

InfiniReach

Tired of going home with strained eyes and blue balls? Got your eye on a certain someone who's out of your league? Pine no more! Download the free InfiniReach app and show us who's got your eye, and we'll deliver her to you – no questions asked, ready for anything you have in mind! Fast, easy, confidential, and your satisfaction is guaranteed! Contact InfiniReach today!*

InfiniReach: Because a man's grasp should exceed his reach! read the bold yellow on red banner at the top of the ad. The background image depicted a group of young, attractive women of every nationality, all of them clad in clothes that straddled the line between sexy and common – the way hot girls dressed on those happy days when they wanted you to notice what you couldn't have.

If he didn't know his girlfriend Mira better, he would have thought she'd had her email hacked, sending him something like this. But he did know her, and she'd forewarned him to expect his early graduation present today. When he'd protested that he was only starting his final year of college, she'd waved it away and told him it was coming and he'd damn well better jump on it.

Then *this* nonsense showed up.

However, he knew Mira came from money, and wasn't shy about spoiling him with it. So after backing up his phone data he went ahead and downloaded the InfiniReach app, figuring if it fried his phone she could buy him a new one. Rather than create a new account, he used the login data she'd provided him – so she could foot the bill without him worrying himself over it, no doubt. The app was simplicity itself – once he logged in, it accessed his camera and instructed him to input an image and specify a delivery time and place.

There was no question of refusing to play along with her. She had insisted, and he was yet to get her to back down on anything. Carl couldn't imagine what she was really after. What the ad had suggested was lunacy. She'd always been pretty eccentric sexually... could she be considering a threesome, and maybe this was her way of soliciting his tastes? It seemed like a waste. There wasn't really one specific type of girl he was attracted to, anyway. He preferred them on the petite side, if only because curves were so fetishized as to be cliché.

Still, if this app really was going to send Mira the picture, he'd need to take some time considering so she wouldn't see he'd immediately made up his mind and blame him for not taking it seriously. It was orientation week, so campus was thronging with people as the new freshmen and seasoned upperclassmen flooded the university's walkways. Carl took a seat on the edge of Landesberger Fountain and, once he was settled in, took out his phone and started shopping.

Many girls caught his eye. This was a college, after all, and this time of year more so than usual the co-eds were advertising themselves to secure party invites elevate social status. The first to catch his eye was an Asian girl walking along with a campus map in hands, squinting at

the environs to try to locate her position. Clearly a freshman. The white t-shirt she wore had been hand-modified to lose the shoulders and extend the neckline, showing a good deal of some light gray cotton garment underneath, clinging to her enough to show the outline of her sideboob through the sleeves. Then she sneezed, and watching her wipe her hand on her shorts was enough to make him look elsewhere.

Exiting one of the campus bookstores was a copper-skinned girl and what was likely her mother. She was classically attractive, hourglass figure with substantial breasts. (Or “tits,” as Mira wanted him to call them. She always wanted him to be more of an alpha male.) But as she walked past him he saw a purple streak in her hair that removed her from the running. Punk girls meant drama.

Enjoying this superficial diversion, he discarded one girl after another for increasingly petty reasons. A passing trio included two girls, one of whom was a leggy blonde worth a long moment’s admiration, but then he saw she was sporting a crucifix tattoo on her left bicep. Next. The laughter of a pretty dark-skinned girl in a bikini top caught his ear, followed immediately by his eye, but observation suggested a boyfriend vibe in one of the guys with her, and Carl wasn’t one to cuckold. The cute brunette out for a jog in spandex shorts was pretty much perfect, except that she was so fast that by the time he unlocked his phone and raised it to take her picture, she already had her back to him.

Finally, he found his eyes lingering on a quartet of orientation leaders, judging by the bright blue paint covering half of each face and the matching shirts bearing the university logo. He found his gaze flitting indecisively from one to the next. There were two blondes, one dirty and one light. The light blonde one was taller, with slender legs flowing almost endlessly out of her navy blue athletic shorts. A blue handprint graced her right leg. The darker blonde was further distinguished by the presence of a blue bandana on her head along with a pair of large framed glasses. Her chest looked to be more impressive, and her broader thighs were flecked with blue paint up to where they ended in her denim cut-offs in that new fashion – which was to say so short she’d never be able to wear them around her family.

The other two bore little resemblance. There was a brunette one, shorter and downright petite, projecting kind of a hot nerd girl vibe with her dark glasses and tight ponytail. She’d cut the sleeves off her t-shirt as well as a bit around the chest, giving some clue as to equally petite breasts. Still, he couldn’t miss the perfect bubble butt hiding in her tight jean shorts. The last was ethnically hard to pin down, probably either Latina or Indian. All of the girls were well above average in the face, but she was an absolute knockout. Although her own orientation outfit was the least revealing, there was clearly a pretty solid body on her as well.

She was the one, Carl decided. He couldn’t even have said why. Maybe it was simply a mild note of haughtiness in her smile that harkened back to the ad, promising to deliver a girl who believed herself out of his reach. There was something about her that immediately engendered in him a desire to fuck her, and the longer he observed her, the more intense that feeling grew. For all of them really, but he opted to focus his interest on her.

If nothing else, she looked the most like Mira, whose Middle Eastern descent was distinct from this girl's ancestry but still was a lot closer than the three white girls. Given it was a setup, he figured she'd be a safe pick. He waited a few minutes to see if he could get a good shot of her alone, but the four were all standing together on the opposite side of the fountain waiting for their group of freshmen to finish their own book shopping, and didn't seem to be splitting up. Rather than risk a repeat of the jogger girl, he tried to center the picture on the darker-skinned one, zooming in as much as he could without losing the body. The other three were in the picture with her, but he thought it was fairly clear which girl he meant. And he could always clarify it with Mira.

He clicked Send, and when it prompted him for a time, he arbitrarily picked two o'clock the following afternoon. Not that it seemed likely to matter. What a weird creature he'd chosen to fall in love with.

At precisely two o'clock the next day, there was a knock at the door. Carl froze. The night before, Mira had insisted the ad was legit no matter how much he'd badgered her, but he hadn't believed it. Had she gotten someone to knock on the door, to drag out this practical joke one more step? That girl was crazy.

Except when he opened the door, he was nearly bowled over by a woman in simple coveralls maneuvering a huge box on a push cart through his apartment door and dumping it gracelessly on the floor. Whatever it was, from the thud of it hitting the floor, it was *heavy*.

"Uh, what the heck is this?" he demanded of the woman.

"InfiniReach," she said simply, dragging her cart back to the door. There she reached into a deep pocket and produced what, at a glance, appeared to be a thin object made of silver. "And I believe this is yours as well. I won't keep you, but remember we'll be back in two hours to collect the merchandise. Until then, enjoy!"

The woman handed Carl the object before he had his wits about him enough to even manage a question. He stood there staring at the enormous crate, dumbfounded, as an engine started outside and faded into the distance. With only a glance at the object in his hands, he set it down and approached the box. It was made out of durable plastic with a barred grate on one side. If anything, it looked like a dog kennel, except the size of the dog that might need such a thing was unfathomable. It was dark inside it, so he activated the flashlight on his phone and shined it inside.

Where he saw the four girls from the day before. All four. Exactly as he'd photographed them, right down to the paint.

"MIRA!" he yelled, but she was already standing quietly in the doorway, watching him with a little smirk on her face.

From her angle, she couldn't see inside the crate's opening, but she was craning her neck curiously. "Well, baby? Let's see what hottie skank you picked out of the crowd, eh? Don't keep your fans waiting."

"Mira, what the hell is going on?! Why are there four women in a crate in our apartment?!"

She gave her boyfriend a longsuffering look. "Did you even read the ad before you downloaded the app? You pay the fee – well, I pay the fee – and you get to have a girl to do whatever you want with. How the heck did you wind up with four of them, by the way? I can handle the price tag, but geez, we only have two hours and just the one penis."

"I only picked the one, but I guess the other three were in the shot, too, and... look, never mind that. Just tell me – is this for real?"

"What do you mean, is this for real?" She tapped on the lid of the box, as if the thumping sound confirmed everything.

Carl, however, was still beside himself. "Jesus Christ, Mira, these are human beings and we just had them kidnapped and stuffed in a crate! Do you have any idea what's going to happen when we let them go?!"

“For a guy who’s so worried about getting in trouble, you sure aren’t shy about using my name,” she said dryly. “And they won’t remember anything. That’s the deal. They pick them up, fit them with a neural chip and they’re ours – yours – to play with. Afterward, from what I read, they’ll pick them up again, the girls will get some fake memories to explain the time lapse, and bada boom bada bing. Life goes on with them none the wiser.”

A hundred questions raced through his mind. How could this be possible? How long had it been going on? What were the limitations? How did Mira know about it? But the one that he knew he had to grapple with first was the most obvious: was any of this *real*?

Whether it was or it wasn’t, the only thing to do was to open the crate. The catch released easily enough – so easily it seemed the women themselves could have found a way to open it if they wanted to. But as he opened the door for them, the four of them simply sat there in the darkened corner, unmoving.

“It’s all right,” he said in what he prayed was a soothing voice. “Come on out. Nobody’s going to...” But as soon as he said the words, they were crawling toward the exit and out into the living room. Once freed, they settled one and all on their knees, staring up at him with blank expressions that initially chilled him, but as he looked them over, something about it was strangely... arousing.

Mira circled around behind him, grinning at the four. She waved a hand in front of the light blonde one’s face. The girl didn’t blink. Didn’t even move. “See? Harmless as houseplants. Can you relax now? I only rented them for two hours, so we don’t have a lot of time to waste if we wanna get my money’s worth.”

“I don’t know,” Carl said haltingly. “Is this... right? Did they sign up for this or something?”

“They totally want this. I read all the agency’s materials, and it says they’re programmed to totally enjoy themselves. Ladies, tell the nice man you want this.” Nobody said anything, and Mira sighed irritably. “Carl, tell them to do whatever I say.”

He only hesitated a moment. “Do whatever she says.”

“Yes, master,” said four voices in unison. They still didn’t look at either of them, eight eyes staring at nothing on the wall by the front door.

“Good. Now girls, you want this, right? Answer honestly,” Mira ordered them. She was much more assertive about it than he had been.

Finally, the girls looked up at him, sighing adoringly. “We want to please our master.”

Carl shifted his waistband, trying to conceal a growing erection. This was insane. This was some male fantasy he’d never even had, but was rapidly growing to appreciate. “Mira, tell them they can stand up.”

His girlfriend laughed. “Oh, no you don’t. I’m not your proxy. This is for you, buddy. I know you think I don’t appreciate how hard you’ve been working on your studies, but I do. My way of helping you start off your last year with a bang. Pun intended. I’m going to go upstairs

and listen to music with my earbuds in, but I'll be back in a while to make sure my present isn't going unappreciated."

"But..."

She put a finger to his lips. "If I come back and your cock isn't out of your pants and in one of these rental cunts, I'm going to rip it off. Mmk?" Mira planted a wet kiss on his cheek and scampered up the stairs.

Carl turned back to the four girls standing before him, not quite sure how to proceed. "Uh, you can follow me to the living room, I guess. That way we can at least sit down. Or whatever."

That evidently sufficed for a command, and the girls fell in line wordlessly behind him. There, Carl took a seat in the armchair and gestured to the beat-up brown couch for the girls to sit on. It was eerie, the way they moved in unison, in almost the same way. Like robots following identical programming.

"So, um, what are your names?" he asked. They again responded in unison, causing him to miss all four. "OK, when I point to you, say your name. All right?"

"Yes, master," they replied.

He started at the left with the little brunette with the glasses. "Debra," she said when he pointed.

Next was the light blonde. "Maggie."

Then came the other blonde, the one with the big round glasses. "Jennifer."

"Do you go by Jennifer? Not Jen, Jenny...?"

"Jennifer," she repeated.

"Fair enough. So that leaves you."

The darker-skinned girl said nothing, but then he remembered to point. "Crystal."

"Debra, Maggie, Jennifer, and Crystal. Got it. I'm Carl, and the whole 'master' thing is a little weird, so why don't you use my name instead. Cool? And so we don't have all four of you talking over one another, why don't we let... eeny, meeny, miny... Maggie, you can answer group questions. All right?"

"All right, Carl," Maggie answered. Lord, those four sets of crossed legs were slaying his ability to think straight. He was almost drooling.

"So how does this work? Do I just tell you to have sex with me, and we have sex? Or...?"

"If that's what you want. If you want something else, you can tell us to do that, and we'll do that instead."

"Something else? What, like do the dishes, vacuum?" he laughed, desperate for a bit of levity.

"If you want," she answered in a deadpan voice. "But we can also do other sexual tasks. Blowjobs, for example. Anal. Tit sex. Footjobs. Erotic massage. Spanking. Fetish play. Whatever you desire. You are not limited merely to sex."

“I see.” Since when was sex *merely*? The room was awkwardly silent for a long moment before got the nerve to take them up on their offer. This was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he knew it. His girlfriend was giving him obedient rental sluts of his own choosing. Presently, he thanked himself for having taken his time scoping out prospects the day before. If he’d believed then that InfiniReach was real, these four still would have been who he would have chosen. If he’d been choosing four, anyway.

“C-can I see—!” He grimaced after his voice broke for the first time in most of a decade. “Can I see what I’m working with?”

“You want us to take our clothes off, Carl?” said Maggie. All four girls stood up simultaneously, their hands gripping the bottom of their shirts in readiness to comply. God damn, this was amazing.

“No. Not yet, anyway. I just want to look at you.” Carl took this as an opportunity to acclimate himself to giving them directions. The girls all posed for him, chests thrusts slightly forward, behinds slightly backward. As he examined each, they spun in place, bent over, presented their breasts and butts for inspection unquestioningly. Soon he couldn’t help himself any more, crossing the room to test them with his hands as well as his eyes. Jennifer’s expansive breasts distending her orientation shirt; Debra’s taut little ass that still managed to completely fill out her cutoff shorts; Maggie’s plump, half-blue-painted lips wrapped around his finger, Crystal’s domineering face now passive, cupped in his hands, twisted side to side to be inspected like a piece of fruit at the grocery store. Blue side or brown, it made no difference. She was drop-dead gorgeous.

By the time he was done checking them out, he was well beyond caring about the morality of it all. This was going to happen, and it needed to happen now. “All right girls, who wants to go first?”

“Whoever you want, of course,” answered Maggie.

“Heh. Fair enough. Why don’t you girls get my clothes off me first, and then we’ll decide who’s going to be a good fit.”

Eight hands were on him in an instant. They were gentleness itself, working around one another to remove his shirt, pants, shoes and socks. For his underwear, all four girls worked together, squatting around him in a circle to ease them down to the floor, where Debra folded stacked them neatly on the coffee table with the rest of his clothes. Truth be told, Carl was a little disappointed they weren’t more affectionate in their first opportunity to touch him, but so be it. For the moment, he was enjoying how strangely confident he felt standing naked in front of this group of four beautiful strangers.

“Debra, why don’t we start with you and work our way up from there,” he decided aloud. He knew his first time would probably go all too quickly, turned on as he was, and if he was going to “rush” one of them, he’d prefer it be her. She was as attractive as any girl he’d ever been with (and then some, for most), but the competition was fierce.

“Of course, Carl. What would you like me to do?” she said, totally unoffended by his implied slight. Her voice was as calm as if she were a waitress asking him what sides he wanted with his meal.

“Hmm. I dunno. Are you, like, better at anything in particular?”

Her frown was one of reflection, not shame or discomfort. “I’m not sure. I have only had sex before twice, and I have never performed oral or anal sex.”

His eyes widened. “Seriously? Cute girl like you?”

Debra nodded. “I am a Pentecostal. We believe in abstinence until marriage. I slept with my boyfriend three months ago because I thought it would persuade him to propose to me, but instead he broke up with me.” The sad details were relayed in a completely emotionless tone. She could have been describing the plot of a TV show instead of her own life. He remembered the girl with the cross tattoo he’d rejected the day before; suddenly, however, the idea of deflowering this churchy type was immensely alluring.

“Note to self – no more asking after background stories,” he muttered. “A shame my little Pentecostal girl doesn’t know more about how to be a rent-a-cooch.”

“You could use the remote to make adjustments to me,” she suggested.

He blinked. The remote? “What remote?” Oh – the remote!

Carl dashed back to the entryway and saw the device immediately. He’d been so preoccupied with the contents of the crate he’d forgotten all about it. He studied it as he returned to the living room. It was crafted of polished silver, though probably merely coated in it considering how lightweight it was. There was a little plastic bubble on one end just like a TV remote that confirmed which end to point with. As for the interface, that was quite simple. Too simple, probably. At the top was a short screen of sorts only half an inch tall. Most of the remote’s length was dominated by an adjustable slider running with numerous notches at which it could be stopped. Beyond that, the only other features were two buttons, one green and one yellow.

“Did they tell you how to work this thing?” he asked.

“No, Carl,” said Maggie.

He pointed the remote at Debra, then slid the switch around to various positions. She stood there watching him, unperturbed that he was idly fiddling with a device that could reprogram her brain. “Hmm. It doesn’t look too complex. Let’s see...” Green seemed to imply Go, which seemed riskier, so he pressed the yellow button. There was no change in Debra, but suddenly the switch shifted to the lowest position as text scrolled across the screen in blocky caps. *CURRENT MODE: DEFAULT (OBEDIENT)*

“Aha. So there’s a diagnostic mode. Let’s see...” Figuring the default had her completely drained of emotion, Carl shifted it to the far end and tried the green button. Before he could even make out the words that flashed onto the screen, Debra deprived him of the need to read them.

The flat expression disappeared. Suddenly, she looked like a normal girl – a very confused normal girl. He had only a moment to worry he might’ve done something to free her

from his control before, quite suddenly, one hand flew to her crotch. “Oh... oh gosh. Oh *fudge*.” As her other hand suddenly clutched at one petite breast as she moaned the most erotic moan the pristine girl likely ever had. Suddenly she leapt at Carl, pulling his head down to her lips where she kissed him in a manner he could only describe as *hungry*.

“Oh my fudging god, you’re so...” She trailed off in another kiss. “I’m so fricking *horny*! You’ve *got* to let me have your cock, Carl! *Please!*” she squealed. Her hand snaked down to grasp at his cock, and she gasped in delight. “I’ll do anything for you – just tell me what I need to do to get you to put this inside me. Sweet merciful God in heaven, *anything*, just *please*, you gotta *do* me!” She spun around and started grinding her bare ass against him like a bitch in heat.

When the hell had she even gotten her shorts and underwear off?

The only thing stopping her from unwittingly sliding inside her was that she was too short for it. So instead she whimpered and pleaded, shedding her bra so fast it was like the thing was scalding her.

“I suppose it’d be rude to make you beg...”

“I’ll beg! You want me to beg? Oh god, *please* Mr. Carl, sir, I need your cock in me or I’ll just *die*! It’s my *everything*! Want me to put it in my mouth first? You know, for like... mouth sex? I’ll EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!” It was without a doubt the tightest pussy he’d ever been in, but she was so wet it glided in with ease. There wasn’t much left in her after that, just a shrieking, wailing, squirming, pleading compilation of nerve endings, dark framed glasses sitting crooked on her face as it smooshed into the couch cushions while he bent her over the armrest and plowed her from behind. Carl had never slapped a girl’s butt in his life, but he figured he’d try it out this once, and Debra went nuts for it, so he obliged her. Even as she came in what seemed like one endless orgasm, she was still twisting her nipples with one hand and diddling her clit with the other.

“That’s a good look on you, nerd girl,” Mira’s voice came from the doorway. Carl started, but she motioned for him to keep going, smiling at the sight of her boyfriend rutting. Maggie, Jennifer and Crystal were standing off to the side, oblivious. Mira strode past them and squatted down near Debra’s face playing with her lips with a finger. Debra sucked on them until she pulled back, laughing.

“What’s your GPA, nerd girl?” she asked.

“It’s... oh god, it’s... I’m... it’s so... oh jeepers, keep on, yes... it’s...” she trailed off into a long shudder of climax.

Mira laughed. “You might have actually fucked the girl’s brains out, honey.”

Carl came. As his cock slipped out of her after a moment, Debra’s hips continued thrusting at the memory of it, and she whined at the sudden emptiness inside her. “No! No, please, keep doing me! Can I get you hard again? Or did I bore you? You can do my bottom, if you want! Oh please come back! I—”

Carl set down the remote after confirming she was back at the default stage. The girl fell silent in an instant “I guess I owe you some gratitude, huh.”

She grinned. "Having fun?"

He pulled his girlfriend in for a lusty kiss. "Church girls are fun after all, but not so much so I've forgotten about my favorite pussy."

She laughed, then pushed him back. "We'll issue consequences some other time for calling me 'your favorite pussy,' hon. And regardless, mine will be there tonight, and theirs won't. Seriously. I won't tell you how much this costs until they're gone, but when I do you're going to flagellate yourself for every second you weren't using the little skanks. Come on, one down, two to go!"

The distraction of his girlfriend's presence was mitigated by her giving them some space. She took a seat in the kitchen that left her in an excellent position to observe the action. Before resetting Debra, he'd hit the yellow button to assess the state she'd been in when he'd fucked her. *NYMPHOMANIA*, it had read.

Time to see what else this sucker could do.

He turned to the other three girls, still standing there in their welcome week shirts. Obedience was good, sure, but there had to be more to it. He slid the dial up one notch from the bottom, pointed it at Crystal, and pressed the green button. *DEFAULT (FILTERED)*, it read.

"What the hell...?!" she suddenly exclaimed. There was that haughty expression he'd seen yesterday, only now it was livid. "What the actual fuck did you do to us, you creep? You just turned Debra, the biggest prude I've ever met, into a fucking slut!"

Carl frowned. "I didn't mean to..."

"Fuck what you *meant* to do, OK? Do you even *know* who my father is? Oh boy oh boy are you gonna, asshole. I hope you like taking it from behind as much as you like giving it, because when he's done with—"

"Go eat my cum out of Debra's pussy. I'll tell you when to stop."

Her jaw dropped at seeing someone have the audacity to interrupt her. "Eat your...! That's disgusting!" she griped as she crossed the room to where Debra was compliantly laying on the couch, lifting one slender leg over the back of it to make room for Crystal. "Real fucking mature. If you can't handle me at my worst, you don't deserve mmm mm mm mmmm."

Debra was staring vacantly at the ceiling, not seeming to enjoy herself. He didn't want the noise of her chatty inner nymphomaniac, but he wanted to give her a little thrill. Carl picked a spot two thirds of the way up the slide and let her have it. Once triggered, the word *AGREEABLE* scrolled across the screen.

"Ooooooh, that's soooo nice, Crystal..." Debra murmured, sighing contentedly. While Crystal ate out her friend, he helped himself to her shorts, tugging them down to reveal a cute red thong – then off it went as well. She glared at him out of the corner of her eyes, but didn't for a moment stop slurping at his leavings inside Debra.

He turned back to the blondes, finally settling on Jennifer. She had big boobs, big thighs, and a big ass. Thick, he supposed people called it nowadays, but not too much. More than he'd normally go for, but after Debra, he wanted to sample the other end of the body spectrum. The

switch set at one notch above where he'd left Crystal, he pressed the green button. *DEFAULT (UNFILTERED)*, it read.

Jennifer's eyes went wide. "What on earth...? What am I doing here? Oh my gosh! Who are you? You... they're... oh my god, are you going to rape me? Please, oh god, please don't..." She was almost immediately on the verge of tears, practically having a panic attack.

"Yikes." Trying not to think about who might want such a thing, he went up another notch, and she calmed down as suddenly as she'd gotten excited. *FRIENDLY*, read the remote.

She sniffled away the signs of her brief outburst. "Yeesh, sorry about that. Got a little *whoa* there for a moment, ya know?" Jennifer laughed, punching him playfully in the arm. "So what's on the menu for today? I was thinking we could binge *Maniac* – don't you just love Emma Stone? – but I'm up for whatever, if you'd rather do something else."

"Something like what?" he inquired gamely.

She laughed, rolling her eyes. "You haven't taken your eyes off my boobs since you started talking to me, Carl. I don't have to be a mindreader to guess what your something else is."

"Sorry," he said reflexively. "They're just so..."

"I know, right?" She hefted them in her hands. "They're horrible for sleeping on, but pretty fun for sleeping with. Eh? Eh?" She prodded him with her elbow.

"Hold that thought," he said. Jennifer shrugged, watching with interest as he went up a few more notches and hit the green button on Maggie. The taller blonde blinked as the change took hold, then lowered her eyes and grinned in a way that instantly told him what he'd activated without having to even look at the screen.

"Um, hi," she said, twisting one long leg back and forth. "It's Carl, right? I'm Maggie. I mean, I guess you know that – duh, Mags! – but, um... I dunno, anyway... hi." She chewed nervously on one side of her lower lip.

"Hey there. Nice to meet you, Maggie."

"Oh yeah, totally!" she agreed, and then he could see her rebuking herself for the awkward reply. "Sorry. I mean, yeah. Nice to meet you, too."

He could see she wanted to say more, but it was actually Jennifer who chimed in. "Maggie's always shy around cute boys," she explained.

"Oh my gosh, shut up Jennifer!" Her cheeks colored. "I, um... I wasn't... I mean, I am, but like..."

"It's fine, really," he assured her. "Maggie, what would you say if I wanted to get you out of those clothes and give you the best sex of your life right now?"

Her eyes widened in surprise and, he thought, elation. "Seriously? Oh my freaking god, YES!" She put a hand over her mouth, embarrassed. "I mean, yes. That would be, um, cool. If you were serious about it – and I totally get if you're not. But if you were..."

But the remote was already a few more notches up, right around halfway. As Jennifer giggled at her friend's discomfort, it vanished at the new setting. Suddenly her eyes were boring

into his, so big and blue he could hardly look away. “Oh, Carl,” she murmured. “Thank you. Thank you so much for this. I know you could have any girl you want, and... if you give me the chance, I promise you’ll never regret it. I’ll be the best girl you’ll ever have, just like you’re the most wonderful man I’ve ever known.”

If she hadn’t said a word, he could see every aspect of her posture was broadcasting how badly she wanted to kiss him. *INFATUATED*, read the remote.

“If I offered to let you blow me, what would you say?” he asked her. Jennifer shook a reproving finger at him, still smiling though. As he suddenly remembered he had an audience, a glance to Mira confirmed she was smiling, too.

Maggie was kneeling in an instant. “You know I can never get enough of you,” she purred, nuzzling at his cock with cheeks and nose. “Just say the word, and I’ll make you forget every other woman in the world. You’ll love me like I love you, my darling.”

He patted her head. “Ditch those clothes and you can dig in, Maggie.”

She stripped hurriedly but not without some art. He’d seen the handprint on her legs before, but as she released the clasp on her bra and let it slide to the floor, he saw there was another one on her left breast. “What happened there?”

“What, that? Oh, my boyfriend – ex-boyfriend, of course – put that there while I was getting dressed yesterday.” Tall as she was, he didn’t have to bend much to let her guide one of his hands over the same spot. “Mm, look how much bigger and stronger your hand is, though... you’re so much more of a man than any man I’ve ever known...”

“Right, right. So, you gonna suck my dick now or keep talking at me?” Mira laughed loudly in the kitchen. “I know, I know – just enjoying being a foil.”

As Maggie swallowed him, swooning at the taste of him (and of Debra, he supposed), Jennifer laughed even louder though, an awkward, snorty, geeky laugh. “Yeah, you’re a real poet, Carl. Shakespeare’s got nothing on you.”

Carl smiled at her in spite of himself – in spite of the sensations in his cock. “Don’t get jealous on me, Jennifer. You’ll get your turn.”

She put a hand to her large chest, adopting a thick southern accent. “Oh will ah? Be still mah beatin’ heart! The prospect of being Coral’s cock awnament is givin’ me a case of the vapahs!” She fanned herself with the bottom of her shirt.

Mira spoke up from the kitchen. “Also, not to be That Guy, but I’m not sure she *will* get a turn. It’s already coming up on the one-hour mark, and you’ve still only dipped into two of them.”

“Four pussies converged in a living room, and sorry I could not fuck all four and yet be one penis...” he said, channeling Frost. He was rewarded with another of Jennifer’s dork laughs.

“Oh my god, maybe you really are a poet!” she giggled. “A bad one, but you know, maybe you’ve found a niche?”

Mira ignored her. “Say, you want me to call Brendan over? I’d hate to let these sluts go to waste, and he’d owe us big-time.”

Carl waved a hand. "Sure, whatever. Now do you mind?"

Mira glowered at him. "Do I mind...?"

"Sorry. Do you mind, darling light of my life?"

His girlfriend broke out in smiles. No one seemed to notice the envious expression Maggie directed at her.

So he and Jennifer bantered at one another as Maggie feverishly worshiped his cock. Brendan lived only a few blocks away, so he was there by the time Carl was filling Maggie's mouth with his second load of cum. (Or he intended to, anyway, but she pulled away at the last second and, as she said when she was thanking him for it after, "painted the other side of my face with your love.")

As he heard Mira welcoming Brendan, Carl quickly put his pants back on. He didn't bother with the girls; however, worrying that her tongue might fall off from fatigue, he let Crystal stop licking Debra. The brunette lay there, a happy, dazed expression on her face; the dark-skinned girl got a few sullen words in before he told her to can it.

Brendan strode down the hall, taking in the girls first and his friend second. (And the girls again third.) "InfiniReach, eh, buddy? Nice!" He held up a hand and Carl obliged him with a high five.

"Hey, give the props to Mira. I'd never heard of them before today. Speaking of, how the heck did you?"

Brendan's suddenly looked self-conscious, glancing back at Carl's girlfriend. "Ya know. People talk."

Carl's eyes narrowed. "Not to me, apparently."

"Well now you know. So hey, mind if...? Mira told me we're on a tight schedule and all."

After a final suspicious glance, he shrugged it off. "Go for it. You can have the little one on the floor, or the blonde here. Go nuts."

Brendan inspected his options at some length. "If I gotta take 'em sloppy, can I at least take both?"

"Only Debra – the brunette – is sloppy. Though maybe don't kiss Maggie here." He grinned.

"Aww, that's cute, you named them. Now you'll never be able to give them back."

"I only ever want to taste your lips, Carl," Maggie cooed, rubbing herself against his legs.

"Oh, and you may wanna zap them first, too. You know how the remote works?"

Brendan accepted the device. "Oh, I remember you. Let's see, for you, blondie..." He adjusted to about a quarter of the way up and hit the green button.

Maggie stood up, giving Brendan an annoyed expression. "So, like, are we gonna fuck soon or what? I charge by the hour, ya know, and you don't look like a big tipper to me."

"I'll give you a big tip in a second," he laughed, zapping Debra somewhere near the top. "Come on, babe, you too."

Debra hopped to her feet – then kept hopping. She didn't have much jiggle to her, but what she had was gyrating frantically. "Super awesome! I'm gonna get, like, my pussy stuffed again? Did I tell you I love cocks, or are you just being nice to me 'cause I'm all, like, hot and naked?"

With his whore and his bimbo under each arm, Brendan lead them out of the room. Mira was following, no doubt making sure he kept them out of their bedroom. Once he was gone, Carl turned back to the remaining duo.

"You do know your buddy totally fucked your girlfriend, right?" Jennifer said, eyes sparkling.

"Uh, what?!"

She laughed. "Wow, you are not perceptive! That total dodge he did, the way he looked right at her as soon as you asked him about it? Dude, he fucked your girlfriend bigtime."

"No way. Not Brendan. He's been one of my best friends since freshman year. He wouldn't do that."

The blonde girl shrugged. "I've been one of your best friends for twenty minutes, and I'm telling you, he's got the fever. Not yellow, but whatever color you'd call that Mira chick. And as a cute blonde with big boobs, I know a thing or two about being fetishized. Or hey, ask Crystal, she knows what I'm talking about."

Carl looked to her, quickly adjusting her to the same *FRIENDLY* setting he'd set Jennifer to, hoping to mellow her out. "Well? Is she full of it?"

Crystal shook her head. "Don't be obtuse, bud. He fucked your girlfriend. Get over it."

Carl threw his hands in the air. "How the heck are you two so sure of it!"

"Look, you got about another forty minutes with us. If you wanna squander your one shot at the hottest girl – girls, sorry Jennifer – you'll ever have a shot with psychoanalyzing that Brendan guy, feel free. But you better believe he fucked her. Probably had her pay for it, too."

Jennifer put her arm around him and gave a little squeeze. "I know. But she's right. Come on, what can we do to cheer you up?"

Crystal wasn't done though. "I'm serious. He looks kinda... poor. You know? Yech."

Carl gave her an exasperated look. "I thought I switched you over to friend mode!"

Jennifer nodded. "You did. She's kind of a shitty friend."

Dreading the prospect of continuing to endure this nonsense from Crystal, Carl made one last adjustment, all the way up this time. "See how you like *that* then."

"Oh my fucking *CHRIST!*" she cried out, stripping out of her shirt and bra like they were an army of fire ants on her skin. Like Debra, she began fondling herself and trembling in overstimulation. "Get that fucking cock in me right the fuck now! I *need* it soooo fucking bad and you have *got* to give it to me!"

Around that time, Mira came back in. For now, he banished the thought of her and Brendan. Broaching this topic to her was likely to eat up the remaining time, and as much as

she'd been enjoying herself watching, he wouldn't be the only one to regret that. "You can take my pants off," he said to Crystal.

Crystal complied, struggling to remove them as her hands kept betraying her by darting in for quick feels of her erogenous zones. When she started licking and kissing at his dick, a frenzied torrent of lustful wantonness, he planted a hand on her forehead and gently pushed her back onto her ass. By some slutful reflex put into her by the remote, her legs instantly spread wide in preparation to be fucked.

But instead, Carl turned to the girl standing beside him. "Jennifer? Would you like to have sex with me?"

She looked him over, then shrugged. "Eh, not really. But what the hell, guess I can throw a dog a bone." After just a moment, she let out a mirthful giggle in her quirky baritone laugh. "Just kidding! Yeah, we can totally screw. Let's *do* this thang!"

With an increasingly frantic Crystal pawing at him throughout, Carl took Jennifer back to the couch and fucked her like a rock star. With his stamina up thanks to Maggie and Debra, he could take his time and do a proper job of it. He finally got to see her naked, too, and she did not disappoint. She had a little more baby fat left on her than her friends, but so very much of it was in the right places. Carl considered himself above the sort of simplistic carnal appetites that were driven solely by the size of a girl's bust and booty, but Heather made it look just too damned good.

Crystal did her best to ingratiate herself. She attacked Jennifer's nipples and clit with her tongue, perhaps reasoning that if Heather was satisfied she'd move aside. When that failed, without breaking stride in her own self-stimulation, she did the best she could and lapped at Carl's cock as Heather bounced up and down on it, trying to ignore her friend's ass slapping her in the face with each thrust. Jennifer cracked a couple jokes at her expense, but they weren't especially mean-spirited. Just friends being friends. Or, for her and Carl, fuck buddies being fuck buddies.

And fuck they did.

"Not two minutes to spare," Heather declared as the two of them finished. She'd come numerous times herself. friendly or no, she was still obviously prone to the heightened levels of arousal he'd seen in her friends.

"Two minutes! I can use two minutes! Please! I'll pay for the extra time myself, just don't make me go, let me have a turn, Carl, please! Please, you owe me, or I owe you, or whatever I don't know but *fuck me!*" she demanded petulantly. She was silenced, however, not by Carl, but by the sound of Mira slow clapping from the doorway.

"How long have you been watching?" he asked as Heather pivoted to sit sideways on his lap, batting away from him a plaintive Crystal.

"Almost the whole time... after I finished my talk with young Brendan, that is. I can't believe he..."

"He did? He admitted it?"

“Did he ever tell you?”

“What? Of course not!” He couldn’t even remember Brendan joking about fooling around with Mira.

“I thought not. Anyway, I tried to be pissed off, but...” She shrugged. “I guess it’s sort of hypocritical to be mad at him when here we are with four of them, right? I mean, how many of *them* have boyfriends? So I told him not to fret. Still, I made it clear he’s our bitch for life now.”

“How did you even know? Did he say something?”

“For one, I’m not stupid. I know how to read a man’s eyes. And for two, you guys talk really loud.”

“Carl? Come on, we still have fifteen seconds!” whined Crystal.

“Nothing says hot like sex you can clock with an egg timer,” quipped Jennifer.

The doorbell rang.

It was a surreal reminder of how it had all started, watching the girls pack themselves back into the crate, once more docile and glassy-eyed. They brought all of their clothing with them – no trophies, the woman said – and Carl passed back the remote. He was tempted to try to use it on the woman to make her leave empty-handed, but he wasn't stupid enough to risk provoking the ire of a company who could do something like what had been done to these girls.

With a final slap on the ass for Maggie and Debra, Brendan skipped out the door as the InfiniReach delivery woman came in, looking sheepish as could be. They'd talk it over later. He'd only been with Mira for about ten months; maybe it was before that? But somehow, he doubted it. Carl didn't know how to feel, but he figured it was his place to support Mira, not to launch into some kind of alpha male rage.

"InfiniReach thanks you for your patronage, and hopes you were entirely satisfied with your experience," the woman said, smiling the bland smile of the workaday customer service rep. "If you're interested, we've recently expanded our branch on this campus and are pleased to be able to offer the new Grasper special package. For a flat fee, substantially discounted from the hourly rental rate, we'll domesticate someone for the duration of the academic year. Terms and conditions apply."

"What terms and conditions?" Mira asked. "And what's the fee?"

The woman quoted a figure. Even Mira gave a low whistle, and Carl thought his own jaw might hit the floor. "And you should read the fine print, but it's mostly to make sure they can return to their life after. Don't brand them, steal their assets, show them off to the public, that kind of stuff. Once the year is over, we memory-adjust friends and family and release them with straight A's, so really, you're doing them a favor."

"That sounds great, but we can't–"

"We'll take it," Mira interjected.

He whirled to face her. "What? Are you sure? What about you and me?"

"There'll still be plenty of you and me," she said, kissing his cheek. "But today? Watching you own these little skanks... that's the most you've ever turned me on in my life. Seriously, the second this lady leaves, I'm dragging you upstairs and seeing if we can't go for one more round."

"I love you, Mira."

"I know." She grinned at him. "Besides, the fact that you said 'are you sure' and not 'I'm not interested' tells me you don't really want to talk me out of it."

This time, Carl kissed her smirking lips. "You know me too well."

"Now pick one already! Whichever you want – I don't care."

At Carl's request, the woman ordered the girls back out of their crate to present themselves to their potential owners. He went down the line one by one. There was Maggie, her cute, cone-shaped tits, those gazelle-like legs that had driven him wild from the moment he saw her. The voice of an angel, and the way she'd stared into his soul, more in love with him than Mira ever could be.

Then there was Crystal. Perfectly shaped boobs, a bubble butt that even had a little tramp stamp of her sorority letters. Carl was a sucker for tramp stamps. Plus he never had gotten to fuck her, and watching the haughty girl taken down so many pegs had been an adrenaline rush almost as good as any of the sex. He couldn't imagine how long it might be before a man could tire of her incredible beauty.

Jennifer. Busty, curvy Jennifer, who'd reminded him that the classic big-breasted round-bottomed blonde deserved its place in the canon. Whose dorky laugh had made her feel like a real friend, whose wide glasses and the little mole near her pussy made seem somehow more authentic than the dream girls she'd been delivered with.

And Debra. What he'd thought would be an underdog had turned out to be the dynamo of his sexual afternoon. She'd been a firecracker, eager to please and even more to be pleased. Her perky little tits and that ass so tight he really did want to try bouncing a quarter off of it were pure aphrodisiac, as was the prospect of breaking in the frigid church girl. Heck, they might even be sparing her from her misery, from what little he'd learned.

Any of them would be more than he could imagine. And yet, he'd known who he would pick from the moment Mira had said yes. He'd known, deep down, what he wanted from the moment he'd laid eyes on the four of them.

"Well?" Mira asked at last.

"I gotta say, I feel superficial going for the busty blonde babe... but between the boobs, that face, and that freaking adorable laugh of hers, I'd miss her too much if I said no. Whaddaya say, Jennifer?"

"I live to serve my master," she said without expression.

"Atta girl, slut," said Mira.

The delivery woman tapped a few buttons on her tablet, then addressed the young couple. "You've made an excellent choice. We'll have arrangements made and will deliver her within the next 48 hours," the woman said. "Thank you for shopping InfiniReach. Because remember: a man's grasp should exceed his reach."

