

The Chill Pill

Chapter Two

It was Kristi, my ex-boyfriend's little sister, who answered the door in a bikini top and shorts. Just casual, I suppose, but having never met her and only heard of her through Sean's second-hand griping, I'd never imagined her as having a body like that. "Hi, I'm Rosie. Is Sean here?"

She held the door for me. "He's indisposed at the moment, but he said you'd be stopping by. C'mon in."

I made myself stay pleasant. "Thanks. Kristi, right? He... mentioned you."

"In glowing terms, no doubt," she said with a little laugh, closing the door behind me. "Well don't worry, I don't bite. You can wait in the living room. This way."

I followed. I would have made some bland compliment about the home, but it didn't belong to her anyway. The living room seemed cozy enough, so I accepted a seat on the couch. Kristi remained standing nearby, awkwardly hovering over me, and I soon realized she wasn't leaving. I attempted small talk -- the weather, what it was like having her big brother home, how about that sale at the mall -- and she pretended to be as interested as I pretended to be.

We also each shared an anecdote or two about how Sean had come to be on our bad sides. After a few of these, I decided to venture bold. "So... did Sean tell you anything about this beauty pill of his?" She was rather pretty, and had undeniably excellent skin. (Of which I was currently seeing far more than I cared to.)

"Not much, but..." she peered down the hallway for eavesdroppers, lowering her voice. "I might've sorta kinda swiped a few when he left his room unlocked." She grinned impishly.

"Do... do they work?"

She nodded. "Like a dream. I was having this huge outbreak, and that thing cleared it up overnight. Head to toe." She turned to show me both sides of her face, even doing a little spin to show me front and back. It really was great skin, lily white and unblemished.

"Do you think you could hook me up? Sonofabitch stole my underwear, so swiping a few pills is the least I could do."

She hesitated a moment, but then shrugged. "Oh why not. Here, I got some in my pocket." I frowned a little at seeing the thing was just sitting, apparently unprotected, in her pocket, but... well, I wasn't raised to balk at generosity from thieves. It was just a little translucent pill, reminding me of nothing so much as a fish oil pill. I didn't even need water to swallow the thing.

We sat there in silence for a bit before it got too uncomfortable. "So how long does it take before I can expect results?"

"Sean says it only takes a few minutes."

"Was that your experience?"

She nodded. "Yep, pretty much. I snorted it while he was making brunch, and by the time I came to the table I was primed."

I blinked. "Wait, what? You... snorted it? And what do you mean, primed?"

"Yeah. See, the prick told me it was something else, and by the time I found out otherwise it was way too late." She leaned back against the wall, then winced in pain for some reason and righted herself.

"Are you saying... Sean *tricked* you into taking a skin pill... I don't understand."

“It’s not a skin pill. And it’s definitely not meth.”

My blood was starting to run cold, and I rose to my feet. “Then... what was it?”

“I don’t know what you call it, but... it basically makes you put up with whatever he does.”

I backed towards the door. “Did you *ruffie* me?!”

She rolled her eyes. “He said you’d be kind of a drama queen about it. Chill out, Rosie. We’re all in the same boat here.”

“You people are sick! I’m getting out of here!” I ran toward the door, but standing there blocking it was a woman who could only be his hated stepmother Lindsey. At least, I assumed from his description of her -- a gorgeous woman closer to our age than to her husband’s, and a prime example of resting bitch face.

She was just standing there in nothing but a scandalously revealing bikini.

“Excuse me, I’m just on my way out.” I raised my voice so it would carry upstairs. “And tell Sean he can keep them!”

The woman didn’t move. “Sorry dear. Sean’s orders. You need to stay.”

I froze for a moment, then snatched my phone from my purse. These people were lunatics! I had just unlocked it when I looked up and saw Sean coming down the steps. “Hi, Rosie. You’re looking good.”

“Your sister drugged me! Did you put her up to that?! You know what, nevermind. I’m calling the police.”

He calmly descended the stairs as I dialed 911. “You’re calling the cops on me?”

I sniffed. Then paused. Was I? I mean... it was Sean we were talking about here. Maybe I didn’t need to be so alarmist about all this. “No, I guess not.” Lindsey laughed, as did Kristi coming up behind me.

“Yeah, I didn’t think so.” He finished descending the stairs and took the phone out of my hand, tossing it down the hall. I doubted it would be usable after that, darnit. Oh well. “So you came to get your panties back, is that right?”

I looked between his sister and stepmom, not relishing witnesses to this exchange, but I had no choice. “That’s right. Do you have them?”

“Tell me, Rosie. Did you run out?”

“Excuse me?”

“I mean, without them, did you run out of underwear. Are you going commando right now?”

“That’s none of your business,” I said firmly. Still, he was apparently curious to go right ahead and check. With the other women watching, he unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down around my ankles.

“Wow, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in a thong before, Rosie. It’s a good look on you.” He squeezed each of my butt cheeks in turn as I stepped out of my jeans. I had to be ready to run the hell out of this freak show of a house as soon as Sean was done playing with me.

“Yeah, well I’ve never had someone steal all of my panties before either. Speaking of, am I gonna get those back or what?”

He smiled. “I like your persistence. I tell you what, babe. You were always such a priss in the bedroom, but if you let me fuck you in the ass, here, today... then sure, I’ll give you your panties back.”

Oh, gross. I guess I kind of have a nice caboose, and just about every guy I've ever been with has hounded me for a chance to stick it in there. I have literally no idea what the fascination is, but it's super disgusting and I've never considered indulging them.

I mean, if Sean decided to fuck me there, then fine, but I wasn't going to offer myself to him. "You know, you can just keep them."

"Cool, I guess. Though I'd like to add that thong to the collection then."

"Yeah, no doubt."

"You can hand it to me or I can just rip it off you, babe. Your choice."

Typical Sean, throwing a tantrum whenever he doesn't get his way. With an irritated sigh, I took the thing off and handed it to him. There I was, standing naked from the waist down in his parents' foyer. It was mortifying. And a little chilly.

Without asking, Sean put his hands on my hips and turned me around, even bent me forward a little bit so he could inspect my butt. I let him, obviously; what else was there to do? He whistled his appreciation like the pig he was. "Damn, Rosie. I don't get why you always wanted the lights off when we fooled around. Asses like yours should be celebrated at every opportunity. Honestly, you might even give Lindsey here a run for her money. C'mon, turn around and drop your bottoms, let's compare."

Lindsey frowned a little, but quickly complied. I got a look at her butt as she shed her bikini bottoms, and damn, he was right. That thing was made to inspire sinful thoughts. Sean copped a feel on both of us, alternating at first and then just using one hand on each. Then he invited Kristi to come over and check us out.

"It's OK, I can see 'em fine from back here," she said with obvious disinterest.

"You must not like the privilege to keep your own ass covered, sis," Sean warned.

She sighed, then suddenly I felt a second hand on my butt. She was thorough -- no doubt she didn't want to annoy Sean, which was only reasonable -- and soon this young woman had violated nearly every inch of my rear end. She'd even gotten a little of my pussy, which, annoyingly enough, was starting to lube up a little.

"So what do you think, Kristi?"

"I can't believe you tattooed 'gold digger' on our stepmother, Sean." She laughed scornfully. "Maybe these pills of yours are all right after all."

He chuckled. "Glad you approve. But I meant about their butts."

"I mean yeah, they're both nice asses, I guess. Rosie's is nice and tight, got that little thigh gap going on. Goes nice with her boobs. Lindsey's is... I mean, Jesus. It's like she's fresh out of a porno with that thing."

"Jealous much?"

"Of the two sluts bare-ass in the foyer? No, can't say I am."

His tone darkened. "Yeah, me either." With that, he lead the three of us back to the living room, seating himself on the couch and positioning each of the three of us to stand in front of him.

"All right, ladies, let's start by getting us all good and naked." On either side of me, his stepmom and sister began dutifully stripping, like there weren't two other girls in the room. I just stood there, hands folded in front of my pussy as lady-like as I could manage. I might not ever think of defying Sean, but that didn't mean I'd just blindly obey him either.

As Sean finished taking off his own clothes, he looked over at me, seeming amused to find my breasts still covered. "Geez, Rosie, you sure don't learn as quick as these two, do you?"

With this drug, you're going to let me do whatever I want to do to you. Which means if I make a simple request and you don't hop to it, you need to expect to be punished."

"Punished?" I asked curiously. I wasn't afraid of him -- there was no need to get emotional about Sean doing as he pleased -- but I was curious what he had in mind.

"Lindsey, show her your tattoo."

With a little extra color in her cheeks, Lindsey turned to show me her ass again. This time, I had a chance to more than glance and saw the reddened, irritated skin of a fresh tat. Like Kristi had said in the hallway, it read *Gold Digger* in cursive script. It wasn't great work, but it gave me an excellent idea of what he had in mind as punishment.

"I see. Um, hang on then." I nervously removed my top, all too aware that Kristi's shapely tits put mine to shame. Mine were decent enough, perky and sitting high on my chest, but hers... well, if you combined her rack with her stepmom's caboose, you'd have a whole porn star.

"Nice. All right then, Lindsey, go throw all of Rosie's clothes out on the front lawn."

Lindsey nodded, mumbling something like "kids" under her breath. Like she was so much older than us. She picked up my clothes, then the pants and thong I'd shed in the foyer. We heard the front door open, then a moment later close.

"Now Rosie, we're about to play a game. The winner of the first round gets to give me a blowjob. Since you and I go back, I'll do you a solid. If you go pick up your clothes, dressed as you are, I'll let you win."

I arched an eyebrow. "Let me get this straight. If I go flash my naked body to your whole neighborhood, you'll let me give you a blowjob? Are you nuts? You know I don't like giving head. Not that I mind sucking yours," I added quickly, before anyone could think I was some total bitch who was dissing Sean.

"Fair enough." He shrugged. "So. This game comes in three rounds. The winner of the first round, as stated, gets to give me a blowjob. The winner of round 2, I'm gonna fuck. The winner of round 3 gets her ass reamed. Questions?"

Lindsey spoke up first. "I have one, Sean. Is it possible to, er, 'win' multiple rounds?"

"Glad you asked. No it's not. That's why we call it winning. I know none of you want to get freaky with me, even if none of you mind. So if you win a round, you're exempt from the others."

I thought back to Sean musing about fucking my ass earlier. "Sean? Is it too late to go get my clothes?"

"You can get them later, Rosie. That ship sailed."

"Back to the game, lovebirds," Kristi cut in, "how do we play? Looks like we're not doing another strip-off."

"It's simple, Kristi. You just have to convince me. Everyone playing gets a chance to persuade me however they like. In fact, to get the ball rolling... Lindsey. Tell me why I should let you suck my dick."

He sat back, grinning like the smuggest bastard I'd ever seen, as Lindsey began. "Oh. Uh... well, I have, like, more experience, I guess? Yeah. I gave my first blowjob when these girls were still in pigtails. I've had years to perfect the art. Your father absolutely loves them -- goes crazy about it every time I do. I've had to cut back to birthdays and anniversary only or I'd spend half my time in this house on my knees."

“Let me stop you right there, stepmother dearest. I don’t ever want details about your sex life with my dad. You’re disqualified this round for that alone. Rosie, you’re up.”

I licked my lips sensually, or as much as I could muster. I’d never tried to seduce a guy into letting me suck him off before, after all. What woman had? Still, if the alternative was a 50/50 shot at an ass-fucking... “Sean? Can I pretty please suck your cock? I always wished I’d done it more. I realize now I need more practice. I want to do it until I’m an expert, a world-class expert at cock-sucking. And then I’ll teach these girls how you like it, because my mouth will know every last nook and cranny of your dick.”

Everyone was staring at me. Honestly, I’d shocked even myself with that one. But the stakes were high, and besides, it was just Sean. Not like I needed to be embarrassed about what I said in front of him.

His erection was twitching up and down, red and angry-looking. “Wow. That was... wow. All right Kristi. You got your work cut out for you, I gotta say.”

“And you said we can persuade you however we want, right?”

He nodded. “Sky’s the limit. Be creative.”

Kristi smirked at me, then dropped to her knees in front of her brother and started sucking him off without any warning whatsoever. She sucked it like she was hungry for it, like she hadn’t eaten in weeks and needed his cum to survive. Her lips, her tongue, she was in a frenzy attacking it with every smooth, wet bit of friction she could muster.

The lucky bitch even had a tongue ring. He was helpless against her onslaught.

“No fair!” I protested. “She’s already sucking you off and she’s not even the winner!”

“Nuh uh,” Kristi retorted as she licked him up and down. “I’m persuading. If you want me to stop, you just say the word. Tell your bratty little sister you don’t want to stuff her slut face with your big hard dick.” And she engulfed him once more.

Sean didn’t say a word; she was declared the winner by virtue of blowing him too well to give him no chance to do more with his mouth than moan in rapture. I didn’t say anything, but watching them was even turning me on. I’d always had a little bit of a voyeur streak, which was probably why having these girls strip beside me had gotten me started. Watching Kristi suck her brother’s dick like it was her favorite candy was honestly hot as hell.

Once or twice as I watched her, it dawned on me that I once would’ve been horrified by what I was seeing and experiencing. Which in my present state only served to make me feel impressed by Sean’s ingenuity and a bit remorseful at how easily I’d been duped. He was a clever one, that Sean, turning us girls into his fuck puppets.

As he prepared to come, he grunted a command not to swallow, then flooded her mouth with so much jizz it puffed her cheeks out a bit. Kristi sat back on her heels, head tilted upwards to avoid spillage. I couldn’t remember him ever coming so hard, but I guess I’d never exactly inspected the condoms when we were done.

“Rosie, Lindsey, you can each share with her. Go on, help yourselves.”

Sheesh, now I had to drink his cum from another woman’s mouth? The things I put up with from him -- no wonder I’d broken up with him. Not that I wanted to now. Come to think of it, I actually was starting to realize what a total bitch I must’ve been. At least I was about to have a chance to make it up to him, to prove to him I didn’t judge or dislike him. Dutifully, I bent down to Kristi’s mouth and pressed my lips to hers; she leaned down to let some of the cum flow into my mouth. It was salty and warm and oozy, but at least it was Sean’s, so it was no big deal.

In fact, as the bitch queen who'd dumped him for reasons I was suddenly struggling to validate, I decided to play it up and moaned a little, like it was some sort of ambrosia. Then Lindsey took her turn, slurping down some of the rest. I noted she didn't have the grace to look at all grateful for it. Understandable, but still. Rude to Sean.

I wondered, as I swallowed down the last dregs of his cum and forced a chipper smile onto my face, if this was the drug kicking in all the way.

"Hot damn, ladies. Tell you what, I was originally going to have to wait a bit between rounds to recover, but after that little show, I don't think I wanna wait. Good work, Kristi."

"Thanks. So like, can I go meet my friends at the beach now?"

He smiled. "On two conditions. One, I want you to wear Lindsey's bikini."

"Uh, what? She's like two cup sizes smaller than me, and even if she's got a nice ass for her size, I'm just... you know. Bigger. Not that I mind putting it on for you, just saying, I'm not sure it'll fit right. Not without lots of me leaking out every which way."

He shrugged. "Not my problem."

"Fine," she said, quickly retrieving Lindsey's little red bikini -- which had been skimpy on her, frankly -- and beginning to struggle into it. "What's the second thing?"

"Ah yes," he said, smiling at the sight of her huge boobs oozing out from behind those ill-equipped triangles of fabric every which way. She'd have to walk carefully or she'd just plain jiggle out of it. "Condition two, I need you to bring your friends over here tonight so I can dose them too. The hot ones, mostly, but if you can't separate them, then that's fine."

"Sure thing," she said. Should she feel bad? It seemed like she should, betraying her friends to this, but then... not like I was fighting to get free. If anything, I was realizing that this was actually a good thing, to give me a chance to set things right with my ex.

"Good. Text before you get back so I can prep things," he said, patting her mostly bare ass as she swaggered out. It was practically a g-string on her. I wondered if she'd even be allowed on the beach. But the alternative was telling Sean no, so... what was a girl to do?

Then Kristi was gone, and it was down to me and Lindsey. Sean was hard again just from looking at us, which was a bit flattering, truth be told. I wondered if he could see my pussy "OK, Lindsey. You got another chance now. Convince me why your gold-digging cunt is the one to fuck, and don't mention you-know-who again."

Instead, she sauntered over to him, planted one foot beside him and was plainly preparing to mount his cock without even a ghost of foreplay. Sean smacked her ass (pretty hard, from the sound of it, though maybe he'd just gotten part of her tender tattooed flesh) and shoved her back. "I let Kristi get away with that for guts-and-glory's sake. Come up with your own thing."

Lindsey frowned; she obviously hadn't thought of a backup plan. Sexy as she was, she'd probably never had to convince a guy to fuck her before -- a woman like that had to give permission, not incentive.

"Well, I think you should fuck me because I'm really sexy, and I know you've been checking me out for a really long time, and I'm a really good lay. Like, *really* good. And I know you love my ass, but you can always just fuck my pussy from behind and still look at it. Even look at the tattoo you gave me -- that'd be fun, right? I bet you'd like it."

She paused. I thought she might be done, but then she revealed she was only transitioning to negative campaigning mode. "And your ex-girlfriend Rosie, there... I know things were never that good between you. She said herself how she never liked to suck your cock. Never let you

admire her ass while you fucked her. You can do that to me. No judgments, no hesitation or resistance. I'll do everything for you that she never did."

His cocky grin grew wider and wider as she went on until I thought might have to push his ears back to make room for it. "Damn. Not bad, Lindsey, not bad at all. I'm pretty intrigued, I gotta say. So Rosie, the bar's been set. What do you got for me?"

I shrugged. "Nothing. I think she's right."

He started. "What did you say?"

"I said, I think you should fuck Lindsey's pussy now, and my ass later."

His eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Are you telling me no? Are you trying to worm out of this somehow? It can't be wearing off that fast."

"Forget her," Lindsey said, seeming worried I was playing some trick, eager to save her own ass. "C'mon Sean, let's fuck."

He brushed her arms aside as she reached for him. "No. Explain yourself, Rosie."

I tried to think if there was a way to explain it without sounding deranged. Or worse, like the bitch who'd somehow dumped this man, through no fault of his own. (I mean, what faults did he even have? I could think of none.)

"I guess... I guess I'd rather just have you fuck my ass," I said bashfully. "I was thinking, and you're right. I have a nice ass, and you always wanted it and I told you no. And now if I'm ever going to get you to take me back, I need to stop being so selfish and judgmental." I shuddered at my own vice. "What the hell was I thinking?"

Sean stared wide-eyed. "Wait... you're saying you want to get back together with me? Why?"

"I'm just realizing now that I was insane to treat you so badly. I feel just awful about the whole thing, and I want to try to fix things between us. And I'll do whatever I can to make things right. To make you as happy as I should've been all along."

He stroked his chin as if studying a puzzle. I thrust my tits out. (He'd always liked them.) "You mean... you feel bad now for having rejected me, even though it was pre-drug? And that guilt is making you want to... do things for me?"

"That's kind of cold, but... I guess so. I wish I could take it all back, Sean. I don't know how I ever could've said those horrible things I said, but from now on, my mouth is for pleasing you only." I licked my lips suggestively.

"So if I'm hearing you right... you're saying you want to lose this round because you want to show me how bad you want me to fuck your ass."

I nodded. "Yeah, pretty much. Unless you'd rather I get you off some other way. Then I want to do that." Did I feel kind of slutty, throwing myself at him like this? Sure, but I was raised with a heaping helping of Catholic guilt, and I was going to atone.

"Lindsey, run upstairs and get some lube," he said, staring at me with an unreadable expression. I frowned to think that the bitch was so ungrateful that her pussy wasn't wet at the thought of patching up her relationship with her stepson. She left at a run. At least she wasn't going to be slow about things.

"Come here, Rosie. Sit on my lap." He patted his thighs, right in front of his cock. I tried to imagine it up my ass, violating me in a way I'd never let a man do. If anyone deserved it, it was Sean, after all I'd put him through. I straddled his lap, my pussy lips nestled right up against his cock, and smiled. Just smiled, and kept my stupid mouth shut before I could say something else hurtful to him.

“So if you want to get back together -- and I do mean if, babe -- things will be different between us.”

“Of course,” I agreed. I’d nagged and put off and disrespected him so much before that of course they’d need to change.

“For starters, you’ll need to make yourself available to me any time, any place, in any way I want. If I want a tit fuck alarm clock, you have to be on hand to give it to me.”

“You got it.” I put his hands on my breasts -- tits, I should call them, like he’d want them to be called -- and listened.

“So you’ll need to quit your job.”

I’d worked my ass off for years to land a salaried position at my firm, and it was on a path to my dream job. My career had always been first and foremost in my priorities -- which was why I agreed so quickly. Sean had to come first, or he might feel like I was slighting him.

“And I’m going to fuck other women. Lindsey and Kristi, yes, but plenty of others too.”

“I can’t wait.”

“I might have you do like Kristi, help me drug your friends so I can use them.”

I started thinking of who would be useful, and in what capacities. I had hot friends, wealthy friends, talented friends... all of them could be repurposed for him. Or else he’d think they meant more to me than he did, and we’d be back to square one. “Done.”

“You’ll have to do what I say, when I say it, no questions asked.”

This time I only nodded, so he could keep issuing demands for me to blindly obey. Man, his drug was potent. I’d have to compliment him on it later.

Then Lindsey was back, handing him the tube of lubricant. “I’ll leave you guys to it,” I said, remembering my promise to not interfere with his fucking other women.

He laughed. “We’re so done with those stupid games now, Rosie. I need your ass right the fuck now.”

I squealed in delight. Not that I was actually delighted -- I was still pretty grossed out, to tell the truth -- but it was important that he think I was delighted. Not offending Sean in any way was incredibly important, so it was best just to err on the farthest possible side from that. I took the bottle and squirted a big dollop into my palm, then rubbed it up and down his shaft. Not that he needed help getting hard; I guess my complete submissive meltdown had done the trick.

In hindsight, getting my ass fucked by my lazy selfish jerk ex-boyfriend was actually kind of nice. There was a certain squick factor to it, but that was fast forgotten as he started helping me bounce on his shaft and the friction did its delicious work. I was so full; his cock had always felt rather large in my pussy, so in my ass, it was like being ripped apart by bliss. I didn’t even care that his stepmother was watching me get butt-fucked like some cheap hooker; I was making him happy, making all my wrongs a little bit righter.

Sean fondled my tits and massaged my butt while we fucked; no amount of groping was too much if it made him happier with me. He even had Lindsey come and give me little spankings as he drilled me. It was humiliating, though not nearly as much so as when his dad popped his head in, saw him balls deep in my asshole, and said he needed to ask Lindsey about something but would come back when he wasn’t busy with her.

“Doesn’t Rosie look hot like this, Dad? Who knew she’d love getting her ass fucked so much, huh?”

“Looks like she was born to it,” he agreed, then excused himself as Sean resumed fucking me. Fucking my ass -- “fucking me” didn’t capture the full scope of what I was giving him.

When he flooded my bowels with his cum, I wondered if there was as much in there as had been in Kristi's mouth earlier. It felt like an ocean, squishing around inside me. A few dribbles followed him out as he shoved me off of him. I fell on my ass, the shock of the impact startling me out of the remainder of my own lingering orgasm.

"OK, Rosie. You convinced me. I'll give you another shot."

"I promise you won't regret it," I said. Then considering how badly I might screw things up if he wasn't careful, I added, "Just keep me drugged up, and I'll make sure you never want for a thing."

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