

TOLERANCE

CHAPTER ONE

DJ Swanson sighed with frustration as he packed up six boxes of pizza to cart it down the dormitory's hall to the garbage. Another attempt at a floor program, another no-show by his residents. He'd really thought he'd get some this time – he'd even managed to nag a few out of their rooms and into the hallway, but had somehow lost them in the hundred-odd feet between the floor lounge and there. Making his way back to his room, he could hear them rushing out to steal the bounty of free food before his door even shut.

He settled into his desk, and after a few minutes of frittering away time on social media, he got to work on his research project. He'd already had to abandon his topic twice to satisfy Dr. Restrepo – no, “Melissa” – no, “Missy.” It was her first semester out of her own PhD program, and she wanted to relate to her students, though DJ could never think of a professor by their first name no matter how many times she insisted she was “one of them.” The only trouble was that Missy was a mean-spirited narcissist whose standard for satisfaction was that everyone write exactly the way she'd have written their paper, and arrive at the same conclusion. She'd lambasted his rough draft of this topic – “this simply will not do” she'd scrawled across the top, then not bothered explaining why. He respected her, truly; she'd accomplished much in her field in a short time, and although her youth and good looks might make some of his peers see her as less than she was, DJ hoped she'd grow into her role as professor.

But for now, she was a chore, and he did his best. He'd put hours of work into this, so he'd cast the dice and let come what may.

Some time into his revisions, DJ was surprised by a sudden voice behind him. “So are we going to do this or what?”

He turned to see the his fellow RA, Emily, silhouetted in the doorway. He'd forgotten to show up for rounds, and she'd had to come get him – doubly irksome since she plainly disliked being his rounds partner to begin with, but a common schedule made working together this semester a common occurrence. He liked her well enough – she was a good student, a good RA to her residents, and heaven knows she was more than easy on the eyes – but the feeling was not mutual. She was a triple major with a double minor, beautiful and brilliant and no-nonsense in everything she did, and it was clear that fraternizing with the likes of DJ was nonsense to her.

After a murmured apology, rounds went by in silence. From Emily, anyway; he tried to strike up conversation, but he was nervous talking to girls, especially pretty girls, especially pretty girls who seemed not to like him. Which was most of them, really. She gave monosyllabic replies as necessary, and did nothing to further conversation. Like most nights, all was well, and save for a student locked out of her room, the evening passed without incident. He finished his essay as best he could, and flicked off the lights.

As he drifted off to sleep that night, it was with an effort that he held back tears. It had been his birthday, and outside of a handful of old high school friends saying something on facebook, nobody had said a word. His family hadn't even called, though really, that wasn't unusual. His birth mother had died before he was old enough to remember, and his father followed her in a traffic accident when DJ was eight. His step-mother and step-sister had raised

him grudgingly, but both had been happy to see him shuffle off to college and were never thrilled when he returned for breaks.

It was pitiful, really, and he could scarcely even blame anyone for not taking more notice of him. DJ wasn't especially handsome, nor was he a great student. His grades were the result of elbow grease and a lack of distractions by way of a social life. He had hobbies, but none that would impress or interest anyone. He was introverted, even shy at times, and had only a few friends here at college. He had an annoying laugh and skin that only a small fortune in skin care products kept from breaking out. DJ was a loser, and everybody knew it. Usually within minutes of meeting him. His only real desire was that instead of being treated like one, he could just get people to be merely civil. Not friendly, necessarily – just not cruel. To treat him with a modicum of dignity.

Now there are many stories of wishes coming true. Tales with genies, wizardry, or even a merciful god who answers heartfelt prayers. Sometimes they were granted by the blowing out of birthday candles, though DJ had done no such thing today. Still, whatever power motivated it, that night, his words were heard by someone, and someone with the means to grant wishes was listening when, just before falling asleep, he whispered, pleadingly – to no one at all – “I just wish people would tolerate me.”

The next day between classes, DJ popped in during Dr. Restrepo's – no, Missy's – office hours, and there she was. Long legs lead up to a slender body; a pair of breasts just prominent enough to be unable to avoid notice were present beneath cascades of curly brown hair halfway down her back. Insisting as ever on trying to fit in, she was dressed casually as usual, a skirt that ended midway down those divine thighs and a tank top that revealed the lack of bra beneath it for anyone more than glancing at it.

He'd heard more than one male classmate make crude comments or wolf whistles; the one time she'd overheard it, she'd whirled on the offender and brought the full wrath of the university to bear on him. The boy had dropped the class before the next meeting, and it was said the hell she'd raised had almost been enough to get him expelled. DJ guarded the level of his gaze carefully, keeping it off the hint of cleavage and on the bored expression on Missy's face.

“What can I do for you, Schmidt?”

A dozen answers flooded his mind, all of which would have gotten him slapped, and he composed himself. “I revised my rough draft.”

She held out a hand, and he thrust the papers into it. After a moment's perusal, she rolled her eyes. “Didn't I tell you to switch topics? Social media's impacts on political protest movements is just so passé – is there anyone who *hasn't* already weighed in on it?” She shook her head deprecatingly. “I'm just trying to help you out here, Swanson. Scrap this wreck and come back with something fresh.” With that, she unceremoniously dropped the entire essay into the trash can in front of her.

He tensed with anger. “Hey! I worked really hard on that! And that's the third one I wrote, since you didn't like the first two. I'm just taking this course for credit – I'm not trying to revolutionize the field. No, I am *not* going to re-write it again.” He set his jaw firmly, fighting not to look down at the floor.

Missy seemed to consider a moment. “Oh. Well all right then.” She bent down to pick up the essay out of the trash can before she could see the stupefied expression on his face. He

couldn't believe she capitulated so easily. And he couldn't believe what a great look he had down her top while she was bending over like this.

And he couldn't believe she caught him staring as she fished out the essay from among the other papers.

The well-built professor rolled her eyes at him, though she looked more impatient than offended. "Get enough of an eyeful?" Still, she remained bent over, fishing for the essay. It was almost impossible not to at least glance at the two perky breasts beneath, little bee-sting nipples pointing the way to the floor.

"Oh! No, I, uh," DJ stammered.

Finding the last page, she set the essay on her desk – still annoyed, and still bent over! "Well, let me know when you do." She drummed her fingers on her desk impatiently.

His stare was more shock than interest – was she actually posing for him? He'd never gotten such a prolonged look at someone's breasts before, the way they rose and lowered with each breath. Over and over. Over, and over. Was she some kind of slut? Exhibitionist? Trying to set him up for a lawsuit?

Up, down...

DJ had lost track of how long he stared. A minute? Two? He shook himself. "Sorry Dr. Restrepo. I don't know what came over me. I'm SO sorry." He blushed furiously.

She finally sat up; involuntarily, his eyes drank in every second of the view down her neckline until it was utterly gone. The impatient look on her face faded completely, like she hadn't just given him a free peep show. And now it was painfully obvious that her nipples were hard, tenting out two spots in the thin tank top fabric. His eyes goggled.

"Schmidt?" She waved a hand to get his attention, and he looked back up, somehow discovering an even deeper shade of crimson. "Anyway, like I was saying while your eyes were fixated on my breasts, I'll look this over and get it back to you next week with a grade. OK?" She still didn't look more than annoyed.

"Sure – that'd be amazing. Thanks, Dr. Restrepo."

She smiled, and even if it was forced, it was a smile. "I told you, call me Missy."

He went over and over it after he left. Why the hell would she have let him ogle her like that? Was she just supremely understanding? And what was with the sudden flip-flop on his essay? None of it made sense. Still, other than a few bouts of vigorous masturbation, the incident passed, and he gave no more thought to grander designs.

Then it was Saturday night, and across the college, people his age were dressing up and heading out to parties and dates and bars. Meanwhile, he was stuck on duty again with Emily. Still, he was in a good mood even so. He'd had a good end to the week – he'd had a few positive interactions with his residents, had lunch with some guys from class, and hung out with his fellow RAs on Friday night watching a couple movies. Maybe he wasn't popular, but he'd felt included. It was nice, and he was determined that no sour looks from Emily were going to harsh his mellow.

And so far, so good. She'd made polite chit-chat with him during their first rounds, even, practically unprecedented kindness from her. Second rounds, just after midnight, were going disappointingly well until they hit the fourth floor lounge.

He'd heard stories before of RAs walking in on steamy scenes, but it was DJ's first.

As they opened the lounge doors, he caught the sight of Ashley Gates straddling the hips of her boyfriend, Charlie. Charlie was a second string lineman on the university's football team

who lived on DJ's floor; Ashley he remembered from a party he'd had to bust last semester – especially since on several occasions since that incident she'd spit at him or flipped him off in passing.

Presently she was in nothing but a bra, a leopard-print number that was struggling to contain the two titanic tits within it, and with each bounce they threatened to break free, quivering and wobbling like mad. A blanket bunched around her waist was the only thing concealing the root cause of her quivering. Charlie noticed the RAs first, and began sputtering nonsensically.

“Oh don't let us interrupt you two.” He grinned at Emily, who likewise looked fairly amused to have stumbled across the torrid scene.

Ashley squeaked, whirling to see who was there while Charlie winced at the sensation her sudden shift had on him. “Oh!” She looked hard at the two RAs, and then, unbelievably, she resumed grinding on Charlie's lap.

DJ stared in shock – and in fascination. He'd never seen anyone have sex except on the internet, and his own meager experience with girls had never included a girl nearly as hot as Ashley. She had the whole hot-nerd-girl thing going on with just a hint of goth aesthetic, with black-rimmed glasses, creamy pale skin, a lazily groomed dark red mane of hair – and of course, those stupendous boobs of hers. Boobs which were even now resuming their wild flopping as she bounced on her boyfriend's lap.

DJ looked to Emily, who had averted her eyes, but otherwise was making no move to intercede. Aside from some mild embarrassment, her body language said she was waiting on DJ for permission to proceed.

“Um, Ashley? Charlie?”

Charlie groaned as she rocked her hips forward, so it was Ashley who responded. “Yeah, DJ?”

He blinked. “You know my name?”

She moaned as Charlie tugged down a cup on her bra and put his mouth over one of her large pink nipples, and it was some time before she recovered enough to reply. “Sure – you're DJ Swanson, the asshole who made me pour out \$200 worth of booze last semester, you – oh FUCK YES baby, suck me, SUCK ME – you bastard.”

Charlie pulled back and murmured into her cleavage. “Quiet, babe, someone might hear and come in.”

DJ raised his hands in a wtf gesture. “Um, hello? Someone already did come in.”

Ashley silenced her boyfriend by leaning forward and burying his face in an avalanche of tits. “I thought you didn't want to interrupt.” She looked back at him, and the expression on her face was a mix of sexual bliss and earnest curiosity.

Before he could reply, Emily interjected. “Hey, do you want to do the write-up for this, or do you want me to do it? I don't care either way.” She was pure casual, though still not looking directly at the two.

What the fuck was going on?

DJ literally pinched himself. Ashley and Charlie fucking like his presence was no big deal, Emily patiently standing by while he ogled them. This had to be a dream.

Ashley reached behind her to undo her bra, tossing it behind the couch and increasing the tempo of her hips. Her big tits threatened to suffocate Charlie as she wrapped them around his head – or at least to batter him unconscious as they flew about unrestrained. They looked even

better than they had in DJ's imagination – which made him all the more certain that this couldn't be real.

“DJ?” Emily spoke up again. Oh, she'd asked him a question. Still, if this was a dream... he'd read about lucid dreams, though he'd never had one. May as well enjoy it until he woke up.

He raised a finger and pushed it to Emily's lips, shushing her. She stood by and let him without pulling back or even complaining – and if that didn't confirm that he was dreaming, then nothing would. Emboldened, DJ walked up behind the blissful couple, and without warning reached over Ashley's shoulders and took a breast in each hand.

They felt great – better even than his fantasies, because these felt *real*, not like the impossibly firm, perfect bubbles he'd imagined, but rather tender, quivering girl flesh, cool on the outside but hot where his fingers dug in. He squeezed them, then smushed them against Charlie's face. “You don't mind if I feel up your girlfriend, do you?”

Charlie looked up at him, mildly unhappy but in a pouty, ineffectual kind of way – which was good, since the real Charlie would surely be on his feet and kicking DJ's ass up and down the hall. “It's cool, man – I can't say as I blame you.”

“And Ashley, this is all right with you, right?” He impulsively took a handful of her hair and tipped her head back, bending to kiss her. His tongue slid into her open mouth, and he felt her moan on his lips as his other hand found and tweaked her nipple.

“Sure, it's all right,” she panted as he pulled back. She eyed him warily, like she was still displeased to be watched, but determined not to stop. His hands took liberty, caressing her neck, her smooth stomach, and of course those fantastic tits.

He was at it for some time before he heard Emily behind him. “Look, I'm gonna go finish rounds – you can take the write-up on this.”

His hard-on responded for him, emboldened by the surrealness of it all. “Nuh, uh, Emily – get that cute little ass of yours over here.” He walked away from Ashley, who seemed perfectly happy to be the focus of only one man again. It was moments before he clearly heard her climaxing, and she barely slowed as her body trembled with her orgasm.

“Nah, I got a good view from back here. You have fun.” DJ was having none of it though, and gripped the waistband of her pants and tugged her toward the couch next to where Charlie and Ashley were still fucking contentedly. He plopped down, smiling at the sight of Ashley's bouncing tits, and pulled Emily down on his lap. She didn't struggle, but still, it was clear his pulling was all that was moving her.

With manly impulsiveness he shifted his grip to her neckline, tugging hard to tear her shirt clean off – only it didn't tear. For a dream, it was embarrassing. Emily scowled at him. “Hey! Hey, if we're gonna do this, at least don't ruin my top, all right? This thing cost \$40.” With that, she stripped it off herself. Too eager to wait, he unclasped her bra – a boring beige one, oddly unsexy for a dream – and there they were. Emily Turner's tits. Two glorious hemispheres, perfectly tanned and blemished only by a tiny mole on her left breast.

The next several minutes were lost in frantic groping and sucking; all the while Emily's expression was more what one would expect on someone caught in a long line at the post office than a woman being felt up. Nonetheless he was proud when his efforts caused her to intake a shape breath between her teeth, released in a soft breathy moan.

Beside him, Ashley whined between ragged breaths, “Babe, are you gonna cum? Getting kinda tired up here.”

He gave her an exasperated look. “Ash, my RA is sitting two feet from me. Kinda gun-shy here – just be happy I can keep it up, hey?”

“DJ? Can we give it a rest yet?” She directed her pout at him; it could have melted steel.

He pushed Emily’s right tit away from his face long enough to respond. Why was it he was leaving Charlie in his dream, anyway? “Sure – Ashley, get off him. Charlie, get out.”

The spectacled girl heaved a sigh of relief, lifting herself off Charlie’s cock and standing completely nude in front of them. Her bush was thick – not DJ’s preference, but evidently his subconscious was keen on tossing in weird little quirks to this scenario. She began gathering up her clothes as Charlie hastily shucked his condom, then tugged on his pants and boxers from where they’d pooled around his ankles. “Don’t bother getting dressed, Ashley.”

Charlie looked between them as he fastened his belt. “Hey, like, is it cool if I ask you not to fuck my girlfriend, man? I mean, I’m not trying to push you around, but like, it’d be a courtesy.”

DJ responded by grabbing Ashley’s ass and pulling her back down onto the couch between them, then shrugged. “I don’t make any promises, man.”

Charlie frowned, then nodded, standing and pulling on his shirt. “All right. I’ll be in my room, babe.” She nodded, crossing her legs as he left the room with an apologetic look to his naked girlfriend.

“Emily, maybe you should take a cue from Ashley here and lose the pants, eh?” He smirked. This was all so unlike him, the arrogance and assertiveness, but he figured his odds of having another lucid dream about two beautiful women again any time soon were pretty low, so he intended to make hay while the sun was shining.

Emily frowned, sharing a mutually sympathetic look with Ashley, who had one hand placed over her lap and the other in a vain effort to conceal her chest. “Do I have to? I mean, if you’re just going to play with my tits, it seems kind of pointless to take my pants off.”

“I dunno, looked like Charlie had a good idea there – might go for a little of that myself.” He grinned.

She considered. “I’m not on the pill or anything – what if I just blew you? Would that be good enough?”

At hearing Emily Turner offer to suck his dick, it twitched in his pants – which he still had on for some ungodly reason. “Hmm... I could be persuaded to let you keep your panties, maybe, if you promise to do a real good job.”

Emily stood, and with a grimace, slid her pants down and stepped out of them. Her granny panties weren’t any sexier than her bra, but still, she had a tight, perfect little ass that’d look good in anything. He tugged her panties up into her crack, pinching her butt for fun. “That’ll do, Emily – as long as you suck cock as well as you give judgy looks.”

She settled down onto her knees in front of him and immediately began to undo his button and zipper casually. “I give pretty good blowjobs – never heard complaints anyway.” She gave a self-conscious look to Ashley, who was looking away anyway and still trying to guard her posthumous modesty. DJ’s cock throbbed almost achingly he was so hard, even after all the jerking off after Dr. Restrepo’s peep show the other day. Oh wow, Dr. Restrepo – Missy. He concentrated on having her appear, but he was interrupted by the feeling of Emily’s tongue dragging up and down his cock before his fantasizing had any results.

His eyes closed in rapture, but his hands had the presence of mind to brush aside Ashley’s arms, tugging her thighs apart and slipping his middle finger into her pussy. She

moaned softly, still aroused from fucking Charlie a few minutes ago, and the moaning got louder as his thumb found her clit.

“Yeah, you like this, don’t you bitch.” DJ snaked the fingers on his free hand in Emily’s silky mane.

Emily lifted her head off of his cock and looked up at him, sweeping back her hair to keep it from making contact with his saliva-drenched cock. “Not especially.” Ashley chuckled until a pressure on her clit turned it into a high-pitched whimper of pleasure. His other hand grabbed the back of Emily’s head and shoved it back down to her blowjob, which she resumed right where she left off.

A few minutes of outstanding cock-sucking later, DJ heard a male voice outside the lounge door. “Dude, I’m telling you, there’s somebody fucking in the lounge – I opened the door a moment ago and... look, just trust me OK?”

Ashley stiffened in panic as the door swung open and wrapped her arms across her bountiful chest, and Emily squeaked unhappily around a mouthful of cock. There were two young men, both of whom DJ vaguely recognized from around the quad though couldn’t name, both with cell phones out. Flashes illuminated the room like a lightning storm, and even in a dream, DJ momentarily froze in embarrassment.

Then he remembered the situation. “Girls, c’mon, try to look like you’re enjoying yourselves!” He smiled at the cameras, and with a pouty glare at DJ, Ashley lowered her arms and let the boys take pictures of her naked and getting fingered in the lounge. Emily tried to smile into his dick, though it wasn’t reflected in her eyes. DJ nudged her to the side so that the cameras could make out her face more clearly, then he nodded to the cameras smugly.

The wet quivering girl on his finger, the warm mouth on his cock, the sight of two sexy girls he’d lusted after for a long time naked and mostly-naked, the thrill of having them seen doing it... the cum was surging up his cock and he barely had time to pull back Emily’s face in time to plaster it.

She squealed indignantly, sputtering as a burst hit her right in the eye. “What the fuck, DJ!”

Before his hard-on could fade, he pressed it to her lips in the same shushing motion his finger had done to her earlier. “Hush now, gorgeous, and be grateful I’m letting you keep your panties after such a mediocre blowjob.” It wasn’t true, of course – DJ had only ever had one blowjob, and that had been from a girl nowhere near as hot as Emily, and she’d had braces (needless to say, nothing he remembered fondly). Still, Emily already thought plenty of herself.

Standing, he wiped the remaining bits of cum and saliva on Ashley’s tits, then for good measure, on her cheeks and lips. “That’s enough guys,” he said to the two guys, who laughed as they put away their phones and left the lounge.

DJ pulled his pants and boxers back up, catching his breath. “I can’t believe you just let those guys take pictures of us,” Emily groused.

“Seriously! Can I at least get dressed now?” Ashley stood, hands on her hips in what might have looked intimidating if she hadn’t been nude.

“Sure, knock yourself out. Tell Charlie he’s welcome for me not fucking you – maybe next time.”

Ashley quickly tugged her clothes back on, skipping the bra and underwear in her haste. “Yeah. Sure.” She hustled out the door, and DJ enjoyed watching her broad butt go.

Emily dressed more deliberately, but headed to the lounge sink before putting her top back on. “And thanks for the fucking facial, too.” She tested the water’s temperature with a finger, waiting for it to warm up.

“Sorry. I just couldn’t help it.”

“You could have helped it – but you decided it’d be funnier to jizz on my fucking face.”

He frowned at the back of her head. Awfully sassy for a dream girl. “Hey – shut that water off. I think you look better like that.”

She flashed him an exasperated look. “Seriously? Is that really necessary?” Still, she shut off the water.

“One more complaint and I’ll have you do rounds topless too.”

She opened her mouth, then thought better of it, then tugged on her top while being careful not to smudge his cum. Maybe she was just protecting her blouse, but it felt more like she was playing along with his request.

They finished rounds. There was nothing else going on at the late hour, though more than a few night owls noticed the pearl spots on her copper skin and stared or chuckled. She kept her chin up and ignored it. All the while, DJ waited for his alarm clock to jolt him out of the dreamscape. “Have a good night, Emily.”

He expected a caustic retort, but instead, all he got was a simple “good night, DJ.”

Not knowing what else to do or how to end the dream, DJ went to bed, closed his eyes, and went (back?) to sleep.

DJ woke up the next morning and immediately blushed at the previous night’s dream. He could hardly believe that even in his dream he would be so crude, so disrespectful to women, so crappy to one of his residents. It was completely unlike him. He felt the urge to apologize to Ashley, Emily and Charlie for just dreaming about such things.

Then he logged into his social media accounts to find dozens of new notifications. Unheard of for someone like him, surely – he worried something had happened. Lots of “so-and-so and such-and-such has commented on a photo you’re tagged in,” and he scrolled through until he found the original post.

It was an album of pictures of him sitting on the couch in the fourth floor lounge. Beside him, Ashley Gates sat naked and buried to the knuckle on his middle finger, back arched in pleasure as he worked her clit. In front of him, what might have been any hot, tanned brunette knelt, sucking his cock with a determined expression, but it was difficult to be sure who it was given the dick in her mouth.

But the tag on it labeled her unambiguously as Emily Turner.

He pinched himself again. And again.

A third time, for good measure.

What the fuck?!

CHAPTER TWO

DJ knocked again insistently. He could see someone moving through the dorm room’s peephole, but she still hadn’t answered. He was sure knowledge of the pictures was all over the

building by now, if not the campus, and he was doing his best to be subtle. Still, pretty soon half the floor would want to know who was banging on their RA's door.

"Emily! Emily, it's DJ. C'mon, please open the door. We need to talk." At last, the vague dark spot in the room stopped shuffling around and came to the door. It opened, and there was Emily – standing there in her bra and panties, and looking none too thrilled to see him. His embarrassment over last night overwhelmed what would have normally been the thrill of seeing the trim half-dressed body of his co-worker and DJ quickly averted his eyes.

"Oh! I didn't realize you weren't dressed. Sorry, I can wait. But, um, can I come in?"

"Sure." She let him in, closing the door quickly behind him. The cramped confines of the dorm room left nowhere for him to go to leave her privacy, so he just turned around. With his back to her, he could hear her rifling through her closet looking for something to wear.

"Emily, about last night... I don't even know where to begin. I just... I had no idea... I thought..." He caught himself sputtering. "I am so, so sorry for the way I treated you."

"Eh, it's no biggie." A blouse landed on the bed beside him.

"No biggie! Emily, I... I treated you like a piece of meat! I was so rude. I don't know what came over me."

"Look, I said forget about it, all right? I mean, so you felt me up and snuck a blowjob. Whatever." He heard a zipper going up and after waiting to see her pick up the blouse, turned around to find her fully dressed and looking every bit as unfazed as she sounded.

"Wow, I can't believe you're so casual about all this. I thought you'd be furious. I mean, the way I made you finish rounds..."

"Yeah, that last bit seemed a bit much. But hey, water under the bridge, really. Let's not make things weird."

Emily put her hands on her hips, seeming for all the world to just be impatient at having to explain it to him, like he'd come in to apologize for bumping into her in the hall and not face-fucking her in the lounge and parading her through the building with his semen on her cheeks.

"Well, that's the other thing... I don't know if you've been on facebook yet, but those guys? Who came in and started taking pictures?" He looked at the ground in shame, trying to figure out how to tell her he may have ruined her life. Any job she ever employed for could well turn up those pictures. Her family may well have seen them. He'd reported them, of course, but he knew those things never went away.

"Yeah, I saw. So did pretty much everybody. My mom called, freaking out, but I told her about it and she calmed down."

"Uh, she did?"

"Sure. Some stuff in life you just gotta put up with. Can't go around being pissed off over every little thing that goes wrong."

He blinked. Was he still dreaming? How could anyone be so blasé about all this? Something was seriously off about this.

Emily had a class, and since she seemed to possess all the fury over the incident that most people would have over someone stealing a few pennies out of their purse, DJ dropped it and figured it might need to sink in.

An hour later, he bumped into Charlie in the dorm's common restroom, and was politely thanked for not fucking his girlfriend. The muscly football player laughed about the pictures.

“Yeah, Ashley wasn’t thrilled about that either. Ah, well.” Charlie patted him on the back and headed on out.

The rest of the day was every bit as surreal. People who he’d knew had seen the pictures – the album had gained over three hundred likes before it had been taken down – didn’t even make look his way. They didn’t awkwardly look away either. They didn’t react at all. It was like nobody – not even the people involved – cared about what he’d done.

As he kept processing through it, he thought back to the incident earlier in the week when he’d been caught looking down his professor’s top, and how strangely she’d reacted. Ashley and Charlie continuing their sexploits while he watched, then playing along when he joined in. And Emily. He tried to think if there had been other incidents. He’d accidentally sneezed on someone next to him in class and she’d waved it off. Not at all the same though; she might just be polite.

So he set out to test it. Was something different?

He started small scale – too small, really. Bumping into people on the sidewalk was something most people would overlook anyway. DJ considered telling an off-color joke in front of someone it ought to offend, but couldn’t bring himself to do it. Finally, he decided he’d try cutting in a busy line – surely someone would confront him for that.

But no one did. Not at the post office, not at the concession line at the theater. Emboldened, DJ even went to the grocery store and pulled the lead cart out of the way; the mom and her toddler both just stepped back deferentially. He apologized, and she gave him a look as if wondering why. Emboldened, he figured he’d just take a chance on a definitive test. When the cashier opened the register, he just reached over and grabbed a few one dollar bills right in front of her. She looked at him, rolled her eyes, then handed him his change.

Something was definitely wrong.

But surely not everyone could be affected as deeply as Missy, Charlie, Ashley and Emily. He couldn’t just go around ogling, groping and screwing whoever he wanted... could he? Stealing petty amounts from a grocery store would at worst get his hand slapped or get him escorted out of the store, maybe get his picture posted as persona non grata. But how could he test for something more substantial without risking getting thrown in jail?

That evening, DJ strode into Scuttlebutt’s, the strip club a ways south of campus. He’d never been – even if it didn’t go against everything his step-mom had taught him about how women should be treated, he was far too shy for such a thing. The events of last night had given him some courage though, and he paid the door fee and went on in.

This place had a reputation – allegedly most of the workers were college students working their way through school, and so the girls were younger and hotter than most such places. It was dimly lit, like he’d expected, and only a few moments revealed the rep as being mostly a lie. A woman clearly well into her 30’s was on stage, pasties swirling on the ends of time-distended breasts. It was more realistic, certainly, but disappointing after a lifetime of seeing strippers on TV played by surgically enhanced models.

The other girls in the room were a mixed bag, too, but as he scanned the room, he was surprised to see a girl he knew, Sydney. He’d had a class with her freshman year, and they’d even been assigned as partners on a project. He’d been so intimidated by her good looks and gruff attitude that he’d made no waves when she told him she was busy and needed him to do the whole thing. (And too intimidated to retort when she complained about getting a B, which was the last time the two had spoken.)

She was the sort of girl who looked like she'd wind up a stripper – purely stereotypically, of course, but if he'd been making a movie and had to cast someone he knew as Stripper Girl, he'd have chosen Sydney. She had a black rose tattooed up her forearm and some kind of thorny vine as a tramp stamp. Here, clad in a bikini top so skimpy it barely covered her nipples and a g-string, he could see those and others – a tribute to someone named “Mark,” an illegible script on her right inner thigh, two small wings on her shoulder blades.

And of course, she had that body – huge perky tits that seemed not to be subject to the law of gravity, a butt that jiggled even in skinny jeans, thick red lips that instantly made any hetero man cognizant of how they would look on his cock. It was impossible to look at her and not think of sex.

He knew the moment he saw her who the next target of his experiment would be.

And so he found a table and settled in. Sydney wended through the floor, smiling and flirting with patrons. DJ watched her give two patrons lap dances, noted the way the sultry expression on her face faded whenever she had her back to them. Then he caught himself looking too hard and re-directed his attention, taking in the dancer on stage, staring into his cocktail.

Eventually, three courage-bolstering drinks later, Sydney passed his way. He made eye contact and she flitted over to him, placing a hand flirtatiously on his forearm and broadcasting the same fake expression he'd seen on her face earlier. Not that he'd ever expected genuine enthusiasm, of course. And really, anyone who was enthusiastic about giving strangers lap dances would not have been well-suited to his study.

Still, confronted face to face with a real on-the-clock stripper was a first for him, and he stammered without making any sense. Sydney giggled. “Hey there, sweetie, I'm Diva. You having a good time tonight?”

“Y-yeah,” he sputtered, and tried to force a smile back. Tried to pry his eyes off her mammoth tits right in his face.

Her expression softened into curiosity. “Say, do I know you from somewhere?”

“You know, I think we had a class together a couple years ago,” he said, not even certain why he was feigning being unsure.

“Oh, yeah, I thought I recognized you.” Her professional smile returned; he suspected she'd only been responding to the glimmer of recognition on his face, coupled with their similar age, to make the guess in the first place. Now, she was back to business, and smirked at his eyes lingering on her cleavage. “See anything you like?”

At a loss for words, he nodded. It was amazing how even knowing she was only doing this for money it was still so arresting to have this vision of raw sex have her attention focused on him alone.

“Well would you like a closer look?” Another nod. She just stood there though, and he realized she was waiting for money. The sign by the door had said lap dances were \$25. He didn't have exact change, so he fumbled to get out his wallet and awkwardly handed over two \$20's. He was too embarrassed to ask for change, and she didn't offer to as she slid the money into the front of her g-string.

Sydney caressed his chest and neck as she moved around behind him to help him scoot his seat back from the table, then returned and straddled his lap, wrapping her arms intimately around his neck. Her breasts were just close enough to him that each breath caused them to push against him. “This song's almost over, so I'm going to just sit right here until the next one starts

– make sure you get your money’s worth.” She trailed a finger down his chest. “Is that OK that I sit here? Now that I’m all comfy.”

“S-sure.” He was acutely aware of how much he was sweating. Sydney didn’t seem to be. She smelled like too much perfume, but he supposed it was better than smelling like the last dozen men she’d grinded herself on. In spite of the insincerity of it all, DJ was so aroused he was near to hyperventilating.

The stripper – his stripper – seemed to notice. “Relax, sweetie. Deep breaths.” She giggled.

“Sorry. Just never done this before.”

The music abruptly came to an end as Sydney grinned at his bashfulness. “First timer, eh? Well let me just give you a few tips.” She ground her hips against his crotch on that last word. “You’re going to want to touch me,” she murmured into his ear in the momentary quiet, “but you just keep those hands right where they are. I’ll take good care of you, OK?”

Slippery When Wet began to play and the DJ introduced the dancer on stage. DJ heard none of it. His entire world was Sydney.

Sydney slowly beginning to rock and forth on his lap.

Sydney licking her lips as she fondled herself.

Sydney’s butt gyrating in his face as she bent over at the waist.

Sydney’s bikini patches being peeled aside.

Sydney’s perfect round nipples.

Sydney’s tits wrapped around his face.

Then the song ended.

Sydney smiled and stood up off his lap, tugging her bikini back into place. “So, how was your first time?” He just stared, mesmerized, and she rolled her eyes. “I guess I’ll take that as a compliment.”

She turned her back to walk away, and in an instant, he remembered his experiment. “Sydney wait!”

Sydney stopped and turned, her expression suddenly wary. “How do you know my name?”

“I told you, we had a class. European history? We were partners on a project.”

She considered, and seemed to come up empty. “I’ll take your word for it. Anyway, we’re not supposed to do two in a row with the same customer. I gotta keep moving.”

DJ took a deep breath, grateful for the alcohol for helping calm his nerves, if barely. Do or die time. In the next few moments, he’d either be having the time of his life, or a two-hundred pound bouncer would be kicking his ass behind the building. He stood up, stepped forward, and grabbed one of Sydney’s boobs in each hand.

He flinched, expecting to be slapped. To hear her call for help. To get kicked in the balls.

But nothing happened. He opened his eyes, and there was Sydney, standing there giving him a look of irritation, but doing nothing to stop him. He looked over to where the bouncer was standing, and clearly he was in full view of the man, and clearly, he’d elected to do nothing about it.

DJ dropped his hands, looking at them as if never having realized their power.

“You all done?” Sydney’s voice reeked of sarcasm.

“Not even close.” He cupped her ass in both hands, pulling her tight against him. She looked surprised, and still a bit feisty, but she didn’t resist as he sat back down and pulled her back onto his lap.

“Now let me tell *you* a few things, ‘Diva.’ For the rest of the night, you’re my personal stripper, got it? I blew a whole weekend doing your work for you, so it’s only fair you spend a whole night doing for me.”

She narrowed her eyes. “I suppose.”

“So for starters, let’s see you strip. This time, not just a lap dance. You have until the end of this song to be completely naked.”

She frowned. “We’re not allowed to take our bottoms off. It’s against state law.”

DJ smacked her ass and she squeaked in surprise. “I don’t care. Let’s get to work.”

Sydney, mouth working in indignant anger, began to writhe in time to the music and moments later released her tits from beneath the bikini. She slipped back into her flirty stripper persona as she did. “C’mon, we were having fun, right baby? You like Diva’s big titties don’t you? ‘Cause they sure like you.” She pressed her chest around DJ’s face, rubbing her breasts up and down against his cheeks.

DJ waited until she’d pulled back, smirking at her certainty that she could fake her way through this. “I love them. But I said to take the top off. That means *off*, not just to show me your boobs.”

Sydney’s stripper smile faltered just a moment, and then she reached behind her to undo the clasp, then coyly let it slide off of her. DJ wasted no time in pressing his mouth to her tits. Her nipples hardened momentarily as he groped and sucked her bare breasts, and Sydney moaned – fake, probably, but convincing.

He came up for air a couple minutes later, and Sydney was actually flushed. It was one thing to give guy’s a little thrill, but another to just be man-handled like a lover – no, like a slut. But DJ had no intention of letting her off this easy. “Sydney, I’d swear I told you to be naked before the song was over. And look, the song’s over, and you still have your underwear on.”

“You were sucking on my tits! How was I supposed to get naked while getting my tits sucked?”

“Not my problem. But I tell you what. Let’s go up on stage.” DJ was keen on seeing how far he could push this. Sydney, with a little nudging, went to the stage. Another dancer was already up there, but DJ just set down his chair near the end of the runway and told her to get lost. Looking a little miffed, she shrugged and left. Sydney meanwhile stood there, seeming unsure of what to do. A dozen or so guys sitting around the stage looked on with interest. And still, none of the staff did anything to disrupt it. The DJ killed the music, and it was suddenly nice and quiet. A couple girls

“All right, fellas, let’s give it up for Diva!” The guys clapped half-heartedly. “And let’s hear it for her titties!” DJ grabbed one and jiggled it around a bit. Sydney gave him an incredulous look, then smiled at the guys as they clapped again, louder this time.

DJ put a hand on Sydney’s shoulder and spun her around in place, showing all her assets to the crowd. He pushed down on her shoulder, and after offering token resistance, she bent at the waist, her mostly naked ass exposed to the whole crowd. “Now announcing a special deal tonight only at Scuttlebutt’s – we’re auctioning off the lovely Diva’s g-string! High bidder gets to come on up and remove it himself!”

The crowd hooted and hollered excitedly as Sydney sighed in frustration. Bids began coming immediately, starting with the insulting (it was a small town strip club, after all), but soon building up to a not unimpressive \$250. Through it all, the improvised auctioneer kept Sydney bent over, fondling and spreading her ass cheeks, spanking her lightly, to up the appeal of the prize.

DJ gave a hand up to the winner, a guy old enough to be Sydney's grandpa and hefty enough that his leg was as big as her body. "Take your time, sir, enjoy it." The man did, painstakingly dragging the skimpy straps over her hips, kneeling down behind her with his face just inches from her now-exposed pussy, close enough he was sure she could feel his booze-scented breath. Meanwhile, DJ tucked the cash in his pocket.

Patting her ass appreciatively, he finally lifted her back into a standing position; she stretched to loosen the knot her bent-over posture had built in her lower back, but it came across just looking like she was thrusting her tits out, preening at the attention. She tried to force a smile at her admirers, keeping her hands from covering her narrow landing strip of pubic hair with effort.

For the next hour, DJ invented new auctions, each time pressing her limits further, each time finding she grudgingly put up with it. She averaged around \$75 for each of three body shots, each time letting the patron lick the salt off her nipples. She brought in \$350 to bend over a man's lap and let him spank her ten times. Finally, DJ set a price of \$25 to come up and sign her body, then all the men – fifteen total – who'd chipped in got to take a group photo with her. (DJ let each man use his own camera in turn.) He then turned her loose to resume lap dances, collecting her money for her (since she had nowhere left to put it) and upping the rate to \$100 apiece. The men, charged by the unique opportunity to take liberties with the hottest dancer in the club, were only too happy to part with the money.

Sydney all the while kept up her professional smile, though there was plain disgust etched in her eyes.

Finally, the clients began heading home, and closing time was announced by the DJ. DJ was sure by now he could've extended matters, but had had enough fun. He told Sydney to go get dressed, then meet him in the parking lot for her money.

She came out a short time later, now dressed casually in a sweater and bluejeans, and strode right up to him, a feisty look on her face. "Where's my money?"

DJ took out his wallet and produced it, counting it out bill by bill. "That's \$2,720. Not a bad haul for a night's work."

"I fucking earned it, that's for sure." She held out a hand imperiously, demanding he hand it over.

"Hey now. Earlier, I told you to take off your clothes for me, and you decided not to do it. You decided to be a tease instead." He clucked his tongue at her reprovably, shaking his head.

"Yeah, then you brought me up on stage and let every guy in the place use my body like it was a fucking playground. I'd say we're even."

He chuckled. "This isn't about getting even. This is about you being told to do something, and deciding not to do it. Now, if you want your cut of this money, you'll take off your clothes, right now, and then you'll ask me – very nicely – to let you earn it."

"Take off my— here in the parking lot? You're fuckin' crazy if you think that's worth it to me. Keep the fucking money – those stupid assholes will be in here every night for the next year

paying whatever I feel like charging. Advertisement like that and I'll make ten times that much before the month's out." She rifled through her purse and got out her keys. She hit a button on the remote and lights flashed on a modest little hatchback.

DJ followed her to her car, then just before she got there he reached out and calmly tugged the keys out of her hand.

Sydney frowned. "Now what? You wanna steal my car now too?"

"I've put it up for sale." She gave him a questioning look. "I already told you the price."

She sighed. "Come on. Do I really have to...?" He pocketed the keys and folded his arms across his chest. "You know? Fuck this. I'll call a cab."

A moment later, her cell phone joined her keys. She then tried to bum a ride off the bouncer, but after DJ said she was with him, the beefy man shrugged and got in his car, abandoning her. Same with the DJ, the bartender, the other girls. The parking lot was clear except for their two cars, and the two of them. DJ, who had sobered up now, was enjoying tormenting the lazy cock-tease, but moreover was making mental notes on the extent of his power. He seemed to be able to coerce people easily enough, but it didn't take away their free will, or their natural desires. It was like he could take someone by the hand and walk them out into traffic, but couldn't just order them to go and see them mindlessly obey.

Sydney was peering around as if looking for another way out and finding nothing. He could see her contemplating hitch-hiking, but seemed to realize he could stop that just as easily. She could run, maybe, out-pace him, find a pay-phone or stick her thumb out to passing traffic, but a pretty young woman alone at night with not even a cell phone was an easy target.

She groaned in frustration. "Fine. FINE." With no artistry at all, she hastily tugged off her sweater, followed by her pants as she stepped into and out of her sandals. She set them on top of her car while DJ took in the sight of her in normal underwear. She was still sexy as hell of course, but there was something more natural to it like this. (If any of this could be considered natural, he supposed.)

A moment later, her bra joined her other clothes and then after still seeing DJ's arms folded patiently across his chest, her panties as well. She stood there naked as they day she was born, the only thing cover her skin her tattoos and a dozen-odd men's signatures in what she could only pray wasn't permanent marker.

"There, you happy now? I'm naked again. Need the sandals too?" she asked sarcastically.

"You're partway there."

She sighed, and went on in a tone that was pure annoyance. "Fine. Oh baby baby you make me so hot blah blah blah just fuck me already."

DJ shook his head. "I said ask *nicely*, Sydney."

Her jaw clenched, then she tried again through gritted teeth. "Pretty pretty please would you fuck me."

"Nicer."

Sydney composed herself, then plastered on her stripper smile and batted her eyelashes. "Wanna fuck me, sweetie?"

"Nicer."

Her smile broadened, and her voice rose almost an octave in pitch. "Pwetty pwetty pwease would you fuck me? Pweeeeeease?"

DJ stroked his chin consideringly; Sydney actually looked hopeful that he'd finally give in. "I dunno, I'm still not convinced you want it. I thought you were a professional – where's the salesmanship?"

Sydney took a deep breath, then rubbed her temples a moment – whether trying to work out the headache he was giving her or just getting into character, he wasn't sure. When she looked back up, she had a smoky, desperate, lustful look on her face that almost took his breath away. She jiggled up against him, taking his hands and putting them on her bare ass, cold from the night air, then wrapped her arms around his neck and squashed her big tits against his chest.

"Baby, I *need* this. I'm so fucking horny I can barely think straight. My pussy is wetter than it's ever been just thinking about you sticking your cock in me. Please, baby. I'll be the best piece of ass you've ever had – that you'll ever have. Just fuck me. Please baby, just fuck me right here, right now."

One of her hands reached down and began undoing his pants. Transfixed, he just stared vacantly at her as she continued. "You like my ass? Let me bend myself over the hood of my car and you can play with it the whole time you're drilling me. Or do you wanna see my titties bounce? Yeah, I see you like my big fucking tits. Climb on into my backseat and I'll ride you so good, baby, and you can watch these big tits bounce and bounce and bounce while I'm fucking you."

His pants fell around his ankles, and he kicked them off with urgency. Sydney stroked his cock with her silky soft hand, still begging. "Just fuck me, baby. Fuck my brains out. Fuck me so hard I can't walk right for a week. Fuck me so good that for the rest of my life every guy I ever screw again makes me wish he was you. Fuck me. Please, baby. Fuck–"

Like an animal, he spun her around and practically threw her down on the hood. It was so cold her nipples would soon be stinging from it, but not a split second later he'd slid balls deep in her cunt and Sydney was so turned on from her own submissive display that decided she could give two fucks about the cold or the exposure or the cars driving by on the street or the rough smacks DJ was delivering to her ass. Her steamy pussy, with his cock pistoning in and out of it like a jackhammer, was the only heat she cared about now.

The stripper groaned in ecstasy as DJ pulled her head back by her hair, kissing her roughly and biting her lip so hard it hurt. "HARDER!" she cried, even though she doubted he could go any harder than he already was. Naked and groped and fondled and grinded on for hours, she was hornier than she'd ever been and she just wanted to get fucked. Maybe this wasn't how she'd have chosen it on her own, but Sydney was getting fucked and that was all she cared about.

DJ pulled out and spun her around, tilting her back on top of her car and immediately slamming back in, not missing a beat. It wasn't artful; DJ wasn't the sort of attentive, gifted lover she'd had and enjoyed in the past, but simply seeing the bestial frenzy she'd worked him into filled her with such a sense of power that she didn't care. Her tits flopped up and down as he nailed her, fucked her like a bitch, and his eyes stared at them with an intensity like he was trying to burn the image into his mind forever.

In this position his cock slid against her swollen clit with each stroke, and moments later she was shrieking out in bliss as she came and came and came. Sydney's orgasm had just subsided when DJ tensed, slamming as deep into her as he would go and unloaded his cum in her – immediately triggering a second body-wracking orgasm so intense she momentarily blacked out.

When she came to, she saw stars – then realized they were real stars as she was staring up at the night sky, still lying on her back atop the hood of her car. DJ was standing in front of her, smiling down at her, and for a moment, she forgot altogether that she'd only done it to get back what was hers. He was fastening the button on his pants, and offered her a hand in getting to her feet.

“That was pretty amazing,” he said, watching her begin dressing herself.

“It was – not that you weren't being a total dick about it or anything.” Still, she smiled a little.

“It seemed like you liked my dick pretty well there.”

Once she was dressed, he handed over her keys and her cell phone. “And my cash?” She looked at him expectantly.

“Well now, if I give it to you, that changes things a bit, doesn't it?”

She put her hands on her hips. “How so? I earned that money. It's mine.”

“But how did you earn it?”

She tilted her head to the side. “What? You were there. The spanking and the dances and all that.”

“No, that was money I earned from auctioning you. All that money came from my auction.”

“But, but... I fucked you to get that money back!”

He grinned. “There it is, the change. If I give you this money, then you've just become somebody who fucks strangers for money.”

“You're not a stranger – you said, we had that class and project and whatever.”

It was his turn to roll his eyes. “What's my name then? Yeah, I thought not. Still we had a good time together, I think. So there's your choices – you can become someone who fucks strangers for cash, or someone who fucks strangers for fun.” He held the money out. “Your choice.”

She reached out, then hesitated. “So, basically, I'm either a whore or a slut.”

DJ just smiled. Sydney took a moment, and he could see the wheels turning in her mind, see her giving the decision serious consideration.

Finally, she lowered her hand, and shrugged. “Fine, keep it. People have been calling me a slut since 8th grade. Why change course now.”

The thick wad of cash made a bulge in his pocket as it went back in. Sydney went around to the driver's side of her car and opened the door. He spoke just before she got in. “You were a great fuck, Sydney. That was really amazing.”

“Yeah, well fuck you.” But she smiled thinly, and there was only a little heat in her tone.

That night, DJ slept like the dead.

CHAPTER THREE

The next day was Saturday, so DJ was able to sleep in and take some time to reflect on his observations. It was clear now that ever since the day after his birthday, something had happened that caused everyone to turn a blind eye to whatever he did. What he'd done with Charlie and his girlfriend Ashley, with Emily, with Sydney, and a dozen other less sexually

charged experiments had confirmed it. If he could pressure Sydney into begging to be fucked in a strip club parking lot, there seemed to be little beyond his reach.

So then, how did this happen. Was it magic? Some sort of X-Men evolution? Divine intervention? He even considered that it may have been genetic – his parents both having passed so long ago, he had little way of knowing. Either way, he had no way of puzzling it out.

Other questions remained, though. Most pressing was how long this would last – was it permanent? If he kept up like last night, would it wear off someday and leave him swarmed by people out to avenge themselves on him? Was the effect localized to an area? Like, when he went home for fall break next week, would everyone here snap out of it? Or would the effect stay here and people back home would still be normal?

But every time he dredged up some new question, he realized he had no clues and no ways to find them. He considered reaching out to those who dabbled in the occult, but really, just because something seemingly supernatural was happening to him, it didn't make those people any less kooky. And besides, even if it did wear off, he had no doubt he'd already made enough enemies that he'd be in big trouble.

Still, despite his dubious behavior with Sydney, DJ had always considered himself a decent person. He was no saint, but he was true to his friends, he obeyed the law, tried not to rock the boat. He could easily see himself letting this power corrupt him. It would change him; that was inevitable, just as if he'd won the lottery. DJ just didn't want to become a monster.

He was pondering this in a quiet corner of the dorm's cafeteria when Ashley caught his eye. She was giving him the stinkeye – though that was nothing new ever since he'd broken up her party. No, DJ didn't want to become a monster, but he didn't want to keep being a pushover either.

Ashley sat down with a group of her friends, a den of vipers that he could practically hear hissing, and many of whom also hated him for that same old reason. He approached, and was standing beside her before he even knew what he intended to do.

“Hey, Ashley.”

She looked up at him with plain dislike. “What the fuck do you want? We're trying to eat – or is that against the rules too?” Her friends giggled.

“Look, I realize that whole incident was unpleasant, and I just wanted to come over and say I'm sorry it all went down that way. I was just doing my job, you know? I just didn't want there to be bad blood between us.” Her face grew sympathetic as he explained, and he smiled hopefully.

“I tell you what, JR.”

“DJ, actually.”

“Whatever. I tell you what, DJ. You pay me back the \$200 the booze you poured out cost, and I'll call us even. How's that sound?” Her friends vocalized their agreement with the sentiment.

“Fair deal.” DJ reached into his wallet, still overflowing with the money he'd made with Sydney last night. (Ordinarily he'd never walk around with so much cash, but he figured things being the way they were, what did he have to worry about?) He counted out \$200 bill by bill, dropping it on the table in front of the stunned group of girls.

When he finished, he slid it over towards her. “You're sure it was just \$200?”

Too surprised to consider exploiting the implied offer, she just nodded. “Um, yeah. That oughta cover it.”

“So we’re cool now?”

Ashley looked to her friends, and she to them. A brief murmured conference took place before she looked back to DJ. “Yeah, we’re cool.”

DJ grinned. “Cool. I’ll see you around.” He walked away feeling good about himself. So far, so good.

His second temptation came that night. DJ and the few friends he did have got together one night a week, usually Saturday, to play games and hang out to do the kind of things nerds did, and today was it. He took the bus to the apartment Alex and Brett shared, his stock of board games in his duffel bag. Craig, the final member of the foursome, was not coming – working on a big project due Monday, evidently.

He contemplated whether or not to tell them, and decided he may as well. He began with the incident in the lounge, and proceeded up through last night at the strip club. The guys listened with some interest, and when he finished, he looked to them for reaction.

“Anyway, is it my turn or yours?” Alex asked.

“I think it’s yours,” Brett replied.

DJ laughed to himself, and just played the game. After the craziness of the previous couple days, it was nice to just be hanging out without any mischief or complications.

That is, until Rachael showed up. Rachael was Brett’s little sister, a freshman at the university. She walked in without knocking, a hamper full of clothes held in front of her. And worst of all, Rachael was cute. She was thin, skinny really, with breasts that were probably just barely a B cup but complimented her wide-eyed innocent face, and with a butt so tight DJ thought he could cup it in one hand.

Brett was well aware that Rachael was a distraction – and was not at all keen on having his friends eyeing his little sister.

“Don’t mind me, fellas – just here to do a little laundry.”

Brett arched an eyebrow. “On a Saturday night? And you say I’m antisocial.”

She set down her hamper in front of the closet that held the washer/dryer and flipped her brother off. “My friends all went home for the weekend,” she said in a tone that made it clear that was not something that interested her, “and besides, every time I do laundry at the dorm, stuff goes missing. I think there’s some perv going around stealing panties and stuff.” She made a face.

Alex perked up and asked her to join their game and take Craig’s usual spot, but she politely declined. Instead, she got a load going and curled up on the couch with a beauty magazine. She was wearing short shorts, and neither DJ nor Alex could resist glancing over at the exposed meter and change of slender leg. Brett glared at them whenever he caught them.

And so it went through for most of an hour. All the while, DJ just thinking how easily he could go over there and act out every fantasy the nubile freshman had ever inspired in him. As it happened, it was Brett who finally pushed him over the edge.

“Earth to Swanson?” Brett slugged him in the arm, a little too hard, and DJ dragged his eyes away from where Rachael was repeatedly bending at the waist to grab the clothes from her first load of wash and toss them in the dryer. “If you’re not too busy dreaming up bullshit stripper stories, you could take your turn, eh?”

Rachael, sliding a pair of skinny jeans onto a hanger, looked over curiously. “Stripper stories?”

Brett shook his head. “Don’t get him started. Came in here earlier telling us he’s got a super power that lets him bang strippers.”

Rachael arched an eyebrow, laughing. “I guess that’d be a good one to have.”

She bent down and, with perfect innocence, grabbed a thong out of the washer, turned and twisted it until she could figure how to get it right-side out, and put it in the dryer. The image, the taunt, the legs...

DJ’s resolve broke.

As Rachael dumped the remainder of her hamper into the washer, DJ was there to stop the lid from closing. “Say, what about the clothes you’re wearing?”

She looked down at her baggy t-shirt and short shorts. “What about them?”

“Don’t you want to get them clean? I just hate that feeling when I do laundry, get it all folded and put away, then I have to toss the clothes I’m wearing in the hamper.”

She laughed, humoring him. “Yeah, me too. Still, can’t exactly sit around naked for the next two hours while it cycles through.”

DJ waved a hand. “Sure you can! You got your brother here to look out for you, make sure none of us try anything.”

“I kinda don’t want him seeing me naked either.” She stood awkwardly, not sure what to do with DJ’s hand still keeping the lid open.

“Nonsense.” He grasped the bottom of her shirt in both hands, and without asking, began lifting it up. She squirmed a moment, but only a little, and it wasn’t nearly enough to thwart the efforts of a man determined to get her topless. A moment later, there she was in just a little blue bra.

“DJ!” She squeaked.

“We’re all adults here – besides, Brett doesn’t think I have any ‘super power,’ so since I don’t, I’m sure he’ll step in if I take it too far, won’t you Brett?”

Brett gave him a hard look, but kept his seat. “Rachael’s a big girl; she can take care of herself.” Meanwhile, Alex just stared like he thought if he stared hard enough, his eyes would melt the bra right off of her.

“C’mon Rachael, let’s go. Rest of your clothes. C’mon. C’mon.” He took her wrists in hands and moved them to her bra clasp; she lowered them, but after a few times of him putting them back in place, she finally undid the clasp. Her breasts were petite, but they were no less lovely for it, just large enough to have that little crease between them and the skin of her stomach.

DJ took the bra from her hand and tossed it in the washer as she covered her breasts with her hands. Tall as she was, and short as her shorts were, she was already mostly bare. “Good girl, Rachael, now the shorts.”

“What?!” she half-shrieked, half-whispered. “No, no way.”

“You can take them off or I can take them off for you. Your pick.”

Somehow she blushed even deeper, and after a moment, hooked her thumbs in the waistline of her shorts and wiggled them down. She kicked them off when they hit her ankles. Her panties were silk leopard print and clung to her trim frame like a second skin.

As she knelt to pick up the shorts, DJ caught her under the armpits. “No no no, Rach. Bend at the waist. Turn around, bend at the waist. You have an incredible ass, and I think if you don’t show it off just a little then Alex is going to cry.” Alex nodded somberly.

Rachael, increasingly sensing her powerless here, did as DJ asked. Brett made an intense study of his cards; Alex tilted his head sideways like he was seeing a masterpiece of art for the first time; DJ put his hand on Rachael's back and held her in that position.

"Um, can I stand up?"

He held her a moment longer before removing his hand; she stood up and quickly dumped the shorts in the washer.

Her audience looked at her expectantly.

"Come on, DJ. Please let me keep my panties on. Please? I mean, you guys already got a good look. Don't make me strip out of my panties."

"I tell you what – you get a choice. You can take off your panties, or you can spend the whole time between loads sitting on Alex's lap."

"Fuck yes!" Alex hooted.

Brett excused himself to get a drink from the kitchen while Rachael pondered it, looking warily at Alex before wordlessly sliding her panties off. Her pussy was shaved smooth, DJ noted. As if anticipating him, she bent at the waist again, her perfect little ass waving in the air as she tossed her panties in the washer and started the load.

Alex didn't even look like he minded.

DJ was still fondling Rachael's tight little ass when her brother returned from the kitchen. He stopped, and gave a long look at DJ, obviously displeased. "Are you seriously going to spend all night feeling up my sister, or can we get back to the fucking game already?" Rachael looked up over her shoulder at DJ hopefully.

"I'm just showing you guys my story about Sydney isn't bullshit. I mean, this doesn't strike you as a little weird? That Rachael let me strip her naked and grab her ass?"

Brett folded his arms across his chest. "Well what's she supposed to do? Smack you? Storm out with her laundry undone?"

"YES!" DJ cried. "Yes, that's exactly what most people would do if I did this to them. I mean, what if Alex was doing this? Would you still sit there and just let him?" Alex bolted out of his seat to join DJ, but a hard slug in the arm from Brett stopped him in his tracks and he sat back down glumly. "See?" DJ continued. "He even hints at it and you're up in arms, but I'm standing here *still doing it* and you don't lift a finger!"

Brett shrugged. "It's not the same."

"How so?"

Brett looked confused a moment, then just answered, "It's not your choice what I do and don't get bothered by."

DJ just laughed and finally let Rachael stand up. She immediately went over to the couch, tucking her knees against her bare breasts for modesty. "Will you at least acknowledge that my story earlier was legit?"

"Dude, I'm not swallowing that crap."

"What would I have to do to prove it to you?"

"If you have some sort of super power that lets you bully people into doing what you want, then get this Sydney bitch over here and have her tell us herself."

"Fuck yeah!" Alex cried, eager to see another naked chick.

"I don't even know how to contact her – so how about something I can do right here, right now. What's something you *could* do right now but wouldn't?"

“Spank Rachael’s bare ass!” Alex blurted. To his credit, he did at least have the grace to clap a hand over his mouth after.

Rachael gasped in indignant shock, and Brett rose to his feet angrily. “No fucking way! You fucking pervert, Alex!”

Alex held up his hands defensively as DJ grinned. “Then that’s it. I get you to spank your sister, you admit I could auction a stripper like a cheap piece of meat.”

“That’s never going to happen, DJ.”

Not five minutes of tugging, nagging and pressuring later, Rachael’s nubile young body was draped over her brother’s lap, her unbelievably toned butt wriggling nervously as Brett pointedly avoided looking down.

“No.”

DJ grabbed his wrist and pulled it back. Every muscle in Brett’s body was absolutely rigid – except the arm DJ was controlling, which moved as pliantly as could be, right down to slam his open palm into Rachael’s ass.

“Ow! Brett, that hurt!” Rachael whined.

Brett smirked at DJ. “That doesn’t count anyway – that’s you who did the smacking DJ, not me.”

DJ thought a moment, then deftly snatched Brett’s phone off the table and snapped a picture. Both siblings were looking up in shock and horror. “What the fuck are you doing!”

“Spank her, or I text that picture to your parents. Do you have your grandparents in here? Them too.”

Rachael made a whimpering sound. “Please, no.”

“It’s not me you should be saying ‘please’ to, Rach. Preparing the text...”

Rachael sputtered nervously. “Spank me! Fucking spank me, Brett! Don’t let him send it – just spank me, all right?” She was too nervous to see Alex holding his own camera surreptitiously, recording every moment of it.

Brett sighed, then drew his hand back, hesitating at the apex. “Rachael, I can’t...”

“Just pretend I’m someone else! But spank my ass already, Brett!”

Brett winced, and his resolve broke. Down came his hand, the sound of flesh on flesh *cracking* through the living room. He looked up to DJ. “There, happy now?”

DJ pitilessly shook his head.

SMACK! Rachael cried out. *SMACK!* Her tiny body shuddered with the impact of it. Brett, figuring five was a rational number, issued two more before looking up again for permission. Rachael trembled.

“Holy shit!” Alex cried, pointing. “She’s getting off on it!”

Brett and DJ both looked closer, and sure enough, the college freshman’s labia were rapidly moistening with arousal. Meanwhile, the rest of her body was turning so red it looked like she’d been left on a sunny beach for about a week.

“Come on,” Brett complained, “that’s enough, all right?”

“Five more,” DJ said, and Brett readied his hand to administer them – a little too quickly this time, he thought. “Hold it – but this time, she has to ask for them.”

Rachael shut her eyes, humiliated to her core, but still more aroused than she’d ever been in her life somehow. She wasn’t attracted to her brother, but the exhibitionism, the kinkiness of it all... she clearly couldn’t deny it. The evidence was dripping from her pussy.

“P-please,” she whispered. A moment, later, she was rewarded with another firm swat.

“Louder, Rachael.”

“Another, please,” she said, in a tone barely louder than before. She gasped as another blow landed.

“Full volume, or I make him stop,” DJ demanded. Brett looked a bit perplexed at the order, but Rachael was too far gone to consider it anything but a serious threat.

“Please, more!” It was louder now, almost as loud as the resounding *crack* that followed it a moment later.

“More what? Be clear now, Rachael,” DJ teased.

“Please spank my little ass!” Rachael shouted. DJ blinked, dimly aware that this was no doubt audible in adjacent apartment units. If that got their attention, they might even have heard the sound of Brett’s hand whacking her bare butt.

Rachael breathed in ragged, heaving gasps as she quivered in anticipation, needing this final smack to be enough, terrified it wouldn’t be. “For this last one, I want to hear you beg for it. You have to earn this one.”

Rachael let out a trembly breath. “Please, please spank my ass! I’m a naughty little slut, and I need to be spanked! Punish me! Fucking spank my naughty little ass, please! Oh please oh please oh please ohaaaaieeeeeee!”

The final blow landed. DJ half-expected her to cum on the spot, but whatever his influence was, it wasn’t enough to make a girl orgasm from having her butt spanked. Rachael, however, wasn’t ready to concede the point and leapt to her feet so hard she almost knocked Brett out of his chair. Seeing Alex staring in mesmerized lust, she grabbed his waistline and pulled herself up to him, smothering him in a frantic kiss.

“You’re going to fuck me, all right? I need to fucking cum.” Alex, goggle-eyed at the sight of a girl demanding to be fucked by him, was then dragged out of the room. Not thirty seconds later they could hear Rachael howling and shrieking in bliss as she rode herself to orgasm. It being Alex’s first time, it didn’t last long, but she still clocked four orgasms to his one – and Brett and DJ could hear every elated one of them.

“All right, I believe you about the stripper.”

It appears, DJ thought, I need some work on rising above temptation.

CHAPTER FOUR

After the debacle at game night, DJ spent the rest of the weekend cloistered in his room. He didn’t have rounds duty until later in the week, and his social calendar was clear as usual. He looked occasionally at his list of experiments, and while part of him was curious as to whether or not the tolerance power would work online, would work if he were an anonymous stranger, the memory flashed of Rachael bent over her brother’s lap, begging him to spank her.

He read. Did homework. Filled in some sudoku. Anything to avoid the constant temptation of walking down the hall to the girl’s shower and... No. Another sudoku.

But that Monday was as inevitable as any other. Wary of succumbing, he kept his head down and didn’t look around. Tried not to bump into people on the sidewalk. Intro to communications and intermediate comp both passed smoothly; he spent most of the time looking down at his notebook and doodling.

Allie Gentrose came to class in shorts so short her ass cheeks hung out at the bottom, a tank top so sheer he could see her nipples. He could walk over and grab them right now if he wanted, and she wouldn't complain. Maybe a little, if his hands were cold or he made her late for class.

The lecture ended, and he walked out, hands firmly in his pockets. Really, he felt pretty good about it. He kept reciting the golden rule to himself, kept himself distracted from looking around at his peers, and it wasn't so hard.

Until Dr. Restrepo's class.

It was a large lecture hall, though only seventy or so students were enrolled in her class so there was plenty of room. DJ sat towards the back of the room as his fellow students shuffled in, and soon Dr. Restrepo – Missy – walked in. As usual she was dressed like “one of the gang” – a fashionable fall sweater, denim skirt, a pair of ugs, her thick mane of curly hair back in a pony tail. Anyone visiting would probably mistake her for a student, just another hot sorority girl.

She opened class with a lecture about their essays, which she'd graded over the weekend. DJ half-listened, not because he was at all worried – it was fast becoming difficult to imagine someone taking punitive action against him – but because of how tight her sweater was. He couldn't get the image out of his head of the eyeful she'd given him in her office last week. And he didn't want to.

He stared openly as she moved up and down the aisles returning the graded papers, figuring he could forgive himself this one little transgression. *You're only looking after all. No harm in a little looking. Not like you're touching her. Stripping her. Putting your dick in her mouth. Fucking her brains out. No, nothing like that. Just looking.* When she slapped his down upside down on his desk, she was keenly aware of the way his eyes were feasting on her breasts, only a foot or so from his face. She was unaware, however, of how close he came to groping them instead.

At last she finished complaining about the poor quality of the essays and began her lecture. Instantly bored and with his view obscured by her podium on the class's stage, he finally flipped over his paper and saw his grade.

An F. An F! There was only a single comment written – “plagiarism: violation of university academic honor code 02-04a.” Plagiarism! He'd worked hard on this! She didn't even cite where he'd plagiarized from!

Up at the front of the room, she was still going through her lecture, something about the impact of expressive typography in new media. The class was filled with faces of students concealing angry expressions, people who seemed to have about the same reaction he had to their essay feedback. He was halfway up to his feet before he again remembered Derek and Rachael, and he sat back down. He'd handle this maturely. Talk it out. Calmly.

And ya know, he might have made it if she hadn't had to go and push him. “Let's hope you guys put a little more effort into your note-taking today than you did on your essays.” The condescending tone, the flippant dismissal of her students' concerns, the roll of her eyes.

DJ stood up and walked down toward the stage, stopping at the foot of it and looking up at her. She eyed him, but opted to continue lecturing – right up until DJ walked around behind her and grabbed her tits, pulling her ass up against him. “You fucking bitch,” he hissed in her ear.

“Schmidt, this is hardly the time. I’m trying to teach.” She wriggled a little in his grip, but barely struggled. Someone in the class yawned loudly.

“My name is *Swanson*! Not Schmidt, *Swanson*! Get it right, Dr. Restrepo!”

“Well while we’re on the subject of names, it’s *Missy,* remember. I wouldn’t think it would be so difficult for you; you have what, five professors, and I have hundreds of students.” She gasped a little as he squeezed one of her boobs harder.

“Hmm. Well I can’t seem to remember how you’re ‘one of the gang’ when you keep treating the gang like this. So maybe now we give you a name that’s easier to remember.” He picked up and uncapped the black dry erase marker from the nearby white board, then walked over and scrawled something on her face. Dr. Missy Restrepo waited with strained patience; the class was now watching with much interest. When he was done, the words “BITCH FROM HELL” were written on her forehead. “There now, that should be easy for everyone to remember.” A number of his peers laughed. A ways back someone elbowed the student on her right awake and pointed.

Not sure what else to do, she grabbed her cell phone from her purse beneath the podium and used the camera function as a mirror. “Well that’s going to be a pain to wash off. Are you quite done disrupting my class?”

“I’m tired of listening to you talk. Quite frankly, I think we’re all a little tired of being condescended to by the great Dr. Missy.” DJ grabbed the hem of her sweater and pulled it up and over her head with a little effort, revealing a boring beige bra that somehow reduced her sex appeal from the snug sweater. As Missy put her hands on her hips and regarded him impatiently, he unzipped the denim skirt and tugged it down to reveal a pair of boring matching beige panties.

“This is extremely unprofessional,” she said evenly as he unclasped the bra. Discarded, it freed an amazing pair of tits. Not as big as Ashley’s, but that girl’s were enormous. Still, these were remarkably perky little hemispheres, especially given their size.

“You’re one to talk about professionalism, standing there in nothing but your panties. And wow, Missy, these are some nice boobs – never would have guessed they were this big.” He fondled them, one bulging out of each of his hands.

“I wear minimizers, not that it’s any of your business.” She put her hands on her hips reprovingly.

“What? Why would you want to hide these? They’re amazing.” He put his face down in her cleavage and motor-boated her with a giggle he couldn’t quite restrain.

She raised her voice to be heard over it. “It can be difficult in academia to be taken seriously for an attractive young woman. Having large breasts only lets people see you as a – oh shit – stereotype,” she ended breathily, responding to his sucking at a nipple.

“Well, I wouldn’t want anyone to stop taking you seriously,” he said when he’d had a good long suck, then with a hard tug ripped her panties clean off and tossed them into the crowd. They hit a girl in the second row, who squeamishly tossed them away.

Missy followed him with her head until he was completely back behind her. “I can’t tell if you’re being sarcastic or not.” She heard a zipper being undone, a rustle of fabric.

“Yeah, I get that a lot. Anyway, why don’t you get on with your lecture. And would someone mind recording this? I’d hate for anyone who was sick today to miss important notes.” He took her hips and brought her a few feet away from the podium, spreading her legs apart with his feet as a few dozen cell phones came out in the hands of Missy’s male students (all of them abashed that they needed to be reminded to record it in the first place).

As DJ pushed her shoulders forward until she was leaning hard on the podium, just barely able to reach it, she resumed. “Well all right then. So anyway, modern typography is in many ways retrogressive not just to the 20th century, but dating back centuries to the OH FUCK!” Missy cried out as DJ thrust his cock into her from behind.

“Don’t stop now, bitch, it’s just getting interesting.” He struck a rapid pace, pistoning in and out of her hard enough that she had a hard time keeping her grip on the podium, which in turn was nearly causing it to fall over with all the pressure she was exerting on it.

“R-right, so dating b-back to the, oh, oh God, to the 1700’s, as the uh-HUH-HUptick in literacy caused b-business oh-hoh-fucking-fuck-oh-fuck-oh-hohwners to start using customized, oh fuck, cust... custom... OH FUCK!” She shrieked as her gyrations caused the podium to fall forward, crashing loudly down the steps leading up to the stage. Only DJ’s firm grip on her hips kept her upright.

“Customized...?” He prompted, smacking her ass once, then a second time to snap her out of her reverie.

“Yes, c-custohmy-God-mized signage! Storefronts compe– holy fucking shit that’s good – com... com...”

DJ slowed his pace so he could talk clearly. Her pussy was incredibly tight, and he was already getting closer than he wanted to admit. “What’s that Missy, you saying you want to cum? Or you want me to cum?”

“N-no! No, they *competed*, that’s it, through innovation and creativity of their l-layouts.”

“Oh, so you don’t want to cum?” He stopped thrusting.

“Not in front of the whole class! They need to respect me,” she whined, but her hips still wriggled against him needily.

DJ looked up to the class. “What do you say, class? Will you still respect her if she cums?”

A raucous cheer went up from most of the guys in class, and more than a few of the girls. (Though to be fair, the look on a number of young faces made it clear they already had no respect for her.) “Well there you have it – everyone’s OK with you cumming.”

She inhaled deeply a few times, trying to catch her breath. “All right then.”

“Oh no, Missy. I want to hear you ask for it.”

She frowned. “What? No. I don’t wanna.” Her voice was small, petulant.

DJ reached down and cupped both of her tits, rubbing her hard nipples as he started gently thrusting his hips again. She trembled in his hands, whimpering with barely contained need. Distantly he wondered how long it’d been since the poor girl had gotten laid. “C’mon. Just ask me, then you get to have your orgasm and maybe I’ll even let you get on with that boring lecture.”

She was quiet a moment, eyes closed tight as she simply savored the sensations, grappled with her pride, evaluated her desperation to be done getting fucked like a common whore in front of her class. (She didn’t worry that it would end her career; after all, it was DJ. People would understand.)

“P-please.”

He gave her a single hard thrust, and she moaned loudly. “What was that? Please what?”

“Please, please let me cum.”

“Well if I’m going to let you cum, then I better get something in return. Tell you what – you promise me an A in your class, right now in front of everybody, and I’ll let you cum.”

She quivered in his arms, whether in indignation or rage or lust, he couldn’t say. Still, it wasn’t long before she responded, in a meek voice, “all right. You have an A. Just fucking screw me already!”

“You got it, Doc.”

With that, he roughly lowered, almost dropped really, the bitchy professor to her knees, his cock following close behind. Down on her hands and knees, Missy arched her back for ease of access, and soon he was jack-hammering her needy pussy with all the vigor a young man could muster – which was quite a lot, really. She was long past trying to preserve any modesty – she moaned as he drilled her, one hand supporting her weight while the other pawed at her tits as they dangled and bounced beneath her. She rocked her hips to meet his thrusts, panting with need, beyond caring about the dozens of cameras on her, no longer wanting anything but to get off.

And then, with a shriek, she did. Her arms gave way and her pretty face slumped down with one cheek on the floor, shaking and quivering as a massive orgasm rocked her entire body. A long, low moan transmuted into a high-pitched squeal of ecstasy, triggering DJ’s own orgasm, emptying his balls deep inside his bitchy teacher’s cunt.

Still dazed, she barely noticed as he lifted her back to a kneeling position and slid his softening dick into her mouth for a quick clean-up. She just sucked, like she knew what he expected of her, until he pulled out, then dried her spit off in a handful of her frizzy hair. DJ was dressed and heading back into the seating section before she had the presence of mind to stand up and start collecting her clothes, getting dressed hurriedly. Except her panties, of course; DJ’s cum was already trickling down her thighs and would no doubt soon drip down where it could be seen.

DJ, meanwhile, approached one of the nearest recorders and took his phone right out of his hand. By the time Missy was dressed again, he had uploaded the video to the class’s university-sponsored web page in the Class Announcements tab. Dr. Restrepo ordered two jocks to help her get the podium back in place and, as if the whole class hadn’t just watched her get fucked like a bitch in heat, she resumed her lecture without missing a beat. “BITCH FROM HELL” was still mostly legible on her forehead, though the words were smudged on one side from when she’d collapsed with her face on the ground mid-orgasm.

And like that, class went on. She resumed her lecture, and everyone learned about the fascinating nature of 18th century sign-crafting. Missy dismissed the crowd that assembled after class to talk about essays, telling them to find her in office hours instead. DJ ignored the dismissal and approached her anyway.

“Schmidt.”

He scowled. “It’s *Swanson.* Do you have this hard of a time remembering the names of all the guys who fuck you?”

“Sorry, Swanson. What can I do for you?” He marveled anew that nothing in her manner suggested she was put off by what he’d done to her, just like it was any other day.

“I know I already earned my A for the semester and all, but still. You gave me a zero for plagiarism. I didn’t plagiarize. I came to your office and you said it was fine.” He showed her the essay.

She looked it over. “Oh. I see, honest mistake. I remembered talking to you about it, but I thought your name was Schmidt. So when I saw Swanson at the top, I thought you had cheated off of Schmidt.” She shrugged. “Sorry, honest mistake.” She handed him back his paper, and he just laughed. For a moment, he’d actually thought that there was some loophole in the tolerance that let her punish him for his writing – but it turned out she had actually been trying to protect him!

And then the question that had been burgeoning beneath the surface of his mind these past days sprang to the top. *What can’t I do?*

“Oh. Glad to know I didn’t actually fail on my merit.” He looked around for something to help wipe her face clean.

“Oh? No, you still deserved to fail. Just not for plagiarism. I told you that was a bad topic choice. Not that it matters now, with your A.”

He froze. “You know, just when I thought you might be a decent person... Well, you know what I think is a bad choice? That outfit. In fact as of now, I’m changing your dress code. Every class meeting, you’re to show up in something nice and slutty. Nothing lower than here,” he put a finger on her thigh about two inches below her pussy, “and nothing higher than here,” he said, drawing a line with his finger just above her nipples, “unless it also reveals a hell of a lot of cleavage.”

“You can’t tell me how to dress, Swanson.” She folded her arms across her chest, but it looked more sulky than defiant.

Two hours later, the two stepped out of *Ink, Inc.*, a local tattoo parlor. Missy walked delicately, the fresh brand on her lower back still burning. “Now, you’ll adhere to my dress code, or I’ll bring you back here after class Wednesday and get something a hell of a lot worse. You get me, Missy?”

She nodded. “I get you. I’m sorry. You didn’t have to do this you know. I would’ve worn the outfit like you said.”

He shrugged. “Yeah, we;; some things you just have to put up with. And Missy? Add to the dress code that whatever you wear has to show off your new tat.”

She hung her head low as DJ lifted her sweater to reveal her lower back where the words “Bitch From Hell” were written, stylized flames coming out of the letters. Expressive typography indeed.

DJ had her drop him off outside his dorm, giving her a long farewell kiss and squeeze on her tits before he got out of the car. It was a bright fall day. All around him, college girls were taken advantage of the last warm days of the year to don their skimpy summer clothes. It was a shmorgasbord – and the only thing keeping him on his diet was a nagging little whisper that called itself Conscience.

But even louder was that other voice. *What can’t I do?*

CHAPTER FIVE

By the time DJ left the police station, his conscience was clear.

Not that he'd been arrested, mind you – far from it. He'd gone in and asked – well, demanded – to speak to a detective, and once he'd been put in touch with one, he'd explained everything he'd done to Dr. Missy, in torrid detail.

“So, did I commit any crimes?”

The detective considered. “Certainly several counts of public indecency, though that could be argued it was instructional – a professor inviting a student on stage to do it and all – which would make it her crime, not yours.”

“So I didn't rape her?”

The older man shook his head. “No, son, it sure doesn't sound like any rape I ever heard tell of. Both adults, both consented to the act before and during. Ain't a crime to not give a lady a good time – just bad manners. Quicker though, eh?” He nudged DJ with gentle bro-ish camaraderie.

And that was good enough for him. After all, everyone had consented to everything he'd done. Sydney had seemed to resist a bit more, but he wondered if her trying to ditch him in the parking lot had just been part of the foreplay – she'd certainly been wet and ready by the time he got her pants off.

That evening, he made a To-Do list, resisting the urge, for now, to include people's names, and went to bed early to rest from his wild romp with his professor and to prepare for the big day ahead. First on the list was transportation. He really did like walking around campus, but the weather didn't always cooperate, and it would be good for getting around town, save his step-mom from having to pick him up for fall break on Friday.

DJ had done a little research, and got himself a nice sensible hybrid – no need for anything flashy, and he liked to be eco-minded when he could afford to be. He had the owner of the dealership transfer the deed to his name and told the woman to take care of the payments herself. After stopping by the BMV (even cutting to the front of the line, it was slow going there) to take care of all the legalese, since he didn't know if cops would pull him over for plates or the like but he didn't feel like dealing with the hassle, he ordered a personalized license plate reading “TOLR8ME.” He smiled as he screwed it into place.

Next, he stopped by the duty office and explained to the residence manager that he'd no long be doing the various parts of his job he didn't feel like doing – mailroom duty, meetings and so on – and switched around the duty schedule to leave him free all weekends, and all his weekday shifts he was partnered with either Emily or Abby. Abby was one of those girls who never got tired of looking for excuses to bring her politics to bear at every possible opening, but she was still pretty hot and word had it that she was a tigress in bed. (This last came from complaints from her next-door neighbors, who had no recourse but to put up with their noisy RA's sexcapades.)

While breaking from his checklist for lunch, DJ was eating alone as usual, reflecting how strange it was to be so influential and yet still not be popular. Then, suddenly, he wasn't alone. Ashley Vandoren sat down across from him, as casually as if she did this every day. He stared, dumb-founded; their last interaction had gone well, but hardly seemed to qualify him as a friend. He'd never had a friend as hot as Ashley, and certainly not one with such amazing tits.

“Um, hi Ashley.” His voice almost broke. For all his recent luck with the ladies, his inner geek still ruled his instincts in social interactions.

“Hey, Deej. You don’t mind if I sit here, do you.” She didn’t even bother to put it as a question. Of course no guy would mind if she sat with them. He managed a monosyllabic response as if it had been one, though.

“So I hear you’ve been busy.” She took a bite of her burrito nonchalantly.

He had a strange feeling like he was on the cusp of an interrogation. “I guess... what’d you hear, exactly?”

“Well, for starters I heard you made Dr. Restrepo give you a blowjob during lecture and then fucked her brains out behind the podium after.” She grinned.

“What? Who’d you hear that from?” Up until now, it hadn’t struck him like his misadventures had occasioned gossip.

“A friend of mine’s in that class. She only brought it up because she knows I used to have that big grudge against you. So is it true?”

DJ nodded slowly, nervous about this line of questioning. “More or less. The podium sort of fell out of the way during the, um, sex part.”

“Don’t short yourself – the question was ‘did you fuck her,’ and you did, no ‘more or less’ bullshit about it. Surprised you didn’t parade her around campus like you did that bitch Emily after our little thing the other night.” She smiled teasingly.

“Well, I did, um, sort of take her out, after, and, uh, talked her into a tattoo. To commemorate it.” Why was this so hard to talk about?

“Inked her, huh. What’d she get? ‘I heart blowing my students’ or something?”

The first time he answered, he mumbled so badly that she made him repeat it. “It said ‘Bitch From Hell.’ On her lower back.” He explained the bit about the dress code then, too.

Ashley laughed so hard she almost spit out a gob of burrito. “That’s harsh. Though from what I hear about her class, fairly spot-on. Always trying to fit in with her students like she’s one of us. I fucking hate profs like that – just grow the fuck up and move on already. Well, nothing to help a bitch fit in with college girls better than dressing and acting like a ho.”

DJ just nodded, and an awkward silence ensued for a while until Ashley broke it. “So you get off on the public stuff, do you? Enjoy an audience and all that?”

He considered. “Well, not specifically. I, uh, I guess I just, well, seized the opportunity. And the opportunity happened to be in public.”

“Sure. Just like it was with me and Emily the other night, huh?”

He blushed. “Hey, in my defense, you and Charlie were already having sex in the lounge before we showed up.”

Ashley just grinned slyly for a long moment and then made a show of slowly sucking a little gob of cheese off of her finger. She leaned across the table and murmured in a dusky voice, “that’s because I get off on the public stuff.”

DJ’s brain was mired somewhere between the sight of Ashley sucking on her finger, her sensual murmuring, and the memory of seeing her naked and fingering her to orgasm not even a week ago. It couldn’t pull its feet out of the muck enough to manage an intelligent response. “If you’re worried about Charlie,” she went on in his stupor, “don’t. It was just a fling, and I ended it over the weekend.”

“Oh,” DJ monotoned. “Well that’s good. Not for Charlie, I guess.”

She smiled. “I’ll take that as a compliment, DJ.”

Then, just as wild imagination had him convinced that Ashley was about to lay down on the table strip her clothes off and fuck him, she instead stood up and grabbed her tray. “Well,

think about it, OK asshole?” It was what she’d called him every time she’d interacted with him until today, but her tone was all affectionate. Too stunned to react, he watched her saunter away, certain the extra wiggle in her hips was for his benefit.

He would most definitely be thinking about it.

It was only with the most herculean of efforts that he made it back to his dorm room without grabbing the next hot girl he saw and fucking her on the spot. He had a checklist, after all; much to do and less time to do it in. Next up was trying to secure a line of credit – he’d at first reasoned he wouldn’t need one, since no one seemed to be of a mind to bust him for shoplifting, but shopping online would require a credit card, and likewise if he wanted to let someone else benefit from his gift or go out and run errands for him. It took a lengthy conversation, talking his way through three layers of bureaucracy, but it finally ended in the acquisition of a credit card with no spending limit. Their system wouldn’t let them make one that wouldn’t require payments (for obvious reasons), but he made sure the regional manager noted on the account that no one would cancel his card for failure to pay, as he surely had no such intentions.

The card was in the mail, but they’d made sure the number was available for immediate use; as such, he set about fulfilling a few other whims. By the time the evening rolled around, he’d racked up charges of a little over \$10,000. (Shipping everything overnight was pretty crazy expensive, after all.) After grabbing a quick dinner (this time, in genuine solitude), he went back to his floor and called a floor meeting. DJ ushered each student in there; unlike last week’s failed floor program on his birthday, nobody tried to weasel out of this one, or sneak away at the last minute. Soon, the lounge was jam-packed with almost every one of his four dozen plus residents. Although the floor was co-ed, men and women lived on opposite ends, and even here, they had self-segregated by gender.

“All righty everybody – just wanted to review a few new policies I’m going to be putting into place,” he announced. “First off, there are going to be no more judicial sanctions – no write-ups, no j-board hearings, none of that.” He allowed a moment for them to hoot and holler their excitement before continuing.

“Instead, there’s now a system administered ad hoc by me. That means if you do something I don’t like, I’m going to handle it how I feel like handling it.” Someone asked for him to clarify. “OK, say I find people having a big loud party one night, and it’s disruptive or dangerous or just bugs me. I might stop in and just fine everyone there \$50 apiece.”

“What happens to that money?” a girl asked in the back.

“I keep it.” There was some grumbling, but no one seemed to want to argue. “Or say someone’s blasting their music too loud – looking at you, Dylan. I’ll come in and chuck your speakers out the window. Or a girl makes a big mess in the bathroom – I’ll come down to her room and administer a spanking.”

The girls frowned; the guys were a mixed lot. One girl, a heavysset freshman named Alyssa, spoke up with a raised hand. “Wait, so that means if you don’t like something I do, you’re going to... spank me?”

“Not you, Alyssa – that’s something I’ll save for girls with nice asses. You, I might just make clean it up and then issue a fine. Or whatever I feel like. Look, my point is this folks – there are still rules around here, and I’m still enforcing them. The important things to remember are: DBAA – that’s ‘don’t be an asshole’ – and the punishment will be whatever I feel like. Any other questions?”

When no one spoke up, he went on to his next point. “All righty. For the guys, that’s it – head on out. Ladies, stick around – I got a little more that pertains only to you.” The guys shuffled out of the lounge, already talking about whether or not this new system would be to their benefit. He was glad that many sounded optimistic. Once they left, he continued.

“All righty. From now on, the girl’s bathroom is going to be a limited co-ed bathroom.” The girls immediately began to shout over one another to complain, and he raised a hand to silence them. “*Limited*, I said. That means it’s *only* going to be me. And no, Terri, that means your boyfriend still isn’t allowed in there. The other guys on the floor, and any guys visiting, are still down in the men’s room. I’ll probably do my business down there, but I plan on using the girls’ room to shower, and I’d like some idea of when it’ll be available. So what I need from each of you is to fill this out,” he began distributing a sheet with a grid on it, “with your name and the times you usually shower on it.”

It was Alyssa who spoke up again. “Um, why do you need this? If the showers are full, you can just wait in line.”

DJ laughed. “Oh, no – this isn’t to make sure it’s unoccupied. This is to make sure it’s occupied by the right girl, so I have a shower buddy to keep me company. Now come on, let’s go, fill those puppies out.”

There were some sour looks, but as DJ circled around the room prompting them, they all began to fill it in. “Good, good. Don’t forget your names there; that’s the whole point, after all. Fill in the whole thing. That’s what she said, right?” Nobody laughed. Whatever.

As the young co-eds began to hand in the completed forms, DJ directed them to Alyssa. “Since she’s so interested in the system, I’m going to have her compose the master schedule for me – have it to me tonight, OK?”

“I have homework actually,” she said with an annoyed tone.

“Refusal to cooperate, that’s a \$20 fine,” he said.

“All right, geez,” she grumbled, accepting the stack with an irritated look.

“Good. And last but not least before I let you all out of here, let me just remind you all – this is college, ladies. It’s an environment in which decisions come at you faster than you can anticipate them sometimes. Talking about sex here. I know many of you are sexually active, and that’s fine – that’s great, even. Good for you.

“But from here on out, I’m going to ask that all of you use birth control. If you’re not on the pill currently, get your ass down to the health center and get on it. If you are, great – but stock up on condoms, because pregnancy’s not the only risk out there.”

A young Asian girl spoke up shyly. “Excuse me, DJ, but why are you so concerned about this? Like, I’m not on the pill, but I’m not sexually active and I’m not some drunk bimbo who’s going to have sex with some random guy. Like, how will you even know?”

“I’m glad you asked, Miko,” he replied. “I’m going to be popping by your rooms on occasion – at random, as the mood strikes me – for surprise inspections of this policy.”

“Surprise inspections? What does that mean?” asked Jillian, a curvy little sophomore with just the right amount of baby fat left on her.

DJ smiled. “I’m glad you asked, Jillian. Come on up here.” With a little hesitation, she walked over to him at the center of the circle. “Well, say one night I’m walking around the floor, and I see Jillian here – sexy little thing, isn’t she? Strip for me now, would you?”

“Strip for you?” she repeated dumbly. “I don’t want to.” Still, her hands grabbed the hem of her shirt nervously in anticipation of complying. She didn’t want to be rude to DJ, after all.

DJ smiled. “Excellent – this is a good time to illustrate what I meant earlier tonight.” He had one of the seated girls stand up, then took her spot. With a hand on Jillian’s wrist he pulled her down onto his lap and proceeded to give it a nice hard smack. Her butt jiggled enticingly.

“Now see, I told Jillian what she needed to do, and rather than get with the program, she decided to drag her feet. So now her punishment is that the whole floor sees her spanked over my knee like a petulant child.” He delivered three more smacks, each a couple seconds apart.

Jillian whimpered. “How many am I going to get?”

“As many as you need, Jillian. The punishment is for not stripping when you were told to, and it stops when you do as you were told.”

“Oh! You can stop then, I’m ready!” She hastily kicked off her shorts and her shirt, then her bra and panties when her RA’s look made it clear that wasn’t enough.

“Good girl. So you asked about random inspections. Are you on the pill now, Jillian?” She nodded, bright crimson from all the eyes on her (even though most of the girls were looking away). “Good. So now if I want to test that, how might I go about it?”

Several girls offered suggestions. “Ask to see her prescription.” “Search her purse for pills.” “Watch her swallow one.”

But it was Alyssa who got it right first. “You could have sex with her, then wait to see if she gets pregnant.”

“Bingo!” DJ called out. “So right now, I’d like to do a random inspection on Jillian here. Jillian?”

She moved to stand in front of him. “Oh, I get it. Or wait, do you want me to... right now...?”

“Up to you. I think you already understand the consequences for poor citizenship.”

Jillian nodded; her butt still bore little red hand-prints from the smacks a couple minutes before. “Yeah. So, let’s...” And she sat down straddling his lap, reaching down to guide his cock into her pussy. She moaned a little in spite of herself, then started to rock her hips. It was divine.

DJ thought back to when he’d first seen Jillian, on move-in day. He remembered seeing her father and brother carry in her huge TV, a plush love seat, what had to be thousands of dollars worth of clothes, and thinking – in a detached sort of way – how this rich, beautiful girl would be out of his reach and out of the reach of every guy he knew. Now, here she was, guided onto his cock with all the effort it took to direct the actions of a semi-trained dog, doing all the work of fucking him until he came, just to prove that he could fuck her without risk of messy consequences.

“Hey, didn’t you say we should use condoms?” someone asked. He couldn’t see who, since he had his face buried in Jillian’s boobs, but he suspected it was Alyssa again.

He raised his voice to be heard through the pounds of titties concealing his mouth. “That’s for when you fuck other guys, not me. Good question. Any others? ‘Cause if not, Jillian and I would like the lounge to ourselves, right?”

“Right,” Jillian echoed, whimpering a little as his tongue circled a nipple.

The girls cleared out then, Alyssa immediately setting to work on making the girls’ shower schedule for him. Jillian continued fucking him, mechanically moving her hips. “Jillian, this is sex, not ping-pong. Don’t just find a rhythm and stick to it – make it an art. Be spontaneous, for God’s sake.”

A hard smack on the ass was sufficient to motivate her into mixing it up a little, wriggling her hips in slow circles, bouncing vertically, rocking front to back. “That’s it, babe, but don’t forget to use your mouth, too.”

Jillian pondered a moment, then leaned down to kiss him. To her credit, her lips felt passionate, eager for the act, regardless of whether she was or not. DJ enjoyed it a moment, then pulled back and shook his head. “No no – that was good, but I meant to make some noise. Get excited!” He grabbed a nipple with each hand and twisted it; Jillian cried out in a little pain and a lot of ecstasy, and thereafter panted and moaned loudly.

“That’s all your mouth does – breathe and grunt? Come on, Jillian! Get into it!”

Jillian halted her moaning, then transitioned into what, from her hesitant tone, was clearly the first instance of dirty talk she’d ever engaged in. “Oh yeah, baby! Fuck my little, um, pussy! Just drill me, baby, drill me hard!” It was almost too funny to be sexy. Almost. “Fuck my dirty little c-cunt,” she stuttered over the word, and he wondered if she’d ever used it before. “Fucking cum in me, cum in my wet cunt, prove I’m a good girl, a good girl who does what she’s told!”

Jillian kept it up, but didn’t have to for much longer before his cock sprayed its bounty up into her. He kept at it just long enough to get her off, too, and while he doubted she’d enjoyed it as much as he had, her orgasm was unfeigned and seemed to reduce her to a pile of slut-meat for a minute, at least. Once he was done, she slumped forward until another few smacks on the behind got her off of him. “We’re fucking, not courting. That’s it, go clean yourself up. I’ll see you around.” DJ tossed her her clothes as she nearly left the lounge without them.

As the door was shutting he could hear her roommate, who’d clearly been waiting for her, asking how it was. “It was pretty awesome – and I’m sure I’ll pass inspection.” The two giggled hysterically as they walked off down the hallway.

He spent the rest of the night in his room, day-dreaming about what all else was in his reach now. Abby was on duty that night; he stopped her as she walked by and stripped her naked long enough to do an inspection before sending her on her way. Not bad; like he’d thought, not as well-built as Emily, but still pretty damn hot. Later, after Alyssa dropped off the schedule, he got out his highlighter to suggest a few rendezvous. One of them was tonight; Stacey evidently showered at night, and he’d always liked the perfect little ass on the varsity track runner’s body. It looked just as amazing naked as he’d thought, and felt even better when he was washing and soaping it for her. She was a lesbian, she said, and he believed her, so rather than fuck her he just got down and licked her until she came right there in the shower. It made for a nice change of pace. Felt generous. Tired and happy, he popped into Janelle’s room before bed and had her strip down to nothing but her panties and join him in bed, just so he’d have someone to grope if he felt like it during the night. (And he did feel like it, though a little less than he’d thought.)

Janelle was already out and in class by the time he woke up the next day, and as he plotted how he’d spent it, he considered how only days ago, he’d been a different man – a man with all the same power, but who’d been too much of a wimp to use it. Since then, he’d remade himself, and he stepped out into the crisp fall air that morning with vigor and purpose.

And he could barely hear the tiny voice in his head begging him to reconsider.

CHAPTER SIX

There were only three days until the halls closed for fall break. DJ spent them going through his usual routine: work, class, hanging around the dorm – with a few pleasant modifications. He had an exam in history on Thursday; he did his best, then had the professor give him an answer key so he could see how well he would have done. B+, as it turned out – not bad for not having studied. He changed the answers to match the key, then turned it in.

For her part, Dr. Missy adhered to her assigned dress code, arriving in class in a tank top and miniskirt. The skirt might have technically been a little longer than he'd indicated, but it was pretty close, and the tank top was many sizes too small for her, probably the biggest she could find that would still be short enough to reveal her "BITCH FROM HELL" tattoo. She definitely looked uncomfortable in it. Still, DJ hadn't told her she could wear a bra, so before class started he approached the podium and had her remove it; her balking meant she had to lose her panties too. (She'd opened her mouth to complain before he'd told her to consider what she'd lose next, then handed them both over.) She didn't even lash out at the inevitable snickers when she turned her back and everyone got a good look at her ink.

DJ had intended to fuck her, but frankly from all the sex he was having around the dorm, he was pretty worn out. He'd done a little analysis; of the thirty-two girls on his floor, he'd be interested in sleeping with fifteen. Just under half, not so bad for random selection (or at least, random selection of college co-eds). A few of them were borderline such that his mind might change if he got to know them better, but after Jillian at the floor meeting and Janelle the day after (turns out his night-time gropings had inspired a desire for morning sex), that still left thirteen to get through before he'd feel the need to get curious. (Twelve if one counted the shower with Stacey and the blowjob that accompanied it; he didn't.)

He figured on doing an inspection a day or so. His first day was with Cassie, an international student from Germany. She wasn't the hottest girl on the floor, but she was still pretty, and her accent was unusual enough in his experience that it her somewhat exotic (oddly, considering DJ was half German himself). A dirty talking German was just... well, not a kink he ever thought he'd have, but hey, now he could have all the kinks he wanted. ("Oh ja," she'd said, "shtick your fot cock in mine poosy." *What's not lovable about that?*

His second daily inspection, however, was not deliberate at all. It was Thursday night; half the floor had already left for fall break, and the quiet was perfect for eavesdropping. Some RAs were the sort to relish in this, as an ideal opportunity to overhear activities meant to be clandestine; DJ was more the sort to miss the background noise that kept him from having to hear girls bickering, guys shouting at their video games, Brittney's boyfriend yelling he was under no circumstances going to start using a condom.

Wait, what?

Brittney was undisputedly the hottest girl on the floor, maybe the hottest girl in the building. Tall, long legs, hourglass figure, big teardrop tits, gorgeous face with long dirty blonde hair and wide blue eyes... she was one of those girls one wondered why she wasn't in modeling, or pornography, or something that made use of her jack-pot-winning genes. Then DJ found out she *was* a model – not a major one, but she'd been in magazines. Before that, she'd been homecoming queen of her high school. She'd been encouraged to pledge every non-academic sorority on campus, and had standing invitations to any frat party she wanted to go to. In DJ's life experience, she was one of those girls who balanced out people like him, people who soaked up no attention at all. She was the sort of person who made it possible for him to be invisible.

Hell, her roommate Mercedes (yes, *Mercedes*) had been prom queen at that same high school and was objectively at least an 8 herself, and Brittney nearly made *her* invisible.

Brittney's room was four doors down, just past the swinging door that nominally separated the genders on the floor, but her boyfriend's voice – whose name DJ couldn't remember offhand – was loud enough that none of the barriers blocked it completely. Curious, and perhaps a bit worried, DJ headed down the hall and stopped outside the door.

Up close, he could make out Brittney's comparatively smaller voice. "I told you, Brayden" – *UGH that's right his name is Brayden, of course it is* – "it's the new rule. I could get in a lot of trouble if I get caught not using one."

"A lot of trouble? What the fuck are you talking about?" he thundered.

"All kinds of things! There are fines, and... I dunno, I missed the floor meeting 'cause you wanted to Netflix and chill, but I heard it was like super super serious, all kinds of crazy penalties. I didn't believe it at first, but I heard it's already being enforced."

"Well I don't give a fuck what the rules are, I'm not wearing no fuckin' condom. Now get your ass over here and get the lube." His voice dropped to a sort of grumble. "'Wear a condom' my ass. Loose as you are I can barely feel you as it is, you fuckin' ho."

A little sobbing sound, he thought. "Oh fuck, don't start crying on me now, Brit. Damn it, every time you get upset it's the waterworks. It's not fair, always trying to make me feel like I'm some asshole every time your tender little feelings get hurt."

"I'm not crying," she insisted in a plaintive tone that definitely sounded like she was.

Finally, DJ had heard enough and opened the door. Brittney was sitting on her bed, indeed not crying but looking close to it, and Brayden was standing over her. He definitely looked the part of the archetypical bro, hat on backwards, track pants, \$400 sneakers, corporate logo proudly emblazoned on his t-shirt. Brittney was dressed for lounging around the dorm in just a blank tank top and sweatpants. God, even in that she looked amazing.

"Oh, hey JD," Brittney said. He was so used to hot girls not knowing his name he didn't even wince at the error. "Sorry if we were being loud."

He waved a hand dismissively. "No, I just heard you guys arguing, wanted to make sure everything's OK...?"

"Yeah, yeah, it's fine," she said, glancing nervously at Brayden. It was the sound of someone trying to soothe a savage beast.

DJ's step-mom and step-sister were always watching those Lifetime movies with scenes just like this, where a plucky guy with boy-next-door looks steps in and stands up to the hulking bully just before, or sometimes just after, he hits a beautiful woman. The plucky guy usually gets beat up a little, and only then the woman realizes what a jerk she's with, and from there, a beautiful romance develops. He'd seen it play out a thousand times in his living room.

This was not to be one of those stories.

Brayden was not yet aware of this departure from pop fiction, and turned to look at DJ. "Hey, what's this shit she's talking about, new rules about using condoms and some shit?"

DJ, a good six inches shorter and not even half the muscle mass of his adversary, regarded him with perfect nonchalance. "Yeah, it's new policy."

"Oh yeah? Well fuck your policy. What I do with my junk is my fuckin' business." Brayden took a step toward him, looming large.

DJ calmly used his foot to nudge Brayden's legs apart; the brute looked a little confused, right up to the moment where DJ's foot connected full speed with his balls. "Well, looks like I

get some say in what happens to your junk, too,” he said as Brayden’s face went purple and he collapsed to the ground.

Brittney was on her feet, shocked and exclaiming wildly. For DJ, as confident he was he’d go unharmed from this, instinct was tough to conquer; if Brayden somehow did get up and start swinging, he’d tear DJ apart, and who knows what would happen to Brittney after. He watched him spasming and crying on the floor for a couple minutes nervously until he was sure the man was recovered enough to kick his ass if he wanted to. Then as he made to get up, DJ planted a foot firmly on his back. “Stay down there, all right?”

“Fuck you, dude!” Brayden yelled, yet he didn’t struggle.

He ignored the jibe and looked to Brittney. “So is he like this often?” When she blinked uncomprehendingly, he prompted more specifically. “Pushy, controlling?”

“Not always.” She was quiet a moment, and seeing him down on the ground emboldened her. “Well, yeah I guess. But that’s just how guys are.”

He looked at her. She was timid, vulnerable. And wildly gorgeous.

Well, what’s one more.

“Yeah, we sure can be. Which reminds me of the other reason I stopped by – it’s your turn.”

She blushed a little. “Oh. This is that thing Jillian told me about right? Where like, you make sure we’re on the pill? ‘Cause I got my pills right here,” she said, quickly producing a pill packaging with days on it that showed a little white tablet missing from each day up through today.

DJ was relieved, to be sure; having his harmless fun was one thing, but he didn’t want some girl actually getting pregnant over it. But still. “Well that seems good, but I need to be extra sure, so... time for inspection. Let’s lose the pants.” He tugged downwards on the waistband of her sweatpants, enough that he got a little glimpse of black panties underneath.

As Brittney, who seemed inclined to comply with men wanting her to take her pants off by years of experience, tugged them down, DJ’s attention was so riveted that he barely heard Brayden. “What the hell? You gonna try to fuck my girl, bro?”

“He’s not ‘fucking me,’ Brayden. He’s making sure I’m protected is all.”

“It’s all very official,” DJ assured him.

“Yeah, just a routine thing. You should go on back to the frat house, honey. I’ll text you later,” she said, standing there in the tight black tank top and the matching panties.

“No, I don’t wanna wreck your whole evening. Brayden, go ahead and hop up on the top bunk there, and as soon as I’m done with her, she’s all yours.” DJ patted it invitingly as he lifted his foot off his back. “Come on. I insist.”

With an angry glare at DJ and a sullen, puppy-dog look at Brittney, he hoisted himself off the ground and hopped up into the upper bunk. “Shoes off, babe,” Brittney chided him. “Mercedes will lose her shit if you track anything in her bed.” With some grumbling, he kicked his shoes off onto the floor.

“Speaking of things we don’t want in bed, let’s ditch the top, Brittney,” DJ said.

She reflexively covered her chest with her hands protectively. “I thought you were just checking to see if I was on the pill – why do you need my top off for that?”

“Well, Brittney, for refusing a direct order, I’m afraid you just earned a demerit. That’ll be one blowjob as your sanction. On me, right now – well, after you get the top off.” Seeing her open her mouth to plead, he cut her off. “Do you want that to be two demerits?”

Brittney pouted. “No, I’ll take it off.” And then she did. She even took it off in that sexy, cleavage-enhancing way girls had of cross her arms and grabbing the bottom of it and pulling it off over her head. Her bra followed so quickly after that he hadn’t even gotten over the shock of how amazing she looked with it on. He took her panties off himself, helping himself to a feel of her booty while he did it.

Brittney fucking Jenner. He’d quickly been learning about the difference between girls he’d seen naked online, and hot naked girls in real life. Real girls came with surprises and quirks. Ashley had those gigantic nipples, Missy had a big mole on her butt, Jillian had a little surgical scar on her mid-section. But Brittney...

She was built like a porn star. Her tits jutted out as if no one had bothered to subject them to gravity, massive perfectly shaped hemispheres, hard pink nipples, evenly tanned with the rest of her complexion. She had a narrow waist with a perfectly flat stomach, then wide hips with a big bubble butt behind it over two long meaty thighs. Her skin didn’t have a blemish anywhere on it; her hair shined like it was ready for a shampoo commercial; her teeth gleamed like they’d just been bleached. Maybe they had. Her pubic hair was even trimmed into a neat little heart shape, for crying out loud.

Once she was naked, he didn’t even need to prompt her again; she just sank to her knees, undid his pants, and started licking. He was already rock hard just from the sight of her, but she went through the kissing and sucking motions she’d always used to kick off blowjobs before like they were just habit. A girl as hot as Brittney had surely never **needed** to suck anyone off; if she’d developed talent at it, it was either because she enjoyed doing it, or – he suspected more likely – that she was susceptible to being pressured into it.

Either way, DJ was glad to be the recipient of her training. Brittney sucked cock like a pro, licking and bobbing, even throwing in some theatric moans. Her feigned – **probably feigned?** – enthusiasm only encouraged him to push her harder. “Play with your tits, Brittney.” Her big blue doe eyes locked on his as her hands moved up to squeeze and caress her breasts, the blowjob pausing just long enough to murmur a “yes sir” before she dove back on it. Her moans increased in intensity and frequency as she pawed at herself, pinching and twisting at her nipples. The way she was looking at him, it was if she was gauging which things he enjoyed most, and then using those techniques more often.

It had been his intention to pull back before climax, then proceed to do the “inspection,” but Brittney was insatiable. “All right, Brit, let’s get to–” but she shook her head fervently.

“I haven’t finished you yet,” she said, sounding all the world like she was worried she wouldn’t be **allowed** to finish sucking him off. She got right back into it, her bright eyes staring up into his, paralyzing him in their grasp. Soon, her earnest ministrations had achieved their fruition. His eyes clenched shut and he roared as he came, Brittney’s tongue not missing a beat until it had coaxed every last drop out of him.

He was still seeing stars when he heard Brittney’s voice. “So was that good?” Focusing on her, she was still kneeling, still cupping her breasts, smiling nervously. The question had a hint of teasing in it, but there was also earnest desire for approval on her face.

“That was... that was maybe the best thing that’s ever happened to my cock.”

She flushed with pleasure at hearing his words, and it only slightly faded when Brayden spoke up. He was staring at the ceiling, and his voice was mocking, bitter. “Bitch sucks dick like she was born to it, doesn’t she?”

“Better than being born to haze freshmen and drink shitty beer. Now shut the hell up while I fuck your girlfriend.” He looked back to Brittney, who was clearly stung by his jibe. “You did amazing, Brittney. I’ll remember that for the rest of my life.” DJ offered her a hand up, then guided her down to her bed. She quietly watched him take off his clothes, but seemed mollified.

Once naked, he crawled into bed next to her, lying face to face mere inches apart in the small dorm bed. He couldn’t resist touching her; she felt every bit as amazing as she looked. “Are these even real?” he asked as he squeezed one of her breasts appreciatively.

“Yeah – why, do they look bad or something?” she asked, frowning self-consciously.

“Bad? Good God, Brittney, there isn’t a square inch of you that looks bad. You’re fucking perfect. No, I only asked because they look too good to be true.”

She smiled brightly. He almost felt bad; clearly she had had someone do a number on her psyche somewhere if she was this dependent on others’ approval. Usually even with his power they put up a bit of a struggle, but Brittney was hardly even making him work for it. He sure wasn’t going to fix her today, so for now, it was endearing, and made the bombshell beauty less intimidating.

She quietly let him explore her body, his manhood steadily recovering, for a good while. Brayden was silent, but his bulk shifted occasionally on the bunk above them, creaking and groaning loudly. Then Brittney asked shyly, “DJ? When you do your inspection... I know it’s just like a procedural thing, but, um, could you like maybe *pretend* we were just having sex, like a regular couple or something? I feel like that would make me less nervous.”

You mean, could I pretend I’m fucking you while I fuck you? How meta. Strangeness of the question aside, it also struck home to him suddenly how little experience with this sort of thing he had. Sure, he’d fucked a few girls this past week or so, but it had been almost entirely him taking charge, coercing the cooperation of his partners. But this – a girl asking him to have sex with her, asking so tenderly... he couldn’t help but feel obligated to be a little more tender with this one.

“Yeah, I could do that. Is there, um, a certain way you prefer to do it?”

She looked relieved. “Well, lots of ways are good. A lot of guys like it with him on top, because they like to be able to see and play with my boobs. There was this guy Trevor who used to like it reverse cow-girl – that’s me on top, but facing away from you – because he was really into my butt, but I think it’s weird, just seeing the legs of the guy you’re with and nothing else, right? Or, let’s see, there’s always doggy style, then I don’t get to see you at all but guys usually say the angle feels better and again, if you like my butt, or there’s missionary which everyone says is boring? But like, I think it’s nice because we’re face to face and it feels more personal. Or we could try–”

“Missionary’s fine, Brittney.” *Good Lord she’s a talker. She is right though – why anyone wouldn’t want to look at her while they’re nailing her, I can’t imagine. But, well, that ass...*

“Cool. I was sort hoping you’d say that. So, like, are you ready? I can warm you up again if you need it.” She grinned, licking her lips.

Excited as he was to get to her pussy, he couldn’t resist that offer. This time though, she possessed the restraint to slip off of him with a *pop*, and roll onto her back. He positioned himself on top of her, planting his head right at the entrance. It was already good and ready for him. *Holy shit, I made Brittney Jenner’s pussy wet.* “You ready?”

“Trust me bro, she’s *always* ready,” came Brayden’s voice from the top bunk. But down below, she nodded, and he slid into her. She felt divine, and she seemed to be enjoying herself as well.

“I don’t know what the hell you were talking about earlier, about her being loose. She feels pretty fucking good to me.” Brittney beamed that beatifically grateful smile of hers and held her fingers up a few inches apart, then pointed up at Brayden. They both laughed, and the sullen silence from the top bunk was enough to tell them Brayden understood the nature of the joke.

DJ took his time with her, and Brittney just lay there, a dizzy smile painted on her angelic face the whole while. He’d learned by now to recognize the sight and sound of a woman about to cum; she was gasping, big tits flattened by gravity bouncing like mad with each breath. “I’m gonna– I’m gonna–”

“Cum for me,” he said. And she did, in a loud, shrieking orgasm, her body spasming and her face contorting between shock and pleasure. DJ followed her a moment later, slumping on top of her.

For a few minutes, they caught their breath until they were interrupted by a slow clap issuing from the top bunk. “Nice job, slut, you just fucked your RA, because he told you to. Hope you feel real good about yourself.”

DJ responded, but to Brittney. “You should feel good. Not only are you the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen, and not only was that the best sex I’ve ever had, but I have good news.

“You passed inspection. Good girl.” And somehow, those simple words of praise and approval triggered the jumbled-up web of insecurities, dependencies and authority-figure-issues in Brittney’s brain, and from them, another small orgasm rocked her soft body, quivering all around DJ’s cock where it still rested inside her.

When she finished, he stood up and, after Brittney hurried to suck him clean (of her own volition), he tugged his pants back on. Brayden glared down at him. “Yeah, cool. Now you mind getting the fuck out so I can get to my sloppy seconds? Or shit, thirds, fourths, whatever it’s down to.” He sneered at Brittney.

“Well, first off, I doubt you’re going to be good for a much with your nuts smashed into oblivion. That aside, I would say yes, but unfortunately, it’s after visitation hours, so I’m afraid that’s a fine.”

“What!” Brayden leapt down to the floor angrily, fists clenched. DJ flinched, instinct assuring him he was about to get beaten to a pulp, but when those fists just remained in impotent balls at Brayden’s hips, DJ remembered himself and gently spun him with a nudge on his shoulder and helped himself to his wallet. He emptied it of its contents – \$80, not bad for walking around money – and dropped it on the floor.

“That should cover it. Also, to help us crack down on guests after hours, I’m afraid there’s a special penalty too...”

Brittney, back in her clothes, walked with DJ as he escorted Brayden to the floor’s door to the outside. Girls were following along to stare at the well-built frat guy, who was now clad in nothing but one of his unspokenly-ex-girlfriend’s thongs, hooting and hollering. “Now Brittney tells me the thong isn’t have that much harder of a day than usual, but next time you piss off me or one of my people, the fine will include that too.” And with that, Brayden was shoved out into the cool night. It was probably only a five-minute or so walk back to his frat-house; he’d be fine.

As the crowd dispersed (some of them following Brayden), Brittney turned to DJ. “You didn’t have to do that,” she said, but she was smiling.

“I know, but he was being a pain, getting on my nerves. You really don’t have to put up with jerks like that. You could have any guy you want.”

She shrugged, the smile fading. “Eh. Most guys are like that. He wasn’t *that* bad.”

“Brittney, he was getting ready to rape you when I came in,” he retorted.

She shook her head. “No he wasn’t. I wasn’t in the mood was all. He’d have warmed me up – he asked for the lube and all. Some guys don’t even bother with that. Besides,” she added, “if that’s a crime, then what do you call what you did?”

“It’s not,” he shot back too quickly, too defensively. “You agreed to it, didn’t you? And, um, you seemed like you enjoyed it.”

“I did,” she said. “You were so... I dunno. Appreciative. It was sweet. And I’m not pressing charges, am I?”

He smiled. “What’re you doing for fall break?”

She looked taken aback by the question. “Me? Oh, nothing much. Heading home, family stuff.”

“You close with them?”

“Nah. My mom and I used to be, before she married Earl. My step-dad. He’s not... We’re not...” She shrugged, a distant look in her eyes. It spoke volumes, and for DJ, justified far too much of what he would later do to her.

“How would you like to come with me to my place instead? I promise, it won’t be boring.”

“Wow, I dunno, I mean, my family’s expecting me, and like, I barely know you and all...”

“You’re coming home with me, Brittney. Say it.” He looked at her sternly.

Her resistance crumpled in the blink of an eye. “I’m coming home with you,” she repeated.

“Pack your stuff tonight – we’re leaving tomorrow morning.” He leaned in and kissed her. “That’s my good girl.”

Brittney just beamed, unknowing, unthinking, unquestioning.

CHAPTER 7

It was a four-hour drive back to DJ’s hometown, just far enough to not be expected often but not too terrible to drive once in a while. Brittney had helpfully packed snacks and all the sexiest clothes she could fit in her suitcase. DJ indulgently allowed her to pick the radio station; she indulgently allowed him to treat her like a piece of meat. The new car handled like a dream.

She was a simple creature, he quickly learned, and given his simple interest in her, this was for the best. She was pliability itself. The girl warmed so easily to praise that all he had to do was dole out the occasional compliment and she was smiles and sunshine. Further, and more usefully, she was so utterly biddable – he could only imagine how easy it had been for past boyfriends to get what they wanted from her. And with her dynamite body, it was obvious what

they wanted. Only a blind man could sit in a room with her and not be at least distracted, or more likely captivated, by her.

The dirty-blonde girl was driving; he knew it would be too hazardous to have his fun with her while he was trying to control the car, and as amazing as life had become, he had never been more adamant on the point of making sure it didn't end. Once they hit the interstate he'd tugged her neckline down beneath her tits and started groping and sucking on them to pass the time; the tinted windows helped avoid excess notice. Once he'd finally grown bored of it for the time being (a feat he'd never dreamed possible), he took a nap and enjoyed a dream in which Brittney and Ashley stood in fawning, servile attendance on him, competing to see who could bring him more pleasure, simpering and giggling as he had his way with them...

Presently, DJ was awakened by a couple hard jolts, then the realization the car had stopped. Looking up, he saw they were sitting in his step-mom's driveway. He could never think of her as his mom; even growing up, she had insisted on being called "Morgan," never "Mom." Her step-sister Lauren was no better; three years his junior, she had been trained from the cradle to correct DJ every time he referred to her as "sister" without the "step." Although three years his junior and born mere months after DJ's father's passing, she was nonetheless the product of a different man. (Morgan had sat him down once to have a talk about it; his father had been too infirm to attend to his husbandly duties, she explained, and a woman has needs...)

DJ's father had been reasonably well-off and left her everything, with the caveat that she was to raise his son in his absence. It kept her and Lauren more than comfortable, and to be fair, had made his own life easy (in terms of finances, at least, which was a pretty important way to have life made easy). Morgan didn't work, and hadn't in his lifetime; if she was careful, she wouldn't have to. Still, she managed to resent that this unwanted relic of a short marriage had been thrust on her for life.

Lauren, however, could resent him not only for that but also on other levels. Not only was her lifestyle made possible by his father, a man she would never meet, but she was also cursed with a step-brother who was a total loser. Morgan and Lauren had gone back to her maiden name of Lazlo, but still teachers and peers inevitably learned that she was DJ Swanson's little sister. ("*Step*-sister," she would correct them.) Her D&D-playing, Latin-club-member step-brother who never even went stag to a dance, much less acquire a date. Lauren herself had inherited her mother's good looks – though just over 20 years apart, they were often mistaken for sisters. Both had the same naturally curly black hair, high cheekbones and full lips, hourglass figures with D-cup breasts. (DJ knew only because he had to fold their laundry, until Lauren complained – falsely – that she'd caught him smelling her underwear. He'd nonetheless been grounded for a month.) She was sexy and popular and the unfortunate victim of a lame-ass step-relation, which she only barely tolerated and was not at all incentivized to do so by Morgan.

In short, they thought he was a hopeless, annoying loser. With Brittney on his arm, he strode in and prepared to shatter that image.

"Heya, I'm home," he called. Nobody answered. They dropped off their things in his room – converted to a workout room for the girls only days after he left for college, but they got a cot for him when he was home for breaks. The two searched around the house looking for his step-mom and step-sister, finally noticing the latter out in the backyard by the pool.

Better yet, she had friends over.

Lauren and her friends Jody and Brianne were lying out in swimsuits; they didn't notice him right away so he took a moment to stare appreciatively. Lauren was as usual showing off what the good Lord had blessed her with, copper skin showing above, below and in-between the pink two-piece. Brianne was on the school's swim team and had a typical swimmer's body, lean and flat-chested; still, she had a pretty face framed by a length of curly red hair that he couldn't imagine how she put into her swim cap, and was at present in a black one-piece that showed off her legs all the way to the hip.

And there was Jody. She was short and just a little chubby, but only in the right places. A cherubic face with pale blonde hair and big blue eyes, big round ass, and enormous fucking tits. They seemed to have their own gravity; eyes were just drawn to them, and had difficulty escaping their pull once drawn in. She was an out-spoken advocate of girl power and showing off her big jugs was just her way of affirming it. DJ had always considered it a chicken-egg phenomenon, wondering if showing off her tits made her feel empowered, or feeling powerful made her show off her tits. Either way, even with the other two beauties beside her – oh yeah, and Brittney just behind him – he only had eyes for Jody, leering long at the way they were crammed into that yellow floral-patterned bikini.

“Come on, Brittney. Let's introduce you – just go along with whatever I say, OK? And smile, you look great.” And she did. Even in the face of three other hotties in bikinis, the sight of Brittney Jenner in her skin-tight white tank top and khaki short-shorts competed easily for his attention. They stepped outside and the girls looked up as one. First, Lauren looked annoyed; then she took in the co-ed bombshell beside her dweeby step-brother and gaped.

“Hey Lauren, Brianne, Jody. Just got home for break. Morgan around?”

“No, she's out shopping with some friends. I thought you weren't supposed to be home until tomorrow,” she said accusingly.

“Nope, managed to sneak out early. So what're y'all up to?” Jody frowned at him, an arm shifting to cover her chest as she caught him eyeing it too hard.

“What the fuck does it look like we're doing, retard,” his step-sister shot back. “And who the hell is this? Did you hire a fucking hooker?!” All three girls glared at Brittney as if affronted that she had the audacity to be hotter than them.

“This is Brittney. Brittney, this is my step-sister Lauren, and her friends Brianne and Jody.” He gestured in turn. “And no, she's not a hooker. She's just a friend who's crashing with me for the week.” She smiled and waved shyly.

“You brought your... girlfriend?” She sounded like she had a hard time ascribing the word to this gorgeous woman. “Morgan is SO not going to be OK with this. You don't even have room for her on your cot, and no fucking way are we letting some stranger – hooker or not – sleep on the living room couch.”

DJ nodded. “We're taking the master bedroom. You and Morgan can fight over who gets your bedroom and who gets cot or couch. C'mon babe, let's go get ourselves set up.” Lauren's jaw dropped at his glib dismissal as he about-faced and headed back in.

“Your sister's really pretty,” Brittney said politely as they started unpacking their things. DJ had tossed the contents of Morgan's drawers out into the hallway until they'd had enough room. She'd nervously said she didn't need him to do that, but he'd done it anyway.

“Step-sister, actually. And yeah, I suppose she is, though with you around, how could anyone notice.” That seemed to make her happy again.

They were still unpacking when he heard someone coming down the hall behind them; Brianne made her way into the bathroom, and while she was in there, DJ began hatching a plan. He was standing in the bathroom doorway when it opened again; she jumped back, startled.

“Hey, Brianne.”

“Um, hi DJ.” Her eyes darted around as if looking for a way past him.

“That’s a nice swimsuit,” he said, running his fingers along her waist. “You wear this in competition?”

“No. It’s um... well, the cut... you’re not really supposed to show this much.” She blushed. “It’s not against the rules or anything, just not... you know.”

His hands slid down to the uppermost parts of her thigh, left alluringly bare. Her skin was perfectly smooth, slick from suntan lotion she’d applied. “Just embarrassing to be showing off your whole legs, you mean? A little tartish?”

She frowned, first at being touched and then at his choice of word. “What, isn’t that that phone thingy from Dr. Whosywhatsit?”

DJ laughed. “No, Brianne. Hey, come with me. I want to show you something.” He took her ass firmly in his hand; he couldn’t believe how tight it was. When he’d imagined it over the years, he’d always thought it would be soft, like Brittney’s, but it was a finely tuned instrument, the kind of ass that inspired the idea of bouncing quarters off it. She followed him back into Morgan’s bedroom, where Brittney was waiting.

Naked.

Brianne’s initial reaction was shock, but then DJ caught her checking out that flawlessly built body. He had overheard Lauren once talking on the phone to express her shock when Brianne came out to her; she’d hidden it well, and because she didn’t want people to be weirded out in the locker room (evidently, even the girls swim team was still a bunch of jocks), she kept it to herself. Brittney was standing at the foot of the bed in a model’s pose, showing off her every curve one by one.

“So Brianne... you’re still into chicks, right?”

With an effort, she tore her eyes away from Brittney and glanced at him just long enough to respond in a frosty tone. “How did you...! Well, yes, actually. Not that it’s any of your business.”

DJ positioned himself behind her, pulling her barely-covered ass up against his groin with hands firmly on her hips. “So what do you think of Brittney? Pretty fucking hot, right?”

Brittney grinned; she seemed to enjoy being objectified. Brianne was staring right at her as she murmured a soft “yeah.” He let her look for a good while; Brittney cocked her hips from side to side, ran hands along her breasts to shift and shape them pleasingly, spun to thrust out her bare ass, tossed her hair over a shoulder to shoot a smoky look at her admirers. DJ nearly forgot Brianne was there for a moment.

The high schooler finally managed to collect her wits enough to speak again while Brittney was crawling across the bed arching her back and slapping her ass. “So, like... are you guys trying to draw me into a threesome or something?”

“Didn’t even need to use a lifeline on that one,” DJ quipped. “So what do you think?”

Brianne inhaled deeply; obviously this stunning girl before her was affecting her judgment if she was even considering doing something sexual with Lauren’s dorky step-brother. Still, finding girls to play with while you yourself are in the closet, especially as someone too

young to hit the bars, was difficult. Besides, she'd hardly ever seen girls as hot as Brittney, gay or straight... when would an offer like this come again?

"If we do this, you can't stick it in me without a condom. I'm not on the pill, for obvious reasons. And you can't EVER tell Lauren," she said, her subconscious guiding her slowly towards the bed. Brittney, who had been promised she would be well rewarded for successful seduction, looked tremendously pleased with herself.

"First off, I'm not using a condom, but I promise I won't do anything we'll regret. Second off, I promise I won't tell Lauren. But before I let you touch Brittney here, you're going to promise that <I>you're</I> going to." He folded his arms across his chest smugly.

"What? No fucking way. She'd freak out if she found out." Still, she kept eyeing Brittney with interest as the one-time homecoming queen bent down to lick one hard pink nipple.

"Then get the fuck out," DJ said, opening the door and gesturing invitingly.

"Maybe <I>you</I> should get out, DJ. It's Brittney, right? I promise you, Brittney, we don't need him to enjoy ourselves. The male anatomy is highly over-rated."

Brittney shrugged helplessly. "Sorry. He said I'm only supposed to play with you if he gets to join us."

DJ watched the internal struggle play out on Brianne's face. Pass up a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, or take a bunch of shit from her friends? Ultimately, though, Brittney and her mouth and tits and ass and pussy were right here; Jody and Lauren were all the way out by the pool. Proximity decided it.

"Fine, I'll tell her, you freak," Brianne said as she climbed into the king size bed.

DJ hurried over and grabbed her by the hips when she was just inches away from putting her lips to Brittney's. "Now now, Brianne. Let's show some respect. I expect to hear please's and thank-you's. And an apology, first."

She looked at Brittney's full pink lips, already parted perfectly for kissing, then sighed in resignation. "Fine, I'm sorry. Now can I, um, kiss her?"

"I didn't hear a please, Brianne. If I'm going to let you use my things, you have to ask nicely."

Brianne looked back at him, her lust writ large on that gorgeous face he'd admired so long. "Please, DJ, can I kiss Brittney?"

"You may."

Minutes passed as he watched the two girls make out. Both were inexperienced with women; Brianne because she'd had so few opportunities, and Brittney because she'd taken so few. DJ never would have known it from the way their mouths went to work, though; Brianne threw her lips into a fierce kiss, years of pent-up lesbian desire whipping her into a frenzy. Brittney was just as eager, sneaking occasional looks to DJ to seek his approval, making sure she was doing as she should be.

Brianne was kissing her way down Brittney's slender neck towards her breasts when DJ intervened, grabbing a fistful of her hair and tugging her upright. "Hey now, I gave you permission to kiss her, not play with her tits."

Brianne pouted. "DJ, can I please touch Brittney's breasts?"

"They're not breasts, Brianne. A rack like that has earned the term 'tits.'"

Brianne whimpered with need. "Fine, then can I please touch her... tits." It was clear the word did not come to her easily.

"How about first you ditch the swimsuit? I'm getting bored back here, after all."

Brianne immediately agreed, sliding the shoulder straps off and letting the garment's own elasticity pull it most of the way down for her. Her own breasts were adorable, two half-handfuls with tiny little black nipples in the center, a triangular tan line obvious on each from where she'd tanned in something more revealing sometime in the past. She lowered it down to her knees and then crawled out of it, her tight ass wriggling hypnotically as she did so. She interpreted her submission to his demand to be permission and then lowered her mouth down to Brittney's rack and started licking in swirls around the nipples, first left, then right.

DJ shed his own clothes as he watched, Brittney passively laying back and letting the eager young lesbian act out every fantasy she'd ever had about sucking on a pair of perfect tits. Brittney slowly grew wet in anticipation of another good fuck – DJ had been one of the most gentle and sweet lovers she'd ever had – as much as from getting her boobs sucked and squeezed. Brianne's fingers dug in so hard at times that he worried his toy might get bruises from it, but he let her have her fun.

Brianne sat up some minutes later, staring appreciatively at her playmate's body. "I've, ah, never actually, like, gone down on a girl before," she admitted shyly.

Brittney responded with a reassuring smile. "I've never had a girl go down on me either." "Have you ever...?" the teen asked.

"Yeah, once. My boyfriend really wanted me to do a threesome with this other girl, so he got me really drunk one night and..." she shrugged. DJ tried once more not to let pity overrule his own intentions towards her.

"Oh. Geez. Well... can I go lick you, Brittney? Please," she added as an after-thought.

"You have to ask him," Brittney replied, looking to DJ.

Brianne's plaintive look turned on him, noting with only slight dislike the sight of his proud erect cock looming towards her. "DJ...? Can I pretty please lick her?"

"I tell you what. You think of three other ways you can talk about the act, and I'll let you do it."

Brianne frowned. "Three other...? OK. Can I... perform cunnilingus? On her vagina?"

He made a buzzer sound from a game show. Everyone, including Brianne, looked embarrassed for her sad attempt. "Sorry, try something you didn't first read about in your sex ed class. And you forgot to ask nicely – don't be greedy."

"Can I please, um, eat her pussy?"

DJ joined her on the bed, and gently pushed her back down on all fours, guiding her mouth to a few inches away from Brittney's slit. Brianne's breath stirred the heart-shaped patch in front of her face, and she inhaled the girl's musk deeply through her nose, purring at the scent of a wet pussy so nearly within reach. "That's one."

"Can I tongue her clitty?"

He eased her down so her nose was nestled into Brittney's pubes. "That's two."

"Oh God, you smell so fucking good, Brittney..." Brianne moaned in frustration. "Please, DJ, please let me tongue-fuck this bitch's cunt!"

"Be my guest," he said, and the words were barely out of DJ's lips before Brianne's tongue was sliding into Brittney's.

He watched with interest for a few moments; Brittney moaned appreciatively but not nearly as loud as she had when he'd fucked her the night before. Probably nervous in a strange house. Still, even as hot as it was, his cock was starting to feel unappreciated. He positioned

himself behind Brianne, and felt her tense as the red tip of him teased itself against her nether lips.

She turned her head to the side, pausing only long enough to beg off. "I told you DJ, you can't fuck me. It's not safe."

"I can fuck you if I want," he said, smacking her butt and enjoying the way it barely quivered. She yelped, but was too eager to get her mouth back on cunt to complain. "But you're right, nobody wants to see you fat and preggers. Still, I'm going to fuck. The only question is who."

"So fuck her," Brianne said, barely missing a beat with her tongue. Brittney brightened at the suggestion; she was being a real sport with Brianne, but it was clear that she preferred dick to chick.

"I would, but you're sort of in the way," he said. "So I guess I'll just..." He re-positioned his cock just a little, placing it right at the entrance to her back door.

Brianne immediately squirmed away from it. "No! You can't...! Just... shit, why can't you wait until I'm done and then fuck her?" She looked pained to be interrupted.

"Don't be selfish. You can keep eating that perfect little puss, Brianne – but you'll do it while I fuck her." Brittney slid two fingers into herself like a place holder while they worked out her cunt's fate. "Or, I can just take that perfect little ass of yours."

"No!" Brianne insisted. "No, not my ass. OK, just... we'll do it together. It'll be... fun," she said, trying to talk herself into it.

"You're a good sport, Brianne," he said, and without wasting another moment he moved Brittney's hand aside and slid into her. She was good and wet already and he slid in effortlessly. Brittney cooed and made a show of sucking her fingers clean as he started in a soft rhythm, generously making sure Brittney was still enough that her new friend could do her end of things. Brianne timidly crawled around to the side and bent down, her mouth zeroing in on Brittney's clit.

"Uh uh, Brianne – don't forget to ask," he admonished, stopping her by the hair.

"Again? Can-I-please-eat-her-cunt," she said in a rush, clearly angry at being stopped short and handled so indelicately.

"Tell me you want to lick my cock as I fuck her, Brianne," he said, thrusting slowly harder in spite of his intentions.

Brianne looked up at him, scowling, but then licked her lips as she eyed her prize. "Fine. I want to lick your cock while you fuck Brittney," she said icily.

"Try harder," he grunted.

She took several deep breaths before she committed, then looked up at him with big doe eyes. "Please, DJ, can I eat Brittney's pussy while you fuck her? She looks so good like that – you're splitting her wide open... please, can I lick the two of you?"

DJ began hammering into Brittney. "Make me believe it, bitch!" He reached down and slid a couple fingers into Brianne's sopping wet cunt; she gasped in pleasure, and fell forward on her face as he started finger-fucking her.

"Please! Oh fuck PLEASE let me lick you! Oh fuck oh fuck OH FUCK! Please just let me eat Brittney out, I'll lick your cock too, I'll be such a good cock-licker DJ, just let me, please, I'm begging you to just please let me put my mouth on your cock, let me at that pussy OH FUCK oh PLEASE!" she shrieked.

"Good slut. Get to work," DJ said, and she leapt to her task.

It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. He'd had a lot of sex in the past week, but Brittney's tight little pussy was one of the best he'd felt, and having Brianne's enthusiastic tongue there to lick it with every thrust in and out was the icing on the cake. She was no longer acting at this point, no longer seeming to care what she licked; she was finally eating a girl out, like she'd masturbated to for so many long nights, and she was beyond caring whether or not a fat cock was plugging that girl's cunt.

It was a Herculean effort that stopped him from cumming in Brittney, or perhaps as satisfyingly, all over Brianne's face. Still, he made sure Brittney – whose pleasure seemed to be amplified by Brianne's tongue just as much or more than his own – got a few orgasms in before he could make himself pull out. Brianne dragged out her third orgasm for a good twenty seconds longer before Brittney's squeals of bliss died down. He leaned down to kiss her, whispering "good girl" into her ear. As ever, she beamed at his kindness.

"Now, Brianne – looks like we still need to take care of the two of us, don't we," DJ said, towering over her, still on hands and knees and kissing Brittney's inner thighs, licking at the juices leaking from her pussy.

"Um, Brittney can take care of us, if that's cool with her," she said, eyeing his cock nervously. It was bouncing up and down with his heartbeat. He smiled at how Brianne didn't even direct the query to the girl, it having been made plain that DJ dictated Brittney's willingness to participate. And he did just that, ordering Brittney to lay down on her back; she groaned a little at the feeling of closing her legs after having spread them so wide for so long.

"All right, Brianne, now you straddle her face," he said; this time, she was only too happy to obey. She spread her legs wide enough that at her full height, she could still feel Brittney's little button nose on her slit. Still, Brittney did nothing. DJ hadn't said to, and she apparently saw no point to eating pussy unless it was to make him happy.

"Now here's my offer to you, Brianne. I'll have Brittney here chow that box of yours to your heart's content. All you need to do in exchange," he said, smiling somewhat sinisterly, "is let me fuck your ass."

"Let you...! No fucking way! C'mon DJ, be reasonable. I bet Brittney would let you – she's obviously crazy about you. And her butt's way sexier than mine. No. Please DJ, don't make me..." She frowned.

"Lick her a little, babe," DJ commanded Brittney. Brianne's eyes widened, then closed in rapture. He could well imagine that in an objective sense, Brittney wasn't an amazing pussy-licker; still, Brianne's pussy just wanted a tongue, and it wasn't a very critical judge. Even an amateur effort – especially Brittney's sincerely motivated one – was plenty to get her going.

"She's pretty amazing, isn't she?" DJ said, straddling Brittney's chest and reaching out to pinch Brianne's tiny nipples. She was too busy moaning to even pout. "She's a gem. And she'll keep doing this all day if I ask her to. All you have to do..." he paused, reaching around to grip Brianne's taut ass, "is say please."

"Please," she moaned instantly. "Please have her keep... holy shit..." she trailed off, rocking softly on Brittney's mouth.

"That's not what you need to ask for, dumb-dumb. Brittney, that's enough for now." Brittney stopped, and Brianne nearly screamed in frustration, only stopping herself in order to not give him the pleasure. Her hips humped her pussy against the blonde's face for a moment until she realized what she was doing.

It was quiet while she grappled with the question, whether it was worth it. He gave her a minute, waiting until he was pretty sure he was beginning to see her resolve crack to give her a push. “If you say yes, I’ll loan you Brittney for a night this week – to do whatever you want with her, all night.”

Brianne looked down at where the blonde’s bubble-shaped tits jutted out between them. “Just Brittney? Not you too?”

DJ nodded, helping himself to a firm squeeze of her ass.

“Fine,” she said. She watched in agony as he excused himself to a drawer where he’d found some of Morgan’s lube, then came back over and had Brianne slather it on him.

“Be thorough,” he chided. “It’s your ass on the line, after all.” And she was. All the while, Brittney lay patiently, her face mostly-buried under Brianne’s soaking wet pussy.

Once his cock was good and lubricated, he moved around behind her. “When I say go, Brit, you start licking her and don’t stop until I say to, right? You’re being so amazing.” Whatever she said in response was too muffled by Brianne’s crotch to be made out.

Seconds ticked by. “C’mon, what the hell are you waiting for?” Brianne whined.

“You forgot so soon?”

Brianne sighed. “DJ? Would you fuck my butt?”

A sharp slap made her hiss, and Brittney giggled. She talked louder this time, so they could understand her. “You forgot to say please, silly girl.”

The swimmer’s toned shoulders slumped in defeat. When she spoke, it was full of enthusiasm; in that moment she was a better fit for the drama club than the swim team. “Please,” she whimpered. “Please fuck me in the ass, DJ?”

He leaned into her ear, and whispered his response. “Gladly.”

It took a moment to get inside her, even with the lube; Brianne grunted and moaned with the sensation in her butt, immeasurably grateful that he had thought to use the lube. She had little perspective on cock size, having only seen them in a porno she watched once with some friends to giggle at. Still, from how incredibly full he felt, she felt like she was being fucked by a horse. Except it wasn’t anything of the sort; it was her friend Lauren’s dork of a step-brother, taking her ass’s virginity.

Her last thought before her mind became too overwhelmed by pleasure to develop any was to be grateful he ordered Brittney to start licking before he could see how incredible it felt.

Some time later – she couldn’t really say how long – DJ guided her to the master bathroom and instructed her to clean his cock. He stopped her before she could get it in her mouth, turning her chin to look at the sink. She blushed as she proceeded to wash him, and deeper as he had to remind her to clean up the trail of his jizz as it was running out of her ass and between her legs. By the time he asked her what night she wanted Brittney over, she had mostly recovered, and said she had to check her calendar first and would get back to him.

Brittney traded places with them to go clean off her face while she got dressed again her swimsuit. DJ didn’t bother with clothes. “Now remember, what’s the last thing you need to do to make good on your promise?” DJ asked.

“Oh come on! You really want me to tell your sister I let you have your way with me?”

“No, I expect you to tell her AND Jody that you begged me to fuck your ass, and that you loved it, and that it was the best sexual experience of your life.”

She paled. “No. Come on, I can’t...”

“Simple choice, Brianne. Do it, and you get a free night with the hottest piece of ass I’ve ever laid eyes on,” he smiled at Brittney as she towed off her face, and she returned it twofold. “Or don’t, and you never get to touch her again, and I’ll post the video I just took of it to the web and make sure word of it leaks out.” He lifted an article of Morgan’s clothing that had been concealing his cell phone, the camera pointed right at the bed.

“What?! You...! You can’t! I’ll be the laughing stock of the whole school! I’ll lose my swimming scholarship!”

He smirked, pocketing the phone. (It had never been recording, but she didn’t need to know that.) “Sounds like you’ve made your choice then.”

As she went back outside, he opened a window just a crack to hear it transpire. Brittney knelt beside him, grinning conspiratorially. “Where the fuck did you go?” he heard Lauren’s voice demand.

“Yeah, we thought you fell in or something – what gives?” asked Jody.

“I was, um, talking to that girl, Brittney, and your brother,” Brianne admitted hesitantly, voice quavering.

“<I>Step</I>-brother,” Lauren corrected sternly.

“Brittney? So what’s she like? What’d you guys talk about? How the hell did she wind up with a loser like DJ?” Jody asked, eager as ever for gossip.

“DJ’s not a loser,” Brianne said defensively. “I mean, he was awkward in high school, but he’s grown out of it. He’s kind of cute, really.”

“You have got to be fucking joking.” Lauren’s voice.

“Oh come on, Lauren, he’s not so bad. He has no clue how to dress himself and he’s socially hopeless, but he’s not bad.” DJ was surprised to hear Jody coming to his defense. Maybe she would be easier to bag than Brianne had been. Not that easy was always fun – after all, he had Brittney when he wanted it easy.

He could hear Lauren glaring. “You guys are fucking gross. God I can’t believe the shit I’m hearing.”

But Jody just pressed Brianne. “Whatever. C’mon, tell us what you found out. Is he paying her? Blackmailing her? Hypnotizing her?” she laughed.

“Well, we, um, didn’t really, like, talk that much. If you know what I mean.” The embarrassment in Brianne’s voice was plain.

Lauren and Jody talked over one another, demanding explanations angrily and curiously, respectively, Brianne stammering and stuttering too much to complete a sentence before she was cut off again. DJ risked a peek, and saw Lauren standing over her and demanding, “spit it the fuck out you bitch!” Jody was sitting next to Brianne and leaning in intrusively; Brianne, however, locked eyes with DJ through the narrow gap in the curtains.

“We fucked, okay?!” Brianne shouted. “I ate out Brittney while he fucked her and then he fucked me in the ass while she ate me out. I begged him to, and it was amazing! It was the best sex in my life!”

The other two girls fell silent a moment. It was shattered a moment later as Lauren began shrieking that she was the most disgusting whore she’d ever met and telling her to get the fuck out of her house and never come back. Jody was taken aback as much by Lauren’s furious reaction as by Brianne’s admission, but as she had driven herself and Brianne, she made to leave with her. In moments, the two were gone.

Lauren stormed into the master bedroom before the sound of Jody's car had even gone quiet, only to find DJ and Brittney in Morgan's bed, both naked, Brittney's long leg lovingly over his mid-section and her head resting peacefully on his chest. She didn't look up when Lauren came in, but DJ smirked enough for both.

"What in the holy fuck did you do to Brienne? And why is all Morgan's shit thrown all over the hallway? And what the hell is up with this stupid fucking slut?" she raged at him.

"Brienne told you what happened. Morgan's shit was in our way. And Brittney's not stupid. She's in college, after all." Brittney kissed his chest to say thanks, wriggling against him and gently stroking his cock. Her leg concealed it from Lauren, but it was still obvious what was happening.

She was nonetheless too livid to back down over it. "Whatever. I am calling Morgan, and when she gets here, she is going to fucking KILL you. You're gonna be out on your ass living in that shitbox car of yours for this. You raped Brienne! I should be calling the cops!"

DJ frowned, puzzled. "I did? Brittney, don't you remember hearing her ask for it? Beg for it, really." Brittney nodded. "Wasn't she just out there bragging about it? And I got a new car, by the way. You should check it out."

"You'll pay for this, DJ! This is not over!" She screamed so loudly and shrilly that both DJ and Brittney winced, then stomped out and slammed the door behind her.

"Damn right," he said after he heard the door to her room slam. "Jody's still out there, after all..."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Morgan came home two hours later, and Lauren was right about one thing – she was livid. DJ was laying in the master bed with Brittney binging Netflix, both dressed again. Brittney had picked the show; DJ was idly daydreaming of what all he hoped to accomplish during the week. His college life had been dull, certainly, but he had been relatively content. The tolerance had been fun. Back here at home, he was surrounded by unhappy memories, and the tolerance was soon to become a weapon of balancing the scales.

From the way Morgan threw open the door and immediately laid into him, she unwittingly offered herself as the next casualty of war.

She was so loud and shrill and incoherent he could barely follow what was upsetting her. His decision to move into her room, his dumping her clothes on the floor, coming home early unannounced, bringing over a hooker, whatever he'd done to upset Lauren so much, blah blah blah.

As she yammered on, he squeezed Brittney's shoulders reassuringly to keep her from breaking into tears, and took stock of his step-mother. Even now on the eve of her forties, she was a beautiful woman. When people mistook her and Lauren for sisters, Lauren usually got credit for being a few years older while Morgan was deducted more than a decade. Part of it was raw good genes; the same naturally curly black hair that favored her daughter, a wide smile flanked by prominent cheekbones, light olive skin that seemed to belie her Irish-German heritage. Still, DJ knew it was partially from Botox and a boob job she'd gifted herself for a recent birthday (from his trust fund), but the effect worked. Her breasts, which she was now as

usual show-casing with a plunging neckline, were the sort that were unmistakably fake not because they were misshapen but because they were simply too perfect, the sort usually only seen on soft core porn.

Or at least, that was DJ's impression from having to see her prancing around the house half-dressed or lounging around in bikinis for years. Perhaps it was time he confirmed it. This bitch had been riding on his free ticket for decades now; payback was at hand.

She was still going on about something-or-other when he calmly stood up, walking over to her, and ripped her blouse off. Buttons flew everywhere. Beneath it was a disappointing boring beige mom bra, all function and no art. He looked at it, annoyed, a feeling which intensified when she covered her chest with her arms.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, young man?!" she screeched.

Instead of answering, he took her wrists and lowered them to her sides. She glared, but offered no more resistance than a posable doll. He walked around behind her, untucked the shredded blouse and stripped it off of her. After fumbling at the heavy duty clasps, her bra followed it. (Brittney politely kept her eyes on the TV.)

As she repeated her question, he walked back to the front to admire the contribution he'd unwillingly made to advance the cause of great boobs. Her hands were firmly on her hips, which was fine with him. This was better if she was angry. As for her tits... they were much as he'd imagined them. Big, fake titties, hanging unnaturally close even without a bra to hold them that way, perfectly circular nipples almost three inches across but still rightly sized for her. He lifted them and looked underneath, noting the two miniscule surgical scars; he doubted he'd have noticed them if he hadn't been looking for them.

He patted them appreciatively, cutting her off as she'd begun yet another tirade when he'd stopped paying attention to her mouth. "These are really great boobs, Morgz. My compliments to the good doctor. Though I guess I already tipped him, didn't I."

"What? Your father left me in charge of money, you little shit. Now you and your little trollop here can march right out of my room while I get dressed and decide how you're going to be punished."

"No thanks. I think I'll go ahead and handle the punishments myself, if it's all the same to you, bitch." He tugged down her pants; her panties, equally unflattering, joined the bra on the ground. She had been the recipient of a nice bikini wax, he noted, and she even had a little black heart tattooed beside her pussy. He fingered it – the tattoo, that is – and she trembled.

"What? This is my house, young man and I will not be talked to like this or touched like–"

He clamped a hand over her mouth; her eyes bulged in shock and outrage. "One more word out of you, Morgan, and I will find a ball-gag and chain it to your fucking face, you got me?" He removed his hand; she didn't make a peep.

"Now here's what's going to happen. This week – and whenever I'm around – this is my room. I let you sleep in it when I'm gone. If I have girls over, that's my business, and you'll stay the hell out of the way. Since your job is being my care-taker, that means when I'm here, you are my servant. You'll cook my meals, wash my clothes and my dishes, make my bed, tidy my house – and it is <I>my</I> house now – and obey me instantly whenever I tell you to do something."

He paused to give her the chance to fuck up by breaking her silence; she didn't. "If at any time you hesitate to obey me, or show me the slightest bit of sass or defiance, I am going to... well hell, why tell you when I can show you."

DJ opened the curtains, revealing little in the dark of evening. Still, he knew that this window was visible to half the neighborhood and anyone walking or driving by. He shoved Morgan roughly over in front of the window, then bent her over at the waist with her ass facing out. He then proceeded to spank the living shit out of her.

He'd intended to do a nice round ten swats, but he stopped counting in the teens somewhere. Morgan wailed and pleaded for him to stop, her ass burning red and knees shaking so hard that a good portion of her weight was supported by DJ's grip on her hair. Brittney turned up the TV volume, frowning at this woman who was too stupid to do what she was told. Didn't she know there were consequences for being a bad girl?

He let go of her and she collapsed to her hands and knees, quivering and catching her breath. "And next time, we'll do that on the front lawn, so the whole neighborhood can see you being spanked like the bitch you are. Do it again after that... and I'll do that to Lauren, <I>then</I> I'll do it to you. Do you understand?"

Morgan rose to her knees, but no higher, eyes sullenly on the ground. "I understand."

"I understand...?"

"I understand... sir?" she said, experimentally.

"That's better. Now you've been a shitty mother, but maybe you'll make a decent hostess. Which means if you do or say anything to upset or insult me or my guests, especially Brittney here, I will wreck your fucking life. Do I need to be more specific than that, or do you get me?"

"No sir. I understand, sir. I'm sorry, miss. It won't happen again. Please forgive me."

Brittney flushed with pleasure at his sticking up for her – it really was too easy – and quietly pardoned Morgan. DJ helped her to her feet, but her eyes stayed on the ground, wary of making eye contact with her step-son. "Good. Now if you have questions that pertain to me or my instructions, ask; otherwise, get dressed and get to work on dinner, bitch."

Morgan wasted no time gathering up some of her clothes from where he'd dumped them. "Are you... are you going to have sex with me sir?" She addressed the question meekly to the floor.

"Do you want me to? You're not ugly; you could probably talk me into it if you wanted."

"No, sir. I... I was hoping you wouldn't, actually."

He laughed. "Well good. I don't intend to – not that I'm saying I won't put that T&A you spent so much of my money on to use for me if I need money or favors, but I got better prospects." Brittney giggled.

"Oh. Oh God." She tugged her pants back on. "And, um, what will we tell Lauren?"

"Tell her about what?"

"About me being your... servant. Sir."

He shrugged. "Tell her whatever you want. You're the mother here – act like it, for fuck's sake."

"Yes sir. Thank you sir. I'll get right on dinner. Sir." She hustled out of the room, closing the door behind her.

It was some hours later before Lauren came back. DJ muted the TV and eavesdropped on their conversation with a grin on his face.

“So what did you do? Did you kick out that little skank?”

“Sweetie, look... we’ve been awfully hard on DJ. He and I had a talk, and I’ve... decided to be a little nicer to him. See if maybe we can make things better between us.”

“What? What the hell are you talking about? He fucked that prostitute in your bed! He... did stuff, to Brianne! And sit down, damnit, I can’t talk to you when you’re standing over me.”

“I, um, I’d just rather stand.” DJ tried to stifle his laughter at the thought of Morgan’s tender butt so it didn’t carry to the living room. “And Brittney isn’t a prostitute – she’s a very, um, nice young woman. Come on, how many times have you said DJ needs to find himself a girlfriend? Now he has one, and you want him to get rid of her.”

“There’s no way he... fine, whatever. Tell me you at least grounded him for that bullshit with your clothes.”

Morgan, who had spent much of the evening re-folding her wardrobe and putting in the weightroom (after dinner, and dishes, and drawing a warm bubble bath for Brittney), calmly explained that as part of their reconciliation, she was letting him use her room. After all, he had a guest, and the cot wouldn’t fit both of them.

After that, Lauren stalked down her room and slammed her door hard enough to shake every wall in the house.

DJ slept like a baby that night.

The next day, he got a text from an unknown number; it turned out to be Brianne, asking if she could borrow Brittney for the day while her parents were out of town. DJ agreed and dropped her off, instructing her to make him proud and have a good time. Brittney was pouty about it – after all, she wasn’t really even all that bi and Brianne was more or less a stranger – but he just reminded her of how proud he was of her and how he couldn’t wait to see her again that night, and she went along with it.

Yesterday’s unseasonably warm weather had lingered, so DJ opted to hang out by the pool most of the day, reading for classes and luxuriating in the pampering his step-mom was doling out. Morgan got him the occasional drink, made sure his floatie was fully inflated, and – just to make her nervous – clad in a skimpy black and white striped bikini top with hip-hugging shorts over the bottoms. It was early afternoon when Lauren showed up, and Jody was once again with her, dressed today in a white t-shirt and boring athletic shorts. (Happily, he could see through her shirt that she wore a bikini beneath it.)

“Beat it, dork,” Lauren said. “Pool’s ours for the afternoon.”

“Says who?” he said, momentarily forgetting he didn’t need to go through the charade of arguing.

“Majority rules, same as ever. Two of us, one of you, GTFO. I’m gonna go get changed, Jodes. If he tries anything, blow your rape whistle.” Jody laughed as her friend retreated back into the house.

As he paddled his floatie to the shallow end, Jody sat down on the edge and dangled her feet in. “So, before Lauren gets back... I talked to Brianne last night.” She frowned.

He drifted up alongside her, smiling confidently up at the blonde’s cherubic face. “Oh? How’s she doing?”

“Not walking right, as I hear it. Is it true?”

“Depends. She might have been exaggerating it some, ya know, bragging about her first time with a college guy.”

“Bragging about her first time with a college girl is more like it. Either way... I can't believe she let you do that. That's so gross.” She shuddered.

“Yeah, I bet with you guys never get tired of the front long enough to want to check out back,” he said, eyeing her chest.

“Ugh. You know, nature didn't create those for your viewing pleasure. They make food for our young, not eye candy for horny geeks.”

“Well they seem to be doing a much better job of the second one right now, I gotta say.” And they were. Even in a bulky t-shirt, their bulge was unmistakable. Jody was short, maybe only 5'2” or so, so those puppies covered a fairly significant portion of her total height.

“You keep this shit up and I'm going to tell your sister and your mom, you little perv.”

He just grinned. “Let me help you with that.” He whistled piercingly, and moments later Morgan scurried out, her surgically sculpted tits bobbling like crazy as she hustled towards them on the ponderous heels he'd suggested for her.

“You called... sir?” She had to fight to get the last word out. Jody arched an eyebrow.

“I was just telling Jody here what a stupendous rack she has. Would you agree?”

Morgan flushed crimson. “Oh. I, um, I don't really, um, notice...”

“You've got eyes though, right? Does she or does she not have awesome boobs?”

She stuttered and stumbled until she caught him giving a meaningful look between her and the gate to the front yard. “Yes, sir,” she said finally. “She has awesome boobs.”

Jody stood upright, staring incredulously between her hostess and DJ. “What! Morgan, why are you...!”

DJ slid off the floatie and exited the pool. “We have an arrangement. Now Morgan, run along and keep Lauren busy for a while. I want some quality time with Baroness Boobage here.” Morgan curtsied – something he'd not even asked her to do, but he supposed it was a logical extension – and hurried inside.

“I don't know what you're using to blackmail her or whatever, but I'm getting out of here and I'm going to tell...”

He watched her think who to tell. “Who? Your mommy and daddy? The police? Lauren? Go on, I'll let you think it over. What laws are being broken here? I just persuaded Morgan to be a better homemaker.”

“Like you persuaded Brianne to be a little butt-slut? Or like you persuaded that college slut to be your arm candy?”

“Like I'm going to persuade you to titty-fuck me, right here on the patio,” he said, advancing toward her.

She scoffed; fending off guys who were over-interested in her chest was something she had more experience in than trying to understand the sort of bizarre behavior she'd been encountering around him since his return. “Yeah right. See this?” She held out a hand knuckles-first, and he presumed he was supposed to be noticing the cheap little ring on it. “This is a purity ring, and it means you have as much of a chance of touching my breasts as I do of making the Olympic gymnastics team. Hell, my boyfriend and I have been together six months and I still haven't let him feel them through my clothes.”

“What, you mean like this?” He took another step forward and reached out and grasped one, squeezing it firmly. It was so much softer than any he'd felt so far. Brittney's were the

second biggest, he thought, and she was a D cup; he couldn't imagine the letter on Jody's. They gave under the slightest pressure, like some sort of bag of pudding.

"Stop that. You don't have my consent."

Instead, he grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it off. She was wearing the same yellow floral-patterned bikini she'd worn yesterday, a heavy-duty affair that was clasped behind her neck – poor thing had its work cut out for it. It probably wasn't new – she was bulging out of it, the frame digging in to the blonde's smoothly tanned skin. Once it was exposed, he resumed fondling, deciding that "bag of pudding" wasn't quite right, but still, they were uniquely squishy compared to any other tits before hers.

"I said stop." She put her hands on her hips and eyed him imperiously.

He undid the clasp, and he could almost hear those jugs of hers sighing with relief as they surged downward, practically throwing off the suffocation of her bikini. They were too large not to hang low, but they didn't seem saggy; rather they just looked to be in their natural position, right where God ordained for them to be as he'd had one of his great ideas. Her areolas were already protruding slightly on wide, brown nipples set against the copper of her skin. (She tanned topless evidently; oh, that lucky tanning bed!) DJ wasted not an instant before lifting one to his mouth and sucking on it, hefting the other in his spare hand.

She inhaled sharply. "Holy shit! But..." she took a few deep breaths, trying to gather her thoughts through the first stimulation of what turned out to be immensely sensitive nipples. "But you have to stop."

He shifted to the other nipple, sucking with abandon. Though he had to bend down due to her height, he lifted them as much as he could; they had to weigh a good five pounds apiece.

"Oh God," she panted after he nibbled gently, her toes curling. "That feels so fucking... but... oh shit... you... you have to GOD DAMNIT... you have to stop, DJ..."

He stood back up and kissed her; she tolerated it but no more, right up until he took a nipple between each thumb and forefinger and pinched down hard. She made a noise that was half-squeal and half-scream, and then was kissing him back with a fervor. Her hands clamped down over his, holding them against her tits.

"God damnit," she said between moans of arousal as she drifted back to lean on one of the posts on the patio for support, no longer trusting her legs to hold her up. "Why the fuck didn't my boyfriend ever just fucking grab them like this, this is goddamn amazing."

"Because he's a pussy," DJ said as he sucked as mashed her titties together, licking both nipples at the same time.

"That's, oh shit, that's a fucking sexist... mmmmm GOD, thing to saaaaaAAAAAAAAAYYYYY!" The word didn't really end, just transmuting into a scream of pleasure as the first orgasm of her life hit her like a freight train. DJ kept it going as long as he could, though even when it was over, his hands never left her chest.

"That was... that was..." she tried to think of a word amazing enough to cover it.

"You got some sensitive fucking tits, Jody. I've never seen a girl cum just from having her titties sucked before."

She made a sour face. "They're 'breasts,' not 'tits' or 'titties.' Don't be such a pig."

"Whatever. I believe it's my turn now..." He lowered his own trunks to reveal his cock, not quite erect but showing signs of life.

"What the hell am I supposed to do with that?"

"Stop running your mouth off and put it to good use."

She looked around her. “You’re crazy if you think I’m going to blow you right here in your backyard.”

“What? Between the trees and the privacy fence I don’t think anyone’ll see.”

She pointed to the patio door. “Oh? And what about Lauren?”

“I told Morgan to keep her busy. Quit making excuses.”

She looked down at it, his caressing of her breasts still making her smile in spite of herself. “Well, it’s just I’ve... I’ve never done it. It’s demeaning to women.”

“Oh, but it wasn’t demeaning for me to get you off.”

“Fuck you. You liked sucking on my tits – err, breasts – as much as I enjoyed it. That was reciprocal. Sucking a guy’s cock is a totally one-way street.”

“Maybe you’ll like it.”

“It’s gross. I won’t.”

“How will you know...” DJ grasped the back of her head. “... until you try?” And he pushed down until she had no choice but to wrap her lips around him.

She squealed indignantly around his dick, and tried to say something – probably more bullshit about how undignified it was to have a dick shoved into her feminist mouth – but he heard nothing. She was right about one thing – she was not experienced at it. She just sort of pursed her lips and moved up and down mechanically. There was no tongue, and worse, there was no art, no passion.

He considered giving her some pointers, but really, this was just to get him ready for the main event. “You should get on your knees, Jodes. I wanna be able to see your tits so I at least have something to look at while you try to learn what the hell you’re doing.”

She grumbled again around him, not appreciating the irony that the best part of her blowjob was the vibrations from her efforts at speaking. When she hesitated, he reached down and pinched the hell out of both nipples, at which she cried out in pain and pleasure, then slumped down to her knees. She probably even thought the way she glared at him as she kept sucking his cock was off-putting.

It wasn’t long before DJ’s cock was good and hard, Jody’s little mouth straining to keep sucking it without letting her teeth touch it. (She at least knew that much about blowjobs, thank God.) He put a stop to it with a hand on her forehead, and she let him slip out with a pop. “So what do you think? Do you like sucking cock?”

“No!” she retorted bitterly. “Did I, um, do a good job? You didn’t...”

“You were fine,” he lied, amused at how she looked relieved. “But now it’s time to fuck your tits.”

She folded her arms across her chest defiantly, a self-defeating act considering how it pressed her boobs together helpfully, and the fact that she was kneeling in front of him. “No fucking way.”

DJ frowned at her. “Damn you’re selfish. I get you off, and this is how you’re gonna be. C’mon, it’ll be fun. I’ll play with your nipples while I do it – you like that, don’t ya Jodes?” His tone was plainly condescending, but she didn’t resist as he lowered her onto her back, her pendulous titties doubling her effective height. “Besides, I got a surprise for you.”

“Surprise? What kind of surprise?” she asked nervously as he retrieved something from under one of the pool chairs and came back with his hands behind his back.

There was a sudden buzzing sound as he activated Morgan’s egg vibrator, followed by a squeal of surprised delight as he slid it into Jody (who, for all her grousing, was plenty wet to

accept it). Her eyes closed and she chewed at her lower lip happily, barely even aware as DJ straddled her stomach. He squirted a healthy dollop of suntan oil, which he'd retrieved when he got the vibrator, and slathered her up, especially the central valley, then took her hands and placed them on either side of her tits, then had her push them together.

A moment later, he was fucking Jody's tits.

She didn't speak another word of complaint. True to his word, he continued playing with her nipples while he worked, and she responded like they were a second and third clit. DJ couldn't tell whether each burst of screeching and moaning was an orgasm or if she was just being dramatic; he suspected the former. She was noisier titty-fucking than Brienne had been with her ass stuffed full of cock. They took turns teasing her nipples while the other held her tits together, but he never relented. Objectively, DJ supposed it didn't feel quite as good as a nice wet pussy, but still... it was the tits he'd been dreaming about for years. He didn't fantasize about how amazing a girl's pussy would be; you found out what it felt like as soon as you were in it and not a moment before; a set of amazing titties, however... those were the stuff that dreams were made of.

"I'm getting close," he warned her, not really knowing why.

"Do it – cum for me, DJ, fucking cum," she moaned, twisting hard on her oil-slicked nipples.

Lauren opened the patio door just in time to see her loser step-brother roaring in triumph as he painted Jody's face and tits with what looked like a solid pint of cum. Morgan was right behind her, still trying to insist to her that she was hearing things and hold her back. She joined her daughter in gaping at the sight of Jody quaking with a violent orgasm as a final spurt hit her right in her open mouth, dribbling on down her throat.

His body obstructed her view of them; oblivious to her new audience, she smiled up at him as they caught their breath. "Wow... that was actually... I can't believe that was so fucking good."

He stood up, and her smile of gratitude turned into a look of utter dismay as she caught sight of her best friend and her best friend's mom looking at her. DJ offered a hand, and she took it hurriedly, then used an arm to cover up her bare chest. DJ kissed Jody on her forehead, avoiding the splotch of jizz on it. "All righty, Lauren, pool area's all yours." He walked past her into the house, pausing to tell Morgan to get Jody something to clean up with.

CHAPTER NINE

Fall break went by all too fast. Lauren had left the house altogether after Sunday afternoon's incident at the pool, when she caught him cumming on Jody's face after fucking her tits. She didn't even say anything; she just went to her room, packed a bag, and drove off. Her tires left black marks on the driveway. Brienne texted him Monday morning, thanking him for letting Brittney come over and none-too-subtly intimating that she'd be happy to host her again if he wanted a day to himself. Jody texted him that evening to demand an apology; he told her he wasn't sorry in the least, and she called him a few names. When he didn't respond for a while, she texted that she hated to admit that it *had* been fun, but he was still a pig. DJ, already

disinterested in her game of hard-to-get, told her if she wanted to keep talking to him he wanted a picture of her topless. She didn't respond.

For a few days, DJ was content to lounge around the house, being waited on hand and foot by Morgan, letting Brittney suck and fuck him as he felt the urge. Which was often. She seldom initiated, but seemed perfectly happy to comply with whatever requests he made of her to dress a certain way, perform for him. He even talked her into a roleplay as a harem girl, where she devoutly and submissively threw her all into pleasing her all-powerful sultan. He began to wonder if having Morgan around was engendering that sort of fantasy – not the sort of thing he'd ever had before, but her servility, having this beautiful woman at his beck and call... It was wearing him down.

By Wednesday, he had her serving him naked from the waist up. And nearly so from the waist down. (She had balked at this command; he walked her out into the front yard and had her bend over, raised her skirt up to show her panties... that had been enough for her to know he'd do it.) Still, it was his step-mom. He couldn't fuck her. So what if she had perfectly sculpted fake boobs. So what if sticking it to that gold-digging bitch had been a dream of his since before high school. Who cared how easy it was to picture her red glossy lips sliding up and down his shaft. That she obeyed him unquestioningly.

Still, he left her her shorts. So there was still a physical barrier to her pussy.

That night, between being a little stir crazy from being locked up in the house all day and wanting to give himself some distance from temptation, he decided to go out. He hit up a little coffee place he'd frequented in high school and brought Brittney along. They chit-chatted, did homework, frittered time away on their laptops. The place was still popular with the younger crowd, and he reveled in the incredulous looks tossed in his direction for the blonde goddess at his side.

He was still there when Jody texted him again.

where u at? went 2 ur house but u not in jerk

I didn't know to expect you. You blew me off the other night.

u were bein gross

Well nothing's changed. You wanna talk, get out your camera and show me you're serious.

A long pause.

how do i know u wont show pic 2 ppl

You don't.

cmon where u at i make it worth while

Ta-ta's or ta-ta, Jodes.

Thirty seconds later, she replied. There was an attachment, Jody's enormous and impressive tits, her forearm stretched out to hold the camera. *fine u fucker now cmon quit bein a dick*

God you're hot. I'm at the Riverside Café.

And ten minutes later, she was there. And five minutes after that, they were in the basement and he was fucking her while she smothered his face and over-flowed his hands with her titties. He teased her about who the pig was now, with her throwing herself at a guy she didn't even like in a coffee shop, squealing and moaning as she came harder than she ever had before. At her insistence he pulled out before he got off, standing over her and unloading on her face and tits. Again. She called him a mother fucker and kissed him. Then the blonde fingered

herself while he worked over her nipples until she came so loud everyone in the coffee shop overheard, and was out the door before he was even dressed again.

Thursday, he had Morgan doing a deep-cleaning of the house in nothing but a g-string she borrowed from her daughter, who had still not returned home. Twice that day, as she curtsied and yes-sir'ed him, he turned to Brittney and bent her over without a word and fucked the daylight out of her. The second time, in the living room, he told Morgan to dust the room while he drilled Brittney from behind; he stared at her ass unblinkingly the whole time.

That afternoon, he went and booked a hotel room and didn't even bring Brittney. Brianne texted him again, coyly making chit-chat; he told her he was busy for the night but to help herself to Brittney. He fell asleep around 3am, staring at the ceiling, hard as a rock, and his dreams were all of fake tits and g-strings.

He made a list of errands for Morgan and texted it to Morgan Friday morning so she'd be out of the house most of the day. Back home, Brittney greeted him warmly; she told him about Brianne's visit last night. They'd spent most of the time sixty-nining, though it seemed Brianne shared his affinity for breasts, and Brittney's were exemplary.

"She did ask me to give you a message," she said at the end.

"Yeah, yeah, she's welcome," he responded dismissively.

"No, not that – well, that too. But she said next time you better be here, too. These high school girls can't seem to get enough of you, I swear." Brittney giggled.

"Well, they better enjoy it while it lasts – we're heading back to school Sunday."

When Morgan returned home from her errands, he had her completely naked inside of 20 minutes. He found himself following her around the house, at intervals pinching and cupping her butt cheeks, tweaking her nipples, caressing her hips, eventually even teasing at her pussy lips. She was good and wet; perhaps long days as DJ's mostly-naked maid had worn her down too. She moaned softly, patiently letting him finger her, humping his grip, even as she mumbled a feeble "no, please don't" without breaking rhythm. With a great effort, he pulled back and took a long, cold shower.

He should have fucked Brittney – she was always good for letting him work out some sexual frustration. Or called Jody over, or gone to Brianne's. Or found any cunt at all but the one that was clouding his mind to the point of blinding it to desire for any other.

As he stood watching her hand-wash the dishes, her round butt undulating softly from the motions of her hands, he snapped.

He took off his clothes wordlessly, then approached her from behind, his cock nestled between her buttocks. She stiffened in surprised, but a gentle probe of her nethers revealed her pussy to be just as ready as it had been earlier. "Tell me you want this, Morgan," he spoke softly in her ear.

"I want this," she whispered. The muscles in her cunt contracted around his fingers.

He bent her down roughly over the sink, her cheek resting on the metal partition between the two sides, her black curls drooping down into the soapy water. She moved her feet shoulder-width apart.

"Ask me for it."

Her eyes closed, breath released in a shuddering sigh of anticipation and fading, weak resistance. A blade of tall grass before the lawn mower. "Please fuck me."

DJ gave her ass a hard slap that echoed through the house, followed by an even louder yelp. "Ask right, bitch."

The sound that passed her lips then was something like a whimper, but in it he heard with strange definitiveness the utter death of Morgan's pride. She was completely his now – not like Brittney or Jody, girls who'd found a way to rationalize and enjoy his attentions. Morgan was his bitch. Her value was that she could be broken.

“Please fuck me... master.”

She let out a long slow moan that lasted the entirety of the time his cock took to slide all the way into her – and it certainly took its time. It was his first time with an older woman (and a mother at that), but her pussy still felt just fine to him. He took hold of her hips and used his grip to help pull her back to meet his thrusts. His balls slapped loudly against her thighs in the otherwise quiet house.

Her silence earned her a few more hard spankings, and he halted his thrusts. “You don't sound like you want this. Remember, your whole purpose in life now is to make me happy – do your fucking job or I bring this to a stop, and we spend a little time re-training you.”

“No! No, I want it, master.” This time there was less of a hesitation with the final word. She bucked her hips back against him vigorously, and the walls of her pussy squeezed down around him rhythmically. This was a talent none of his girls had had as yet; perhaps she'd have to teach them.

As his thrusts slowly resumed, her begging continued in ever-increasing pitch and volume. “Please fuck me, master. My whole body is yours – I know that now. I'm your slut – do whatever you want to me. Fuck your slut's pussy, master. Please, fuck your slut's sloppy wet cunt, master!”

As her inelegant pleading continued, he conceded to her request and resumed fucking her. She didn't smile; she didn't moan. She just held onto the counter-top for balance and begged him not to stop in an unending litany of increasingly self-debasing terms. “I'm such a stupid little slut, master, thank you for fucking me” and “please let me make you cum, master, let me earn my keep” and “I'm sorry I've been such a selfish cunt and haven't made my pussy available before, please punish your slut's naughty ass!”

He fucked her, quite literally, with a vengeance, ramming his cock into her as hard as he could, giving her ass a hard spank every time she asked for one – which was often. Pinned against the counter with him leaning hard on her back, she used what she still had to be of service. Her desperate pleading, her talented pussy, his years of contempt for her. One would have to be blind to think she wasn't loving it just as much as him, but her occasional shift from begging for more to whimpering and protesting only seemed to heighten the savagery of his fucking.

He paid no attention to whether she'd cum or not – her whore mouth shifted from begging to moaning a few times, so maybe she did. He didn't care. When he switched to her ass (per her suggestion: “master, your slut's ass hasn't been fucked yet, and I know it'll hurt – don't you want to hurt me, pay me back for being such a bitch?”) her voice rose almost a whole octave, and she started raving so fast he could barely even understand her any more until she reverted to just shrieking “FUCK YOUR SLUT'S ASS MASTER!” over and over, punctuated only by Please's and the occasional gasp for breath. She wouldn't find out for several days yet that her neighbors heard her, and used it to inspire their own love-making. She would soon be the talk of the neighborhood.

She was so loud, in fact, they hadn't even heard Lauren come in and didn't know how long she had been watching them. Her banshee wail of horror came right as he was cumming;

startled, he turned suddenly and slid out of Morgan's ass; his spurt of cum launched across the room and caught Lauren right across the chin and neck. Morgan screeched as the surreality was revealed as regular old reality, and ran from the room, her eyes already watering.

Lauren stood across the room, stunned beyond word or action. It was silent but for tiny pat as a small blob of his jizz dripped off her chin onto the wood floor. He couldn't even read the look on her face, and for a long moment, the two just stared eye to eye, each taking stock of the other. In the end, the stare-off was broken by, of all people, Brianne.

She came in the front door; from her vantage point, she could see DJ standing naked in the kitchen, but not her friend who was just around a corner from the entry hall. "Hey – I see you were expecting me," she giggled. "The fussy bitch isn't home, is she?"

Lauren stepped around the corner, glaring daggers at her erstwhile friend. "The fussy bitch *is* home, you cheap whore."

Brianne blushed almost as red as her hair, then deeper as she caught sight of the mess on her friend's neck. "Oh, um, sorry, I was... just kidding. I'll leave you two..." She back-pedaled to the door, pausing to mouth "call me" to DJ before she bolted.

Lauren watched her go, every muscle in her body rigid. DJ tossed her a hand towel to clean up; it hit her in the stomach and fell to the floor. She looked at him with an inscrutable expression, then spoke in an ice cold voice so softly he had to strain to hear her. "I am leaving now. There's a home game tonight. I'm not coming home after. Or ever."

And she left.

CHAPTER TEN

"This'll be so fun!" Brittney exclaimed as they pulled up to DJ's old high school. "I used to go to all the games when I was in school."

"Dating the quarterback, no doubt," he said offhandedly, his mind mostly on other matters.

"My freshman year, and my junior year. Sophomore year was the state-ranked tight end, and when I was a senior there was Dave, who was running back. Then Aaron the linebacker, then I was dating Mitch, who was actually on the basketball team, by the time football season ended."

DJ arched an eyebrow, but didn't otherwise comment. He was still working on a plan, something he'd not done much of late. So much of what had been happening just seemed to happen. It was complicated by being unsure of exactly what he wanted.

Only a few hours ago, his step-sister Lauren had caught him fucking her mother Morgan, heard her beg for more, debase herself and squeal like a little bitch on his cock. Compounding matters, Lauren knew full well that he'd fooled around with her best friends earlier in the week, curvaceous Jody and leggy Brianne. (All that aside from her amazement that he'd brought home a hot piece of ass like Brittney to begin with.)

She'd fled the house, vowing to never return. Still, he knew tonight was a big home game, and as one of the senior members of the cheerleading squad, he couldn't imagine her missing it. She'd been in cheerleading since elementary school, and was only kept from the captain position because of some petty political squabble with Taylor Strehan, a conniving viper of a girl if ever there was one. Even as he got out of the car and escorted Brittney into the stands,

he was unsure whether he felt bad for shattering her bubble of innocence, or pissed off for her having the audacity to tell him off.

It was already nearly half-time as they entered, and he immediately saw Lauren clapping her hands and calling out inane cheers with the rest of the squad. It made him regret not having gotten a cheerleader uniform for Morgan; they were spitting images of one another, displaced in time by what to the eyes was at most a decade, even if it in reality was more like twice that. Her curly hair was bound in a pony tail high atop her head, and the uniform showed off her toned stomach, athletic legs, and as he kept watching, the occasional glimpse of her rounded butt encased in the electric blue panties.

How strange, to have someone pick your underwear for you based on your high school's colors.

Could he apologize? Did he have anything to apologize for? Jody and Brianne certainly seemed happy with his treatment of them, and Morgan had cum harder than any girl he'd ever been with. Still, it must not feel that way to her.

Really, as he tried to be honest with himself, he was worried any confrontation would end with her impaled on his dick just like her friends and her mother. DJ hadn't thought of Lauren that way before, though he wasn't blind – he knew she was drop dead gorgeous as well as she knew it herself. But it was clear even to him that his power was increasingly going to his head. He'd not wanted to fuck Morgan initially either, but that had happened, and in hindsight he didn't even regret it.

Increasingly, knowing he wasn't supposed to or allowed to do something had become his biggest incentive for doing it.

There was Lauren with her fellow cheerleaders, most of whom he'd known to varying degrees for years as they came over for pool parties and sleep-overs. While they were a diverse lot, and some were as yet too young for his tastes, there were some knockouts down there with her. At this point, DJ didn't even trust himself to go talk to Lauren without having them stripped naked inside of the first two minutes and finish the game cheering in the buff. (It would do wonders for attendance, no doubt.)

After sitting through two touchdowns stewing in indecision, DJ finally decided that he just needed to confront her and let things work themselves out. Alone – he didn't need another thirty-four tits and seventeen asses there to distract him. Plus two tits and an ass on Brittney, whom he left in the stands with some money for concessions and a promise to be back before too long.

It didn't take much pushing to get access to the stadium's PA system. He wrote down a message and arranged to have it read in a few minutes, then hustled back out to the parking lot. Sure enough, he soon heard a loud voice calling out that a dark green Toyota Prius had left its lights on in the lot, then a repetition. From his vantage point near her vehicle, he saw his step-sister make apologies to her squad, then hustle in his direction.

He waited until she was nearly there to reveal himself, and her jaw went tight immediately. "DJ? You set this up?"

"I wanted to talk to you, and I figured it'd be better if we were alone."

"Really? You don't want those sluts Jody and Brianne here to ooh and aah over you?"

"They'd oohed and aahed? Cool." "No, just you and me. We should talk. About everything."

“What’s there to say?” she asked, crossing her arms feistily. “You fucked my best friends and my mom. You’re a fucker. Literally, a fucker.”

“Hey, I didn’t force myself on anybody,” he protested indignantly. Which was mostly true.

“I know you didn’t. I confronted them, you know. Brianne told me how she got so horny, she wound up begging you to butt fuck her. And well, I saw the look on Jody’s face as you were spraying it. And Mom... yeah, I think the whole neighborhood heard that.”

He grinned in spite of himself. “Yeah, maybe overdid it on that one. Still, they’re all free-willed people, none of them with complaints, so what’re you so pissed over?”

“I’m not pissed!” she retorted a little too emphatically, then fell awkwardly silent.

“Not pissed? Lauren, you said you were running away from home.”

She looked at the ground, waiting for a group of her fellow students to pass out of earshot before responding. “I wasn’t angry. I mean sure you’re a big geek and a huge social chore and all, but I can put up with all that. You fucked some girls – big whoop, right? I wasn’t mad, I was...” She mumbled something too softly for him to hear.

He asked her to repeat it, stepping closer. “I said I was <I>curious</I>!” she hissed.

His head reflexively cocked to one side like a confused puppy. “Curious? What the hell do you mean, curious?”

She rolled her eyes, though they never returned to meet his. “Look, suddenly out of nowhere you show up with this stupidly hot girlfriend, Brianne and Jody raving about you... shit, even Mom couldn’t resist you all of a sudden. It... makes a girl wonder.”

He stared a moment, then barked out a laugh. “Wait, so you were worried you might want to fuck me too?”

She punched him in the arm, as she had a hundred other times when she’d been annoyed with him, though in the past it had usually been for taking too long in the bathroom or letting her sleep through her alarm. “Shut up, asshole! I didn’t say I was overwhelmed with lust – I just said I was fucking curious, OK! God, shut up!” she repeated.

He held his hands up defensively, fighting to silence his laughter. “Sorry, sorry. It’s just... it’s not what I expected.”

She glared at him. “I mean, I never thought of you as my brother – just, like, this creature we kept in the spare room.”

“Yeah, I know,” he grumbled.

“Oh fuck off, not like you had some Harry Potter childhood locked under the stairs, pussy. Anyway, to suddenly find out this creature might actually be useful for something... and the way they talked about it...” she shrugged. “I just couldn’t figure it out is all. I mean, how did you...? What’s your secret? Did you drug them? Hypnotize them? It can’t have been blackmail... can it?”

In the distance, the PA system announced that half-time had commenced and read out the score; the band and flag squad were taking field as the two teams and their accompanying cheerleaders made for their respective locker rooms.

“I just finally hit my stride,” he lied casually, slowly approaching her. She backed away nervously, but not as fast as he was advancing. “Developed some confidence, figured out how to approach girls, and now... well shit, I can basically get any girl I want.”

“Not <I>any</I> girl,” she said defensively as she backed into the trunk of her car. He kept advancing until he was almost touching her.

“Lauren, if I wanted to, I could follow you into the locker room right now and stage an orgy and not one girl would refuse me.”

His step-sister scoffed. “That’s ridiculous. Even if you had a ten-inch cock that vibrated on command and recited romantic poetry until it spurted its marshmallow-flavored jizz, there’s at least one lesbian on the squad and a dozen plus others who wouldn’t give you the time of day. Shit, for barging into the locker room they’d scream bloody murder and have you arrested.”

“Is that a dare?”

“It’s a certainty. Wait, where are you going!” she ran after him as he about-faced and started striding towards the school’s athletic entrance, where the football team and cheerleaders were filing in.

“Going to bang some cheerleaders,” he said casually.

“DJ, no! You’ll ruin my reputation! And be in SO much trouble!” she added as an afterthought.

He kept walking confidently towards his quarry. “Tell you what. I’ll go in alone and you wait out in the hall. If I talk them into it, I’ll send somebody to fetch you.”

“This is insane – you’re going to wind up in jail,” she insisted, still straggling behind.

He stopped just outside the doors, where the last few football players were hustling in. “Let’s call it a bet. If you’re right and I get busted, I’ll promise to never bring Brittney home again, and never lay a finger on Jody or Brianne or Morgan ever again.”

“Or any of my other friends,” she added frostily.

“Sure, or that.”

She eyed him nervously, his confidence almost making her worry he could actually pull off this insane stunt. “And if you do? You know, if you manage to stage an orgy with the cheerleading team?”

He gave her a cocky grin. “You have to join in.”

Taylor Strehan, captain of the cheerleading squad, gathered her squadmates together for a quick mid-game assessment and “pep talk.” Really, this meant dressing down all the stupid cunts who were fucking up their ends of routines, and the usual dietary reminders for the handful of mouth-breathing cows who were embarrassing the squad’s reputation. Lindsay had ballooned up to a fucking size 8 for Christ’s sake! Did she have no standards?

She was annoyed at having to sneak in these talks at halftimes; the coach was usually around during practice, but Miss Nguyen also dealt with those friendless loser flag girls so she was still on the field. Besides, the skimpy uniforms made for the perfect opportunity to showcase their lax discipline.

She was midway through redressing Michele for her fugly haircut when the door opened – and a man walked in! Several of the girls squealed in alarm, Taylor among them, but then she quickly recognized him as DJ Swanson, Lauren’s dorky older brother. She’d known him for years – Lauren had always tried to keep him away when they were over, but still, he lived there. Not that she liked DJ, but still, she’d put up with him hanging out in the locker room. No big whoop.

For her part, Taylor hated Lauren, and had never been a fan of her step-sibling either. He was a loser, through and through, but... Lauren was a genuine threat. Almost as hot as Taylor and with more money, she threatened to hog a spotlight Taylor knew she rightly deserved. If she

weren't out shutting off her headlights, this would be an awesome opportunity to call her out in front of the whole squad for inviting her step-brother in. As it was though, there was no sense making a fuss over his coming into the locker room. He'd seen her in a swimsuit many a time before, and her uniform still covered more than that. The other girls relaxed as well.

"Hey DJ – Lauren's out dealing with her car, I think," she said, trying to steer him away so she could get on with her lecture. Allie was on the chopping block next for that hideous scrunchy she was wearing.

He waved a hand dismissively. "I'm not looking for Lauren. I came to have myself an orgy with a locker room full of cheerleaders," he said casually.

The girls looked amongst each other self-consciously. An orgy? Orgies usually had multiple guys, she was pretty sure, and besides they were in the middle of a meeting. "This is kind of an inconvenient time for that," she said, trying to be polite in spite of her natural inclination to tear the head off of anyone stupid enough to get in her way.

"Fuck your convenience, Taylor – I see a locker room full of T&A, and I want to take advantage of it. What guy doesn't fantasize about coming into a room like this and getting it on with a bunch of girls like you?"

Jessica stepped forward, hands on hips. "Girls like us? What's that supposed to mean? Like we're some kind of big sluts just because we're cheerleaders?" *Typical Jessica,* Taylor thought, *always being confrontational over innocuous comments. Way to not keep your cool, idiot.*

DJ frowned at her, then walked over to the dry erase board they used for announcements and such and plucked the marker from it, walking back over to Jessica as he uncapped it. Right there on her forehead, he started writing in large block letters. B-I-G was put across her forehead; S-L on her right cheek and U-T on her left. It could probably be read from a hundred feet away.

Taylor laughed. *Dumb bitch.*

"Well, that answers that," he said, sounding self-satisfied. Jessica looked in the mirror and pouted. "Anyone else have any complaints?"

Taylor timidly raised a hand, and when DJ called on her, said in her most diplomatic voice (which wasn't saying much), "Look, we still have the second half of the game to get to... are we going to make it back in time or what?"

He laughed. *Mother fucker,* she thought. "I tell you what – let's face facts and accept I can't fuck all of you, and some of you, I don't want to." Some of the girls glared indignantly, though privately, Taylor knew which ones he meant and didn't blame him. Size 8 Lindsay was practically sporting hoofs as far as Taylor was concerned.

He took a few minutes going through the squad one by one, appraising them like it was his own personal meat market. When Taylor's turn came up, she quietly complied with him as he lifted her skirt to show her butt, then cupped her breasts and patted them appreciatively. *This is kind of dehumanizing, but whatcha gonna do.*

In the end, he dismissed all the freshmen and sophomores – even Hope, which surprised her, but then she did still look a little too jail-baity – and then whittled down the juniors and seniors until only three remained – Evelyn, Kylee, and Taylor herself. *Not much of an orgy,* she thought, but she wasn't complaining. He had them stand aside while the rest waited near the door. Then, of all things, he sent Jessica out to go get Lauren!

I mean, it's one thing to treat the cheerleading squad like your own personal harem, but it's another to do it in front of your step-sister.

Jessica lead Lauren in by the hand just seconds later, the latter still looking goggle-eyed at the signage on the former's face. DJ grinned at her. "So girls," he said, addressing the squad but looking specifically at Lauren, his tone dramatic, "who knows what time it is!"

It wasn't an impressive moment in unified cheering, but enough of the girls got the direction of his lead-in that a garbled mix of "orgy time!" and "have an orgy!" and "time for sex!" came back at him. <I>What kind of cheerleaders couldn't manage something as simple as being asked an excited question and cheering back the one-word answer? Morons.</I>

"You... really fucking did it," Lauren said, looking mind-blown.

Taylor looked at her rival in a way to convey how obtuse she was being. "Well what were we going to do, say no? We're not a bunch of bigots, Lauren."

DJ grinned, then shooed the majority of the squad out of the locker room, giving farewell ass-pinches and booby-honks where he felt the urge. Then he turned on the remaining four girls, his lustful intents writ large on his face. Taylor looked them over herself, admittedly a bit curious as to his taste, since several girls were dismissed that she was sure were just as hot, maybe hotter.

"Why us?" Kylee asked, echoing her thoughts.

DJ looked them over, addressing them one by one. "Different reasons for each of you, actually. Kylee, you I kept around because I had a huge crush on you way back when. Lauren never told you?"

Kylee shook her head, though Taylor knew full well that Lauren had done just that. Lots of guys had crushes on Kylee – she was the quintessential Latina hotty. She was on the short side, but with parts all sized for a Barbie doll most of a foot taller. Full teardrop breasts and a well-rounded ass with a pretty face, and the sort of minimal intelligence that was evident just from listening to her talk for a few seconds (to confirm the vapid smile that usually adorned her pretty face). Without even really meaning to, Kylee had had guys at her beck and call all through school just by being earnest with her ineptitude and being cute and friendly enough to ingratiate herself. In Taylor's book, she was a first-rate twit.

"Then there's Evelyn, here. Really, I'll chalk it up to curiosity. I've heard a dozen rumors about what a wildcat you are, and I've always wondered how much of it's true. Today I'll find out, I reckon."

Evelyn grinned arrogantly, her vanity piqued. Taylor had heard the same rumors and knew full well the girl was a huge slut, though obviously she couldn't vouch for the truth of her prowess firsthand. Evelyn was a petite but fiercely sexy young thing with smallish B-cup breasts and a trim waist to match. Her ass was bigger, a bit more muscular, but still fit the rest of her well. She worked part-time on nights and weekends at Hooters, where her tits didn't bring in much tip money but her magenta-dyed hair seemed to, lending her a raver-girl kind of air. Taylor had snooped in her gymbag more than once hoping to find some ecstasy so she could have an excuse to kick the whore off her team, but no luck yet.

Then he looked at Taylor, striding up in front of her until they were almost nose to nose. She stood her ground, unintimidated by this socially inferior specimen. "Taylor, Taylor, Taylor. You, my dear, are just a fucking bitch."

Her jaw dropped. She couldn't remember anyone speaking to her that way in her life. Certainly not since puberty had graced her with this dynamite body. She was tall, with a lot of her height in a pair of long, dancers legs. The pale blonde hair halfway down her back predated pubescence, but she'd started growing it out in sixth grade to hide a pair of unusually large

breasts when she'd been too young and stupid to know what an asset they were. She'd have been a shoe-in for the Swedish bikini team. If she were Swedish.

She was just about to retort – politely, of course; this was DJ Swanson here – when he put a hand over her mouth. *<I>The nerve!</I>* “And you’ve been a bitch to Lauren, which I normally don’t give a shit about, but she’s had a rough week so we’re going to do her a solid. Today, Taylor, you’re going to do everything she tells you to do, and you’re going to do it with a smile on your face.”

Taylor laughed as his hand came down. Tolerating this from DJ was one thing – it made no more sense to fight it than it did to try to fight bad weather or heavy traffic – but from his step-sister, her sworn enemy? “Fat fucking chance,” she spat. “I’m the captain and she’s just another skank on MY team. I don’t take orders in this locker room – I give them.”

The afore-mentioned skank wilted a bit at that, but her step-sib was unfazed as he reached into his pocket and took out his camera. He hit a couple buttons, then handed it to Lauren. “Well that’s your choice, Taylor, but remember, I get to make choices too. For instance, I’m choosing to have Lauren here record this, and if you don’t obey her – smiling, remember – then I’m going to let her distribute the video in whatever way she wants.”

“She wouldn’t dare.”

Lauren gave her a you’re-shitting-me look. “Remember when you told everyone about how I got drunk and made out with Patrick Finkus when he DDED at that party last summer? Then you used it to steal the captain position from me? Bitch, I’ll sell this shit to the fucking internet and spread the address to the whole school. To your parents, your minister, your fucking dog. Every pervert who ever googles you will know exactly what you look like naked and squealing like a bitch in heat.”

“Come on, Taylor – don’t be a bitch!” Evelyn pleaded, looking at Taylor like this predicament were somehow *<I>her</I>* fault. Evidently she was content to be known as a slut, but was squeamish about everyone having firsthand evidence of it.

Kylee nodded earnestly. “Yeah, like, I don’t want everyone to see me being all orgied and everything.”

Taylor gritted her teeth. “Fine. FINE. Let’s just do this.”

Lauren stuck out her tongue. “Don’t forget to smile, cunt.”

Seething, Taylor forced a smile onto her face, the same utterly fake smile she used to subtly flirt her way into favors from teachers. After spending the last two hours smiling on the sidelines, her face practically hurt from it.

DJ turned to his step-sister and nodded. “You’re the director, Laur. Start us off.”

“Not director – *<I>captain</I>*,” she said decisively. “So you bitches do what I say now. Got me?”

“Yes Captain,” said Evelyn and Kylee in unison. Taylor took a deep breath, smiled hatefully at the camera, then echoed it herself.

“All righty, so if we’re gonna make a little porno here, then let’s make sure we understand our characters. Evelyn and Kylee, you’re both senior cheerleaders, and this stupid bitch here wants on the squad. So today, you’re going to put her through her paces with a little hazing ritual – you’re going to cheer your new recruit through getting used like a cheap whore by an upperclassman.”

DJ looked between Evelyn and Kylee with concern. “Hey now, it’s not much of an orgy if I only get to play with the one girl.”

<I>What, am I not enough for him? That ungrateful prick!</I> Lauren waved for him to shut up. “Just trust me, all right? Now... ACTION!”

Evelyn and Kylee both grinned brightly. Taylor knew they both hated her almost as much as Lauren; they had to be loving this. Evelyn spoke up first. “So hey, Taylor, we found an upperclassman for you – this is DJ. He’s a senior, and you’re going to make his day, all right?”

“Yeah, like totally make his day,” Kylee added brilliantly.

They acted with all the panache of Paris Hilton. Determined to outshine them, Taylor tried to smile shyly at him. “Heya, hot stuff,” she purred. “I can’t wait to get to know you better.”

“This the best you can do?” he said, looking bored. “I’d rather just fool around with you two than waste my time on this ho.”

Lauren laughed. “Yeah yeah, that’s good,” she exclaimed excitedly. “Now girls, each of you has to do a cheer routine to try to entice him to screw you. Taylor, you need to make sure yours is ultra-slutty to get his attention. Go.”

The new captain – (<I>not that it’s official</I>, she reminded herself) – allowed the three of them a minute to come up with something. Taylor figured it wouldn’t be too hard. She was definitely hotter than them, nevermind that DJ was pretending not to notice, and had been taking dance lessons since she was five. She had moves they couldn’t match.

Evelyn went first, and it was instantly clear she wasn’t going to make the contest easy. She shook her ass hypnotically and fondled her little breasts through her uniform as she did a chant in a sultry voice.

“Who’s the new guy that all the girls want?” She pointed to DJ and held up two fingers, a readily understood signal for her audience.

“DJ! DJ!” the other girls chanted. Taylor too.

“Who’s the big stud we all crave in our cunt?”

“DJ! DJ!” they repeated again. Then Evelyn – completely arhythmically – just flipped her skirt up to reveal her bright blue uniform panties and twerked, her fleshy butt jumping and gyrating like it was springloaded. DJ groped it appreciatively Evelyn winked at him over her shoulder.

“All right, let’s see what you got, Kylee,” Lauren interjected. Kylee giggled and withdrew to the far end of the locker room. She did a series of graceful cartwheels until she was back at the far end, grinning brightly.

“Gimme a P!” she yelled.

“P!” They echoed.

“Gimme an E!”

“E!”

“Gimme an N!”

“N!”

“Gimme a U!”

There was a brief pause before she got her requested U. <I>What the fuck is she spelling, “penumbra”?</I>

“Gimme an S!”

“S!”

“Put it together and what did you give me?”

“Penis!” called out Evelyn, Lauren and DJ. Kylee slid down into the splits, her sexy brown legs splayed out to either side of her blue-pantied butt peeking out at the bottom of her tiny skirt.

Taylor rolled her eyes. “You misspelled ‘penis’ you fucking airhead.”

Kylee seemed to think for a moment. “Did I... no, I don’t think I did...” It was like she was counting on her fingers, the way her lips were mumbling through the letters.

“You forgot to smile, bitch. Why don’t you do your brilliant routine, then we’ll give you a chance to make it up to Kylee,” Lauren said, smirking.

Her “routine” had been planned as a few well-rehearsed high-kicks, flips and dance moves; now Taylor knew she’d need to do something more risqué to win this competition and stop Lauren from wrecking her social life. Her brain raced to come up with something new in a hurry, something even sluttier than the two spectacularly slutty routines that had just preceded her.

“One second!” she yelped, darting behind a row of lockers. She’d need whatever edge she could get here, so she took a moment to slide off her cheerleading panties, then got rid of her sports bra with a little struggle to get it off without removing her top. She used the precious extra seconds to come up with a few lines.

Without much confidence in what she’d come up with, the once and future captain came back around to where the other girls were sharing a mischievous grin with DJ. “Well, whatcha got for us newbie?” he asked imperiously.

Taylor stood right in front of him and began, gladder than ever for her modest gift for rhyming.

<I>I’m so glad I’ve got big tits!
‘Cause then my man can squeeze ‘em like this!
And when I slip and give him sass
He can bend me over and smack my ass!
I can’t get enough of that stuff in his nuts
‘Cause I wanna be one of his little sluts!
He can fuck my little puss, or fuck my jiggly tits
But I love it best when he jams it ‘tween my lips!
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay DJ!</I>

Throughout the routine, she put his hands on her body parts as she named them, kissing and grinding against his crotch as it went on. She finished with an actual dance move she’d learned in couples dance class, kicking high and spinning, letting the foot come to rest on her partner’s shoulder. She used it to pull him in to a scorching open mouth kiss, snaking her tongue into his mouth as her thighs and glutes started burn from being more than 180 degrees split. Her bare pussy was pressed against his crotch, and she could feel his cock hardening against her.

He kissed her back for a long moment, nearly to the point where she almost had to fall backwards so she could lower her leg, but he released her just in time. Taylor wobbled unsteadily on her feet a moment, not having been sufficiently stretched for such a thing.

“So, Mr. Judge, how do you score your little slut squad?” Lauren asked.

He looked first to Evelyn. “Great moves, awesome twerk, perfect ass. I give it a 9.3.”
<I>9.3? In competition, even aside from the slutty words, that would have been like a 4.5 at best.</I> Evelyn winked at him suggestively.

“Kylee,” he said, turning his attention to the brightly beaming Latina. “Such great energy and intensity and enthusiasm. Still, spelling does count for something, so we’ll call it a 9.0.” Kylee didn’t seem to mind the penalty, thanking him with a long kiss of her own.

DJ looked to Taylor with scrutiny. She preened, thrusting her chest forward and her butt backward. And smiled. Gotta remember to keep smiling. “Now Taylor, you had quite a little chant there – good rhythm, very very slutty – you’re a natural at talking like a little hooker. Had practice?” The girls laughed at his joke. Laughed at her. She reddened in embarrassment and anger at the same time.

He continued. “You really put yourself out there, used that T&A of yours well. Still, I do have to penalize you for not wearing your required uniform.”

She sputtered. “What! I ditched my underwear so I could be sluttier for you! That was supposed to gain me points, not cost me!”

“Well, the contest was to be the sluttiest girl in a cheerleading uniform, not the sluttiest girl in <I>part</I> of a cheerleading uniform.” She wanted to snarl at him, but made herself smile, radiating understanding and apology. Lauren was such a bitch for putting her through this.

He took a long moment looking between the girls, deliberating internally, before he announced her score. “So, after the penalty, that gives you... a 9.4!” She jumped for joy – or her character did, at least – and Kylee and Evelyn hugged and congratulated her. It did actually feel a little good to win, even if the game was fake. And rigged. Damn bullshit penalties.

“So I’m on the squad?” she asked timidly, face full of feigned hope. <I>I OWN this fucking squad, damnit!</I>

“Hooooold on there, Trigger,” Lauren admonished. “You just won the chance to prove you’re worth testing further.”

“Oh gee golly, thanks Captain!” Taylor said. She was smiling still, if acidly. “What’s the next test?” <I>Let’s get this over with so I can get back on the field.</I>

“Next, we need to see if you have a real cheerleader body. You got a decent face, but what about the rest? Let’s check out the top end first.”

Taylor understood. She slid down the zipper on the side of her uniform and let the top slide down to the floor. “Damn, little slut doesn’t even wear a bra,” said Lauren. “All right squad, let’s show our judge what real cheerleader titties look like.”

Evelyn and Kylee each took off their own tops, followed by the sports bras beneath. Evelyn’s small tits rode high on her chest, tiny near-black nipples hardening immediately. Kylee’s breasts were big (though still a couple cups behind Taylor’s F’s), and had mahogany brown nipples standing out against her lighter brown skin. She giggled as DJ squeezed them; Evelyn blew a kiss as he did the same to hers.

“Now we’ll do a thorough inspection of our recruit... girls, hop to it.” Taylor held her ground, folding her arms behind her back as the girls, flanking DJ, approached her. They cupped and prodded and lifted and tapped and pinched and tweaked her like a piece of meat.

“Not bad,” Evelyn said neutrally. “A little too big for my tastes – way more than you can hold in one hand, so what’s the point.”

Kylee nodded sagely, stupidly. “I think they’re, like, super cute. And look, she tans topless! Totally no tan lines – very classy, Tay.”

DJ looked unconvinced though. “Let’s find out how sensitive they are. Girls, each of you take one and suck it.”

With a quick self-conscious look between them, they dove in, Kylee on her right tit, Evelyn on the left. Lauren moved in and got it from several angles, making sure to zoom in on each of the girl's faces, catching Kylee sucking it in and out of her mouth like it was a big squishy popsicle, Evelyn lashing it with her tongue as if it had wronged her in another life. Taylor didn't know what her own face looked like; she was incredibly uncomfortable having two girls sucking on her tits – on camera, no less – but it felt fucking wonderful.

Then, just as she was starting to forget her nerves and lose herself in the pleasure, DJ pulled them back. Taylor gasped as Kylee suctioned her lips around a nipple, pulling the heavy boob with her for a long second as she stood back upright. She found herself breathing hard in spite of herself; Lauren was giving her a mocking look, but she made herself just smile for the camera.

(DJ had asked her to, after all.)

“Must be pretty sensitive, if you could get her good and ready just from handling her hooters,” DJ said, stepping in close.

“Hey, Evelyn totally works there!” Kylee said, giggling. “But like, she totally has the littlest hooters here! Isn't that funny?”

“Hilarious,” Evelyn said dryly.

DJ couldn't easily lift Taylor's skirt; they didn't have those old-fashioned types that would flare out when you spun, but rather the more modern fashion, which were basically short stretchy mini-skirts with slits on either side most of the way up to their waists. Lauren knelt at her feet, aiming the camera up at Taylor's snatch, and DJ simply tugged the garmet up until it bunched around her waist like a belt.

“No panties either – Jesus, are you auditioning to be a cheerleader or a prostitute?” Lauren said in disgust.

“Fuck you, bitch!” Taylor groused in spite of herself.

“Fuck me? Bitch, am I? Well, let me just set this to live-stream and upload the link to the whole senior class,” Lauren said, lowering the camera to tinker with buttons.

“No! No no, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it won't happen again!” Taylor pleaded. “Please, please don't do that!”

DJ shrugged apathetically; he'd get to fuck her regardless, and obviously dicking Taylor Strehan would do nothing but good for his rep. Lauren seemed to consider. “All right, but that's the final warning. And from now on, I don't want you to just be an eager applicant – I want you to be the stereotypical cheerleader bimbo. Slutty, stupid, every inch of you made to please men.”

“What, you mean like Kylee?”

Kylee glared, though on her adorable face it looked more of a pout. “That was mean, Taylor. For that, I'm adding to the list: refer to yourself in the third person. But now your name is Taylortits.”

Taylor opened her mouth to protest, but Lauren's finger poised imperiously over an unseen button on the phone screen was enough to cut her off and, with a herculean effort, return a smile to her face.

“Better,” Lauren said, lowering the threatening finger. “Now apologize to Kylee.”

Kylee folder her arms beneath her bare breasts expectantly. “I'm sorry I said you were a bimbo,” she said with incongruent cheeriness.

“Who's sorry?” Evelyn asked, smirking.

<I> am going to murder these bitches.</I> “Taylortits.”

They laughed to hear her say it. “Taylortits what?”

“Taylortits... is sorry.”

Kylee tweaked Taylor’s nipple, hard. “C’mon, do it better. You like totally don’t sound nearly stupid enough, Taylortits.”

Taylor thought of the homecoming game her sophomore year; the team lost by forty points, it was forty-some degrees and rainy, and she’d caught her boyfriend cheating on her the day before.

Even then, keeping a smile on her face had been easier.

Her voice raised an octave and a half, and she forced her eyes open wider and showed as many teeth as she could. “Like, O-M-G Taylortits is for sure super seriously sorry! Taylortits forgot she needs to be a good girl!”

There was a long wait as Lauren, Evelyn and Kylee struggled to recover from their gales of laughter. DJ, however, barely chuckled. He just looked at Lauren with a predatory gleam. *<I>Great, he gets off on this shit.</I>* Even the other two topless cheerleaders didn’t get a glance.

“All right, all right,” Evelyn managed eventually. “Now, ah, Taylortits, I think DJ was about to check you to see if you’re ready.”

<I>Mother fuckers.</I> “Oh yeah! Taylortits slippery wet cunt is, like, always ready for cock! Here, see?” She took Evelyn’s hand and touched it to her labia – which were indeed still wet from the full-titty tongue bath. She meant it to make Evelyn uncomfortable, but the pink-haired girl just grinned and slid a couple fingers in, probing inside of her. Taylor gasped in surprise (and maybe a little excitement) as she was fingered by her squadmate.

“I think she feels nice and ready. Kylee, you wanna double-check for me?” Kylee was happy to, circling behind Taylor and slipping a finger in alongside Evelyn’s. Taylor’s eyes closed at the intimate sensation, the other girls’ bare tits pressed against her front and back.

It felt so good she was actually a little upset when they pulled out. “She’s ready for you,” Kylee confirmed to DJ.

“Let her clean your fingers off,” Lauren said.

Evelyn, then Kylee, stuck their sticky wet fingers out in front of her mouth, and Taylor sucked them clean. She’d never tasted her own juices before, and this venue didn’t endear the flavor to her.

At Lauren’s urging, she made a show of it; while she did so, DJ casually removed his clothes. He was already fully erect, and she was frankly pretty shocked to see the quality of gear her squadmate’s otherwise geekishly forgettable brother was packing. Maybe this orgy wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Taylor hooked her thumbs in her waistband and prepared to shed her skirt when DJ stopped her with a firm hand. “Leave it on. How else would I know I’m fucking a cheerleader?”

“You got it, sexy,” she chirped. “Taylortits will dress however you want.”

“Good girl,” Evelyn chimed in approvingly. “Now get down on your knees.”

Cognizant of Lauren’s threat looming – and not wanting to be rude to DJ – she obeyed. He didn’t hesitate a moment before basically stabbing the thing into her mouth even as she was opening it, and moments later, she was gagging on it, coughing around the blockage in her throat.

Kylee squatted down beside her and twisted one of Taylor’s nipples again. “Like, less coughing more sucking, dumb-dumb,” she said, tittering happily at having a chance to mock

someone else the way she herself was often teased. (<I>Except I'm not an actual dumb-dumb, you stupid bitch</I>.)

DJ grabbed the top of the Latina's head and tilted it to look up at him. "If you're going to be down there, be a dear and help out, Kylee."

Taylor wanted to smirk. She'd heard Kylee go on more than once about how she hated sucking cock and wouldn't do it if her life depended on it, yet here she was faced with the one guy she'd have to tolerate it from.

Alas, it was hard to smirk with a dick buried to the hilt in your mouth.

Taylor pulled back and started running her lips and tongue up one side of the shaft; Kylee took the hint and did the same with the other. They playfully fought for who could get it in their mouth, gently shoving one another away and taking lead. Shoving soon became groping and fondling, both keenly aware that they were expected to turn this into an orgy, and what kind of orgy didn't have hot lesbians feeling one another up?

Kylee was definitely having a hard time feigning enjoyment though; her face definitely showed her displeasure pretty keenly. DJ didn't seem to care though. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this, Kylee, seeing that pretty little face of yours on my dick. You belong down there on your knees, right alongside Taylor," he said, grunting and pumping into her mouth. Taylor, neglected, tongued his balls. She didn't care for blowjobs either, though she did what she had to for a guy, and here, it was clear what the expectations were.

Evelyn, who had been sitting on nearby bench with a hand shoved down the front of her panties to amuse herself while she watched, eventually drew a bit of his attention. "Ev, go eat out Lauren," he ordered off-handedly.

"DJ!" his step-sister squeaked. <I>As if that fucking cunt has room to be embarrassed.</I>

"You lost the bet. Now get your panties off and play along, before I decide to have you and Taylor switch jobs." Taylor perked up at that, praying silently for such a reversal of fortune. There was no such luck, however; Lauren set down the phone – in a position where it could keep recording – and shed her little panties. Evelyn was eating her out moments later.

Things accelerated from there. The sounds of Lauren and DJ moaning were contagious, and soon Kylee was fingering Taylor, and Taylor grudgingly did it right back. Before long DJ was ready, ordering Kylee to jack him off until he came all over her and Taylor's faces. He personally removed Lauren's top so she was as half-naked as the rest of them; she supposed he'd never seen her jugs before. She grudgingly conceded they were pretty nice boobs; smaller than hers but with large, puffy pink nipples.

While he recovered, DJ paired them off for 69ing, laying Lauren and Taylor on their backs and having Kylee and Evelyn mount them, respectively. Taylor had never been eaten out by a girl before, and while she wanted to be able to criticize Evelyn's technique, she had to hand it to her – she was a fucking pro. She came four times; Evelyn eventually shoved a finger up her ass and yelled at her to quit being a selfish cunt and forgetting to reciprocate. <I>Bitch doesn't even realize it's just making me keep half-trying – that finger feels awesome.</I>

Lauren and Kylee sounded like they were having fun, too, though she could care less.

She had come to think she was done playing the bimbo, but as DJ got hard again from watching them, he addressed them. "All right, that's enough. Everybody on your hands and knees, asses toward me. Now I know you little sluts would rather have a man's dick than a girl's

tongue, so time for you to prove you really want it. Taylortits, you especially – don't think I forgot you need to earn your spot on the squad.”

<I>God damnit.</I> The girls obeyed with varying degrees of haste, and soon there was a row of gorgeous asses staring at him. Kylee wagged hers enticingly; Evelyn reached back to finger herself and spread her lips wide for him; Taylor did the splits and humped herself against the ground as her giant boobs squashed outwards, visible on either side of her torso.

The begging began in a cacophany of soft, freshly-licked feminine voices pleading and whining and demanding and whimpering. Taylor, nervous he'd take note if she didn't play along, heard herself say, “pwease, Mister DJ, pwease fucky fuck widdle Taywortitties drippy-wippy little wanty-cunty! She needs cock, like, super duper bad! Pweeeeeeease!”

It was humiliating, of course – except then there was Lauren, ordered to beg her step-brother for his dick. She was on her hands and knees beside them, but wasn't moving, wasn't speaking. He let it slide, though; his first move was to settle in behind Kylee and start pumping into her. Unlike the blowjob, this she didn't mind so much – she was squealing and grunting and moaning like she was on cloud nine.

DJ snapped his fingers at Taylor and gestured; taking the hint, she moved to flank Kylee with Evelyn. He fingered them both roughly as he fucked her, and with their skirts hiked up to bare most of their butts, he spanked them every time he felt like their pleading to have a turn wasn't sincere enough. (Taylor got spanked more, which she thought was completely unfair, since Lauren wasn't even trying.)

Finally he bucked Kylee off of him, sending her sprawling across the tile floor in a heap as he switched over to Evelyn. She gyrated her hips and narrated exactly what she was doing with her pelvic muscles to heighten his pleasure; it seemed to be working because soon he gave her the same treatment as Kylee. As he positioned himself Taylortits – <I>ugh, my name is Taylor, not Taylortits</I> – he directed Kylee and Evelyn to make out for his amusement. Evelyn pounced on the raven-haired beauty in an instant.

Still, he didn't stick it in Taylor's pussy. What was he waiting for? “Um, like, are you gonna drill Taylortits' snatchy snatch? ‘Cause she suuuuper wants you to!” And she did, really – she was goddamn horny now, and she at least wanted some decent sex to balance out the rest of this whole maddening encounter.

“I'll fuck you, slut... just as soon as you get Lauren over here and involved.”

Taylor look over at Lauren, who was now looking back wide-eyed. Touching that bitch Lauren in a sexual way was the last thing she ever wanted to do on this earth, but... DJ had asked for it. There was no sense being intolerant of a simple request that didn't really cost her a thing. Forcing down the dread and self-loathing, she turned to the fake coach bitch and did her best.

“Lauren? Come on, don't you wanna get fucked? His cock is like super DUPER hard for us, and I just know we'll love it. Taylortits is a big ol' slutty slut, but she knows his will be the biggest bestest cock of all. Come on over here, Coachy, and let's be little fuck sluts together! It'll be SO fun and I can suck your tits or lick your pussy or whatever you want and I'll mmmmf!”

She was cut off as Lauren suddenly put a hand over her mouth, rising to her knees. “Sorry, I know it's funny and all, but God is she fucking annoying.”

DJ laughed. Kylee squealed as Evelyn's index finger gave her asshole a working over like she had with Taylor earlier. “C'mon over. Let me get a handle on those tits of yours.” DJ lifted Taylor out of the splits and into a standard doggy style position, then she felt him pat her

ass. A moment later, Lauren was sitting on top of her butt; the added weight was brutal on her poor knees, but Taylortits didn't have the luxury of complaining.

And so DJ began drilling her pussy finally as he sucked on his step-sister's tits, the latter no longer fighting the rising tide of lust at being groped and squeezed by him. Taylor didn't much care what he did to the other girl as long as he kept fucking her; his girth felt incredible inside her.

It went on for some time before he paused; she heard a disappointed pouty noise from Lauren above her. "Moment of truth, Laur," he said, panting. "I can keep going and cum in this bitch, or you can find out what you've been missing. Up to you."

"I don't know..." she said hesitantly.

His voice address the whole group. "Girls, tell her what you think she should do. Be honest."

"Oooh! Oooh ooh ooh!" Kylee cried out, like she was eager to give an answer in class. "You totally should! He's got a nice cock, and like, you're not actually related or anything so big whoop. I totally made out with my cousin whose dad married my aunt once and it was totally OK!"

<I>God, you somehow still manage to sound even dumber than I can pull off.</I>

"I say go for it," said Evelyn. "I'd be lying if I said he was the best lay I've ever had, but always better to risk regretting trying something than to risk regretting not trying it, right? Go wild, doll."

<I>My turn.</I> "And like, Taylortits totally wants his cum in her! So no, you shouldn't because his cock is the bestest and she wants it all for her slutty self!"

"Well that settles it," Lauren said. "I'll do it, if for no other reason than to spite this cunt."

She practically leapt off Taylor's back, tackling DJ backwards onto the cold tile floor. She impaled herself on him almost immediately, sitting up and riding him in a steady rhythm as she thrashed her hair from side to side.

"Holy FUCK DJ, I finally fucking get it. You're... you're... you're fucking amazing," she moaned.

DJ snapped his fingers to the other girls, who quickly came over to surround the happy couple. At his direction, Kylee and Evelyn took a boob apiece and started sucking and squeezing and fondling. Lauren's whole body quivered from the overload of it all.

"Um, like, what about Taylortits?" she asked, feeling a bit wounded at being overlooked. He pointed, and her heart dropped into her gut as she saw where. Still, even though it was her hated rival... some things just had to be tolerated.

Taylor dropped onto her hands and knees and crawled around behind Lauren's back, then leaned down and started licking at her ass. It was horrible and degrading and disgusting and humiliating and she would never ever be able to look Lauren in the eye ever again. She'd definitely never be able to look at Lauren from behind again.

Lauren, however, shrieked at the added sensation and started bouncing and rocking herself with wild abandon, relying almost entirely on her trio of cheerleader sluts to keep her aloft. Soon – or maybe it was an hour, she couldn't tell how long she was tonguing the bitch's ass – Lauren and DJ came in unison, though she still trembled and gyrated for some time after until he was finally too soft to be of any more good to her. The four girls, exhausted from their respective labors, all fell backwards onto the tile floor, panting alongside DJ.

Once they recovered, he guided them to the locker room's shower area; he personally washed each of them one by one. Kylee and Evelyn kept making out when they weren't being attended to, then he had the four of them group up to wash him. When they eventually finished, they went back to the locker room area where the four girls sat around naked, taking shifts of a few minutes at a time licking and sucking at DJ's cock while someone's hands – his, another girl's, whoever's – probed around at their tits and pussies. Everyone lost count of their orgasms.

There was a commotion at the door, and suddenly, there was the rest of the squad. Even knowing there had been an orgy in the planning here, they gaped at the site of their captain – Taylor, not Lauren, she reminded herself – and three of their senior members engaged in it.

“So who won?” Lauren asked, and the naked girls all fell to giggling.

“You're looking at him,” said DJ.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The party that happened at Morgan's house that night was as incomprehensible in its inception as it was in DJ's hazy memories of it—which is to say, he couldn't begin to understand how such a thing had happened.

Some of it he remembered. After the orgy with the cheerleading squad, he'd been more or less drunk with power. Someone on the squad had asked someone else within his hearing if there was anything exciting going on after the game, and DJ spontaneously interjected to tell them all there was a big party happening at his house.

Of course, no one had been excited for it—tolerated was nowhere near the same as legitimate popularity—but Lauren had enough pull to convince the girls (at his urging) to come, and invite friends. When he got back out of the locker room, he found Brittney waiting for him looking to be practicing a little tolerance of her own towards the swarm of horny high school boys who had surrounded her in his absence. As DJ slipped an arm around her waist and extricated her, he told her admirers if they wanted more Brittney, to swing by Morgan's address.

In the parking lot, he was distracted by the long legs and short skirts of the away team's own squad; on impulse, he hopped aboard their bus before it departed and, with a little nudging, commandeered it. The morale of the sweaty, demoralized cheerleaders and football players seemed buoyed a bit by his promises of an epic party ahead.

As the bus made its way towards his house, he had the driver swing by the liquor store, where he and a few sturdy linemen made off with a couple thousand dollars in booze, courtesy of the newly-tolerant staff. With his largesse flowing down the gullets and aisles of the bus, they made their way home.

There were already more than a hundred people there, from Lauren and her squadmates, Jody and Brienne and their friends, and myriad boyfriends and hopefuls; his bus doubled it, and it continued growing through the evening. DJ was beyond buzzed by the time he arrived and the encouragement of grateful cheerleaders had him good and hammered soon after that.

What he remembered came in flashes, largely courtesy of Morgan, whom he half-recalled appointing as his official photographer of the evening. She went through the footage with him over breakfast as she nursed him through his hangover.

There was a picture of him holding Jody up by her ass in the pool, her legs wrapped around him and her bikini pulled to the side with his faced buried in the endless cleavage. It was unclear if he was fucking her due to the water blurring their lower halves.

A shot of an equally inebriated Lauren leading Taylor Strehan around the party with a leash clipped around her captain's neck. Taylor wore nothing but a g-string. The word "bad bitch" was drawn on her back, and in the shot, red handprints on her ass made it clear that her trainer took her job seriously.

Another picture gave evidence of a best-breast competition DJ had thought he'd only dreamed; more than a dozen girls were standing side-by-side in the backyard, all topless, most with scores written on their tummies. In the foreground there were DJ, Brittney, and three guys from the away football team who'd apparently made a good impression on him, serving as judges. He didn't recognize any of the contestants.

A series of images taken from the foyer aimed at the front door. A police officer and her partner were standing just inside the door; DJ was wearing the male officer's gun belt as he watched his partner finish unbuttoning her uniform. Each image showed more of the woman's skin until her small breasts were completely exposed. The second-to-last image was of him doing a body shot off of her; the final one was him kicking the male officer in the butt as they walked out.

(DJ presently had no idea what happened to the gun-belt; it didn't seem to be anywhere in the house in the morning.)

There was a shot of DJ somehow up on the roof, fucking some girl he thought looked like Brittney from the thighs splayed out to either side of him but he couldn't be sure. Brittney didn't remember either. Him crowd-surfing on a group of people kind enough to catch him when he'd fallen (or jumped?) down. A somewhat blurry one of him fucking Taylor's mouth; it was unclear whether there was a tear leaking out or if it was just a spot of the glitter decorating her naked body. A selfie of him motorboating a topless Morgan, and another of him doing the same to Lauren, a third where he knelt grinning maniacally in front of both half-naked women. A shot of him staring wide-eyed and startled from behind the wheel of the bus where he'd crashed it into a neighbor's tree two houses down.

The bus was still there in the morning, but he had no idea where the driver had gone.

He'd woken up that morning in Morgan's bed surrounded by scattered tits and ass. Brittney, Brienne and Jody were all in bed with him. Making his way down the hall, he found Morgan in the spare room passed out with a football player, and Lauren in her own bedroom with Taylor—still on her leash—curled up on the floor at the foot of the bed.

He released the poor cheer squad captain first. Her clothes were lost somewhere in the night, and while DJ would've been fine letting her borrow something of his step-sister's, Lauren had no such inclination toward mercy for a girl who'd been a thorn in her side all through high school. Taylor wound up staggering out of the house in an ill-fitting cheerleading uniform from the rival school left behind somehow, barefoot and without the accompanying panties.

Jody and Brienne soon headed out with Lauren to hit their favorite coffee shop and nurse hangovers of their own; evidently things were now mended between them now that Lauren had succumbed to DJ's charmless wiles as well. Morgan was the only one in the house not hung over, but with the house and yard looking like it had been struck by a hurricane, she had several days' work ahead of her in undoing the damage. She made breakfast for everyone once they were all up by noon or so, showed DJ the photos he hadn't remembered ordering her to take. (He

took leave of his self-pity long enough to wonder at how it must have felt for her to stand idly by as hundreds, maybe thousands of dollars of property damage was done to her home. Then the jackhammer in his skull robbed him of his spare fucks to give.)

Sleeping and hydrating was the way of the day for him and Brittney, who was feeling minimally better. By evening, the two were feeling well enough to make the trek back to school. But first, he had to say his goodbyes, beginning with a text to Lauren, instructing her to come back home to send him off.

He approached Morgan, who was shuffling along doggedly sweeping up broken glass from countless shattered bottles in the back yard. She'd made good progress; several dozen square feet were already clear, and only a few hundred more remained. As DJ hadn't set a wardrobe for her, she was clad in her mom-jeans and a hoodie. It was strange, seeing her dressed like her normal self and not some sexed-up parody of a maid.

He had a momentary instinct to punish her for it just for fun, but shrugged it off. She'd been through enough to satisfy him for now. Enough that he even pitied her. A little.

"We're heading out pretty soon, Morgan. Just wanted to let you know. You can have your bed back, put your stuff back in your drawers."

A flush of relief painted her features. "Thank you, sir."

"You can knock it off with the 'sir' stuff, now. No more threat hanging over your head, either."

"Very well, s—DJ."

"And all that stuff I said before, about being mad about financial stuff and all... don't worry about it. Spend your money however you wanna spend it. I can take care of myself now. Do what's best for you and Lauren. And have some fun. And for God's sake, hire some professionals to clean all this shit up or you'll break your back doing it."

She laughed, but it sounded forced; DJ hugged her anyway. Before this past week, they'd seldom (if ever) engaged in tender physical contact, but now, riding high from the greatest week of his life, the neglected step-son wanted to leave on the best terms possible. "Sorry I pushed you so hard. I guess I was just..." Angry? Bitter? Vengeful? Power-mad? "Well, whatever I was. Sorry."

She didn't respond at first. With her warm curves in his arms, he considered he'd not have a chance to touch this again for a while, and slid his hands down into the back of her jeans and fondled her ass, then strained against the tightness of the fabric to briefly tease her pussy. "Apology accepted, sir," she squeaked as he slid in a finger.

He continued for a moment, and naturally—unnaturally, actually, but it felt natural now—she let him. Some time later, trembling in his arms, she nudged his shoulder. "Lauren and the girls are here."

Sliding his hands back out of Morgan's pants and turning, he saw Brianne, Jody and Lauren looking at the two of them through the sliding glass door, all of them wearing mixtures of disapproving scowls and jealous glares. He strode back inside.

"Had to cop one last feel of your mom for the road, perv?" Jody asked.

"Step-mom," Lauren corrected reflexively. "Not that I like you fucking my mom, but at least you're not committing actual incest." She shuddered.

"Yeah, having an orgy with your step-brother in the locker room is super normal, Laur," Brianne chided.

"Like you have room to talk, butt slut!" Lauren retorted.

“HEY!” DJ interjected before things could get uglier. “I just wanted to say goodbye to Lauren before I left.”

Lauren folded her arms across her chest, clearly not liking his taking charge, regardless of what had happened between them. “Well, bye then,” she said dismissively.

“Oh come on, you really want to be shitty like that on my way out?”

She sneered. “Oh God, we fool around a little and suddenly it’s like we’re super close? Ugh.”

“Well, some things never change,” he mumbled mostly to himself.

A few minutes later, Brittney called out a merry “say cheese!” as she snapped a photo—something DJ said he wanted to remember his week by. He was back in Morgan’s bed, his cock—hard after a moderately competent blowjob from Lauren—buried in her pussy as she lay on her back, legs spread acrobatically wide.

Jody and Brianne were there too. The big-titted blonde knelt topless over Lauren’s face, one huge nipple embedded in her friend’s mouth as she looked up at the camera, smiling her brightest smile to accelerate this whole degrading spectacle. Brianne was completely naked, her divinely inspired ass pointed at the camera as she stuck a slender tongue out to poke at Lauren’s clit. It was all posed, but naturally, once Brittney was content with a few shots, he went ahead and moved things through to completion, culminating in one last satisfying blast of cum right into his ever-bitchy step-sister’s face.

Jody griped about having to participate, how lesbians were a totally healthy and vital part of the greater body of womanhood, but she couldn’t get off from a woman’s mouth alone; Brianne also pouted that no one even tried to get her off, which triggered Lauren complaining about having cum in both eyes and not even being able to see. DJ put an end to the complaints by putting Jody and Brianne into a 69 position on top of Lauren (who groaned at the weight until DJ stuffed his still-wet cock between her lips), and he squeezed, pinched and twisted Jody’s hypersensitive nipples until the two friends were contentedly sighing after a nice series of orgasms.

“Later, girls,” he said, patting asses and tits farewell.

“Get bent, DJ,” Lauren bit back, shoving her moaning, quivering friends off of her.

“Oh, and of course I expect to get a weekly pic with Brianne’s ass, Jody’s tits and Lauren’s pussy—or you’ll get to see how Taylor feels, having the whole school see you being a little slut with your little slut friends.”

She scowled, though the effect was diminished by the blobs of his jizz still clinging to her face. In any case, he didn’t care enough to stick around and hear her complaints. He turned to Brittney. “You ready babe?”

“Ready!” She smiled adoringly at him.

He took her hand. “Let’s go home.”

INTERLUDE — UPDATES

As the music came to a close, Sydney snatched the \$20 out of the man’s hand with her mouth, her big tits so thoroughly mesmerizing him he didn’t even notice it. She tucked it into her g-string with the rest of her huge wad of cash; once again, it was getting to the point where she

had so many bills tucked in there that it bulged out her g-string to the point where it may as well not have been on except to keep the all the dough in place. She'd had to be extra attentive to her bikini line.

She made her way off-stage to the sounds of her loyal fans demanding an encore. Again. Ever since that crazy night a couple weeks ago when that guy had come in and auctioned her body and dignity, she'd been completely swamped with admirers. They were a mix of lonely losers, neglected husbands and boyfriends, and of course a good many flat-out perverts keen for a slice of the action that had netted her so much press. "College Co-Ed Really WILL Do Anything For Cash," one headline had read. She hadn't even known pervs and creepers had their own media before this.

Of course, publicity was a double-edged sword for someone in her line of work. Having some loyal clientele you could count on for a steady stream of tips was handy; having a bunch of pictures of you floating around on the internet posing with clients' smudgy signatures and grubby hands all over you, however... that made things more interesting than Sydney liked.

She'd lost count now of how many letters and messages she'd gotten. A classic hottie, she had always used her social media fairly casually, happy to let guys get a few pics of some cleavage, a bikini shot at the beach, a selfie when she was dolled up for a night at a club. It was easy popularity, and she'd always liked being popular. She'd had fourteen-hundred-some followers before that debacle; fast forward two weeks and she had twelve thousand, as lonely wankers all over the country were keen to jack off to the unintended publicity shots.

Sydney brought up the app on her phone. Make that just over thirteen thousand.

She slipped one of the bouncers a hundred bucks to escort her out to her car and the two set out. (They'd been doing it for \$20, but after some sumbag hid behind her car and tried to jump her Saturday and dealt a good hard bite to Blake as he fended the guy off, they'd demanded more.)

She considered what might have happened if Blake hadn't been there, and figured \$100 was a small price to pay.

Of course, even with the money flowing in heavier than ever, there had been more expenses that came with it. A home security system (after some fucker had shared her home address with the internet), bars for the windows, a new paint job for her car after someone spray-painted "WHORE" on both sides. She suspected it was one of the girls she worked with, who were livid with jealousy at how much attention (and money) she was getting. Cries were being raised to pool tips; Sydney had had to blow the manager to keep him from enacting the policy. From the looks she'd gotten leaving his office, she was pretty sure the other girls understood the arrangement, and it was a matter of time before she'd be competing with the desperate ones, willing to more than suck a little dick for their share of Sydney's tips.

Happily, tonight there was no one lurking, and no further damage to her ride. (She'd also had the tires popped with a knife two days ago. Maybe another dancer; maybe Blake.) If only there had been some way to put a stop to that auction! Still, she knew there hadn't been. Her alternatives were to be sold like a piece of meat, or... well, nothing. Like she was going to be a total cunt in front of God and everyone by refusing him. She didn't even like that prick, even if he'd been a good lay.

Some things, she just had to tolerate.

Sydney locked the doors on her car, looked in the back seat to make sure no one was hiding again, and set out for home.

Fall break had been a long time coming for Dr. Missy Restrepo, after the most trying two weeks of her professional life. The total loss of her students' respect, the dressing-down from the dean of her department over her wardrobe and the subsequent meeting in which he told her there'd been accusations she'd had inappropriate relations with a student... She'd denied it—after all, it would have been radically more inappropriate to refuse DJ Swanson his request. Still, they were investigating the matter, and she suspected it was a matter of time before she was called in again, this time to be fired.

She'd been looking forward to fall break as a chance to get away from campus, not have to parade around in those disgustingly slutty outfits she was now required to wear. Better still, her fiance Mark had come to visit from where he was doing his own adjunct professorship six hundred miles away. He'd gotten in that afternoon and they'd gone out to dinner at their favorite restaurant. She asked a lot of questions, too ashamed to talk about her own life.

Back home, however, he'd carried her directly into the bedroom, and even though she'd been careful to keep the lights out in the bedroom, Mark had seen the new tattoo.

"What the fuck is this?" he asked as he turned on the light on the night stand, perplexed by the intricate cursive scrawled across her lower back like a billboard.

Missy, on her hands and knees, looked back at him. "It's nothing—just keep going, OK?"

He shook his head and pulled out of her with a wet plop. "Is this real?"

She sighed, having hoped she might somehow keep him from noticing, but on some level, glad she didn't have to keep hiding it from him. "It's real."

"You always said you hated tattoos—I remember trying to convince you we should get matching ones, those little opposite half hearts, just on our ankles, and you acted like I was asking you to give me your ear, van Gogh style." He dropped to his side, facing away from her, clearly wounded.

"No, I still hate tattoos—I just did it because of this twerpy little student of mine." She put a hand on his shoulder consolingly, but he shrugged it off.

"You got it for one of your students?! You don't even *like* these kids, Missy! You complain about them all the time!"

"It's not like that—he just took me by the hand and dragged me into the parlor and told them what he wanted. There was nothing I could do!"

He rolled to face her, incredulous at how feeble her excuse sounded. "Nothing you could do? How about saying no! 'No, I don't want this horrible tat taking up half my lower back!'"

"No!" she cried. "I just... he's a special case. I couldn't say no—it's just one of those things you have to deal with as a professor."

"What?" he said, taking to his feet in anger. "I'm in the same business as you, and that's definitely NOT something I have to deal with! Does this kid have dirt on you somehow? Is he part of this ethics inquiry thing you were so afraid to talk about?"

She hesitated, then nodded. How could she make him understand? She didn't like being DJ's plaything, of course, but what was the alternative? Letting everyone think she was completely prejudiced against him? It was unthinkable. "Yes," she said softly. "He's a big part of it."

"Keep talking," he said, folding his arms across his chest.

“Well, he came into class a couple weeks ago and... well, I guess he thought he’d gotten an unfair grade on a paper, and I guess I could have been more open-minded about his ideas, considering... and anyway, he got upset and decided to punish me by stripping me naked and fucking me from behind on my podium in front of the whole class, and then he took me for the tattoo, and then he made me change my wardrobe and dress like a big slut around campus, and I guess someone complained to the dean about it...”

He just stared, livid and horrified and disgusted. This was insane. “This little bastard... RAPED you in front of your class! And nobody stepped in to help? You didn’t go to the police?”

She responded in a small voice. “It wasn’t rape—I actually, um, begged him to. After he spanked me a little.” She blushed somehow even deeper.

“He... you...” He just stared, horrified that he could have ever imagined him spending the rest of his life with such a complete and utter slut.

“Please don’t be mad. I didn’t want this to happen. He was just upset, and I didn’t want to be intolerant,” she pleaded.

“We’re done,” he said. He threw his engagement ring at her and stormed out.

The following Monday at school was the most difficult of Taylor Strehan’s young life. She was used to being eyed and ogled, the center of male lust and female envy, but today, for the first time she could remember, she’d dressed specifically to avoid attention. Baggy jeans borrowed from her chubby sister (ugh, size 6), a comfy hoodie she usually only wore for bon fires or other outdoor fall occasions.

If anything, the conspicuous shift in her wardrobe only made things worse.

Word was all over school of what had happened in the locker room during the game, and at the party after. One didn’t get to be as popular as Taylor Strehan without making one’s share of enemies, though, and the girls she’d stepped on to ascend were only too happy to share all the details they knew, and others, not just details but photographic evidence. Whispers and giggles followed in her wake. She only caught snippets here and there.

“...heard she had an orgy with...”

“...totally lezzed out with Kylee and Evelyn and...”

“...was bare-ass naked at that party...”

“...no, she had on a *leash*, lead around like a...”

And so on. She put in her headphones to block it out. Some of the cat calls still intruded on her consciousness, though.

By the time first period was over, someone had written “bitch in heat” on her locker and drawn a picture of what was clearly her, taking a dump on a lawn at the end of a rope in a stick-figure’s hand. She reported it to the nearest teacher; from the look on the elderly journalism teacher’s face, she had already heard the rumors that precipitated the vandalism, and gave Taylor a commensurately disapproving frown.

And so the day went, an endless barrage of stares, whispers, jeers, and taunts. At lunch, she cut right to the front of the line (ignoring Derek Wildermuth as he called out “weird seeing you way up front, Taylor—I heard you preferred it from the back” to the raucous laughs of his idiot friends). She sat at her usual table, but none of her friends joined her. She caught them pointing and laughing—deliberately, as they saw her returning eye contact. Rather than keep

sitting alone, she saw a group of other girls who she was sure had been having similar days—girls she'd seen in various states of undress at Lauren's party, along with poor dim-witted Kylee. (Evelyn was with her usual crowd of sluts; apparently for her, there was no such thing as bad publicity.)

No one at her new table spoke, but they all seemed comforted to have someone else in their shoes.

After what felt like an eternity, the end of the school day came. When she closed her locker, she saw Lauren standing there, giving her the smuggest look she'd ever seen on a bitch's face. "What the fuck do you want?" she demanded.

"Wow, can't a girl just want a little quality time with her dog?" Lauren replied, smirking.

Taylor hissed back at her. "Fuck you, cunt—you fucked him just as hard and twice as eager as I did."

"Really? 'Cause that's not what my video shows," Lauren said in mockingly feigned confusion. "Anyway, go talk to Miss Nguyen before you head out, K?"

"Why's that?" People nearby in the hallway watched; the tension was palpable.

"Oh, sweetie, you'd really better hear it from her," Lauren said, her voice full of condescension. She went to put a mockingly comforting hand on Taylor's shoulder, but she batted it out of the way and shoved Lauren aside as she stormed down to the cheerleading coach's office. She'd hoped to at least get an angry taunt or a grunt of pain as she retreated, but Lauren just laughed.

It was a short conversation. Lauren had told the coach about a hazing incident staged by Taylor during Friday night's game, in which Taylor had made other squad members join her in performing sex acts on Lauren's own brother. Lauren had even shown her part of the video, though Miss Nguyen had turned it off after only a few seconds.

Taylor insisted that's now how it had been, she'd just been putting up with DJ, that Lauren had been the one filming the whole obscenity—but it was to no avail. Miss Nguyen said she didn't want to make a big investigation out of this if she didn't have to and risk a media fiasco that might result in the video getting out into the public and doing untold damage to Taylor's and the other girls' lives. Besides, none of the other girls involved had wanted to press charges against Taylor, thank goodness. Still, as the person who was clearly in a position of power, she held Taylor responsible, and was removing her from the squad.

(As runner up, that would make Lauren the new captain.)

Trembling with impotent rage and bottomless shame, Taylor made her way out to her car. Someone had attached the front bumper to the fence with a leash.

Her scream could be heard for a mile.

Emily felt lucky she had such an understanding manager.

"Start at the beginning," Katja said. She was a Finnish national, and her accent was usually something Emily found soothing, though now, she was too strung-out to be consoled so easily.

"Well, I know you heard about those photos that got out—DJ and I on rounds last week...?"

“Ja,” she said. She really said “yeah,” but the accent made the monosyllable sound more Finnish than English. “I remember.”

“Yeah. And I appreciate you following up on that, too, verifying what I said and not firing me.”

Katja nodded. DJ had come to her, actually, a few days after the incident. He’d come to dump a lot of his shifts and rearrange the ones he kept to be with Abby and Emily. As she’d penciled in the changes, she asked why, and he replied that they were the two most attractive women on staff. Concerned, she had tried some gentle counseling that this might not be the most productive way to attract positive attention from women, or to secure a glowing recommendation from her, but he’d told her to mind her own business. DJ had, however, answered her brief inquiries about the incident with Emily and the VanDoren girl, saying it had all been his doing.

Anyone else on staff Katja would have fired for having intercourse with a student in the lounge and then forcing his naked colleague to parade through the building with his semen on her face, but teaching tolerance was one of her core passions, the real reason she’d gotten into this field. She considered it an excellent opportunity to put her principles into practice, and had promptly excused Emily for her part in things.

The young woman continued. “So, it’s been kind of rough, I guess, since the photos leaked. Lots of people in my classes, all my friends, saw them. Lots of people calling me a slut, hitting on me even after I try to tell them no. That kind of thing. I try to explain I was just indulging a co-worker, but they never understand. Honestly, I think explaining it makes things worse.”

“Ja, that can be difficult. Those of us who know DJ understand the need to treat him with a little extra discretion, but I’m sure to others, it must seem strange.”

“Yeah. At least one of my professors saw them; he kept looking at me through lecture, and I knew he was just seeing me naked and covered in DJ’s semen. I haven’t been able to go back. I... missed a test.”

The manager frowned. “Now Emily, you must keep up your grades. You’re a student first, and an employee second. Your work issues mustn’t be allowed to interfere with academics.”

Emily nodded. “I understand. It’s just... when my parents saw them...” She fought back tears, and slowly lost the battle as she continued. “They didn’t even contact me. I called home, just to check in, and... my mother told me she and my father had seen that their daughter was engaged in pornography, squandering her collegiate opportunities for cheap thrills. I tried to tell her how it had really been, but I couldn’t make her understand. She...” Emily choked back a sob. “She told me I was no longer her daughter. I called my father, but he won’t even answer the phone. They didn’t respond to my emails, unfriended me online...”

She was crying too hard to keep getting words out. Katja patted her shoulder softly, offering her tissues and letting her cry it out. It was some time before she could continue.

“My whole family, even my sister, won’t talk to me. My parents, they had to break their backs to pay for me to go here, and now everybody thinks I’m just abusing their trust, that I’m some kind of...” she shook her head, shifted to something she could manage to talk about.

“I don’t have anywhere to go for fall break,” she said in a whisper-quiet voice.

Katja warmly pulled the despondent young woman into a hug, and Emily returned it tightly. “You can stay here in the dorm,” she said. “You’ll be the only one here, but I won’t have you out on the streets.”

With those words, Emily first consciously realized that, when the school year ended, she was homeless.

Brittney Jenner had lost her virginity at the age of twelve at the hands of her step-father, Earl.

She'd been old enough then to know she was pretty, to have some idea that boys wanted to do things with her. Her presence often seemed to turn casual social situations into games of truth-or-dare, spin the bottle, seven minutes in heaven, or other juvenile means of getting a little experience in things sexual without getting too scary about them. Since childhood her mother, Heather, had entered young Brittney in child beauty pageants, where she'd done well—regional winner three years, and state champion when she was ten. Heather had been disappointed in her 32nd place at nationals; she'd been grounded from sweets for three months. The school psychologist who had diagnosed her with anorexia later that year had insisted Brittney stop participating in activities that valued her body above her mind as part of her treatment.

Of course, he couldn't keep her from going into middle school or back home, so it was a fruitless sentiment.

Earl had married Heather when her daughter was eleven. He was a well-to-do lawyer in town, wealthy and connected, and the girls had needed the financial support and stability. Heather had been only fifteen when she'd had to drop out of school to give birth to Brittney, and while her parents had helped as best they could, things had always been tight. Brittney loved her mother fiercely for how much she worked and sacrificed for her. Heather would do anything for her daughter to have a better life. Even marrying Earl.

Earl offered stability. He also offered a mean streak a mile wide and the alcoholism to keep it fresh at hand. Brittney had seen how he abused her mother, especially if he'd been drinking. They tried to hide it, but even Earl's house was only so big, and noise carried. Heather always tried to protect her by lying about how bad it was, and Brittney protected her back by lying about believing it.

When Earl finally branched out into forcing himself on his young step-daughter, she just kept lying. She quickly learned that refusing him, souring the experience for him, only served to throw fuel on the fires of his rage, and it made it worse on Brittney, and also usually sent him laying into her mother, too. She could have handled the bruises and violations if they didn't also lead the same for Heather. She wanted to tell someone, but Earl golfed with the sheriff and the county judge once a month; trying to turn him in would be suicide. Maybe literally. With nothing to be done about it, Brittney learned to do her best to keep him happy so he wouldn't last out at her mother. As often, anyway.

No matter what that took.

She soon learned that this was just how men were built, and attractive women like herself, like Heather, just brought it out in them. Her first boyfriend to raise a hand to her was Dave, the high school's star running back, and a steroid abuser to boot. He'd worked her over good when she accidentally caught him using, but she'd learned from Earl how to make up with him after.

Not that all the boys she dated hit her. She'd gotten very good at reading them, at preemptively staving off that sort of aggression. She could dress a certain way, smile at them just

so, say the right flattering words, and they'd be happy enough with her to never raise a hand. Always wary of the possibility of being forced, she made sure to be as receptive as possible to men's needs so there was never a chance. Then she could at least pretend everything was the way it was supposed to be.

Besides, guys got tired of her soon enough anyway. She was beautiful and accommodating, but still, she didn't usually have much to talk about with them. Brittney didn't really have many interests guys would care about; she liked unicorns, and romance movies, and sappy poetry, and pink things. Stereotypical? Sure, but she liked it, and none of it made it harder to protect herself, so she didn't see the harm in it.

College had been more of the same, only with more alcohol flowing around to make it all more bearable. Her mom had become a heavy drinker over the years, too; she got it now. Things were easier if you didn't really remember things or feel them to begin with. And she hadn't yet met a guy who found her more interesting sober than drunk.

Then she met DJ. She had really liked him at first. She'd attended his little floor meeting at the start of the school year, and he had a very reassuring vibe about him. He talked about how his job was to make sure all the people on their floor had a great experience, and he'd help any way he could. He'd talked about consent and party safety and all that, and even though she thought he was preposterously naïve about it all, it was a beautiful fantasy, his idea of a man who didn't want her to be drunk the first time he slept with her, who would stop to ask her for permission, who would care if she said no. If only guys were really like that. She might have even said yes if he'd asked her out, but it was writ large on the tablets of fate that the DJ Swansons and the Brittney Jenners of the world weren't meant to be.

Then, he'd come into her room one night and shown her he was like the others. He'd beaten up Brayden, pretended to be coming to her rescue but then fucked her just like Brayden had been going to. She hadn't noticed it at first, that odd way he had about him, how people were so unwilling to contradict him, push back when he said something, refuse him.

In the past seven days, he had fucked his step-mother, step-sister, her two best friends, several other high school girls, and of course, Brittney herself. Often, he'd taken more than one at the same time. He was only interested in the girl's pleasure when it came to feeling like more of a stud, and had no qualms about marking women as his property around other men. (Sometimes literally, with a sharpie.)

He'd committed countless crimes—theft, under-aged drinking, destruction of property, driving under the influence (for the couple hundred feet he'd made it before crashing the bus, anyway)... Sexual assault and rape, possibly, though of course no girl was willing to be such a bitch that she'd actually say no to him. Perhaps statutory rape, too, and whatever crimes might be associated with the pictures and videos he kept taking as trophies; she thought all those girls were eighteen, but wasn't like anyone had paused to ask for ID.

The closest he'd come to facing consequences was the two police who'd come last night. Brittney had stood back and watched as he took the male cop's gun belt, drunkenly waving his pistol around like it was a toy. He stripped the man's partner and fondled her bare breasts, giggling as she scowled at him before he swatted her on the ass and told her to get the fuck out of his house. She was honestly a bit surprised to see them let off so easily, given what he'd done to Morgan, to Lauren, to that poor girl Taylor.

Presently, he was totally asleep in the passenger's seat, exhausted by last night's drunken Bacchanalia. Not that Brittney wasn't, but he'd told her to drive, so she was driving. She made

sure to keep the car at or under the speed limit on their drive back to campus. She wasn't worried about being ticketed, of course; with DJ in the car, she knew no police officer would hassle them over something so trivial. Or anything at all. After what she'd seen this past week, she was pretty sure he could show them a dead body in the trunk and get off without so much as a warning. She had no worries about protecting him from the police.

Her goal was to protect the police from him.

He was every bit the man that Earl was, and then some. Like she had learned with her step-father, with her boyfriends in the past, Brittney smiled, batted eyelashes, meekly complied with his every request no matter how perverse. She wouldn't have refused him anyway—some things a decent person just wouldn't do. Still, she could occasionally keep his attention focused on her, and off of innocent by-standers.

He shifted a little in his seat, blinking sleepily. "Mmf. We there yet, babe?"

She smoothed his hair back, smiled sweetly. "Not yet. Go back to sleep."

He closed his eyes, nodded, mumbled something incomprehensible, then tightened his grip on the hand he'd left up her shirt squeezing her bra-less breast as he drifted back off. She maintained her adoring smile until she heard the first snore.

It was odd, to feel some miniscule notion of heroism just over letting a guy feel her up, but she felt it nonetheless. Someday, she and her body might be the only one who could protect someone from him. She meant to do just that.

