

My New Girlfriend  
Chapter Six

That night, Courtney and I had our first fight.

My first instinct was to confront her about the missing needles directly, immediately. I took a moment though to think it over and quickly decided the impulse was the wrong one. If she had hidden them, she could just as easily lie about it. (I think. I'd never been given cause to wonder about her being straight with me before.)

If she hadn't, then she'd be hurt that I didn't trust her despite the faith she'd shown in me. Maybe she'd had Erika over for lunch and the woman had hidden her own needles. Accusing Courtney would be a slap in the face. Confrontation was lose-lose.

Really, I ought to just let it go. Henceforth Erika could be persona non grata. Courtney and I could just go on with our lives. It'd just be a weird little hiccup in our relationship, no different than when I loaned her out to Stu when I was still going through that power-tripping phase early on. She'd let me off the hook; if she'd done anything, surely she deserved to have the courtesy returned.

Surely she did.

But as I laid down on the couch with my head in her lap, following our usual routine of letting Courtney massage away the day's stress, my muscles just got tenser. This woman... I'd trusted her completely. Heck, up until now, she'd been so obedient, the thought that she might be pulling one over on me was like Timmy finding out Lassie mauled their next-door neighbor.

I needed to know.

"Courtney, I need you down on your knees, babe."

Her fingers kneading my shoulders gently withdrew, and I sat upright as she assumed the specified position. She folded her arms behind her back, her chest thrust forward, her smile bright and eager. I knew Courtney was wondering if I'd want to fuck her tits or her mouth (or both); she'd remarked on occasion how delicious she found these moments of anticipation. How horny she got waiting to see what was most desirable about her today. On occasion I even had her do a handjob, just for variety's sake, and she'd thanked me for days for the thrill of that little surprise.

When she licked her lips, I knew there was a puddle of drool forming behind them.

"Show me those tits. It's been almost ten hours, and that's ten hours too long." I wasn't actually feeling playful, but I could play the part.

"Mmm, too right – what's the point of having mouth-watering titties if you don't have a wonderful boyfriend to admire them?" she asked as she removed her top. No bra, today. There they sat, too perky for their size, but too big to be truly perky. Two big pink nipples were already hard for me.

I pinched down on them hard, harder even than I meant to, and she groaned at the light pain mixed with her pleasure. After that recent spanking incident with Erika, I'd discovered that even pain brought her enjoyment, so long as providing it pleased me.

Then I leaned down and sucked them for a while, a little kiss-and-make-better after the twisting. She put her knees together and reared up to her full height to make it easier for me,

cooing and moaning and stroking my hair. I could almost forget I was on a mission, buried in tits like these, on a woman like this.

Almost.

She made a disappointed little gasp when I released her nipple from my mouth, but her spirits were quickly buoyed when I snatched the bottle of lube we kept under the couch for just such occasions, concealed by the couch skirts in case company came over.

“Get them ready for me.” I didn’t wait to begin speaking before just spurting out the gel across her chest, the grease drizzling down across and between her breasts and down her stomach. She squealed in surprise and quickly began lathering it over herself. Darling that she was, she made a show of it like always. Any chance to show off that flawless body of hers for me.

“I think they’re ready,” she said, squeezing her tits together, slippery nipples clenched firmly between thumbs and forefingers. “How do you want it tonight?”

The only woman I’d ever been with – ever heard of – who instinctively sought out a man’s input before giving him a titty-fuck. I’d never even considered there might be separate styles, but Courtney had broadened my horizons. Guy standing girl kneeling, guy thrusting girl holding still, girl jacking guy holding still, girl on back guy straddling, guy on back girl leaning over him. (That last one we mostly used when she needed to get in her ab workout.) All kinds of combinations and gradients in between.

“You do all the work this time. Trying to keep up with two of you last night was harder on me than it was on you. You owe me.”

She grinned sheepishly, but quickly knee-walked up to the couch, pulled her breasts apart and snugly wrapped them around the erection she’d already given me just from sucking on those glorious mounds. “I owe you all the real happiness I’ve ever known. I’m just glad you’re letting me give you just a little taste back.”

“I try to be generous,” I said wryly. I found it a little tough to fake a smile, even with my dream-girl kneeling at my feet and thanking me for letting her get me off with the finest pair of tits my bare eyes had ever seen.

Courtney seemed to notice my heart wasn’t in it as much as usual. She probably assumed it was just the prior day’s orgy, or more likely that she was doing something wrong, and stepped it up with the dirty talk. My girlfriend pleaded with me to fuck her big wet titties, give her just a little taste of the dose of my cum she’d been craving all day, promised me that if her boobs weren’t cutting it, she would happily let me use her slutty mouth or her sopping wet pussy or her tight little ass or all three if I wanted because the sexiest most incredible boyfriend in the universe deserved all of them, owned them, had full rights to cum in her and on her at his pleasure, no not rights on my part but rather a privilege on hers, her delight to be a walking talking set of tits and ass and cunt for her man to use to fulfill every fantasy he’d ever had no matter how filthy or depraved, how selfish and debasing, how whorish and wanton and weird and wild and—

—and I came. All over her tits, and I think just to cheer me up, she aimed a good amount right into her open mouth, dripping down off her tongue and onto her lap.

“You’re so fucking incredible, Drew,” she sighed, once she swallowed what remained in her mouth.

“Look who’s talking.”

“I mean it. You know I like it when I turn you on so much you pop off early, but I fucking love it when you make me work for it.”

“Yeah, sorry. Like I said, recovering.”

She smiled. “I love you, Drew.”

“And I love you. Even if you are a jizz-splattered mess.”

“Yeah, I know. Can’t say I wasn’t asking for it,” she giggled. “You mind if I go shower up?”

“Not at all.” I playfully pinched her ass on her way out, which only prompted her to remove her pants and underwear on the spot and invite me to try it again bare. “See how much better that is?”

“It certainly is. Go clean up, hon, you’re dripping on the floor.”

She uttered an apology and hastily made for the shower. Not that either of us cared about a few jizz spots on the rug; if somebody lit a blacklight in my place the glow would be visible from space. I watched her go, as I often did; she swayed seductively, as she always did.

As soon as she was gone I snatched up her phone. The screen said she had four new texts waiting from Erika. It was the only notification.

I clicked to read their conversation, but scrolled up a ways to read in order. Scanning the past week, it looked like there were myriad conversations, generally banal. Erika was going to a club, wanted to know if Courtney wanted to come. Courtney was hitting the mall, Erika made arrangements to meet her. They discussed an intriguing episode of a day-time telenovela they both watched.

There was a little discussion leading up to our threesome – which was where I stopped skimming and began reading.

*Erika: So what do I wear? My first time being the prize in a threesome bet :-P*

*Courtney: I think Drew would like something tight and brief*

*Courtney: something that flatters ur body type*

*Erika: So wear something slutty, basically.*

*Courtney: ya I mean u lost the bet, slutty says u won I lost so fuck me already  
heehee*

*Erika: K. That guy has no fucking clue how lucky he’s about to be. He better be as incredible as you say.*

*Courtney: be ready to be suprised ;-)*

*Erika: I hope so.*

*Erika: Oh – do I need to bring stuff or do you got it covered?*

*Courtney: don’t bring anything I got u babe*

Well that was certainly curious. “Stuff” – the contents of the syringe? It seemed likely – more than likely, in fact, as I continued.

*Erika: sweet. I didn’t know you were still in the game*

*Courtney: I’m not its just some I still had lying around*

*Courtney: its old but still should do the trick*

*Erika: Well I can't wait to find out.*

*Erika: K I'm gonna go get ready now – be over 8ish I think.*

*Courtney: c u then E*

So there it was. Courtney not only know about Erika's use, but had been party to it. Used it herself – whatever "it" was. Heroin, maybe? Hell if I knew what all recreational drugs people injected these days. When it came to that stuff, I was a total rube. I just didn't want it happening in my home without my knowledge.

From the time stamp, I saw the next message between them had come after the threesome was over and Erika had left for her place.

*Erika: I miss you already. It's been like three minutes and I can barely stand not telling the cab driver to take me back to Drew's place*

*Erika: I know you two are busy tonight, having fun I hope. I can't stop thinking about you, what you're doing.*

*Erika: What I hope you're doing anyway. Probably doing.*

*Erika: I bet he's fucking you right now. I loved how you looked split wide by Drew's cock*

*Erika: So natural*

*Erika: Where you were born to be*

*Erika: Where we were both born to be?*

*Erika: FUCK IM SO FUCKING HORNY*

*Erika: I CANT STOP TOUCHING MYSELF*

Damn, she really had enjoyed herself. I mentally gave the lion's share of the credit to Courtney as I kept reading. Her posts were staggered a few minutes apart, which made sense if she'd really been doing as she'd said.

*Erika: You have to tell me when I can come back. I need more of you, more of him*

*Erika: God the driver is just staring me in the rearview mirror but I can't stop*

*Erika: omg he told me I didn't even have to pay him if I kept going*

*Erika: as if I could stop*

*Erika: just thinking of what you two are doing right now*

*Erika: that sound you make just before he makes you cum*

*Erika: I wonder if I make the same sound*

*Erika: I don't know but I hope I learn to*

*Erika: I need you to teach me everything you know about how to please Drew*

*Erika: holy fuck we've just been parked in front of my apartment with the driver just watching me finger myself*

*Erika: ok I made it inside but barely*

What in the hell was going on? Her texts went on like that for a while, describing what she was doing to herself, imagining aloud what we were doing, expressing how badly she wanted to get back to us. Cognizant that I didn't have all evening to read, I tried to make sense of it as I skimmed. Something was definitely, decidedly off here.

Finally, I reached a section where Courtney was responding again, time-stamped this morning some time after I'd left for work.

*Courtney: lol sounds like you had a hell of a night E*

*Erika: OMG I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP*

*Erika: WTF IS HAPPENING TO ME*

*Courtney: ya I know the feeling*

*Courtney: easy on the screaming*

*Erika: Is this how it's going to be from now on?*

*Courtney: oh hell no – it gets easier*

*Courtney: its just hard on u now cuz ur minds not used to it yet*

*Erika: no shit it isn't!*

*Courtney: once u get a better sense for how to please u'll feel way better*

*Erika: How soon until I get that? I want to start right now it's like the only thing I can think about is how to make myself a better plaything*

*Courtney: thats up to him not me*

*Courtney: if Drew thinks u did good, probably soon but if he didn't*

*Courtney: i dunno*

*Erika: Is there anything I can do in the meantime? I feel like everything is so fucking stupid and pointless when I know it's not doing anything to make things better for him*

*Courtney: itll get easier E I promise just hang in there*

*Courtney: my first couple days were the same*

*Courtney: hornier than id ever been – anxiety about everything I said and did is it right or could I have said/done better*

*Erika: Is that how it's going to be for me from now on? Frightened little fuck doll?*

*Courtney: frightened no the rest... lol hopefully*

*Erika: ...*

*Courtney: im just teasing relax*

*Erika: No no no you can tease me if you want. Sorry if I was oversensitive...*

*Courtney: sok but srsly it gets better*

*Courtney: now u feel anxious but soon itll feel so fucking good all the time*

*Erika: Promise? Because I've never felt so worthless as I do right now*

*Courtney: sec lemme txt Drew*

*Erika: Tell him I said I miss him and I'm thinking of his cock and how amazing it felt and how I can't wait to make him cum again*

I heard the shower turn off. Shit! I had to finish this shit – I had to. “Babe? Everything nice and smooth for me? There just might be an inspection...”

Her giggle was muffled by the bathroom door. "I was going to anyway, you know!" she called back.

Good, that'd buy me a few more minutes. She waxed regularly, but she was meticulous about finding stray hairs and eliminating them. I read on, the phone trembling in my hand.

*Courtney: lol txt him that shit urself slut*

*Erika: OK what's his number? Does he like slutty?*

*Courtney: ill give it to u when ur ready for it deep breaths*

*Courtney: for now he says you should strip naked and spank urself as hard as u spanked me*

*Courtney: and say Thank You Drew And Courtney between each spank*

*Erika: ... did he seriously say that?*

*Courtney: say it like you mean it*

*Courtney of course he said it are you refusing to obey?*

*Erika: no no no doing it now*

There was a several-minute gap, followed by a picture sent by Erika. She was posing in front of her bathroom mirror, her bare ass just visible over the countertop. Although her skin was a dusky shade, I could still easily tell where her buttocks had were swelling and discolored from complying with Courtney's made-up order from me.

Erika was leaning around to smile at the camera.

*Courtney: so how u feel now E?*

*Erika: Actually... I have to admit, I feel better than I did.*

*Courtney: u said the words right?*

*Erika: lol like I'd disobey?*

*Courtney: :-D*

*Courtney: thats the spirit*

*Courtney: pretty soon those words will be bouncing around inside ur head all the time*

*Courtney: i cant wait*

*Erika: I can't either, if it's going to feel like you say*

*Courtney: i gotta go take care of some stuff but ill txt u soon*

*Courtney: until then just remember Drew and I pretty much like you exactly how you are*

*Courtney: so dont feel bad OK?*

*Erika: I can't wait to love you for this Courtney, you fucking bitch*

*Courtney: lol u will I promise*

*Courtney: tffn*

I took a breath, trying to steady myself. It was all coming at me too fast. With Courtney coming any moment now, I hurriedly read the final messages, the ones Courtney had not yet read.

*Erika: I'm making an appointment for a Brazilian for tomorrow – I assume that's how Drew likes it since that's how you have yours. Let me know if I'm being stupid.*

*Erika: When you have time and data can you give me a rundown of what he did and didn't like about our time together? I don't ever want to do anything he didn't enjoy ever again, and it'd be nice to start practicing his likes.*

*Erika: Geez when I read that I sound like a fucking sex slave.*

*Erika: Which... I guess I basically am now, huh.*

I heard Courtney approaching just in time to all but throw her phone back where I'd found it, my mind reeling from the implications of what I'd just read. As she shed her towel and posed and positioned herself to show off the perfect smoothness of her thighs and pussy, I did my best to feign interest while I tried to redefine my world.

My girlfriend was my sex slave.

It shouldn't be as shocking as it was. After all, if someone described her behavior objectively and asked me to identify if it was that of a smitten girlfriend or a sex slave... it'd be a coin toss. Still, I'd been making so many excuses in my head, figuring she just had eclectic tastes, or that maybe it had begun as some kind of dare but grew into something more, or... something.

I felt like I'd just learned my family dog from childhood had actually been a robot programmed to cuddle and wag his tail when I walked in the door.

So what to do? She obviously knew what had happened to make her this way if she'd been able to replicate it on Erika. Yet that day on the bus was always a subject she brushed aside when it came up. Until now, I'd been split between wondering if it was evasiveness or just disinterest in what to her had been a humdrum day prior to our impromptu date. Now I knew she'd been avoiding it altogether, and I wanted to kick myself for not having pressed her on it sooner.

Time to see how much control over I actually had.

"Stop, Courtney." And she did, with one leg set beside me on the sofa and the other on the floor, her pussy not six inches from my face as she bragged on its smoothness.

"Stand on one foot."

Courtney arched an eyebrow quizzically. "Do you have a preference which one?"

"Stand on your left foot." She did, tucking her right foot behind her left knee and continue to give me a bewildered smile.

"Hop up and down."

"If you wanted to see my boobs jiggle, all you had to do is say so," she said as she complied. Her balance was pretty good, though she had to steady herself a couple times as I stepped back to observe.

I tried to think of acts that would put her outside her comfort zone – or perhaps just to find out what the extent of her comfort zone was, as I'd not yet found its limits. "Bark like a dog."

Still hopping on her left foot, she tilted her head back and started woofing. She was laughing a bit through it, seemingly giddy at having such an easy means of pleasing me.

“On all fours now. Quickly.” I even snapped my fingers this time, so see if the extra level of imperiousness would do anything to cause her to disobey.

It did not. Without breaking rhythm in her woofs, she got down on hands and fours. She even wagged her ass like a tail. “Woof! Woof woof! WOOF!”

I looked around a moment and found an empty 18-oz soda bottle on the end table. I tossed it across the living room, where it skidded underneath the kitchen table. “Fetch, Courtney.”

Still woofing, and with an impressive level of speed and enthusiasm for a quadrupedal human, she dashed over and snatched it up with her teeth, then hustled back to up and dropped it in my lap. She left her jaw open, for proper canine panting.

I hadn't really intended for it to be erotic, though I'd somehow forgotten that a naked Courtney turned pretty much any activity erotic. I gave a moment's thought to ordering her to present like a bitch in heat (and then I gave it a few more moments' thought), but I knew that would just be a reward for her, a reassurance that it had all been a game whose pursuit was sex.

This was about obedience. Not pleasure.

Over the course of the evening, I tested her for boundaries. Physically, I couldn't find any. If I ordered it, she did it. Tone didn't matter, civility didn't matter. Anything she didn't know how to do, like a handstand, she tried her best to complete and apologized for her failings. She didn't even question it – the girl sensed that right now what I wanted from her was unflinching obedience, and so she provided it.

In terms of emotional barriers, I couldn't find much either. I had her grab my kitchen shears and told her to hack off her hair one hunk at a time. I stopped her from making that first brutal chop in the nick of time. She left me with no doubt she'd have done it. I knew from conversation that she'd been growing out her hair for almost three solid years, and she didn't blink at my command to mutilate those silken tresses at my whim.

She went out to pretend to get something out of the car in nothing but her towel – which I had her drop on the way back in. Courtney barely blushed, and didn't seem to walk any faster than she would striding naked across our bedroom.

While she was busy trying to clean the carpets by hand, I composed a fake mass-text to each ex-boyfriend she had contact info for. I secretly deleted the numbers so she'd see only the names yet not realize it was a dead-end message. I attached to it a picture of her spread-eagle and buck naked with a caption that told them they should come over to my address and run a train on her. She didn't hesitate, but assured me she'd much rather fuck me instead of any of them.

There really didn't seem to be limits. I even got her to tell me, in an angry tone, how much she despised me and how she hoped I never laid a hand on her again. It was every bit as convincing as any role play she'd done – I had to pull the plug before she could hurt my feelings. She didn't apologize after – by now, she did only what I explicitly told her to. I knew she wanted to though.

Finally, I decided it was time. If she was my obedient sex slave of a girlfriend, it was time to find out how and why.

“Courtney, tell me everything that happened on the bus on the day we first met.”



Her head reared back, surprised by the sudden shift from my battery of tests to this simple question. She pursed her lips for a moment, and responded.

“No.”

I blinked. “What do you mean, ‘no’? I told you to tell me. Obey.”

She looked down. “I’m sorry, but I can’t.”

After seeing the array of ridiculous, challenging, humiliating and outright exhausting orders I’d seen her complying with all evening, this sudden defiance was jarring. “Well... why not?”

“I’d rather not answer that either.”

“Well tough titties. I command you to answer.”

“Very well.” She took a deep breath. “Because if you knew what happened that morning, you wouldn’t want anything to do with me any more. And I would rather have you angry with me for disobeying you than casting me away for ever.”

“Courtney... someone tried to turn you into a sex slave. Doesn’t that concern you? Don’t you think that’s something we should discuss?”

“It did concern me. So months ago, right after we got together, I went to a doctor and got a full scan done, bloodwork, everything. They didn’t find anything wrong with me, and said the ‘symptoms’ I described had to be entirely psychological.”

“Psychological? What, so like... someone brain-washed you into falling for me?”

“I don’t want to talk about it. Don’t take that as a yes or a no – just that if I keep answering those kinds of questions you’ll learn things that you shouldn’t know.”

“Why shouldn’t I know them?”

“I told you already. Everybody’s better off the way things are.”

“I couldn’t possibly blame you for what happened to you, Courtney. I’m crazy about you. No matter what.”

“What if I burned down your apartment and all your things while you’re at work tomorrow? No reason, just out of spite. Would you dump me then?”

“Well, yeah, maybe, but you wouldn’t do that.”

“See? You just admitted there’s things I could do that would make you hate me.”

“And you’re not worried I might break up with you for hiding this secret from me?” I pressed, eyes narrowing.

“I am – I’m more worried about that than I’ve ever been about anything. But better mad now, where I might change your mind or it might blow over, than be done forever,” Courtney replied in a small voice.

I hated seeing her like this, anxious and fearful. But I had to know. “I know that you did... whatever this is... to Erika too. I don’t suppose you’re willing to talk about that.”

She looked surprised, but then glanced at her phone on the end table. Obedient and adoring girlfriend that she was, she was sharper than most people gave her credit for. “How, no. But I can explain why, if you like.”

I folded my arms across my chest. “Sure, let’s start there.”

“Erika’s been my best friend on and off for a long time. We’ve been through a lot of shit together. She’s always had a way of making really bad habits – unhealthy relationships with

men, substance abuse, in and out of jail a few times. Petty shit, but every time worse than the time before. One of those girls everyone thinks won't live to see thirty."

I hadn't known that was a kind of girl. I just prompted her to go on.

"I've made my share of bad decisions too, and she's helped me out of some ugly situations of my own making over the years, and I wanted to return the favor."

I scoffed. "So you did the favor of turning her into a sex slave."

"Well... actually, yeah. I mean, I know I've said it a million times, but I've never been happier, or more secure, or more stable, or had more fun than since you came into my life. And I don't care what the origin of it is, and she won't either. It's almost like finding out you have bad vision – like, you've always seen that way, so it feels normal. Then you put on your first pair of glasses and really see things for the first time." She sounded like she'd thought this over before, made this excuse for herself.

"I think I see your point... but why me? I mean, I already have a... you know."

"A sex slave. You can say it – I can hardly take offense at my favorite part of myself."

"Well, yeah. I mean, why not find some nice guy out there and give her to him?"

She shrugged. "I know I'm biased, but... I just don't know any nicer guys than you. Most of the guys I know are just the sort Erika's always been with. Plus, you two seemed to get along, and you were obviously having a lot of fun with her. I felt selfish keeping her away from you, and I knew we'd take good care of her."

I sighed. "Great. Two sex slaves. Won't my mother be proud."

"It'll be braggable at your next high school reunion for sure," she joked.

I shook my head to clear it a bit. This was a lot to take in. "All right, we'll come back to what we do with Erika. For now, I just need to know there's nobody else in danger."

"Danger of becoming your sex slave?"

"Mine, or anyone's. You do see how someone could abuse this kind of power, right? Not that somebody, not to name any Courtney names, may well have already."

She considered, the picture of someone choosing words with absolute precision. "Here's what I can tell you, and I just ask you to trust me. I've never lied to you, even if I'm not telling you everything."

"Go on."

Courtney took a deep breath. "I know who it was who did this to me."

"So it was an action, by a person." She nodded, laughing like it was a silly question. Like when it came to mind-controlled sex slaves, nanobot-infested lubricants or phantom dildos or gypsy ghost curses weren't all possible explanations.

"Someone on the bus, then," I pressed.

She took a moment, and my sense was more that she was deciding not what to answer, but whether to answer. "Yes," she said at last. "And that person no longer has the means to do it any more. I saw to it myself. Nobody else is 'in danger,' as you put it."

I desperately wanted to know more, to ask about my own personal suspects and suspicions. But it was clear she'd already said more than she wanted to say, and whether or not I liked this, it wasn't worth pursuing further for now.

Now, it was time to make up. I could tell my mistrust and the pain of disobeying me had weighed heavily on her, and she seemed as or more upset over my feelings as I was over hers.

I took her by the hand and lead her to bed, where we kissed and cuddled and reminded each other how very much in love we were.

“I want to see Erika’s mouth wrapped around your cock again,” she offered without segue sometime late into the night.

“Tell her to get her cute little ass over here and do her job, then.”

*Courtney: Drew says to get ur cute little ass over here so he can put it to work*

*Erika: See you guys in five*

I read the exchange over Courtney’s shoulder as she typed. She told me where Courtney lived, and we shared a laugh – it was on the other side of of the city, probably an hour’s drive.

Then there was a knock at the door.