

Last Woman Kneeling

Snippet 2: To the Victors' Owners

Olivia skipped up and down the runway, waving at anybody who might care to see her cute tits bounce. "Remember when we used to pretend we were models when we were little, Kirsten? And now here we are, working the runway! Dream come true!"

"We were pretending to model clothes then, simpleton. Has it escaped your notice that we're both naked? Just us, and... her." Even Kirsten Vaughan couldn't summon belittling words for Courtney.

Didi shook her head reproachfully. Those girls had no self-respect at all. Perhaps she should offer to take them under her wing. Todd would love to meet them, she was sure. He'd help her put them on the right path.

The catwalk lights dimmed, and the girls all sort of looked around, perplexed. Maybe they'd guessed wrong? They'd walked up and down it, strutted and jiggled and posed and preened, but now—

"Round one voting concluded," came that same booming voice from overhead.

"Oh hey, fun! Did we win?" asked Olivia.

Jody scowled. "Nothing about this feels like winning."

Before anyone could ask the obvious question – *now what?* – there was a sound, like clicking. No, clacking. What was—

Chanda's eyes widened in horror as this girl, this beautiful, statuesque young woman, this lovely person who so reminded her of her Brandy before she was turned into Eve, sunk down to her knees, chin lowered. No. It was Drawing Day all over again. But it couldn't be. It *couldn't*. "What are you doing? Stand up. Brittney, right? Stand up. You have to stay standing."

Nearby, others were kneeling too. Conspicuously, one girl from each pair. Didi approached the distracted blonde woman and fell to her knees. Beside Taylor, Jody dropped, a vacant expression on her heretofore feisty face. Olivia's smile faded as she joined the other three.

Taylor crouched – but very much did not kneel – in front of Chanda's conquest. She waved her hand in front of the busty college girl's eyes. They weren't vacant. She followed Taylor's hand, blinked when she snapped her fingers. "Huh. Gotta say, I wasn't sure between you two. Triumph of the democratic process, huh."

"I wasn't sure either," Chanda said in a small voice. She tried again to pull the girl back to her feet, but she was deadweight.

"Can we wrap this up?" Kirsten demanded, looking coldly down at her best minion. "That guy said 'round one.' I don't want to stand here all month waiting for round two. Let somebody else slut it up for a bit."

It was Courtney, however, who first took initiative. Didi knelt, passive. Todd had prepared her for this, and she had let him down. It was embarrassing. Humiliating, really, with the lingering sensation of eyes watching her. Judging her. Condemning her. Then Courtney bent down in front of her, at the waist, her pussy glistening beneath the heat of the house lights, ready for whatever her lover might wish of her should he suddenly appear.

“Close your eyes, sweetie. This will only feel like a little pinch.” she said gently. Nobody was sure where that syringe had come from. Didi’s sealed eyelids flickered as it sunk into her bicep. The plunger was depressed, haymana forced into her arm.

The other three standing watched in horror. Kirsten’s jaw dropped. She hadn’t seen chemicals turn a woman into a fleshlight like the others had. “What in the...”

Courtney was holding a polaroid where seconds earlier had been a needle. The needle was gone. The picture showed a man, older than them but not old. He had a warm smile, adoring really, directed past the camera at the person holding it. There was no more obvious explanation for where the naked blonde had produced it from than there had been for the syringe. Courtney held it up in front of Dana’s eyes, so close that it would occupy her entire field of vision.

“Open them for me now, sweetie.”

They fluttered open. Then widened. Then widened further, accompanied by a gasp. “Who...”

“This is Drew. My husband.”

“He’s perfect,” the girl whispered. “I love him. I didn’t know how love felt until just now. I love him.”

“Me too. We’re going to get along great,” Courtney said, patting this sweet, simple girl’s head. “Now run along. Take that dress off, and when you find him, tell him I sent you, and that I’m going to send more. He’ll take care of you. He’ll take care of all of us.”

Dana – or was she still Didi? Drew would tell her what name she should have – crawled toward the nearby stairs, down into the darkness below the catwalk, off into obscurity. Courtney smiled after her.

Taylor snickered. “So it’s like that. Well, all right.” From between her breasts she fished out a small canister. Kneeling at her feet, Jody’s eyes were locked defeatedly on the scuffed wooden floor of the stage. Even when Taylor pointed it at her face, she didn’t flinch. “Open wide, bitch. Looks like that fucker’s getting himself another birthday present. Damn, does he ever owe me.”

Jody’s mouth slid open, and in the next instant a burst of brown liquid shot inside, down her throat. If the unblinking, unmoving girl could have been said to become even more passive, she would have. Taylor glared at the crowd as if to command their silence, but no one seemed to want to disrupt the conclusion of their strange game.

“Jody, right? HEY. Jody.” She snapped her fingers. Slowly, the girl’s chin lifted. “Those big titties of yours? They’re a decoration to pretty up Mr. Canon’s place.”

Jody nodded slowly. Who was Mr. Canon? She’d figure it out. She would decorate his place with those big titties of hers.

“Your ass, though...” Taylor patted Jody’s padded butt. “Your ass belongs to me. Now drag it on out of here.”

Like her predecessor, Jody crawled away, in search of a Mr. Canon to decorate with her big titties. Taylor shook her head. “See how she handles figurative language. He’ll teach her, I guess, if my little Jody is as much of a bimbo as she looks. Oh shit, probably shouldn’t keep using her name. Ah well, whatever. Be a nice fixer upper for Tabby if she gets dunced.”

Chanda, meanwhile, was kneeling beside Brittney, clasping hands at the ends of limp arms pleadingly. “You don’t have to do this. Get up. Please, get up. You’re not a loser. I didn’t win you. You’re a person. Your own person. Oh god, why is this... why are we...”

Kirsten had no such drama where her staunchest supporter was concerned. “Jesus, Olivia. Kill me if I ever get that dramatic over a little beauty contest. I mean, don’t, since it seems like you dumbasses are getting your little brain wrinkles smoothed over.”

“I would never! For one, you always lock your bedroom door. And for two, you’re my best friend!” Oliva craned her neck to smile at her adoringly. “And I’m yours forevsies, Kirsten!”

That clacking sound repeated itself, louder. A few dozen staccato taps. “Guess it’s your turn to crawl on out of here, Liv. We had some good times, though, yeah?”

Olivia was already crawling, thinking back on all the good times they’d had. On the floor in front of her, a copy of a red leatherbound book appeared, a golden Northside nighthawk on the cover. “Oh hey! Memories!”

“Uh, huh, yeah, cool,” Kirsten said. She was already eyeing the next wave of competition. Which one of these hot bitches was she supposed to trounce next? Fuck, these chicks were hot. This was gonna be no joke. Olivia was pushing the yearbook along in front of her, however, grinning at a black and white photo of her and her bestie, right here on this catwalk. “*I’m yours forevsies, Kirsten!*” – *Olivia Snyder*, read the caption.

Chanda’s arms were wrapped around Brittney’s waist as she pleaded for her to stop crawling away. “You don’t have to do this. Do you understand me? You’re not a loser! I’m not a winner! I don’t want anything from you but for you to stay who you are!”

But Brittney kept on crawling. She had lost. If that wasn’t what made a loser, what did? She would miss DJ, she thought. Mostly. He would just have to learn to tolerate her absence. She reached the shadows at the end of the stage, but continued unhurriedly down the stairs and into whatever awaited. It wasn’t for her to decide.

Someone would tell her what she was and who she was. In a way, it felt like that had been her whole life to date. This wouldn't be so bad.

Chanda forced herself back to her feet, trying, failing, to follow her loser into the dark. Poor Aaron. A committed wallflower, and now he was burdened with not one, but two total and complete losers, a pair of Powerballs that would brand him forever as a beneficiary of the Lottery system. She would make it up to him. Somehow.

Maybe, if it was her fate to be herself, but to fall in love, Brittney could be the real deal. A loser's loser. Someone whose every thought was her winner's satisfaction. No dignity, no self, no life beyond his pleasure. Maybe in time, this girl could gratify his basest instincts to the point that he would even forgive Chanda for winning her.

Then someone was slapping her on the ass. She could hardly register it. Losers didn't complain when someone slapped their ass. Apparently, she decided, neither did winners.

"What are you so sad for, hot chick? You won!" Taylor rolled her eyes at the tears threatening at the corners of this black-haired beauty's dazzling green eyes. This chick was more dazzling than Taylor was generally comfortable being compared to. Not that she was nervous.

Not very, anyway.

"We're all losers," Chanda mumbled in response.

Taylor sighed. "Yeah, that's the spirit. Come out on top with a smoking hot babe under your thumb, and mope around like it's a bad thing. When I kick your ass next time out and dose you back to home base, you and C-dawg are gonna get along great."

Kirsten eyed the pair nervously. It wasn't every day she met women who were on her level. Maybe she could trip them up, have a little fun with them like she would with Olivia once she got out of whatever this was. Angelica couldn't complain, considering how much time she spent slobbering over that ginger toad's cock. It wasn't cheating if it was with property.

It was hard not to smile. With a girl like Olivia at her beck and call, she would have Angelica eating out of the palm of her hand in no time. That simplistic pig Mr. Lyons would gladly trade evenings and weekends with Kirsten's bubbly little toy for permanent, daily one-on-one lessons with her and Angelica. Soon, she would see that she was wasting her time on cock, and realize where she belonged.

(Some small part of her wondered if Olivia might be able to reel in Angelica's stepbrother, though she squelched that quickly. Where had that instinct even come from?)

"Hi!" Kirsten nearly jumped out of her skin as the comely blonde with the perfect hair and perfect skin and perfect sky blue eyes appeared beside her. "You're really, really pretty, you know that? Absolutely gorgeous. You might actually be one of the most attractive women I've ever seen."

“Thanks,” Kirsten said guardedly. It was hard not to smile back.

“Are you eighteen?”

Creepy questions like that made it a little easier, though. “Uh, nineteen, last Friday. Sorry I didn’t get a chance to invite you to the party, I must say.”

“Whoa, you and my guy are birthday buddies!” the other not-quite-intimidatingly hot blonde said. Taylor managed not to glare. Fucking tall leggy busty Northside mega-thot. She’d never had much school spirit, but it was easier once you’d made your classmates your sims. “Small world.”

“So small.” Fucking tall leggy busty GHS tramp. Kirsten had quit cheerleading freshman year, but she still loved her Nighthawks enough to crush this tasty bitch if the time came for them to face off.

Courtney smiled. She never not smiled. “Great then. You’re going to be perfect.”

Kirsten returned her attention to her next foe. “Bitch, please, I was already perfect while you were still putting on makeup.”

The woman laughed. “This is going to be so much fun. Drew likes when I bring him girls with some fight left in them.”

“Well then he’ll love me. Or, I mean, he won’t, because, yeah. I’m not going to... yeah. Look whatever, I’m hotter than you, go dig a hole and die in it.”

Taylor patted herself down, trying to figure out where she’d dropped that Serenex. That would have been handy right about now. This dark-haired vixen was not the sort of girl she wanted to square off with unarmed, for all she seemed ready to concede defeat.

Taylor shook her head and headed backstage. *Dumb bitch*, she thought. *Who wins and loses isn’t for any of us to decide.*