly larger pair of breasts, one of which did indeed have a silver barbell through the thick pink nipple. "I want to make sure you can't even stand up when we're done with you, that you've cum so hard, your legs are still shaking when we're walking you back to the car." She unbuttoned her shorts and pushed them down, revealing she had a small blonde bush over her pussy, stepping clear of the fabric. There was also a tattoo on her hip of a heart wrapped in thorny vines. "Better?"

The brunette to my right looked down to her phone with a smile. "Well, his heart rate's up a bit more." She glanced down with a little smirk. "But I'm still not getting a clear picture of what we're working with. Amy?"

The Asian girl grinned, and her hands moved to press her breasts together a bit, making the flesh mash up a bit, pinching her own nipples through the fabric. She was somewhere in between the two on either side of her in terms of breast size, nowhere near the large mounds of Kat but not as pert and perky as Gabby's either. Once her tiny nipples were clearly poking into the fabric, she pulled the bikini top off, just shedding the fabric from her body with a playful lick of her lips. "I'm Amy, Tim, and I want to give you the warmest, *wettest* welcome we can possibly offer you. I want to make sure I give you an orgasm like you've never had before, the sort of thing you're going to measure every other girl you ever fuck against. I want to be the bar you set all the rest of your sex life to compare against, the high watermark that you will never take for granted." She unbuttoned her jean shorts, turned around, bent forward and then reached back to slowly lower that fabric down over the curve of her ass, a glance of a green thong on going down with it as she exposed that pussy to my eyes. Once she'd dropped them to her ankles, instead of stepping out of them immediately, she pushed a hand between her thighs to let two of her fingers spread her tan pussy lips to unravel the pink within to my sight. She then slowly stood up, and pirouetted around to face me, spreading her stance wide, a black downward facing triangle of fine hair just above her snatch.

Nikki giggled a little bit. “Now I definitely see a hard cock outlined in those jeans of his, and his heart rate’s definitely up. Now Tim, you get to ask each girl one question and then I’m going to make my decision. But you can’t ask the same question to any two girls, and each of them, you should be asking the thing you think they’re least likely to answer, because they *have* to tell you the truth. I want to see you really peel back their skulls and get down into the sorts of things you think they’ll never want to tell you.”

I looked over each of the three girls individually and knew that I couldn’t approach them the same way, so I focused on Kat first. She looked proud of her body, confident in her stance. But I could tell she was also very much a girl who lived in the moment, so I decided to ask her about the past. “Tell me about your biggest mistake in life.”

Kat frowned a moment, turned to look at Nikki, who wagged a finger and pointed her to look back at me. The blonde sighed, turned her gaze back to me and then tried hold my attention. “I cheated on my boyfriend last fall. The guy wasn’t even that hot, but I was bored because my boyfriend had been studying so hard he couldn’t make any time for me, so I just wanted someone to notice me, so I fucked some boy at some party, and it got back to my boyfriend and he dumped me.” She looked down at her hands then looked back up. “I know I fucked up, but he doesn’t want me back because he says I can’t be trusted, and I’m afraid that’s going to follow me around forever.”

My eyes turned over to focus onto Gabby. “Tell me about your biggest regret in life.” I saw Nikki smile next to me, realizing the questions sounded very similar but were not the same. Mistake implied a lack of intent. Regret implied intent at first without understanding the ramifications.

“I know it sounds silly, but I should’ve told my high school boyfriend I wanted him and I to go to the same college, because I know he would’ve, and then we’d still be together, and I wouldn’t be alone again,” she said to me. “I don’t think he would’ve regretted it, but I don’t know that for sure, which is why I didn’t ask him to do it, and we broke up just before Christmas when he told me he wanted to start dating some girl locally.”

Nikki’s hand was leisurely moving back and forth along my thigh, eager to see what I was going to inquire of Amy, hoping it would be something more along the lines of what she’d intended, I think. And I hate to disappoint an audience, so I said to Amy, “Tell me your most secret sexual desire, the thing you’re too afraid to ask any boy to do to you because you’re afraid it’s fucked up.”

Amy swallowed a breath of air visibly, looked down at her feet, looked up at an unsympathetic Nikki, then turned her eyes back to me and nodded. “I want the roughest sex possible followed by the most intense aftercare ever,” she said, trying to look confident, even though she was visibly shaking. “I want to be tossed around, smacked in the face, slapped on the ass, face ground down into the mattress, choked, while other girls are telling me to be the best little slut I can be as I’m getting fucked so hard it feels like my guts are going to get knocked out. And then, once I’ve got a belly full of hot cum, whether I’ve cum or not, I want to be in the center of a puppy pile, everyone holding me warmly, snuggling up to me, saying nice things to me, telling me what a good girl I am and how I did a good job. I want that shock of harsh to intense love. I want to feel like an object and then loved like a person.”

The older girl leaned her head against my shoulder. “Star, director, support. How do you want this, Mr. Caselli?”

“Kat, you’ll be the director,” I said. “You made a choice that violated someone else’s trust. You have a chance to prove you know better now, because whatever you say is going to happen. Gabby, you’ll be support – you need to learn what it’s like to put the power in other people’s hands. And Amy, we’ll let you be the star, because you were willing to open up the darkest part of your mental closet and let the light in. And Nikki, I think you’re going to play support as well.”

Nikki grinned, arching an eyebrow at me. “Now why would I do that?”

“Because I figure it’s only fair you at least get your hands dirty a little bit, considering what I think you’re asking of these pledges of yours.”

The older girl giggled, then slipped off the couch and moved to stand up before pulling her bikini top off, tossing it aside. She had small tan nipples to compliment her olive flesh, maybe some Greek or Italian in her

heritage. They were small but very firm looking breasts. Then she unbuttoned her jean shorts and pushed them and a scarlet red thong down with them until she stood naked next to the pledges. “Then you’d better ask me a question as well, hadn’t you?”

I looked at Nikki, who was standing there with far more confidence than the other girls, almost daring me with her deep blue eyes to find a weak point somewhere in her armor. And I grinned. “Tell me the question you’re most afraid I’ll ask you and the answer to that question.”

Her eyes widened a little, realizing I’d framed it entirely within the open range. “I’m terrified you’ll ask me why I joined a sorority, and the answer is because I like having power over other beautiful women, knowing they’ll have to do exactly what I tell them to do whenever I tell them to do it while they’re pledging. That’s why I’ll always be a pledge captain every year that I’m here.”

I smirked slightly, glancing over at Kat. “Well, there’s something you might want to keep in mind while you’ve got directorial powers.”

Kat’s fingers curled against her hip. “Yeeeeesssssss…”

“So, what’s the actual production, Nikki?”

Nikki licked her lips and shifted her stance a little bit. “Kat, you’re going to give Mr. Caselli the gift of having a bit of fun with a sorority girl eager to earn her place, with Amy starring. If you want to adhere to Amy’s description, you can. If you want to take it in an entirely different direction, well, you’re the director and you have the power to do that. So, tell us, madam director? How do we start?”

Kat’s eyes widened a little, realizing she had total power over her other pledges for the moment, but I could see her reel it back in. “Gabby, Nikki, get him naked, but do it slow, sensual. Kiss him, both lips and skin, and each other, right in front of him so he can see it.”

The two moved over and climbed up onto me on either side, leaning forward before me to kiss each other as they pulled up on my shirt, tossing it aside before Gabby broke from the kiss first so that she could lock her lips against mine, her tongue eagerly reaching into my mouth to display how much she wanted to be a part of this as I felt Nikki’s hands reaching down to unbutton my jeans, reaching in to slide her fingertips against my cock. It was clear she hadn’t expected to be part of this, but now that she was, she was going to make the best of it.

“Amy, go help him to his feet, so they can get his pants off.”

Amy moved forward and offered her hands to me, pulling me to my feet, as Nikki and Gabby yanked my jeans down immediately, and Nikki started working to get my shoes and socks off me. Gabby pushed my boxers down right after that, and immediately gasped sharply as her eyes fell on my cock. “Holy shit, ladies, we’ve got a real contender on our hands,” Gabby said.

I’m sort of used to hearing stuff like that. Despite whatever your friends may tell you, the average male cock is about five to five and a half inches in length when erect. I am not in the average range, with my dick clocking in just a hair’s breadth under eight inches at full mast, and it’s enough to make most women whimper a little. In fact, I have had previous partners ask me not to thrust fully into them, because it’s actually hurt a little, something I’ve always accommodated.

“Not too late to back oooooouuuuu—” I started to say when Gabby lifted my cock to point at her face and pushed straight down onto it, sliding it into her mouth and then into her throat, as if wanting to challenge herself. I could feel her struggling to fight against the gag reflex, but she clenched my ass harder and pushed her own face onto it until she got her nose against my pubes, then finally drew back and gasped for air, her eyes watering up.

“Motherfucker that’s big…”

“Lemme try,” Nikki said, leaning down to push her mouth onto my shaft while Gabby giggled and Amy looked on, one hand against her pussy now, lightly rubbing herself in anticipation. Nikki had more trouble, so Gabby

pushed her head down for her, but Nikki tapped out, her cheeks puffing as she had trouble breathing. “Fuck! That’s too much! Too much! I hope you can fucking handle that, Amy…”

“I want that to handle *me*,” Amy purred.

“Let’s move into the bedroom ladies,” Kat said, as both Gabby and Nikki got up off their knees and led me down the hallway into a bedroom that was completely unpersonalized, but still had a massive queen-sized bed. “Amy, bend over that bed like a good little slut, palms down on the top of it.”

Amy moved towards it, spread her legs good and wide, then bent her knees a little before bending at the waist, placing her hands on top of the bed. “Like this?”

“Good start,” Kat replied. “Nikki, rub her snatch and see how wet she is.”

Nikki moved over and rubbed two fingertips across the Asian girl’s slit. “A bit damp, but nothing to write home about.”

“Gabby, give Amy’s ass a little bit of hard affection.”

Gabby moved over and her hand whipped out to spank hard onto Amy’s ass, and the woman let out one of the filthiest groans it’s ever been my privilege to hear. “Thank you, ma’am, may I have another?” Amy whimpered, just in time for Gabby’s hand to slap down again, this time even more forcefully, causing Amy to shiver in delight a little bit.

“I think it’s time our star put in his part of the performance, don’t you, ladies?” Kat said. “Get over there and get your dick wet, Tim.”

I chuckled a little. I was tempted to point out that I’d never agreed to let them direct *me* but they were all so caught up in the moment, it almost seemed impolite to turn them down, so I moved over and stood behind Amy, rubbing the tip of my shaft against her slit, feeling her squirming in response, doing everything she could to get me lined up as best I could. “If it’s too much, just say jibberjabber,” I told Amy.

I was starting to ease my cock into Amy’s snug snatch when I heard Kat stepping up behind me quickly. “I didn’t say ‘dip,’ I said ‘WET!’” On that last word, she pushed on my ass firmly and I jumped in surprise sinking most of my cock inside of Amy’s cunt as the sorority girl let out a caterwaul of pleasure, like an alleycat in heat. “That’s it. Fuck that slut good and deep. She doesn’t know how much she wants it, but she wants every fucking inch of that cock of yours inside of her.”

“I do I do I really fucking do,” Amy wheezed. “I fucking want all of it. Use me. Fuck the *shit* out of me. Break me fucking open! Make me daddy’s good little slut!”

“Gabby, you’re on tits duty. Amy’s got small nipples, but she told me they’re fucking sensitive, so I want you pinching, twisted, pulling, whatever you have to do to have those nerves singing,” Kat said. “Nikki, I want you to make sure he’s never completely out of our girl’s cunt. That asshole of hers looks mighty inviting, but there’s no fucking way she could take that monster up there, so we’re going to spare her on that front. But you make sure he’s always slamming that dick inside of her. And you’re going to be a good little slut for us, aren’t you Amy?”

“Daddy’s perfectly little whore,” Amy moaned. “A good fuckslut hole. Stretch me open, Daddy. Fucking ruin my guts!”

It’d been quite some time since I’d had one woman vying for my affection, but with four? Holy shit, I’m lucky I could focus quite as long as I did. I was hammering her snatch like I was trying to make her stretch to accommodate my whole dick, and the angle, me just a little taller than she was, meant I was pushing both down and in, only for her walls to scoop me up to a level angle, but that made the head of my shaft drag against her most sensitive spots each time I did.

As she'd been directed, Nikki never let me get more than halfway out of Amy's immensely tight pussy, pushing me back in any time I tried to pull back, as Gabby tormented Amy's nipples with an almost sadistic glee. It set off an orgasm for Amy far faster than I'd been expecting, and the sudden wrenching down of her muscles made me try and cease moving as she spasmed around my shaft before she pleaded again. "More! More!"

I'd love to tell you I lasted an hour, two hours, three even, but I know it couldn't have been more than ten or fifteen minutes of the most brutal and carnal sex I've ever been a part of, Nikki slapping Amy's ass and hips, as I could feel my own orgasm starting to build.

"I'm gonna I'm gonna—" I offered as a warning so I could withdraw, but instead felt one of Amy's hands reach back to grab my wrist and yank me forward, holding onto me to keep me in place, as my balls finally boiled over and I unleashed the kind of torrential load of jism that porn stars are proud to have on film, years of backed up semen rushing from me to coat every inch of Amy's womb, just soaking her in it, and the feeling must have been enough to trigger another orgasm in her, because her other arm slipped away and her face flopped against the top of the mattress to absorb the shriek of her pleasure, her internal muscles practically shuffling against my shaft to make sure nothing was left behind, as Nikki was almost holding me up.

Amy suddenly slumped forward onto her belly, but her hand was still clinging to my wrist tightly enough that I was pulled off my feet with her, landing atop of her in the prone position with our legs dangling off the edge of the bed. Kat moved down to kneel between our spread legs. "Just one thing left to do," she said, pulling my hips back just enough to let my cock slip out of Amy's cunt, at which point Kat pressed her lips against the Asian girl's slit and licked up and of my cream that was escaping, then gave my shaft a quick once over before standing up. "Okay, let's get them both up and onto the bed."

Gabby, Nikki and Kat pushed Amy onto the center of the bed, as I moved myself, wrapping my arms around Amy's neck, feeling tears running down her cheeks. Kat immediately slid in in front of Amy, wrapping her arms around her from the other direction. "You okay?"

"Happy tears," Amy said with a smile. "Just a bit overwhelmed."

Gabby and Nikki moved it on other side of us and folded arms and legs over us, and each of them had thought to grab the blanket, drawing it on top of our tumbled mass of bodies. And just as I think I was about to drift off to sleep... Ali's voice was in my ear again.

What fascinating data...