



My New Girlfriend

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Chapter One

“So, uh... how’d you two... meet?”

I couldn’t really blame Rich for inflecting the obvious question as he did. After all, I’d told the guys I’d been seeing someone new, but I hadn’t said much about the nature of someone.

Courtney glanced at me as if for permission, and I gestured for her to go ahead and answer. “It was such a funny coincidence. So Drew and I take the same bus every day, and we must’ve seen each other a hundred times without even realizing it.”

Stu nodded, and I could read his thoughts in his expression. *I don’t think it’s possible for a guy not to notice this woman.* Believe me, I’d noticed her a long time before we actually spoke. Hell, I’d been jacking off to her almost every day we rode together for more than a year.

“So then one afternoon, the bus was pretty crowded when he got on, and the only spot was right next to me. And so he sat down, and I could tell he was just SO shy. He wouldn’t even look at me, much less talk to me. And for a while, I was fine with it. I mean, random guys hit on me constantly, ya know?”

“Yeah, I, uh, I can imagine,” Rich replied. He obviously didn’t mean to glance down at her cleavage, but he couldn’t help himself. It was a sight too incredible not to leer occasionally, and she never seemed to mind such attention.

“Right. So anyways, I was just about to get off at my stop, when I just thought... yeah. Go for it. And suddenly I just grabbed him by the wrist and asked him out, and lucky for me, he said yes. And yeah, I made him miss his stop, but he’s since forgiven me.”

Rich and Stu shared an incredulous look. It was the latter who gave it voice. “You mean, you just, out of nowhere, had the urge to ask out... Drew?”

I know they didn’t mean it as an insult, and I didn’t take it as one. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not a troglodyte or anything, but I was probably a 5 at best, and Courtney... she was at least a 9. A 10 for anyone who didn’t have a thing against blondes. Tall, leggy, trim waist and wide hips, big ass and bigger breasts. I’d say she practically had the face of a model, except she’d told me she actually *was* a part-time model. No practically about it.

We’d been dating for a few weeks now, and it made no more sense to me than it did to the guys.

Anyway, Courtney hand-waved away their shock, as she always did when people expressed it. It wasn’t uncommon. With the elephant in the room addressed, we were able to go on with our evening, watching football and hanging out. Courtney didn’t know or care a whit about sports, but she’d insisted she wanted to get more involved with my interests. You’d never have known she wasn’t a lifelong fan from the way she watched with us – she’d spent the past week studying rosters and statistics for both teams.

Really, I was the one who’d been nervous to introduce her to my friends. We were normal, average Joe’s. Rich’s wife was cool enough, but she was in our tier. She made sense with him. Stu had never had much luck with the ladies, and had been single most of his life. I dated occasionally, but I wasn’t especially rich, or handsome, or interesting, or family-oriented. It never panned out.

Then there was Courtney. Who had insisted on wearing one of my old football jerseys she'd found in my closet for the occasion. One with so much mesh that her bare flesh was tantalizingly semi-visible. It didn't help that she'd foregone a bra, but she was helpfully understanding about it whenever our eyes were drawn to the unbound area. It made it so we barely even noticed the flesh-toned leggings she was wearing, beneath which it was also obvious she wasn't wearing panties either.

No, Courtney made no sense at all

When we went into the kitchen to refill the snack trays, she insisted she could serve us without my help. Honestly I just wanted to sneak in a quick kiss or two without the guys there to gawk. She moaned into my mouth like she was on the verge of an orgasm when I did, easily loudly enough for Rich and Stu to overhear in the living room.

"That was sweet – what brought that on?" she said when we broke it off, licking her lips to savor the taste of me.

"Nothing, I've just wanted to kiss you all night."

She smiled at that, her usual just-for-me smile that reminded me how women smiled in chick flicks right before the big kiss that preempted the rolling of the credits. It was dizzying. "Well why didn't you? You know I always like to be kissed or touched by you."

"I know."

"Would you like me to sit on your lap when we go back in? I thought about it, but I didn't want to obstruct your view of the game."

"No, that's fine."

"And how about your friend Stu, huh? I can't believe he's single. He seems so nice!"

"He is. He's just not... I dunno. Smooth. And ya know, he doesn't take super good care of himself. A shame, too. He could really use a good lay to mellow him out sometimes."

"Oh. Do you want me to sleep with him? Or do a threesome?"

I made myself laugh. Part of Courtney's weird sense of humor was offering me the world in all kinds of outlandish ways. "No, babe. We share a cab sometimes, but I don't think we've hit the girlfriend-sharing level of friendship yet."

"OK," she said without laughing as she picked up the plate of cheese and crackers. "Better hurry up – second half's starting." She pinched my butt with her free hand and sashayed back out to the living room.

After another deep breath – then a quick splash of cold water on my face – I headed back out and joined them.

When the game was over, the guys headed out. Neither one made it out of the driveway before texting me. Rich told me I was the luckiest fuck he'd ever met; Stu semi-jokingly told me he wanted the number of the escort service I was using.

Courtney read them over my shoulder with a little giggle. "So I made a good impression?"

"That was never in doubt, babe."

She came around behind me and began rubbing my shoulders. "Good. I never want you to be embarrassed to be with me. I want to make sure you look and feel as good as possible, always."

My eyes closed as she kneaded the tension out of my muscles. “I keep telling you, you don’t need to try so hard. You’re amazing just the way you are.”

“You’re so wonderful to me, Drew. I’ve never been so happy before.”

We both fell silent as the backrub continued. Finally when I felt like my muscles were about to droop off my bones, and I had her stop. “Can I return the favor?”

“Oh, I’d rather be taking care of you. I feel so selfish and lazy when you reciprocate.”

I wanted to point out the contradiction, but then she was kneeling in front of me and working at my zipper. “Can I suck your cock, Drew? I’ve been waiting to ALL day. It was the first thing I thought about when I woke up this morning, remembering how you taste in me. I almost pulled you into the bedroom to give you a quickie during half-time, but you guys were talking and I didn’t want to be a pest. I wanted your friends to like me.”

“If you think giving out amazing blowjobs at half-time would make them like you *less*, then you need to get to know them better. Get to know *all* mean better.”

She seemed to consider that a moment, then reached into the pocket of my pants, now down around my ankles. I watched as she pulled up those texts and sent a reply to each of them. They read the same: *This is Courtney. I’m about to give Drew the blowjob of a lifetime. Had a lot of fun meeting you tonight. Hope we can do it again soon.* She capped it off by snapping a selfie of her ruby red lips puckered in readiness to be penetrated and attaching it to the texts.

“Well if you hadn’t already made them jealous – and rock hard – they sure as hell are now. What brought that on?” I asked as she shed her top.

The first time I’d seen her topless – that is, the first time we had sex (so... our first date) – I’d smoothly sputtered something about how she had the most amazing rack I’d ever seen. I’d winced like I’d put my foot in my mouth, but she’d just fawned and thanked me like I’d spouted poetry, then told me that any time I wanted to see them I just had to ask. When I didn’t, she’d just started going topless most of the time we were alone.

“You said the fact that I was blowing you would impress your friends. They should be impressed with you. You’ve got ‘the hottest set of jugs in the city’ wrapped around your finger.” Courtney fondled said jugs, then leaned in to begin the blowjob. As usual, she moaned in relief like I was the one doing her a favor.

“I never should’ve told you I’d written about you in my journal. Went straight to your head.” Not that I’d written much – it had honestly just been an off-handed reference after a day (long before we’d started dating) when she’d sat across from me in a square-necked top.

It had seemed revealing at the time, though now that we were dating, I’d gotten used to seeing her naked. Or when she felt like “teasing”, any number of skimpy little outfits she thought might turn me on. Which they never failed to do. Frankly, Courtney could walk around in snowpants and a parka and I’d still get turned on from the face.

She took a few slow licks up and down the length of my cock, which she never failed to make diamond hard. “I’m sorry, Drew. I’ll try not to get a big head. Well, maybe just this one,” she said, taking me into her mouth for just a moment, eyes gleaming.

Courtney really should have an ego sized to match those spectacular breasts of hers, but somehow, vanity was that not numbered among her vices. Every time we fooled around, my girlfriend took time to ask me how she'd performed. If she'd done anything I hadn't liked, if she should do anything differently. I never had any criticism. How could I? She was hands down the most enthusiastic and generous lover I'd ever had, to say nothing of her incredible looks. She put in effort like she was a hair-lipped one-legged deuce-and-a-half.

So then she'd started offering alternatives and having me pick.

"Do you like my blowjobs better when I play with myself so we can cum together, or when I focus completely on you?"

"Which one do you prefer – the thong, or bikini cut?"

"Cowgirl, or reverse cowgirl?"

"Do you like it when I don't wear a bra?"

"Would you rather fuck me in the shower, or in the pool? Or both?"

"When you fuck my tits, is it better if I slick you up with the lube, my mouth, or my pussy?"

And so on. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, for her to start asking for me to make some changes too, but she never did. Hell, for a while I kept asking what else I could do to make her happy, but she always laughed it off, insisted she liked me just the way I was. The only thing she ever seemed to ask of me was to give her my opinion on what she ought to do.

As she started bringing her blowjob to a close (fingering herself as I'd asked, as it was at least a way for me to let her have some pleasure for herself while she was taking care of me), I stroked her hair softly. Courtney smiled at me around her tongue as she teased it around my shaft, and I waited to see how she'd finish.

I'd told her I liked to be surprised on the whole spit/swallow/facial thing, and she was good about doing just that.

Tonight, as I unloaded my seed, she caught it in her mouth, then sat back on her heels with her mouth opened wide to show me what she'd happily caught. As I watched, it trickled out and dribbled down her chin and down to her heaving breasts, glistening alongside her sweat.

Then she took another selfie with my phone, and swallowed what was left. "In case you want to show your friends," she said as she went to go clean up.

Much as I wanted to humor her obvious exhibitionist streak, I didn't send it. Those guys texted me too much as it was.

“I never knew you were so into painting,” I remarked as we exited the show. It was my work-friend Elsie’s husband’s showing. Art shows weren’t really in my wheelhouse, but Courtney seemed to be enjoy being shown off, and what better venue than some ritzy art exhibit?

She’d outdone herself, too, a dress that seemed elegant on the surface, but oozed sex appeal up close. It was slit up one leg to the hip, and the magnificent display it made of her cleavage with its plunging neckline surely received more appreciation than anything else in the gallery. It was amazing, the difference it made in our interactions. Guys from work who’d never said two words to me suddenly drew me into conversation. My boss even remarked off-handedly – to her – about how I might be due for a promotion ere long.

Having Courtney on my arm was doing my career more good than four years of late nights and weekends at the office.

She smiled at me and squeezed my hand affectionately. “Oh, I’m not – I think painters are pretentious and modern art is so hideous. Its evaluation is so arcane that if we want to acknowledge them as artists, then we may as well replace the contents of the Louvre with the productions of your neighbor’s kindergartener’s class.”

I arched an eyebrow. “But inside, you seemed to know so much about it. You seemed so excited about it.”

“Oh, I just wanted to reflect well on you, darling. Some of my friends are painters, so I got together with them and had them give me some talking points.”

“You hate painters, but you have multiple painter friends?”

“Yeah, I used to model nude for the art school downtown.”

I made a face. “You never told me you modeled nude. When was this?”

“Oh, up until we started dating. I figured nobody else should get to see me naked unless you wanted them to.”

“Aha. I guess when you said ‘model’ I pictured like catalogues and stuff.”

Courtney squeezed my hand again. “Those too.”

We were quiet a while as I drove her back to her apartment. “Are you upset with me, Drew?” she asked at last.

“What? No, sweetie. Just... surprised I guess.”

“I’ve disappointed you.” She sounded disgusted with herself. “I’m so sorry. I’ll call the school up tomorrow and tell them never again, never ever. And don’t bother sending my last paycheck.”

“Courtney, you don’t need to do that. I was just surprised is all. Maybe... a little jealous.” Also a little taken aback to realize I’d been dating someone who took their clothes off for money. It wasn’t the same as stripping, but still, there was no way those art students weren’t all too aware of what they were feasting their eyes on. Nobody was that objective.

I pulled up next to her apartment building and put it in park as she replied. “Aw, you don’t have to be jealous of anything, lover! They might’ve seen me naked, but they never saw how wet my pussy gets for you. They never saw my nipples harden up so they could cut glass because they’re so eager to get in your mouth. For them I just stand there like a statue, but for you I’ll strike any pose you like. Bend me, twist me, pull me however you like me. I’m your personal Barbie doll.” She nodded earnestly.

I hit the button to roll up her window, giving an apologetic look to one of her neighbors seated not ten feet away on the front steps of the building, an elderly woman whose jaw had dropped to her collarbone at hearing my girlfriend's admission. "That's... sweet, Courtney. Really. I'm sorry I made you feel bad – what you did before we went out is none of my business."

"I'll make it up to you, I promise. Now, can I talk you into coming upstairs and letting me show you how fun it can be to play with your Barbie doll?"

"Sorry, babe. It's late, and I got work in the morning." I couldn't believe I'd hit a point in my life where this woman, this living sex goddess, was all but begging me to come upstairs with her so she could give me any kind of pleasure I could name, and I was shooting her down.

"That's OK. Want to climb in the back seat and let me ride your cock there? Or I could just give you a blowjob right here."

"Babe... your neighbors are right there."

"I don't care. I'd be proud to be seen taking care of my man."

I leaned in and gave her a kiss; she took my lower lip between her teeth and made me pull a little to get free. "I'll call you tomorrow, OK?"

When Courtney had said she'd make it up to me about the nude modeling, I'd honestly disregarded it as an offhand comment she'd made to mollify me. That had been naïve. Beginning that night (before I could even get out of her neighborhood), she started sending me all manner of lurid selfies.

At first they were just something she did before bed on nights we didn't see each other. A shot of her in just her bra and panties in her bathroom mirror, or one of her lying in bed lifting her breasts with her arm, her tongue reaching towards her nipple. Pretty typical sexts – not that I was at all ungrateful. Whatever my quiet misgivings, the attraction factor was rock solid.

For both of us, however little sense it made to me.

As the days passed, however, she was increasingly bolder. In the middle of a meeting at work, she sent me a picture of her in what appeared to be a prostitute garb (though might've just been something she'd picked out for a date night). Thigh-high boots over a spandex miniskirt and a top that was basically a corset pretending to be a halter top, followed by another where she lifted the skirt to show me she'd shaved her pussy bare.

Over breakfast one morning there was a video of her taking her morning shower, the curtain left pulled aside. Courtney being Courtney, it wasn't even a normal shower – it was the kind of wriggly, self-stimulating display usually relegated to soft core porn.

I was out of town on business one weekend, and every hour on the hour she sent me a different picture of her pleasuring herself – in her bed, her couch, on her balcony looking out over the sunset, in the locker room at her gym even. Even some surreptitious shots of her on our bus, her legs spread just enough to take the shot, the shot just clear enough to show she wasn't wearing panties, and that her pussy wasn't empty, filled neatly with a little egg-shaped vibrator.

I didn't even stop at my house when I got back to town; I went straight to Courtney's apartment and bent her over the arm of the couch she was laying on and we fucked like animals in heat without saying a word.

Well, Courtney said a word. Two, actually. "Thank you," she moaned over and over as I pistoned in and out of her.

She came so hard she passed out. Tired from my work trip, I left her there, her shorts pulled down around her knees with my cum leaking out of her pussy, and went on home.

What had come over me? I would never have considered treating any other woman I dated like that, just coming over for an unannounced booty call and pulling a blatant dick-and-dash. I'd used her. I'd treated this woman who was obviously crazy about me like nothing more than a warm, wet and willing hole to stick my cock in.

Not that Courtney wasn't all those things, and fantastically so. In fact, I was pretty sure those were her words I was using. Still. I wasn't that kind of guy. Was I?

“I think maybe we need to slow things down,” I told her at our next date. We were at the drive-in theater outside town; it had been her suggestion, and I knew exactly why.

“Slow things down? What do you mean?”

“Really Courtney? We had sex on our first date,” I pointed out.

“Only because you stopped me at a handjob the day I asked you out,” she said, giggling and reaching her neatly manicured hand down to caress my crotch through my pants.

I gently took her hand and placed it on her own lap. Courtney didn’t resist in the least. She was always so eager to fool around, it actually surprised me that she didn’t put up more of a fight. “I’m serious, Courtney. Don’t you ever think that maybe our relationship is a little too... physical?”

“Too physical?” she repeated, perplexed. She looked at me like I’d told her that water was too wet. “I don’t understand. Am I not sexy enough for you? I can try harder, really, just let me—”

“No,” I interjected firmly. “See what I mean? I tell you I want to tone down the physical side, and your first reaction is to try to get more physical.”

“I’m sorry. I just... I guess I thought that was the best way to make you happy. Men have always liked my body. Don’t you?”

“Babe, you know that I do. Don’t get me wrong, you’re the most beautiful, the most... you’re... look, I can’t even put it into words, you’re so hot. But that’s not everything in a relationship, right?”

“Oh of course! My body’s not the *only* way I try to make you happy, honest. I’m learning about your interests and trying to impress your friends and your coworkers and learning how to cook and buying lots of sexy outfits and taking pole-dancing lessons and...”

She stopped only when I held up a hand to forestall her. “See, that’s what I’m talking about. I’m not that hard to please, babe. You don’t have to try so hard to make me happy.”

She laughed. Laughed! “Of course I do. I’m your girlfriend, silly.”

I didn’t quite know how to respond to that, so we just watched the movie for a few minutes, the dialogue playing softly on the radio.

“How about you just let me focus on making *you* happy for a while?” I said some time later as the protagonist finished wasting some bad guys. This was such a dude movie I couldn’t believe Courtney had suggested it until I realized she’d just picked the movie she thought I’d like best. (Incidentally, she’d done a fine job; I’d been planning on seeing it with Rich and Stu next week.)

“What? But you *do* make me happy, Drew. So happy – like, I’ve-never-felt-like-this-about-a-guy-before happy.”

“But I don’t actually do anything for that. You never let me cook for you, we always go to the restaurants I like or watch the things I wanna watch. You never even let me go down on you, and you’ve probably done it for me like a hundred times.” Which might not even be an exaggeration, by this point. It was a rare day when Courtney didn’t find some stratagem that succeeded at getting my cock in her mouth.

“Drew... I like making food for you, or going where you like, or watching what you like. I do. And I *love* going down on you. And I know you never said it, but I can tell

eating a girl out isn't something you like that much, and I feel really selfish lying there while you do something you don't like when we could get each other off all kinds of other ways."

"I... but..."

"Come on, why don't you do me a favor and let me give you a nice long blowjob while you watch your movie, and if I don't seem absolutely satisfied when they're both over, then we can revisit this. If you can look me in the eyes and tell me I don't seem 100% content, then you can eat me out. How's that sound?"

It sounded idiotic as hell to talk her out of it. So I leaned my seat back, opened up my fly and let her try to prove her point. An hour later, watching her purr affectionately as I unloaded into her mouth right as the credits began to roll, I had to admit – she did seem awfully happy. Only...

"Let it dribble out on your tits again," I said, surprising even myself. I don't even know why I said.

She sat up, her smile broadening as it always did whenever she was able to coax suggestions out of me. It broadened so much that sure enough, the cum leaked right out. All around us other movie-goers were starting their cars and filing out; I could tell more than a few did a double-take as their headlights passed over the busty topless blonde in my passenger seat. Likely they couldn't see what was drizzling out over her breasts, and certainly not the wet spot in the crotch of her shorts from where her pussy had soaked through during the hour-long blowjob, but... they could see plenty as it was.

Once I'd had a moment to recover, I tucked my package away and put the car in gear. Courtney retrieved a tissue from her purse to clean up, but I just gave her a look. "Leave it. And leave your top off."

She grinned like I'd given her a piece of expensive jewelry. "Happy to, lover." Just like that, she rode along beside in me, the car silent except for the sound of my favorite radio station, which she turned on for me. On impulse, I pulled in to a drive-through and ordered us milkshakes. Courtney sat by uncomplaining as we idled next to the service window, the fella working the register spilling both our milkshakes at the sight of her bare tits.

"S-sorry – I'll... make new ones," he stammered. He evidently passed the word along, because before long, every horny geek working the night shift made a stop by the window to ogle her. Even two girls, one looking at her with contempt and the other with obvious envy.

"Do you like showing off your sexy girlfriend's big tits?" Courtney asked while we waited. She sounded genuinely curious.

"Do *you* like it?"

"Mmm, I sure do. All those guys in there, dying of jealousy, knowing you either just fucked me or are about to. They wish they were you so hard right now. You're the luckiest, studliest man they've ever met right now, all because of these tits."

I took the napkins the fast food guy had handed me before the spill, and told her to clean herself off. Once she'd sponged off the half-dried remnants from earlier, I leaned over and started sucking on her left nipple. She gasped in delight, one hand slapping the ceiling in surprise and elation.

I don't know how long the staff sat there watching me suck on Courtney's tits, but I took my time about it and they still didn't look the least bit impatient. Guess I was lucky there wasn't a woman working night manager. When I'd had my fun, I took the milkshakes and thanked him, then drove off.

I walked her into her apartment like that, topless and horny out of her mind, right past her neighbors and anyone lucky enough to be driving by. She only smiled and swayed her hips alluringly as she lead me up the stairs. I hadn't even closed the door to her apartment before she'd stripped off her shorts and started pleading with me to give her the fucking she'd been needing all day.

Once I had, she asked me what else she could give me. "No one's ever fucked my ass before – it's yours if you want it, I'd be so happy to be your little butt slut babe, Drew," she murmured between trying to suck me to hardness again.

I indulged her in that too.

Some time later, as we lay in her bed panting and exhausted, one long smooth leg draped lovingly over mine, I finally got back to our discussion from the drive-in. "So... you're really happy like this? What we did tonight, that was... good for you?"

She moaned happily. "Oh Drew, this was the best date of my whole entire life. I've never felt so happy, so perfectly wonderfully content and good and right, as I do right now. As long as you enjoyed it. You did, didn't you? Did I make you happy?"

“Wait, so let me get this straight. You’re not sure if *you* wanna keep seeing *her*?” Stu looked at me like I’d told him I was thinking of giving up breathing.

“Lot of nerve there, Drew. When has a guy ever complained about his sex life being too *good*?” jibed Rich.

“Now you guys know me, I’m sex-positive and all, but Courtney takes it to the extreme. She’s just so... so...” I tried to find any word other than the one I knew fit, so I finally used it. “... slutty.”

“Well yeah, obviously a girl like that’s not going to settle for one man, dawg. But a piece of the action’s better than none at all, am I right?”

I shook my head. “What? No – she’s not sleeping with anyone else. Trust me – we see each other almost every night, and whenever we’re not together, there’s this steady stream of pics and texts that keep me mindful she’s thinking about me and looking forward to our next date. I meant that she’s a slut, but like, just for me. If that makes sense.”

Rich rolled his eyes. “Look, I’m not buying this shit for a second. I don’t know how you came by the money to be that babe’s sugar daddy, dead relative or whatever, but c’mon. Quit rubbing it in our faces.”

“What? No, I’m telling you, the girl is obsessed with me. She does whatever I want, whatever she thinks I might want, and thanks me for the opportunity! It’s insane!”

“Yeah right, she just lives to serve her unremarkable boyfriend’s every whim. Can you believe this asshole?” said Stu.

“I know how it sounds, but... that’s pretty much how it is! I’m telling you guys, she’s not quite right. I’ve never heard of a girl who’s so... devoted. I haven’t been able to find anything she won’t do for me.”

“Oh yeah? Prove it.”

Rich folded his arms across his chest. “Yeah, put up or shut up.”

I sighed. I should’ve expected they’d want a demonstration. Luckily, that ought to be easy to provide. “Fine.” I picked up my phone.

An hour later, Courtney strode into my home. She shed her trench coat and hung it on the hook by the front door, then came to stand before the three of us in the living room.

“Holy...” said Rich in shock.

“... shit,” finished Stu.

“Hey, fellas. Drew told me you guys were talking some smack about me. Eh?” She put her hands on her hips.

Directly on her hips, that is, with no clothing as a barrier. Beneath the trench coat she was wearing a g-string and a bikini top that was just nothing more than two triangles mostly covering her nipples and some straps to hold them in place.

“Hey now, we didn’t...”

“Yeah, we weren’t...”

“No no – way too late for excuses. If my man’s friends don’t think I’m for real, then I need to do a better job showing it. Right, baby?”

“That’s right,” I said. “You guys have fun. I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Have... what? Where are you going?”

“Out for a walk. Courtney, front room rules tonight, understand?”

“You got it, baby.” She giggled as I smacked her on the ass on my way out the door.

I wasn't gone long – just around the neighborhood a few times, a half an hour or so. When I came back in, it was about what I expected. I could hear the music from the front steps, something unrecognizable but with a slow, sultry beat. Inside, I was greeted to the sight of my girlfriend straddling the lap of one of my best friends since high school, his face buried deep between those perfect pillowy tits. Rich sat nearby, sipping from a can of beer with an unmistakably envious look on his face, from which I gathered his wife wouldn't have anything to complain about in his compartment tonight. Aside from him being here at all, that is.

“Drew!” Courtney exclaimed as she heard me enter. She waved with one hand as she continued smothering Stu in her cleavage with the other.

“Heya babe. You been behaving for my friends here?”

“Behaving like a little slut,” Rich grumped.

Courtney just giggled. “Just like you said. I mean, I let Stu take a few liberties with ‘front room rules,’ but nothing worse than you'd see in a nice club.”

“That's quite all right. Why don't you head on back to the bedroom and let the boys talk, huh?”

“Of course, lover. Me and my sopping wet little pussy will be waiting whenever you're ready.” She stood up, dragging herself against Stu's face until he was face-planted in her crotch. She fuzzed his head affectionately as she stepped away and began sauntering away.

Still, just to make sure the guys saw how things really were... “Hey babe? How about you show us how a good girl crawls for her man.”

Courtney stopped on a dime and sunk down to her hands and knees. She smiled at the three of us over her shoulder as she continued her departure in the manner I'd specified.

“So. You see what I mean?” I said once my bedroom door was shut behind her.

“Dude, I'm still seeing nothing but DD's,” Stu said, leaning back in his chair as his erection shamelessly jutted out of his pants.

“I saw it,” Rich said, “but I'm just not sure if I believe it.”

“I know exactly how you mean, buddy. It's taken me quite a while to get used to it too, and sometimes I still don't fully believe it.”

“You mean... you just texted her, told her to come over and give your friends lap dances... and she just did it, no questions asked?”

“Did it happily. I didn't even have to ask nicely.”

I pulled out my phone and showed them the text exchange. *Courtney, dress like a stripper and come over and show the guys what a good and dutiful girlfriend you are.*

And Courtney's response: *omw! <3*

“Damn. That's all it took?”

“Yep. I mean, am I crazy? What do you guys make of this?”

“Those tatas...” Stu mumbled, staring off in the direction of the bedroom.

“Brilliant. Rich?”

“Well... you hear about these girls with the big submissive streaks. Hell, my wife and I do role play sometimes, and we've done the whole obedient harem girl thing. Did

it once, anyway. Said she'd knee me in the groin if I asked for it again. Guess you found yourself the real McCoy, Drew."

"But... you don't think it's a little... weird?"

"Weird in the sense of being unusual, sure. Weird in the sense that it'd give me a second's pause in going in there and having that tasty bitch satisfy my every carnal desire... fuck no."

"Hey, she's still my girlfriend. Watch how you talk about her."

Stu chuckled. "She's the one who took to calling herself that during her little show earlier."

Somehow that was neither expected nor surprising. "Still."

"Look," Rich said, putting his arm around my shoulders, "here's how things are. For whatever reason, by coincidence or fluke or divine intervention, you got this crazy hot dame who asks you out and can't seem to get enough of you. She's in that bedroom right now, just waiting for you to come in and let her give you whatever thrill you name. She doesn't hesitate to do anything you want, or have anything off-limits. No limits, right?"

"None I've found so far. My sense is that whatever boundaries she has, they're out there way farther than I'd want to explore." I thought about the time we'd been talking about our past lovers, and she'd offered to make a sex tape and send copies to them so they could see all the pleasure they'd missed out on. See how much better I could do.

(I had politely declined.)

"Yeah. So... you owe us this, man."

I blinked. "I'm sorry, I owe who what?"

"You owe every guy out there who ever imagined having a girl like Courtney at their beck and call, waiting on them hand and foot, serving their every sexual whim," Rich asserted.

"Don't you see?" said Stu, finally snapping out of his titty trance. "Most of us spend our entire lives fantasizing about what you have, day-dreaming and whacking off in our lonely bachelor pads just imagining it. And you're here whining about how it's a little much? Come on, man. You're looking at it all wrong."

"Oh? And just how am I supposed to look at it?"

"Tell us, Drew. What does Courtney like? What does she enjoy?"

I considered. "I don't really know. She only ever seems to like doing what I want to do, making me happy."

Stu smiled. "Right. So... logically then, if you're so worried about being a good partner, what do you need to do to make her a happy girlfriend?"

"What, you want me to just boss her around and use my girlfriend like she was some kind of sex toy?"

"Well isn't that what she wants?"

Hmm. That was a fair point. Only... "What if that's not what I want?"

Rich squeezed my shoulders. "Well how do you know, buddy boy?"

Stu nodded. "Yeah, Drew, don't you think you ought to really try it out before you decide?"

I thought over what they were saying. When I turned to my best friends for life advice, they were usually right. Today was no exception. "You guys are the best. You're

right. Say, in fact..." I turned my head in the direction of the bedroom and raised my voice. "Hey Courtney!"

"Coming babe!" Unbelievably, she crawled back out, smiling sinfully in response to our stunned reactions. She crawled right up to my feet and sat down on her heels, looking up at me with an expression that could only be called servile.

"The guys think you're a pretty good thing, and that maybe I should keep you around. How does that sound?"

"I'm very pleased to hear it. I try to be good, except when you want me to be bad." She winked at the guys, as if the nearly naked girl kneeling at my feet needed any extra suggestiveness to make her status clear.

"Yep. And as it so happens, I want you to be bad right now. All right?"

Her smile widened. "Oh yes, baby. How would you like me to misbehave?"

"I think Stu could use a nice long blowjob." Stu's eyes bulged as Courtney immediately crawled over to his feet and started undoing his belt buckle. She didn't hesitate for an instant. I'd seen Rich's wife tell him to go fuck himself for asking her to flip on the light switch.

Courtney started kissing and nuzzling Stu's hard-on through his boxers as she lowered his pants. "Just you wait – I'm such a good little cock-sucker. Drew gets his big delicious cock sucked like this all the time – that's how much I love him. But right now my mouth is all yours, because he wants you to know what a good friend he is. Just relax and let Courtney..." and she trailed off as she took him into her mouth, seemingly unable to restrain herself any more.

Rich and I gave them the living room as we went out on the balcony and shot the breeze. We were out there for over an hour; I was impressed with Stu's stamina. (That is, I was impressed until Courtney told me later she'd swallowed his load four separate times in that span.) Stu thanked her heartily, then thanked me twice as much so, then headed on home winking at me knowingly as he left. Rich, after just a moment's pause, declined taking advantage of the same offer I'd given Stu, and stormed out to his own car like he was worried he'd cave in if he didn't put some distance between them double-time.

His wife was lucky to have a man so devoted.

After they left, I plopped down on the couch and Courtney lay down with her head in my lap. "Sorry I couldn't talk Rich into letting me suck his dick," she said.

"You're... sorry?"

"Yeah. You seemed like you were having so much fun showing off your personal cock-sucking machine. I didn't mean to ruin it. Are you mad at me?"

"No, Courtney, I'm not mad at you."

She smiled. "Can I suck *your* dick now?"

"Nah, it's late."

"Oh. Yeah, you're right. My bad."

I could see she was disappointed, and after the effort she'd put in tonight, I couldn't help but take pity on her. "Tell you what – you can wake me up with one. That be OK?"

The scorching kiss she delivered promised it would be, and soon, we fell asleep together right there on the couch.

Chapter Two

The next morning I was awakened with a blowjob, just like I'd asked. After Courtney swallowed, she strutted into the kitchen and made me a full breakfast, still in the buff. On a whim, I had her sit on the table with the plate between her widespread legs and feed it to me. Then it was time for me to get ready for work.

She thanked me for a wonderful morning before I left.

So now that I'd committed to this, it was time to figure out how to proceed. I was normally a relationshippy kind of guy; I got involved with a woman not just looking for a good time (though that helped). I'd been seeking someone I could see myself growing old with, someone who might make a good mother if we ever decided to go that direction. I'd been in committed relationships with several women, divorced once and almost married another time.

Courtney was obviously not such a woman, and the first thing I knew I had to do was abandon any romanticized notions of converting her into one. Hell, I didn't even know if I wanted to. Having someone I could trust and confide in, someone who challenged and supported me... that was great, really. It was.

Having a woman whose face lit up when you snapped your fingers and pointed to your crotch... well that was new territory, and I meant to explore it. It was for her sake as much as for mine, honestly; the last thing I wanted to do to this insatiably generous woman was to turn her away by not giving her what she wanted in return.

Namely, my approval, and the means of acquiring it.

I texted her on my lunch break to tell her I was taking her out that night, to wear something nice. As so often happened, I underestimated the results of my simple request. When I picked her up, I was still wearing my suit from work; she met me outside her apartment building in a dress I'd have parked there all day just to see her walk by in. It was Asian-inspired, tight across the bodice, clinging to the front of her while revealing most of her back between the laces holding it on. The dress itself was a dark green silk, with a slit along one leg to the knee and on the other to the hip.

I almost choked on my breath mint; she apologized for having startled me.

We went to a nice French restaurant, not quite four-star, but as nice as you could hope for without a reservation. She asked me to order for her; I did my best. I came here fairly regularly on dates, well enough to know the menu. Still, I couldn't help but notice a subtle change in comportment of the wait staff around us. A little more formal, a little swifter to serve us, a little more respectful in their address. Evidently Courtney was the window dressing I'd been missing.

"So, how's come you took me to such a nice place?" Courtney asked as we started in on the bread. (She said she could only do half a piece, because of the carbs.)

"Well, I wanted to go somewhere we could talk a little for a change."

She put a hand over mine. "Drew, you know you can talk to me any time you want."

"Yes, but if we stayed at home, we'd just wind up having sex all night instead."

Her eyes sparkled. "Check please?" she called out, though quietly enough not to actually be heard by the staff.

We both laughed. “See? So tell me about yourself. I only got the basics, way back on our first date. You ask me questions all the time, and hardly ever talk about yourself. Mysterious was exciting, but I really want to know you. So forget me for tonight. Talk about you.”

“Bah, I just think you’re a lot more interesting is all. Speaking of, how was your day?”

I waved her question away. “See, that’s what I’m talking about. I show interest in you, and you immediately try to make it about me. Not tonight. Tonight, if you want in my pants, you’re going to have to talk about yourself.”

“You sure drive a hard bargain, darling.” Beneath the table, concealed from lookers-on by the table cloth, her stocking foot worked its way between my thighs, rubbing at my groin. “I tell you what. You ask me a question, then I get to ask you a question. I’ll be totally honest if you agree to the same.”

I cleared my throat and tried to concentrate through her attempt at distraction. For a moment I almost told her to stop, but so help me it just felt too darned good. Besides, the little thrill of it, knowing I could have her pleasure me here, in this fine establishment, surrounded by all these fancily dressed people...

Focus. “Agreed.”

“Yay!” Courtney clapped her hands. “All right, you can start.”

“OK, let’s go basic. I can’t believe I don’t know this, but... what do you actually *do* for a living? I know you’ve said you modeled, used to do the... err, art studio work.” I fumbled my way around bringing up what had initially been a sore subject, that she’d modeled nude for a local art school. Funny, now that I’d loaned her out to my friends as a stripper and blowjob queen, it seemed a pretty trivial thing to get my feelings hurt about in hindsight.

“I don’t actually work any more.”

“What? But how do you pay your bills and all that?” I had to fight to form some of my words as she tried to distract me with her footjob.

“Bup bup bup, you asked, I answered. My turn. Why did you lie to me about your age?”

I averted my eyes before her knowing smirk, focusing on buttering a piece of bread. “How did you find out?”

“That’s another question, darling...”

“Fair enough. Well, it was our first date, and I guess when you told me yours, I was worried you’d think I was too old. I didn’t want to blow it before we had a chance to see if we had chemistry.” Upon learning she was twenty-three, twenty-nine seemed like a much more palatable reply than the truth of thirty-four.

“Fair enough. And to give you a free answer, I was looking through your old social media pictures and one of your friends tagged you in a high school dance photo that had the year on it.” She giggled. “When I was still in third grade.”

I laughed sheepishly. “Yeah, didn’t cover my tracks too well on that one, I guess. OK, my turn again – back to my first question. What do you mean, you don’t work? How do you cover your bills?”

“I was working part-time through a modeling agency, and part-time as a waitress right up until we started dating, plus some odd jobs for an old friend. I had a few thousand saved up, and that’s paying for things now.”

“In this city, a few thousand will dry up in a matter of months! What happens then?”

She clicked her tongue reprovingly. “Sorry Drew, but it’s my turn.”

“But...!” She applied a wonderful little nudge along my cock, and I let her off with the evasion again. “All right, all right. Go.”

“Are you going to loan me out to more people like you did with your friends last night?”

“Huh. You know, I guess I hadn’t really planned it out. Last night just kind of... happened. I hope I didn’t upset you – you always seem to like being shown off, and I guess I... I’m sorry. I know I really crossed a line.”

She shook her head. “I wasn’t accusing, lover. I enjoyed it, just like I always enjoy when you give me a chance to be useful to you. I just wondered if you were going to keep doing it, for curiosity’s sake.”

“I... I guess I don’t know for now. I don’t have plans to. That’s the best I can say for now.”

She smiled, then stood and moved her chair right alongside mine. Before I could even register disappointment at the absence of her stocking-clad foot, there was her hand in my lap, replacing it, caressing my hardening cock through my pants. I blushed. This was far less subtle, though hopefully people wouldn’t look too closely and would think her hand was in her lap and not mine.

“All right. Well don’t avoid doing it on my account. If I can help you or please you in any way, let me.” She smiled at me, then when I didn’t say anything, she gave my cock a soft pat. “Your turn, by the way.”

Oh. Right. “OK, Courtney. Explain what’s going on – why you quit your jobs, what you plan on doing. No more being coy, no more bullshit. Tell me.”

Her hand stopped, and her face drained of color. “You’re worried I’m using you. That I’m trying to score a sugar daddy.”

“Well, the thought had crossed my mind.”

“How long have you thought this of me?”

“Since you told me you quit working the day we began dating. So like, two minutes. Tell me I’m wrong, Courtney.”

“Oh god yes!” she cried out. This time, nearby heads turned. She hadn’t meant it to sound like she was climaxing, but it could be mistaken for it. Courtney didn’t seem to register the attention, the wives snapping fingers to regain their husbands’ attention. “I’m so sorry – that’s not it at all, I swear! I quit so that I could always be available to you, Drew. I didn’t want you to want me on some night and have to give me up so I could wait tables or stand around posing for a bunch of art students or anything else. If you wanted me, I wanted to be available to you, 24/7/365, for anything you could want me to do.”

Before I could even formulate a response, our food arrived. Courtney discretely withdrew her hand and expressed her delight with the look of her arriving meal. I thanked the waiter, and then an awkward silence grew after he withdrew.

“Mmm, this is really good. Excellent choice as always, darling,” Courtney commented as she dug in.

I silently watched her eat for a minute, then picked up my own utensils. “You don’t need both hands to eat that, do you?”

A grin stole over her face as she slipped her hand back to my crotch and resumed her surreptitious handjob. “I suppose I don’t.”

We wolfed down our meals. It wasn’t ten minutes later that we was riding my cock in the back of my car. I wasn’t surprised to learn she wasn’t wearing panties under that dress of hers.

“Thank you for the fancy night out,” she said as I pulled up in front of her building.

Over the next few days, I finally got my answers out of her. I let her make a game of it like before; most of her questions were about my fantasies and kinks, a list she had a knack for expanding. For my part, I began to finally see what should have been obvious from the get-go. Something wasn't right in her head.

I asked her about some of her past boyfriends, how they'd felt about her submissive streak, why things had ended.

"Oh, it wasn't like that with them. Not at all. With those guys, I wanted to be wine and dine, taken to nice places, bought expensive presents. Can you believe that I didn't used to like giving head? Crazy to think. Now, it's the first thing I think about whenever I get thirsty."

I asked about how she planned to keep a roof over her head once her money ran out.

"Well, part of me hoped that by then you'd want to take me in so I could be there for you whenever you wanted me. Still, I know some guys value their privacy. I figured if you didn't want me, I have friends I could mooch off of for a while, or I could always find some lonely guy who'd let me stay with him rent-free just so he could leer at me. Creepy, and maybe a little dangerous, but between that and selfishly giving my time to someone other than you... No contest."

On the subject of whether she ever found our situation uncomfortable or embarrassing:

"You know, it's funny – once I might've felt that way. Maybe? I mean, I hear the whispers, people thinking I'm your paid escort, saying I'm nothing but a brainless bit of arm candy. But then I think, I'm *Drew's* arm candy. I'd pay *you* to go out with *me*. I'm proud to be seen with you, and I get excited every time I make you look better, or help your situation, or make you walk a little taller – whether that's letting your boss stare at my chest at that gallery thing last week or blowing your friends, I don't care."

I even tried to see how far was too far, what my limits were.

"None. Absolutely none."

I pressed her on the subject. "None" extended to stealing for me, lying under oath, prostituting herself, killing my enemies, breaking off ties with every other person in her life and being my live-in sex slave. From anyone else, I would have laughed at her jests. But nothing in her gave the slightest hint she didn't one hundred percent mean it.

Yeah, something was definitely wrong. Still, as Courtney gleefully knelt at my feet and titty-fucked me, murmuring all the while how lucky she felt and how she couldn't wait to feel me cum on her and how she finally understood why God had given her these big fuckable boobs... so help me, I didn't really want to right it.

Past girlfriends had always accused me of over-thinking things, and for once, I decided to listen to their opinion. I didn't give Courtney's diagnosis another thought.

There's nothing like being told there are no boundaries to make you want to seek them out. For the next week, that was exactly what I did.

First, I took her to the tattoo parlor. She was elated by the idea – “ohmygosh, you can permanently mark me as yours!” – and if anything seemed a bit disappointed when I discarded some of her less subtle ideas. “Property of Drew” on her lower back (or across her breasts, or stomach, above her pussy, in a ring around her neck like a collar, all of the above); a likeness of her tits above her ass so I could see them when I was fucking her from behind; the shaft of my cock on her cheek so it looked perpetually like she was sucking my dick.

Mostly she was having fun getting a rise of me, but there was too much a spark of sincerity about it to risk playing along for fear she might actually do it. In the end, she settled for a cheesy image of a small heart pierced by an arrow with my name on it on her bicep, and – after she pestered me to pick something more risqué just for us – the cursive words *any time Drew* just above her pubic mound.

The guy who did the tattoo offered to waive the charge for that second one, but I'm not one to shirk patronizing the arts.

Next, I asked if I could record us in the bedroom. I don't know why I even thought she might refuse – probably because any other woman I'd been with would've slapped me in the face and dumped me on the spot – but instead she squealed in glee. She immediately began brainstorming camera angles, positions, scripts... like we were making a porno.

“You mean you're not going to show anyone?” she whined when I told her to hold up.

“Babe, who would I even show it to?”

“Anyone you wanted! What, don't give me that look. You like showing me off, and you know I like being shown off.”

“All right then – go nuts with it. I don't know that anyone else will ever see it, but it'll be nice to have some good production values, I guess.” I patted her on the head, and she dove back into her work.

In the end, it was relatively light in narrative and dialogue (unless you count her pleading and shrieking blissful expletives), but it turned out pretty well. The premise was that I was her boss and I caught her stealing from the company, so she had to pleasure me or lose her job.

It wasn't Shakespeare. (OK, it wasn't even Cinemax.) Still, Courtney's enthusiasm and sexiness made it a masterpiece in my book. It was barely even my idea (beyond the suggestion of recording), and she still thanked me after we stopped filming like it was the best present she'd ever been given. She told me later that she watched it all day while I was at work on a loop.

We tried role play, something I'd always thought about but never actually felt comfortable trying with my past partners. With Courtney though, it was an exercise in pushing my own imagination to its limits. I got incredibly graphic texts with suggested scenarios throughout the day at work, and at night we'd pick our favorite and act it out.

I was her professor and she was a bratty co-ed who came into my office to demand an A or she'd complain that I sexually harassed her; I turned the tables on her by showing I'd recorded her blackmail attempt, and would have her expelled if she

didn't gratify my every desire. With downcast eyes, she sucked my cock and became outraged by the suggestion she should swallow, yet finally relented and gulped it down with a "yes sir." Then I bent her over my desk and made her apologize as I spanked her big round ass, after which I left her in that position as I fucked her from behind.

(When I surprised her at the end by snapping a few pictures with my phone and told her she'd have to come back every week for another session or I'd release them online, Courtney literally came just from the improvised suggestion.)

The next night she was a sex robot. I came home to find her actually waiting inside a massive cardboard box she'd somehow sealed herself in. She was naked save for silvery metal bracelets and matching anklets, and some bits of tinsel she used to bind her hair in pig tails. She stood stock still as I fondled her all over, even keeping her blank and unblinking expression as she kneeled in front of me and let me thwap her in the cheeks with my cock. The blowjob suffered from her repetitive delivery, but she more than made up for it with the unbelievable stamina she displayed later when I "programmed" her to mount me. Her face never broke character for a moment, staring vacantly ahead as she bounced and rocked her hips. "Oh yeah. Like that. Do me, baby. Oh yeah. Like that."

The night after that she was a harem slave desperate to please her sultan. The next she was a hooker, and I paid my girlfriend almost \$200 to do a less enthusiastic job of the things she usually did for free – yet was somehow every bit as pleasing. Courtney said afterwards that had been the hardest one to maintain character, pretending she wouldn't take it up the ass unless I gave her \$80 up front. (Still, I made her keep the money, and she said when she spent it on a costume for an up-coming scenario, she'd gotten so wet she'd left a stain on her bus seat.)

The next night we didn't role play, because it was football night and the guys were coming over. It was our team against their biggest rival, and fan though I was, I was a realist, I'd put a heavy bet down against the Pats. Courtney offered to give us our privacy, since she thought I might like some guy time.

The only thing was that both Rich and Stu had already texted me to explicitly invite her. Rich said she'd been cool the last time we'd watched the game together; Stu just said he "liked having her around." Since the last time she'd seen the guys was when I'd had them over I'd also had her do strip teases for them and give Stu a blowjob, I could imagine why he found her company so agreeable.

Courtney asked me what I expected from her during the game.

"How do you mean, babe?"

"Well, do you want me to be like I was that first night I met them – you know, like a normal girlfriend who digs football? Or do you want me to be like the second time, where I was your submissive little pleasure slut who obeyed any command she was given? I just want to make the night better for you and your friends."

I thought about it. "You know, I think I have an idea."

“No way Drew. You’re not backing out of the bet now, dude. *When* – not *if* – we smoke these fools, I’m getting myself an Xbox at your expense,” Stu said emphatically.

“Seriously – you deserve to lose just for suggesting the idea of betting against our team,” added Rich.

“Hey now, I’m not talking about canceling the bet. I’m just talking about making it a little more interesting is all. Sweetening the deal. I propose amending the bet so that if, God forbid, our boys lose, then you guys owe \$250 apiece. Those other assholes lose by seven or less, break even. They lose by eight plus, and–”

“Whoa there. That’s over double what we agreed to, man. And you want us to spot you a seven point advantage? Are you insane?”

“Not a snowball’s chance in hell. We’re believers, but... but...”

Everyone in the room suddenly forgot the argument as my girlfriend made her entrance. I thought back to when they’d first met a few weeks ago, hanging out at my house for football night. On that night, she’d worn a jersey with enough holes in it to tantalize. She was sexy.

Tonight, she wore a pair of booty shorts, her perfect round ass cheeks hanging out the bottom, that normally would be the subject of attention from every male behind her for a thousand yards.

And that was all she wore.

Well, I should clarify, she was wearing body paint across her torso and her face, colored in the red, white and blue of our team, their logo painted carefully by yours truly across her breasts. It wasn’t masterful, but it didn’t need to be. She bent down and gave me a thorough greeting kiss, then plopped down sideways on my lap.

“Uh, hey Courtney,” said Rich. Stu just gaped in silence. I knew how it was. Even if you’d seen those boobs a hundred times, you couldn’t help but marvel. The body paint even created a bizarre illusion like she was clothed, which made it feel like you could stare without being a pig.

Not that Courtney minded us staring. If anything, she drank in the attention like a potted plant soaking in water.

“Heya boys. Drew talk to you about the bet yet?” she asked.

“I was in the middle of it, but I don’t think they were into it. Sorry, babe.”

“Aww, OK. Well I guess I’ll see you some other time.” She pouted, then made to stand up.

“Wait wait wait – where you going? C’mon, stick around,” Stu implored her.

She paused as I spoke. “Well as I was saying, you spot me a seven-point advantage, and Courtney here hangs out for the rest of the game. Assholes lose by eight or more, and I not only make good my debt, but Courtney joins us for every game for the rest of the season.”

Suddenly, this was a thing worth considering. My girlfriend smiled brightly at them, thrusting her chest out to sweeten the deal. We let them ogle her for a good thirty seconds before I cleared my throat to rouse them from their stupor.

“Oh fuck it, let’s do it,” said Stu. Rich agreed only a moment later. Courtney squealed and did a few excited jumps to show her glee.

“You won’t regret it, we promise,” she said, settling back into my lap, angling herself so her best side was on full display for them.

“Indeed. You guys need anything – beer, snacks, shoulder rub, whatever – just tell her and she’ll make it happen. Right, babe?”

“Mmm, right babe.”

“Blowjob?” Stu asked almost immediately.

“Keep it in your pants, buddy.” Stu settled for the shoulder rub, and Rich took his turn during the second quarter. (“Wife can’t complain if I’m not the one doing the touching, eh?”)

During halftime, Courtney coyly asked if it’d be all right if she got in a quick workout, as she hadn’t had time earlier what with getting the place ready for company. So instead of listening to a bunch of balding has-beens discuss the highlights, our halftime show was my buxom, topless girlfriend doing aerobics. It was a good thing we only had fifteen minutes to wait or I’m pretty sure Stu’s erection would have exploded out of his pants.

During the third quarter, Courtney sprawled out on the rug with her back to us and finished her workout with the aid of a thigh master. I had to wonder if I’d been wrong about her best side. By the fourth quarter, she was so genuinely sexually frustrated from all the ogling and preening that she curled back up in my lap and ground her ass into my crotch, whispering in my ear all the things she couldn’t wait to do to me.

She was such an amazing girlfriend that I’d been hardly paying attention to the game, and was surprised to find out we’d won the bet on a forty-yard field goal with under two minutes to go. The guys didn’t even grumble when they forked over the dough.

“Best bet I ever lost,” said Rich.

“Hey, don’t sweat it. And you know what, if it’s OK with you guys, maybe we’ll have Courtney join us for game night on the regular anyway.”

“More than fine by me,” said Stu. Rich voiced his agreement, but I couldn’t wait any more. A sharp tug, and the stitching in her shorts gave. I threw the flimsy fabric to the side and went to shove Courtney over the arm of the couch, only she was draping herself over it before I could.

I don’t know if or how long the guys watched us fuck, and I didn’t care. Courtney had just made me five hundred bucks, put me on top of the social ladder, and was now doing what she did best – throwing every inch of her body and every piece of her soul into getting me off without a second thought to anything but pleasing and obeying. And me, I couldn’t remember being happier in a relationship before in my life.

Was I falling in love? Or was this something else?

Chapter Three

When Courtney and I first started dating, I didn't really give much thought to the long-term. A girl that hot? That aggressive? I was sure it was just going to be a crazy hookup that nobody would ever believe happened. Heck, it took me a while to believe it myself. After almost three months, though, it was time to acknowledge that we were in a real relationship. A bizarre, unorthodox relationship, but one my family insisted on witnessing firsthand over Thanksgiving nonetheless.

"And remember, what aren't we going to do?" I asked her for probably the fifth time during the drive over.

"Fuck, suck, strip, jiggle, dirty-talk, make out or discuss any of the above," she recited from memory.

"Good. And what *are* we going to do?"

"Pretend we're a normal couple. Hold hands. Smile flirtatiously. Verbally tease each other."

"That's right." I'd belatedly had to add *verbally* as a qualifier, for fear that we'd be in the middle of having stuffing and I'd suddenly find her foot rubbing between my thighs under the table.

"You don't need to be this nervous. I might be crazy about you, but I'm not crazy crazy."

"Oh you're crazy, hon, but I'm not gonna take you to the nuthouse." I squeezed her hand, and she squeezed back. Maybe this would be all right after all. Maybe she wasn't just a nymphomaniac with unusual tastes.

Courtney wasn't the first girl I'd ever brought over to meet the family on a holiday, yet I found I was far more nervous than I'd ever been. It made no sense really. She was immensely more attractive than those other girls, and while most of them had dreaded the visit, Courtney was elated by the opportunity. She'd gone on and on about how excited she was to get to know me better by seeing where I'd come from. It was sweet, really, and not in the affectionately-sweet way that was her norm.

Still, those other girls had had careers, and education, and interests. They all had things to talk about and experiences to share and witty and amusing anecdotes. (Well, most of them had.) In short, those other woman had priorities in their life other than my happiness.

I drove by the house three times before I parked.

My family is a small one, thankfully. We walked in and were immediately met by my mom, my brother Mike, his wife Dana and their three kids, which was the whole kit and caboodle. Introductions took less than a minute. My mother, ever one to believe her boys were perfect little men who deserved the world, didn't even seem to question the knockout on my arm.

Mike, on the other hand... My big brother had grown up with a lot of that fraudulent bad-boy cred that good-looking suburban kids learn to fake from watching a lot of TV. He'd had girls lining up to hook up with him back then, and the fact that girls were lining up only seemed to make more want to get in line. He'd cleaned up his act eventually and married Dana, but just standing in the entryway of my childhood home brought back echoes of the creaking of bedposts from Mike's room.

If Dana knew half of what I knew about what had gone on up there, she'd never let her kids in their dad's old room. But tonight, I got to be the one bringing in sexy new face.

With introductions made, Courtney and I settled into the living room and talked with my brother and his wife while my mom went to work on dinner. (She'd never allowed us to help as kids, and time hadn't disabused her of the mistrust of our culinary competence.)

They asked the standard questions, like how we met ("we used to ride the same bus, and one day we sat together and it just clicked!"), what she did ("I used to work for a local college and some magazines, but right now I'm between jobs"), who her team was ("look who I'm dating, duh"), and just like that, she was in.

We watched the game, caught up on current events, ate too much for comfort but not enough to sate Mom's ego, tried and failed to get Mike's kids to talk to us rather than their screens. I couldn't help but smile at my nephew's total disinterest in my girlfriend. Being in this house took me back to my own childhood self, but I couldn't remember a time when a woman like this wouldn't have turned my head.

Things actually went so smoothly that we wound up staying later than intended. Mike and Dana kissed Mom goodbye and hefted their sleeping kids out to their rental car and left for their hotel. He lived in the Midwest now, so they'd flown in and now simply wasn't room for the four of them to stay here comfortably. We walked them out to the car, and my big brother shook my hand before he got in and gave me a respectful nod. A little heavy-handed, but it still felt pretty good. I guess we never really stop wanting our cool big brother's approval.

As their car pulled away, my mother turned to us. "What about you two? Why don't you two stay the night?"

I wanted to tell her no, feeling awkward standing there in front of these two women – one who had put a bar of soap in my mouth for calling another neighborhood kid an "a-hole," and one who just last night had begged to be allowed to personally bathe me. (Soap was now wholly redeemed.) Still, it was a four-hour drive back home and it was already almost 11:00. We'd been drinking to boot. Besides, I knew my mom was lonely sometimes, and it'd do her some good to wake up and have family around.

"You know, I think we'll take you up on that, Mom, thanks."

"Wonderful. Courtney, I'll show you to Mikey's room. I just put fresh sheets on the bed this morning, just in case." I laughed in spite of myself; it felt like it had been so long since I'd considered notions like modesty or chastity, or of not nutting in Courtney's eager mouth whenever I felt like it.

"Say, do you think I could I stay in Drew's room? If it's OK with you." My mother paused abruptly on the stairs. I tried not to groan – how could I have been more clear about expectations?

Then Courtney went on a breath later. "And then you could stay in your brother's room, right sweetie? C'mon, I just want to see where you grew up, see what I missed out on." My mother's hackles were smoothed down before they'd gotten all the way up, and I quickly agreed. She squeezed my hand, and then we parted ways as my mom lead her to my old room and I shuffled off to Mike's. I listened as she and my mom wished one

another a good night. The door to my room closed, and then there was the sound of my mom's slippers receding as she made her way back downstairs to her own room.

Soon after I stripped down to my undershirt and boxers, settling into my brother's old bed, I realized that it had been almost three weeks since I'd had gone a day without Courtney getting me off.

Why was that suddenly making me so grouchy? I'd gone more than three decades without her just fine; what was one night? So what if I was lying here in my brother's bed, the very same one I know he'd nailed more girls in than he or I could remember. Some of them had been girls I'd known, had an eye for. Now that I finally had my own hot willing babe, here I was all by myself and wondering what things must be like in the other bedroom. It wasn't fair, damnit. I lie there, staring at my brother's ceiling like it had wronged me somehow.

Then the door opened, and a silhouette darkened the doorway as someone let themselves in and flipped on the light. It was Courtney – or rather, a version of Courtney.

My girlfriend was wearing makeup, but not the same as she'd put on before we left this morning. She had on way too much of it, in fact. Heavy eye shadow, thick red lipstick, loads of blush and eyeliner. She'd drawn up her hair in a casual pony tail and was dressed in an outfit she definitely hadn't worn here. Tight blue jeans, white sneakers decorated with a garish assortment of marker colors. A t-shirt that read "Jackson High Vball."

Holy shit. From the shoes to the makeup to the pony tail to her youthful beauty to the shirt from my old school... she was the spitting image of every girl I'd ever dreamed about hooking up with when I'd last been a resident at this address.

"Courtney..." I breathed in awe.

"Um, ya. What, are you Mike's little bro or something?" she asked, chewing her gum loudly. She looked and sounded annoyed at finding me here instead of Mike. "How do you even know my name?"

"How do I...?" What did she mean, how did I know her name? I'd driven her over here for crying out loud.

Then I got it. Or I thought I did. I took a guess.

"Oh. Yeah, we were in the same study hall last semester."

"Ah, K." Courtney didn't break character at all, but the fact that she played along told me I'd guessed right. She looked around, as if hoping Mike might be hiding under the bed or behind his Guns n' Roses poster or something. "So like, I guess he's not in?"

"Uh, nope." Geez, being back in this house, in front of this girl... it was turning me back into the geeky teen I vaguely remembered being. My voice almost broke, I was so nervous. No joke.

She sighed irritably. "Any idea when... Hey. Twerp. Eyes're up here." She drew my eyes from her chest, distending the text on her t-shirt, to her face. "So yeah, K, any idea when he's gonna be back?"

I took a moment to think this time. "Shouldn't be long, I don't think. You're welcome to come wait if you want."

She pursed her lips, considering, then came in and shut the door behind her. Smart girl, keeping the noise inside the room. She pulled his desk chair out and spun it

around, sitting in it backwards. That lucky chair, wrapped between her denim thighs. “Eh, why not, I can wait a few. Hey, you know? I think I remember you. Andy, right?”

I frowned. “Drew.” I was born Andrew, and I’d always hated being called Andy. It drove me crazy. Which Courtney well knew. Her character, however, was too cool to remember such trivialities about some random guy in her study hall.

Weirdly, in that moment I felt flattered she remembered my name at all. This was surreal.

“Yeah, whatever. So like, what’re you doing in your brother’s room?”

You tell me, I wanted to say. But guys like me didn’t take that attitude with girls like her. “Oh, I was just looking for this book I loaned him that he never got around to reading.”

“Yeah, Mike’s not really the literary type,” she said, and just perfectly in a way that simultaneously derided him for being dumber than her, while adoring him for being just a body. “What was the book?”

I scanned our collective bookshelf, which I’d let him put in his room so he could try to impress the occasional hot nerd girl when he brought one over to “study.”

“*Slaughterhouse V*,” I said. “You ever read it?”

She shook her head. “Sounds gross. What’s it about?”

“Nah, not really. It’s about this guy, Billy Pilgrim, who was at the firebombing of Dresden and kind of loses it and becomes unstuck in time.”

She laughed. “Unstuck in time? What does that even mean?”

“He just kind of skips around – one day he’ll be a kid again, then he’ll be an old man in a loveless marriage.” I laughed as memories trickled back in. This really had been one of my favorite books, back in the day. “Yeah, and sometimes he’d wake up as a human exhibit in the zoo of the alien Tralfamadorians.”

“Tramafama-what now?” she asked, scooting her chair closer. Holy crap, she was even wearing too much perfume. The girl had out-done herself.

“Tralfamadorians,” I repeated. “Anyway, it’s all about how screwed up and crazy life can be, and how little we can do about any of it. I think it is, anyway.”

“It sounds cool,” Courtney said, and then she joined me on the bed, folding one leg underneath herself but still keeping a little distance. “Life can definitely be pretty screwed up sometimes.”

“Oh? Some experience with that?” I prompted. She was doing such an amazing job with her character, I wanted to see what else she could do with it if I made her improvise.

“Ya. I mean OK, like, take your brother. He asks me out last week, and I’m like no way because I know Mike’s rep and all, right? But he swears he’ll be a gentleman, promises not to even try to sleep with me, so I’m like sure, fine. Just to prove he’s obviously going to try something, right?”

“That does sound like him,” I agreed. I suppose a girl like Courtney would have had run-ins of her own with guys like my brother. Of course, I’d heard more than a couple tales from Mike about girls who’d gone out with him just for that reason, to prove he was a swine, and he’d gotten his prize as often as not.

“Ya. Only then he doesn’t. Doesn’t even touch me except to brush a little crumb off my cheek.” She smiled, and I could see her picturing the cute boy’s hand, how it had

felt, how tender and simple it had been. “Then he doesn’t even call me! So my girlfriends are all telling me it’s some stupid game and don’t fall for it, but like, I can take care of myself, right?”

“Oh absolutely,” I said. Or maybe it wasn’t me saying it, but the teenage version of me, the one who’d agree with anything this vision said just to be able to keep talking to her.

“So like, I figured I’d just swing by while I was in the neighborhood. Say hi, keep lines of communication open. Then I saw the car on the street out front, figured he must have somebody over, so I thought I’d catch him in the act. Only now he’s not here.” She gave me a hard look. “You’re not covering for your bro, are you Andy?”

“It’s Drew,” I corrected her, but gently this time. “And no, I’m not covering. That’s actually my car out there.” Which was true, albeit out of character. I’d gotten my first car when I was in my mid-20’s and was paying it off into my 30’s.

She sat up, plainly impressed, and I was glad I’d taken credit for it. “You have a car?” I nodded. “That’s cool.” Courtney scooted a little closer.

“Yeah,” I said, cheeks flushing at the praise of this angel.

“You know, you kinda look like Mike? But not all... Dawson’s Creek like him. You’re original. You’re... real.” She reached out and stroked her fingers – which I now saw she’d painted bright pink and decorated with smiley faces – through my hair.

I grinned like an idiot, completely lost in the fantasy she was creating. “You’re pretty real yourself.” (What the hell did that even mean?)

She kept tousling my hair as she spoke. At this range, her perfume was heady, so intense I couldn’t think of anything but her, and now. “So tell me. In this book of yours, you said they keep little Billy in a zoo?”

“Yeah.”

“So they like... watch him, and stuff?”

I swallowed. “Um, yeah, I guess so.”

“But what if he needed his privacy? What if he had to do something...” she trailed off, tilting her head to the side as she appraised me. “...dirty.”

“Not even then. I guess he just learned to, you know, do what he needed to do.”

She smiled. “I think I like this guy Billy. I’m kind of the same way.”

And she kissed me. The way she’d taken me back, I’d almost forgotten how to kiss, forgotten that I’d kissed her a thousand times. I switched off that part of my mind and committed myself to this fantasy.

She leaned me back on Mike’s bed and followed me down, her trim body laying down on top of me. In some other life, there was a Courtney who dressed slutty for me and stripped at my suggestion and pleased me however and whenever I wanted and obeyed me unhesitatingly and lived and breathed my happiness.

Here, in this room, there was only this girl I was too afraid of to touch without her blessing. Courtney giggled as she had to physically grasp my hand on her waist and slide it down to her butt, then nodded to me as I squeezed to promise it was OK. I tried to feel her underwear through her jeans; I was pretty sure I could detect a panty-line somewhere, but I was too distracted by her tongue slipping into my mouth to be sure.

At some point Courtney pulled away, sitting upright and straddling me. Only our clothes were keeping our genitals apart, a fact I’m sure she knew as she gave a playful

little wiggle of the hips. She smiled at me, and I could see she was smiling at being looked at with all the wonder a girl like her inspired in a boy like me. My awe made her feel the power of her beauty.

Then she was untucking her t-shirt from her jeans, and goodbye Jackson High.

“Sorry about the sports bra,” she said with a little smirk. As if I would complain at her removing a layer of clothing. Her nipples were two little outcroppings in the pale blue spandex. “I came over straight from our game tonight.” As she tossed the shirt to the floor, I saw it even had her last name written across the back.

“Did... did you win?”

She planted a hand on either side of my head, leaning back in for another long kiss. “Yeah. They put up a hell of a fight though.”

The notion of fighting her was insane. I’d give her anything. I’d never been more turned on in my life, not even when I’d actually had that raging teenage libido.

“C-can I... see them?” No segue, no prelude. Just a horny geek dying to see this hottie’s boobs.

She laughed at my anxious request, and for a moment I thought it might be a laugh of disdain. But then she kissed me again. “Sure you can, Billy Pilgrim.”

As she took off that sports bra and let those incredible tits of hers into the free air, it lit a fire in me that seared away my nervousness and left only the raw desire. I grasped one of Courtney’s slender wrists and swept it aside. Her chest sunk down into my face before she could adjust her balance. A weighty breast smashed into my face as I darted to intercept her cherry red nipples with my mouth, then as her body followed it down, it flattened out so her breast covered my mouth, my nose, even my eyes.

I didn’t care. I’d gladly suffocate on these tits. From the way she gasped and started grinding her crotch into me, she seemed to be only too happy to suffocate me.

There was no more permission then. I was too needful a thing to wait on words – as one hand sunk into the doughy flesh of her spare breast, the other slid down her back and right into her pants. When I found I’d wound up outside the panties, I back up and repeated, this time going all the way down to grope her bare ass.

There was only so much of this the two of us lust-addled teenagers could take, and soon we were each fumbling at belts and zippers and boxers and panties as quickly as we could get them off. Since I’d already been in bed I beat her soundly, and tackled her back down to the bed to resume making out as she blindly undid the rest.

“Holy shit... you’re... you’re...” Her eyes opened wide as she took in the sight of my cock for the first time, seemingly.

“I’m what?” I asked self-consciously.

“That’s the biggest fucking cock I’ve ever seen. Can I... can I taste you?” She licked her lips, the question addressed directly to my cock.

“Do it. Suck me, beautiful.” I winced as the words from that dorky teen comedy I’d seen my senior year of high school came out of my mouth unbidden.

Courtney arched a sculpted eyebrow at me, but bless her heart, I could see she got the reference. “Easy there, Stiffler.” The real Courtney would never chide me, or tell me to calm down. Here, though, she held the lion’s share of the power and she was obviously a girl who only put up with so much geeky machismo from Mike’s kid brother.

She even changed her technique – tonight she wasn't her usual cum-thirsty cock-worshipping self. Instead, she was curious. Experimental. Clumsy even, at times, though only infrequently. It was a merging of the blowjob I'd dreamed of getting every time I heard those slurping noises through the shared wall, and the reality of a girl who didn't suck dick like it was her preferred form of recreation.

Moreover, it gave me time to sit back and appreciate my surroundings. Here I was, in my brother's bed with a big-titted round-assed blonde volleyball player. She'd come to see him, but a few minutes with me and she'd forgotten all about him. It was *my* cock she craved now. *My* dick getting sucked. *My* mouth on her tits. *Me* making her so wet I could just barely detect it through the perfume.

Most of the time when Courtney and I screwed around, I felt somewhere between conquering hero and god atop Olympus. Today, however, she gave me something entirely new. Today, I felt like the stud of the house – fleeting though it was, it was a moment no one could take away.

"On your back, Courtney," I said as firmly as I could, "and let me take care of you now." I was still in my teen mindset, but her eager blowjob had raised my confidence. She pulled back and gave me a wry smile as if to ask who this brash fellow was, and what had he done with little Andy.

My cock, painfully erect, was throbbing right at the entrance to her pussy. Courtney had been growing out her pubic hair from shaved to a neatly trimmed thicket over the past month or so; right now, it completed the image of the half-innocent volleyball player from Jackson High who wanted to look cute like she'd read in *Seventeen*, but didn't want to over-do it with pigtails and schoolgirl outfits. She looked exactly right for her part.

I realized, then, that she'd been planning this experience all month. None of this was coincidence.

As I made ready to penetrate her delicate folds, Courtney caught my cock in one soft hand and stopped it before it could dive in to where it so desperately wanted to be. "Wait wait wait," she said, struggling to catch her breath between kisses, "do you have a condom?"

It didn't even occur to me in that moment that my Courtney, the real Courtney, was on the pill. "Oh shit. Shit shit shit – hang on, Mike's got to have one around here somewhere."

Honest to god, the guy hadn't lived in this room in going on two decades and here I was rummaging through his night stand for some ancient condom. Needless to say, I didn't find one. "Fuck!" I said, pounding the bed in frustration, even as Courtney, busty teen athlete, kept softly stroking my cock.

"No," she whimpered, looking almost on the verge of tears. "I want you so fucking bad right now I can taste it. But my folks, they'd *kill* me if I got knocked up. Shit!" Her big eyes watering, she looked down at where her hand was still slowly jacking me off.

"Do you think you could pull out in time?"

No. No, I want to dive into you all the way and stay there until my balls are drained of every last fucking drop and I can never get it up again, I thought.

"I can do it," I said.

She sighed in relief at my assurance and released her hold on me. Her legs spread back open. Moments later I was losing my virginity – or, well, you know what I mean – with my brother’s date in my brother’s bed. And she was already groaning in delirious happiness.

“Do it, Drew. Fuck me. Fuck me, Drew. Harder. Fucking fuck me harder. Fuck me like you’ll never get to do it again. Fuck me until my brains dribble out my pussy. Fuck me. Fucking fuck me!”

I complied like it was a literal command, trusting that she was obviously more experienced than me and so this must be what sex was like. I stared mesmerized at her wildly bouncing boobs, the little faces she made that almost seemed like she was in pain but for the little smile that came and went periodically. Before long she was making a little wailing noise each time I bottomed out in her pussy; it grew louder with every thrust, as did her demands. “Harder! Deeper! Faster! Fuck me! FUCK ME!”

“My mom’s downstairs,” I cautioned her self-consciously.

“Sorry,” she panted, “just... don’t stop. I don’t care what you do, just don’t stop. Fucking fuck my pussy!”

And so on. So it went.

I did my best to keep her quiet, shushing occasionally and slowing when she got too loud, but she never did silence herself all the way. She really did need it too bad.

Thanks to her, so did I – and without even meaning to, I forgot all about pulling out. Pull out? Of this gorgeous girl’s perfect pussy? It was unthinkable.

Heeding my own admonitions about noise, I opened my mouth to bellow as I came in the depths of her but no sound came out. It triggered an orgasm of her own, and she thoughtfully clutched my brother’s pillow to her mouth to at least attempt to muffle her shrieks.

I rolled off of her, for a moment puzzled that she didn’t follow me and drape her body over mine, like she always did – but even now, she was still in character. “Wow. You... you really came inside me, didn’t you.”

“Uh huh. I’m sorry. You were just so... I couldn’t...”

She smiled at me. “It’s OK. I’m... actually kind of glad you did.”

She was quiet for a moment as we each caught our breath, and then she rolled over to dangle her feet off the bed and began gathering her clothes.

“You’re leaving?” I asked.

She blushed a little – how could she control it so perfectly? – and nodded over her shoulder. “Yeah. I mean, before Mike comes back from wherever, right?”

“Sure.” I watched her get dressed, and even in that she was a teenage girl hastily and awkwardly tugging her panties on in front of a hungry male gaze, self-conscious as hell. Soon she was fully dressed again, but she sat down beside me and gave me another long kiss.

“That was awesome. Could we do it again sometime?” I asked, then winced at my own words. Time to try that again. “I mean... that was great. You’re great. I really want to see you again.”

She smiled at my second take, the praise taking some of the edge off of her embarrassment at how swept up she’d just let herself become. She took a moment and

jotted down a phone number inside the front cover of *Slaughterhouse V*. “If my dad answers, tell him we’re in a study group together. He’s super lame when boys call.”

I nodded, grasping the book like it was solid gold. “Will do.”

She smiled, and kissed me one more time. It was a sweet kiss. Affectionate and vulnerable. “You’re going to call right?”

“I’d have called already if you weren’t still here.”

She smiled, then leaned down and kissed me, but this time on the cheek. Before she pulled away, she whispered softly in my ear – a smoky, throaty whisper that had me hard again before my brain processed the words.

“To make sure you have something to be thankful for this year.”

Then she hopped up and was out the door, pausing only to give me a radiant schoolgirl smile in the doorway.

There was no doubt about it. I was in love.

Chapter Four

Great, another standing-room-only ride on the bus. I grabbed the bar and surrendered myself to the emissions of the armpit in front of me, a smell that was neither B.O. nor deodorant, some kind of earthy scent I couldn't (and didn't want to) place. Best not to acknowledge it; the person belonging to the armpit wasn't anyone I recognized from this route, and he had a weird vibe about him, snake-patterned tattoos up and down bare arms and symbols I didn't recognize across his knuckles.

Riding made financial sense and all, and I lived and worked close enough to the stops that it would take nearly as long to drive. I could afford to drive, mind you. There were days when I wondered why I didn't.

Not today though, because there she was.

Blondie. Face of an angel. Undersized tank top stretched across a pair of mouth-watering breasts, pink bra straps showing and forcing you to envision the pink cups gifted with the task of supporting them. A tartan skirt today, that either didn't go with the tank top or did perfectly and I just didn't understand fashion. She looked tired already, and it wasn't yet 8am.

I thanked the powers that be for sharing a schedule and bus route with this goddess and did my best not to stare. It wasn't easy; after all, these occasional days with Blondie were the real reason I took the bus.

My fellow passengers came and went. There was the elderly crone who reminded me of a black version of a Disney witch and did nothing in her attire to disabuse me of the notion. Dr. Crankenstein, the old guy whose lab coat marked him as a physician, clearly on his way home from a job he didn't like from the perpetual weary scowl on his face. Hector, whose name everyone got to know because he had a habit of shouting it out due to whatever his condition was. Schizophrenia or something, probably.

Then, as a few more got off than got on, it came to pass that I was the only person still standing, and there was but a single seat available. Right next to Blondie. I was always nervous around pretty girls, all the more so for her being probably ten years my junior. Still, it was growing awkward to stand when there was an open seat, so I made my way over.

"Mind if I sit here?"

"Whatever floats your boat, buddy," she said nonchalantly without looking up from her phone. She grabbed a bulging purse and moved it to the far side of her to make room.

I sat. I was a bit uncomfortable to be honest; Blondie didn't scrunch up or otherwise make space, so we were sitting there with our arms pressed together so as not to block the aisle with my shoulder. She didn't seem to care, or even acknowledge anyone was in contact with her. Knuckle-tattoo guy, who'd sat down earlier, eyed me with a little envy; he'd taken his seat next to a big fella who nearly took two seats by himself.

Blondie just rode along in silence, aside from the occasional outburst from Hector two rows back. In fact, it was one such outburst that started us talking. "Fuck him!" he shouted suddenly.

Such language wasn't Hector's norm, but neither was it all that shocking – it was pretty typical for him to seize on a phrase and drive it into the ground. You got used to it if you rode with him often enough, and so like any other day, his fellow riders politely ignored the poor guy. Witch lady mumbled something that sounded disapproving from the tone, but not in any language I understood.

"Fuck him! Fuck him fuck him!" he tried again. After a few more repetitions, Blondie and I each hit our are-you-kidding-me thresholds at the same time and couldn't help glance back. Our eyes met as we returned to face front, both grinning like middle schoolers as he shouted it again.

"Think he's talking to us?" Blondie asked.

I felt my face flush like it hadn't since Rich had pantsed me in the movie ticket line when we were in high school. "Maybe, though I think he's talking about Dr. Crankenstein up there," I said in a low voice, nodding to where he was sitting, glowering out the window.

"Well I guess I ought to go join him, then," she said, grinning impishly.

"Yeah, and what makes you so sure he's addressing it to you? Maybe I'm the one who's supposed to make a move on him."

"You better not," Blondie warned, eyes narrowing but the grin fixed in place.

"Oh, and why's that?"

"Because I don't wanna share," she whispered in my ear. A thrill ran down my spine from my ear straight to my cock, and for a moment I thought my imagination had actually become so vivid I'd hallucinated. There she was though, turning herself towards me and crossing her legs in my direction. "I'm Courtney. What's your name?"

“So this is the much-discussed-but-heretofore-unseen Drew,” said the uncannily attractive brunette. One of them. There were three here I’d been introduced to when I arrived, and I couldn’t remember which was which. In my head, she was Midriff, because she was showing off her midriff. Glossy-lips and Chin-mole were otherwise engaged.

“The same,” I said, extending a hand to her and the guy she was with, a salt-and-pepper-haired fellow who exuded money. All of the guys here fit into two categories – transparently wealthy or imperturbably hot. A few over-achievers managed both.

Well, and there was me. I was trying to think of myself as the happy medium.

“Courtney’s posted so much about you, I have to say I’ve been pretty curious to meet the man. She doesn’t often find guys she deems worthy of keeping around, and the way she raves I half-expected you to fly in through the window instead of taking the elevator,” said Midriff.

Erika, whose name I remembered because she’d specifically clarified that it was spelled with a K (and because she’s been hanging around me and my girlfriend most of the evening), laughed. But it was a pleasant laugh, not the snide sound I’d been hearing throughout the evening. “There’s wings in there somewhere, I bet. Have you seen Courtney, Gina?” Gina, that was Midriff’s name. “She looks amazing – I’ve never seen her so happy and put together.”

Something in her tone gave me pause. “Oh? What’s that now?”

Erika patted me on the forearm. “Oh, you know, with the... well, I mean, you know how she is. Right?”

“Right, yeah,” I said, though I had no idea what she actually meant. Here, surrounded by her friends, I was fast learning how much about her I didn’t know. For instance, that she was allergic to shellfish – I’d found out when I handed her a cocktail shrimp and someone gave me a look like I was a halfwit before educating me as to why.

We made the same introductory small talk; Midriff (whose name I’d already forgotten) was a model, like Courtney and Erika and most of the girls here. Her fiancé was vice president of blahdy-blah at a bank. Because of course he was. Erika cheerfully pointed out that I was in the same field, and I quickly pointed out that I was just a financial planner. He politely pretended that was being in his field; I politely pretended he was being polite.

Before long, Courtney came back from the kitchen to rescue me. Ironic, considering this whole party had been my idea. She immediately clasped my hand to reassure me that she was there and reassure herself that she could touch me.

With her at my side, we made the rounds. I was clearly a bit of a curiosity to many, just as I’d sort of anticipated. I know Courtney gushed about me on online; I’d asked her to tone it down some after reading a post that said *don’t think I’ll be able to walk right after this morning – but it’s a good excuse to stay in bed like I was hoping to anyway lol*. Flattering, yes, but with friends and family who might be snooping, it was more than I wanted the world knowing.

Sort of, anyway.

Still, even restrained, Courtney’s feelings for me were clear, and as I did some snooping of my own, I discovered a dividing line in her post history that I couldn’t miss.

It was on the day we'd met. After that, she posted frequently on her newfound happiness, how much she loved spending time with me, veiled and not-so-veiled references to fantastic sex. Before that, she was a casual user at best; most items were her being tagged in someone else's picture or comments. Nothing that really told me about her life before me.

So finally, eager to learn more about this woman I'd serendipitously snared, I pressured her into having this party. At last people were filing out, saying their farewells as I made final failed attempts at remembering which statuesque blonde was Desiree and which one was Melody. I was relieved to see them go. I'd braced myself for something like this, per Courtney's many forewarnings, but it had been draining suddenly moving to the cool kids' table and trying to fit in with the prom king and the girl whose daddy owned the factory your daddy worked at.

While Courtney saw the last few folks to the door, I went to the bathroom myself. As I dried my hands and opened the door, I heard a soft conversation. Glancing out, I saw Courtney was seated on my couch next to Erika. They were the only ones left.

Sue me, I left the door a crack open and eavesdropped. I wanted to better know my girlfriend, and learning about her was like pulling teeth. (Only unlike my dentist, scraping my gums and asking me if I flossed, Courtney sucked my cock and thanked me for the opportunity.)

"...just glad you're all right," Erika was saying. "You dropped off the radar for a while there. Longer than usual."

"I know. I'm just enjoying being happy for once. It... Drew just kind of hit me like a tidal wave, and he hasn't let up."

There was a long silence – or they were talking too low to hear. Then Erika's voice, "Sweetie... he doesn't have you on anything, does he? Arman was bad enough. Tell me you're not at it again."

"I'm clean, Erika. In fact, I've never felt better."

"Sorry, Court. I've just been worried about you is all. You quit your job, move in with this guy nobody's heard of and all but disappear off the earth except to rave about how happy you are all of the sudden. You never fall for guys like this."

I couldn't tell from inflection whether she meant Courtney never fell for guys like me, or Courtney never fell like this for any guy. Probably both, given what I'd just seen at that party.

Another pause. With guilt over my snooping mounting, I had the door halfway open before Erika spoke again and asked the question that had been burning in my mind since that first day together on the bus. "So honestly... what do you see in Drew?"

"It's not about what I see in him, it's about what I was... oh, hey there, sweetheart!"

"Am I interrupting?" I asked, cursing myself for not having better mastered the art of stealth.

"Not at all. We were just talking about you," she said, patting the seat beside her invitingly.

"Good things, I hope." She kissed me by way of response, and kept doing so as Erika rolled her eyes at our display and excused herself to the bathroom as well.

Courtney and I availed ourselves of the opportunity to make out – she looked incredible tonight, easily the equal of any of her friends – before she stopped me with a gentle hand on my chest.

Before I could ask why she was pushing my lips away from her for the first time, she whispered the reason. “Do you want to fuck Erika?”

The question came out of nowhere, but my mind went to considering the proposition before it bothered with the reasoning behind it. There was the objective answer: yes, obviously. The girl was sex on legs. It was like she’d been built as an argument for why men everywhere might lose something if all women looked like Courtney. Erika was a little shorter, just a little wider across the chest and hips, but everything was still beautifully proportioned, as or more so. Courtney was fair-skinned and blonde, Erika’s a lustrous black wave of soft curls, her complexion a tawny shade of ambiguous ancestry. Full lips you couldn’t help but imagine kissing, or something better.

Of course I wanted to fuck her. Every straight man who saw her wanted to fuck her.

“What? Why would you even ask?” I said instead.

“She’s really pretty. And you seemed like you two were getting along well enough.”

“Why would I ever want anyone but you, Courtney.” I kissed her again.

She was happy enough to kiss me back for a moment, sliding up into my lap. “If you say so. But if you want, I think I could talk her into it. She and I... well, we have history.”

Their history would have to wait for another day. Erika chuckled at the sight of us as she returned bearing a fresh round of drinks for the three of us. We talked for a while, and after Courtney’s suggestion that I fuck her friend, I was now hypercognizant of the woman’s flirty demeanor, the way she embraced her sexuality unabashedly. We had another round of drinks soon, and then another.

As Courtney finished pouring and settled back into my lap, Erika looked at the two of us with a little smirk. “If I didn’t know Courtney better, I’d swear you’ve got her wrapped around your finger there, Drew.”

“Who says I don’t?” Knowing how much Courtney always seemed to enjoy being displayed as my preferred fuck toy, I put one hand on her smooth thigh and slid up until I could just feel the heat of her sex on my hand. She squirmed a little, then clenched her thighs down on my hand to keep me from pulling back.

Erika apparently wasn’t perturbed by the added heat in the room. “Hey, far be it from me to rob a nice guy of his delusions, but if there’s one thing Courtney excels at, it’s making a guy feel like her king while ruling him as his queen. I know all her tricks, believe me. Taught her plenty of them.”

With my head swimming a little from alcohol, and a little from Courtney’s ass squirming into my crotch, I had several thoughts going through my head.

First, there was the part of me that wanted to just spread Courtney’s thighs and fuck her. In front of Erika if she stayed, privately if not.

Second, there was the part of me still thinking about that “history” they had, and Courtney’s offer. Surely it wasn’t cheating if she suggested it. And Erika was so fucking hot.

Yet it was the third instinct that guided me, the one that had set up this little soirée to begin with. The voice telling me that I needed the help of people who knew Courtney from before to try to understand her now.

“Well, I do *feel* like her king, that’s for sure.” Erika no doubt couldn’t see my hand cross that final half-inch and make contact with her clit, but the sudden gasp of Courtney as she clutched her tits in her hands and collapsed backwards against me was pretty obvious.

Erika remained unflappable, just watching as I slowly rubbed her off, my girlfriend writhing and whimpering at the teasing pace. She wasn’t used to taking things slowly. “You sure seem to know how to work a girl,” the dusky woman commented after a bit.

“Oh, Courtney does most of the work. I’ve never seen a tongue with so much stamina.” Courtney giggled, a sound that cut short and became a high-pitched yelp of happy surprise as a pair of fingers entered her.

Our observer chuckled. “Now I *know* you’re full of it. Courtney hasn’t sucked a dick in her life unless she had to, and unless you’re more than just a boyfriend, she doesn’t ‘have to.’”

I would later wonder what she meant by those words “more than just a boyfriend,” but for now I was fingering the goddess on my lap and my mind was swimming with all the possibilities for that pussy. Erika was still being conversational, but there was no missing that watching her friend get fingered only a few feet away was getting to her. Her nipples were tenting out her sheer white top, even through her bra, and she was rubbing her thighs together slowly as she watched us. In fact, I got the sense she noticed me noticing, and was pleased.

“Wanna bet?” I responded, giving the barest pinch to Courtney’s clit, which set her off with an indelicate groan of delight.

Erika watched until her friend calmed down before she spoke. “You serious?”

“I’m serious if you’re serious.”

“What kind of bet?”

“I’ll bet you that my baby here will do absolutely anything she can to make me happy.” Courtney just licked her lips and squirmed her hips, seemingly not even noticing she was being discussed.

“Heh. And the stakes? What do I get when I find something she won’t do for you?”

I nipped at Courtney’s nipple through her top as she smiled down at me adoringly. “What do you want?”

“What I really want right now isn’t really yours to give, Drew. No offense.” She looked hard at Courtney, and I could see what it was she had in mind.

“All right, how about this. If you find her limit with me, you can have her to yourself for a night. Hall pass, I think they call it. How’s that sound to you Courtney?”

“Mmm, s’fine, doon’t stop,” she managed.

Erika grinned wolfishly. “All right. And if you win?”

“*When* I win... I want the same. From you.”

Erika watched as I finally brought my girlfriend to a full on shrieking orgasm. By the time she was calm enough for us to be able to speak over her again, Courtney was collapsed with her head on the couch and her butt still in my lap, staring at an upside-down world with a dizzy grin.

“If you’re so incredible that you can manage to win this bet, sounds like it’s win-win for me. You’re on.”

I reached out my hand to shake on it before I realized it was still dripping from Courtney’s pussy, but Erika didn’t care. She grabbed it, shook, and licked her own hand clean while I watched.

She was going to be one hell of a prize.

“All right Erika. You said Courtney doesn’t like to give blowjobs. How about we begin there?”

“Sounds good for starters,” she said.

“Courtney,” I said, “Erika doesn’t think you like to suck cock. Is that true?”

Her dazed smile faded as she processed my question. “As a general proposition, no.”

Erika laughed. “Well that was quick.”

I made a gesture for her to wait a sec. “But you like sucking *my* cock, right?”

Courtney’s smile returned in a flash. “Ohmygosh YES! Can I?!” She didn’t wait for a response as she dropped to her knees in front of me in a blur.

“You may,” I said, smirking at Erika. I was honestly a little self-conscious having my girlfriend practically rip my pants off and whip my dick out in front of another woman – a woman I hoped to have doing just that before long – but Erika didn’t seem displeased with what she saw. Perturbed a bit by her friend’s enthusiasm as she lovingly licked up and down the length of me, but not displeased.

Then Erika came over and sat beside me – right beside me, in fact, her arm pressed right up against mine. “Didn’t like the view from behind?”

“I have to make sure she’s not faking, don’t I? Otherwise this could all just be some elaborate setup for you to get in my panties.”

“You wore panties, eh? Courtney hardly ever does with a skirt – just in case we get the opportunity. Right babe?”

“Mmmhmm,” she managed around my cock. Her pace was somewhere between eager and frantic; she seemed to understand this wasn’t a time for leisurely blowjobs. Atta girl.

Erika let her work for a few minutes, scrutinizing for signs of a farce. “Grab her ears,” she instructed me.

“Pardon?”

“It’s one of the reasons she always said she hated blowjobs – guys who use a girl’s ears like handlebars so they can fuck her face. But hey, I’m sure with you, she’d take it as a compliment. Right, Drew...?” She grinned.

I shrugged, then stood up carefully, Courtney’s mouth following me up without ever breaking the seal of her lips around my shaft. Grabbing the ears themselves seemed a bit awkward, so I put my hands on the back of her head to hold it still and started

thrusting. Courtney just kept her teeth clear and did her best to make use of her tongue while I plowed that pretty mouth of hers.

“You really don’t mind this, do you Court,” Erika marveled, watching her friend closely. Courtney couldn’t respond of course, nor did she react when Erika reached out and tucked a wisp of blonde hair back that was obstructing her vision, patting her friend’s cheek softly.

“Sure feels like she likes it to me,” I said, gritting my teeth a little. Having an involved audience – especially a beautiful woman, not just Rich and Stu – was playing with my stamina.

“Getting close?” Erika asked. Clearly a woman who recognized the signs of a cock about to blow.

I just nodded, not up for chit-chat. It was going to be happening, and soon.

“Courtney... make him cum on your face.”

She barely had time. Courtney fell back on her heels, and her hands had only time enough to seize my cock and aim it before the first spurt flew. It went wide, grazing her cheek and landing mostly in her hair. As she coaxed more and more out of me, her aim was true. When I fell back on the couch, my shaft deflating, Erika was staring in shock and awe at Courtney, who was peering out of her one unglazed eye at the two of us.

She was smiling, but of course she was. She’d made me cum. Nothing else was as sure to light up her face.

“Satisfied?” I asked Erika.

She chortled derisively. “Hardly. One quickie blowjob and a facial is hardly proof she’s turned over a slutty new leaf for you. Most girls just call that Friday night.”

(Most girls? What kind of girls did she hang around with, and why hadn’t I?)

“All right, but just remember, if you lose the bet I expect you to give just as good as Courtney here.” My girlfriend said nothing, just licking her lips to slurp up a little gob of cum that was plastered across them.

“Don’t you worry – I’m not squeamish about cum. But don’t start counting chickens yet, lover-boy.” She turned to address Courtney, eyes narrowing to scrutinize her as if trying to decide if this cum-plastered face could indeed be that of her friend. “So Courtney.”

“You’re just loving the hell out of this, aren’t you, Erika. You’re gonna lose, you know.”

Erika crouched down beside her, the girls sharing a look bespeaking their intent to win this contest of wills. Personally I had full faith in my girl, but then I had months of experience of her proving this very point to me.

“Courtney, Courtney, Courtney. Do you remember that long weekend in Vegas last winter?”

Courtney’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Yeah...”

“Do you remember those two guys? The ones Arman introduced us to?”

Courtney’s eyes widened. “You’re not seriously going to...”

“Well how else can I be sure?”

“C’mon, Erika, this is just petty.”

“Hey, fine with me if you guys wanna forfeit the bet.” Erika shrugged and stood up. “So... see you at my place Saturday? Wear something nice, I think I’d like to take you out, show you off before I have you eat me out for a day.”

“Hey now, what’s this – what happened in Vegas?”

“It stays in Vegas,” they said in unison, giggling at one another as I rolled my eyes.

“Yes yes, you’ve seen a commercial, kudos. Now what happened? I’m not conceding defeat yet.”

Erika looked down at Courtney, still on her knees. “Show him, Courtney. Or tell him you don’t do that kind of thing.”

Courtney took a deep breath, and rose to her feet. The look on her face was all defiance – something I’d never actually seen from her before, and I was glad it was directed at Erika and not me. Then she turned to me, and somewhere in that ninety-degree tilt of her head, all defiance had vanished.

The face looking at me now was timidity itself.

Courtney knelt beside me on the couch, wringing her hands anxiously. “I’m sorry, Daddy, but she’s right. I’ve been such a bad, bad girl. I’m sorry I almost lost you your bet.”

Then she leaned across my lap, one elbow supporting her on the armrest as she hiked up her tight skirt. Once her buttocks were completely exposed, she looked up at me over her shoulder. “Please help me make sure I never misbehave again, Daddy.”

As for how long it took me to realize what she was requesting, I’ll chalk it up to the drinks. I was still getting over the “daddy” business – not a term I usually liked, especially given our age gap, but as ever Courtney found a way to make my dick hard with everything she did.

“Hey now, I’m not sure I can... you know.”

“What, you never spanked a bitch before, stud?” Erika taunted. In spite of it, I liked her. It felt like the taunt one issued a comrade rather than an attempt to belittle. “Nobody’s making you do anything – just admit I won and I’ll be on my way.”

I thought about it. Not like I’d never loaned out Courtney before, so the cost of losing the bet held no real teeth for me. But then I took a hard look at Erika, and I remembered why I wanted to win.

I spanked the hell out of her.

Oh sure, I was gentle at first, but Erika caught on to that and called me out. Courtney didn’t want to lose any more than I did, and spurred her friend on. “She’s right Daddy, I won’t learn if I’m not punished” and “I’m not sure that one was hard enough to sink in” and then “don’t forget the left side” after which “am I an even badder girl for wanting more?”

As her cheeks reddened, I even invited Erika to take a few cracks, and with a sinful smile she did. We didn’t count, but I stopped before we left any welts or bruises. Hopefully. Poor girl – I’d make this up to her.

Courtney would’ve cheered us on all night if that was what it took for her to get her prize, though. It was like we were at a carnival and she was dead set on winning me that gigantic teddy bear by hitting all the targets with the baseballs. Except the baseballs were my hand, the target was her ass, and the teddy bear was her friend’s pussy.

As the spanking game came to a close, Erika trailed her long red-lacquered fingernails across Courtney's equally red butt cheeks. "Well then," I interjected softly, "looks like Courtney's isn't the only ass that belongs to me now."

Erika continued her tease across her friend's skin. "Oh, you think...? Maybe Courtney forgot what all that guy wanted. Do you need me to remind you, girl?"

Courtney and slowly shook her head, then turned to look up at me. "Daddy...?" she asked in that anxious, high-pitched voice. "You sure punished my bad little ass there."

"I... um, yeah, I guess I did."

"Do you still love it?"

"Love what, your ass?" Erika giggled; Courtney nodded dramatically. "Yes, of course I do. Always. You know that."

"Then... could you show me? Pleeeeeease?"

When I just gave her a vacant look, Erika replied for me. "Show you what, baby girl."

"Show me you still love my ass?"

"Oh. Oh, sure." Not sure what she meant – I was drinking, OK? don't judge – I patted her tender butt softly, gave it a few little squeezes.

"Thank you, Daddy, but... could you... love it? You know, like... make love to it?"
Aha.

"Really, Erika? We just finished swatting the hell out of her ass, and now you want me to fuck it? Where's the compassion?"

She folded her arms. "Probably the same place hers was when Arman made me go through with it while Miss Dainty here took it easy with him in the jacuzzi."

There was that name again. I didn't remember being introduced to any Arman at the party, but I'd always been bad with names and had met dozens of people tonight. A question for later, though. "Courtney, is this really all right by you?"

She nodded hard. "Oh please, please show me you still love my bad, bad little bottom!" Of course that would be her response. She still wanted to get me that prize.

"And if we do this – if she takes it without complaint – you acknowledge she's changed, right? You take your medicine."

Erika licked her lips, gave me a little nod. It was obvious she was aroused nearly to her limit.

We shared a smile for a moment, Erika and I, and without further discussion I retrieved the bottle of lube from the drawer in the end table. (There were bottles of lube all over this apartment; Courtney didn't like making me wait while she went looking for it when I was in the mood to fuck her someplace that didn't self-lubricate.) But rather than put it on, I handed the bottle to our guest.

"Our guest can do the honors."

She hesitated only a second, then poured a dollop into her palm and slathered it up and down my shaft, keeping at it until I was good and hard. Courtney was still bent at the waist, waiting as patiently as the armrest she was leaning on. I came up behind her, hands passively on my hips. "Guide me in, Erika."

She obediently took hold of me again and directed me to my girlfriend's impossibly tight hole. She teased at Courtney's pussy, exulting when Courtney insisted

her naughty little butt needed it even worse. Once she had my tip pressing against the little rosebud, she kept her hand in place and firmly shoved me toward Courtney with a grip on my own ass, until I was all the way in. Courtney squealed in the girlish voice she was using. “Oh thank you, *groan*, Daddy! Thank you thank you *grunt* thank you thank you! I’m, *oh FUCK you’re huge*, so happy you still love my ass!”

Fucking Courtney’s ass wasn’t anything new for either of us; it was as tight as ever, and I did my best not to upset her poor tender skin as much as I could. Erika, however, had clearly never seen such a thing – her friend, apparently something of a priss to hear her tell it, gleefully thanking her daddy for fucking her ass goodnight after smacking it like his plaything.

“Play with yourself – let me see it,” I ordered her.

Erika gave me a surprised look for a moment, but she obeyed with a sultry little look. She reached under her skirt to pull down a skimpy little yellow thong, kicking it to the side when it fell to her ankles. Then she sat down on the floor leaning back on one hand, legs spread wide. Totally unashamed. Her pussy was already glistening, but she gave her thumb and index finger a long lick before putting them to work.

“Soon, that’s going to be mine,” I reminded her. She just moaned a little, and slid in another finger.

All the while, Courtney kept pleading for more, thanking me for giving it to her, insisting her ass was mine to fuck whenever I wanted, forever. Like she’d told me the very first time I’d fucked it, and so many times since.

We came in sequence. First me, then Courtney climaxing as she felt me spurt inside her, then Erika as she watched her friend cry out in release. Erika was the loudest of the three of us; her skin was too dark to detect a blush, but she looked just the slightest bit embarrassed by it as she caught her breath, closing her legs and letting me help her back to her feet.

Before I knew it her body was thrust up against mine. She was clothed still and I wasn’t, but I could feel every curve of her. Courtney was behind her; indeed, Courtney had been the one to press her up against me, and now that she was there, held her sandwiched between us hips to hips to hips. “Tell Drew that you belong to him now.”

Erika, looking startled and beside herself with all that was happening, whimpered as Courtney reached under her dress and stroked up and down her slit. “I... I belong to you now, I guess.”

She squeaked as Courtney gave her ass a swat. “Do you guess, or do you belong.”

“I belong!” she insisted after her delay earned another swat.

“I told you he changed me, Erika. Do you believe me now?”

She nodded. “Holy fuck, do I ever.”

“Good girl. Now give Drew your number so he can contact you when he’s ready for you to be his little slut.”

“S-sure. I mean, unless you’d... he’d, that is, rather do it... now?” She ventured a hopeful smile. Poor girl had to be horny out of her mind.

“There’s a pad of paper over there. For tonight, I’m going to show my baby that her ass isn’t the only thing I love.” Courtney’s eyes sparkled with delight as she released Erika, and soon the two of us tumbled to the couch, making out like teenagers as Erika

jotted down her digits. She said something before she left, I think, but to be honest, I was too focused on the girl I had to hear it.

Later I put some ointment on her poor little butt and made her promise to let it rest up for the next couple days, and she reluctantly agreed as long as I let her suck my cock if she got bored.

She promised to get bored easily.

Courtney fell asleep with her body nestled up beside me, and I wondered as ever how I could have gotten so lucky. What bizarre confluence of events had transpired to guide this generous, gorgeous angel to my arms? I knew many a satisfied man was going to bed with that same thought in his head, but surely no other man could have such cause to wonder.

How could this have happened?

In search of something hidden there, some answer I wasn't even aware I possessed, the question once more followed me into my dreams.

Great, another standing-room-only ride on the bus...

Chapter Five

After months of sharing a bed with Courtney (and a living room, and a shower, and a kitchen, and the a car, and once the back row of movie theater), I had to adjust my way of addressing a woman. I'd gotten used to just telling a girl what to do, knit-picking how she does it, not thinking to ask for any such input in return.

(Not to say I'd learned to be selfish, necessarily. That's just how Courtney likes it. She never climaxes as hard if I don't give her the chance to do her best.)

Erika, on the other hand, isn't like Courtney, and when I lost myself in the moment and told her reflexively to "suck my dick, and if it's not the best I've had all month I'll take it out on your ass after" – she arched an eyebrow and waited for me to tone it down.

Still, she'd lost the bet, and I soon learned that she was nothing if not a good sport. If her blowjob wasn't up to the bar Courtney had set, it was still a good one by any standard. All the better for Courtney kneeling behind her, playing with our dusky playmate's breasts with one hand and working her pussy with the other.

She never failed to give me the feeling that as much fun as she was having, as much pleasure as she was giving to Erika, her first concern was at all times enhancing my experience.

Still, I think she came more and harder than I did. Then again, I wasn't at all used to wearing a condom, so she had an edge. Probably a good thing too, because Courtney was just as active a participant as her friend, and I never would've had the stamina to keep up with them otherwise.

They were still only too happy to make out with one another and engage in a little friendly sixty-nining while I recovered between rounds. Tired fingers were replaced by rested tongues, worn-out thighs recovered during transitions to breast play. Somewhere in the middle of it all, my cock made its occasional appearances and marveled at the stamina of the competition.

At some point – my clock said 3:14 in the morning – we were finally spent, each of us collapsing and deliriously luxuriating in burning muscles, tingling nerve endings, messy genitalia, and warm sweaty flesh everywhere we reached. I'd almost fallen asleep in the midst of mounting Erika one more time, and she firmly but politely told me she wasn't a cuddler and that I should get some rest while Courtney took care of her.

With a smile of amazement at their commitment, I left them to it to go take a shower before hitting the hay. (I sleep better clean.)

Not long after, Courtney slipped in behind me and I closed my eyes happily as she hugged me from behind, kissing my neck. "You were so incredible tonight. Every time I think you couldn't amaze me more, Drew, you just..." She sighed dreamily.

"...arrange a threesome with one of your friends?"

She giggled. "She's pretty cute, right? I'd almost forgotten how good she is."

"She's hot all right. Second-hottest girl I've ever been with."

"Well I'll see what I can do to track down the first and get you good and laid," she said, caressing my hips. "In the meantime, I just wanted to ask if you're enjoying Erika's attentions."

"Hell yeah I am. Can we keep her?" I joked.

Courtney kissed my neck again, and rubbed my hips a little before stepping back. "I'm going to go see if she and I can get in a little more trouble," she said. "You take your time, let the water ease those muscles. If you want a massage just let me know. OK?"

I gave her a kiss, and went back to soaking. I was so relaxed and so happy that I nearly fell asleep on my feet. When I made it back in, they were already passed out and spooning; I slipped into bed and slept so hard I didn't even have that recurring dream of mine again. For tonight, I didn't care how Courtney had gone so crazy for me.

The girls had apparently both mastered the sleep ninja arts; they'd been up and about for hours by the time I finally woke up. In fact, it was the sounds of Courtney responding to Erika's fourth bout of cunnilingus that awakened me. I entered the living room behind them, all the tiredness in my dick evaporating in the face of Courtney's thighs trembling against Erika's cheeks as she tried to see how deep her tongue could go.

Courtney saw me right away, but I motioned for them not to stop. She grinned and closed her eyes, though added a little self-mauling of her tits into the act for my entertainment. Such a sweetheart. Her boobs never stopped amazing me.

Eventually, Courtney hit her peak and let out a garbled howl-yelp of pleasure as her thighs clamped down. Only when she went slack did Erika's efforts cease, and that was when I plopped down next to Courtney.

"Having fun, ladies?"

"Mmm, are we ever," said Erika, lapping softly at Courtney's slit as she and I kissed one another good morning. Early afternoon, technically.

"Gotta say, I'm surprised you're still here, Erika. Pleasantly, of course."

She took a break from lapping at Courtney's upper thighs to smile at me. "Hey, I lost the bet, so I owe you a day, right?"

"I guess I just figured we meant an evening, not a literal twenty-four hours on the clock. Not that I'm complaining."

"Mmm, me either," added Courtney, rubbing some of her juices off her friend's cheek affectionately. Erika leaned over licked her fingers clean, her hips practically humping the air. Man, the girl must be insatiable. That or Courtney had been selfish this morning.

"Say, now that we're all up, anybody hungry? I worked up a hell of an appetite last night," I said.

"I just ate," responded Erika with a devious grin. She licked her lips, then looked over at where my robe was barely concealing my cock from her. "Though I gotta say, I'm still pretty thirsty."

And like that, I was hard. There was no hiding it in this robe. Courtney parted the folds and took a few strokes, moaning softly like she was the one being played with. "What do you think, baby? Seems like we owe her a full meal."

I sighed. "I suppose so." Courtney pointed my shaft towards Erika invitingly.

"I'll do my best," she said with a little sarcasm of her own. "Still striving to hit that 'best of the month' threshold."

"Less talk, more suck," my girlfriend said as she put a hand on the back of Erika's head and pushed her head down until I was all the way in.

It wasn't the most thorough blowjob, but I have to say it wasn't at all Erika's fault. As she got to work, Courtney started doing to her what I often did for (to?) Courtney.

Namely, telling her every last thing she ought to be doing, in the filthiest terms as possible.

“Make eye contact. Show him how much you love it being his little cock-sucking queen. Fuck him with your eyes as much as your mouth.”

“Noisier – nobody likes a dainty dick-gobbler.”

“Moan every time you notice how fucking good he tastes in your little slut mouth.”

“You can’t play with yourself until you prove you can do it without diminishing your blowjob skills.”

“Smile while he cums in your face, Erika. Smile.”

Who could make a blowjob like that last a while? After, Courtney suggested Erika go take a shower of her own while we ordered lunch, and Erika grinned at her through the one eye not plastered shut with my seed and agreed.

“You had something to do with her sticking around today, didn’t you, Court.”

“Maaaaybe.” She grinned innocently.

“You’re so bad.” I kissed her.

She kissed back, not letting up until she had me good and hard again, as was her habit. “Does that mean Daddy’s gonna punish my naughty little ass again?” she teased.

“Only if you ask me nicely.”

We made out until lunch arrived. It was a sandwich place we got food from regularly, and we knew to request our guy. He was lightning quick and only too happy to be compensated by having Courtney answer the door topless. The arrangement had saved me hundreds of dollars by now, and netted me who knows how many orgasms as Courtney’s excitement at being shown off lead to delays in the meal consumption.

Erika emerged from the bathroom just after lunch got there, wrapped in one of my girlfriend’s fluffy towels. Courtney told her what she’d ordered for her, and her friend expressed approval. I was the first to take a bite, groaning happily.

“That good, eh Drew?” Erika asked.

“It might be the best stromboli I can get delivered to my house.” I took another happy bite.

Erika stopped my hands mid-way to taking another bite. “I bet I could make it better.”

Hungry as I was, something in her tone intrigued me. “Oh yeah, how? Got some secret sauce?”

“Nope. Secret plate, actually.”

I arched an eyebrow at her mysterious expression. “Did you say... secret plate?”

Rather than reply, Erika casually stood and dropped her towel, then swept all the myriad clutter off the table – junk mail, plasticware, salt and pepper shakers, everything. As I stared, speechless, she picked up my food – then lied down on her back in front of me. She poured my french fries across her stomach, then spread her legs and gripped the sandwich between her thighs such that most of it was sticking out, but it was held together firmly enough.

“To keep it warm,” she explained.

She poured some ketchup into her cleavage, dragging a fry through it and leaving a smear up towards her nipple. Erika then held the fry to my mouth. Dazed, I took a

bite. It tasted the same, but somehow... she wasn't wrong. The dining experience had suddenly somehow improved.

Damn, this girl was kinkier than I thought.

I have Courtney a look as if to say *what the hell is with this chick?* She just shrugged, then reached out and took one of my fries, getting a nice gob of boob-ketchup on it before she ate. We ate our whole meal like that, Erika staring up at the ceiling while we ate off of her. The last few bites of my strom required me to snake my tongue between her legs and suck out what I could; by the time I was done, I was basically eating her out.

I didn't stop until she came, gripping the table with both hands and fighting a losing battle not to let her quivering dislodge my fries. Still, she didn't need to be asked to clean them up after.

That was really the story of our afternoon, the three of us fondling, licking, sucking and fucking anyone and anything we felt like. Try as I might, I still couldn't keep up with the two minxes, and as often as not I was just in observer mode watching Courtney do her best to put on the show she thought I'd want to see. She was a good guesser – or maybe just seeing two insanely hot ex-models 69ing one another's tits was the low-hanging fruit of spectator-heavy threesomes.

I got a sense that Erika didn't mind, but if she preferred Courtney's body to mine, in my book that just made her sane.

Finally, as we all finally conceded exhaustion, I kissed Erika's sweaty forehead fondly. "You more than met the terms of our wager, Erika. Gotta say, I've never had someone lose so gracefully before. I take my buddy Stu for \$40 in poker and he acts like I robbed him at gunpoint."

Courtney made a sour face. Even with his little crush on her, Stu had gotten comfortable enough around her to throw a tantrum or two when she beat him at something.

"So you kicking me out?" she asked.

"No, nothing like that – we just have plans tonight is all," I said. We didn't, but I knew Courtney would back me.

"Oh, that's cool. Anything fun?"

"Hopefully, though I don't think I'll have the energy for the usual post-date romp."

"I never thought I'd say it, but me either," Courtney added, giving my weary cock a few sympathetic strokes.

"Oh. Well yeah, I guess I'll get out of your hair then," Erika said. I felt bad; it was clear she was still ready to go. Somehow. Still, after a day-long fuckathon, I wanted some one-on-one time with my special lady, to remind her who ruled my roost. She hadn't seemed jealous in the least and she'd made more use of our added playmate than I had, but still. Courtney poured her heart and soul into making me feel special, and I did my best to reciprocate whenever she let me.

It took all three of us to find where Erika's clothes had wandered off to since a few minutes after her arrival the night before, but before long she was dressed and on her way out. Courtney offered to walk her friend out to her taxi and said she would run and

get dinner for us while she was at it. She grabbed her purse and her coat and gave me a goodbye-for-now kiss.

I didn't know what the protocol was on saying goodbye to your overnight fuck buddy, so I just gave Erika a little hug and said I hoped to see her around. Somehow, that moment was the most awkward I'd felt around her. She sensed it too, I think, and we shared a self-conscious laugh.

I know the importance of girl talk, which was why I didn't offer to walk down with them. Still, I watched from the front windows as they exited the building, sitting on the front steps to wait. They were just talking for a few minutes when Erika made a move. Either she was attempting a purse-snatching or the girl *still* hadn't had enough.

Courtney seemed to rebuff it, squirming away. I wondered if that was for my benefit. It felt nice, even if by now I'd seen the two so intimately entangled with one another that I couldn't imagine being jealous.

I was only half-awake when she came home with chicken, and she awakened me with a little shoulder rub, having guessed (correctly) I was too tired for anything else.

"So did she have a good time? I hope we weren't too rough on her," I asked over dinner.

"Who, Erika? Hell yeah, she did. She's always been kind of a freak – if anything, I think you were too gentle for her tastes."

I nodded, sucking the chicken grease off my fingers. "Yeah, weird not having her ass to use as a napkin, eh?"

Courtney laughed. "Yeah, like I said. Freak."

"Good freak though."

"There's a bad kind?"

We ate in silence for a while before she spoke again. "So... you had fun, right?" Her tone was so utterly innocuous I immediately became suspicious.

"Yeah... I mean, you two were incredible. She's almost – *almost* – as sexy as you are."

My flattery earned me Courtney's grinning presence in my lap as she took over the task of feeding me. "So... do you think you might want to do it again sometime?"

"Courtney... tell me she's not waiting in the stairwell."

"Fire escape, actually," she said as she shoved another bite in my mouth to shut me up. "No, but... seriously. We talked, and she'd definitely do it again. And again and again. Whenever we let her, I bet."

"Well, isn't *someone* cocky about the binding allure of her tits?"

"What, you mean these?" She lifted her sweater up and over her chest, and there they were, perfect as ever. I couldn't resist a few little sucks at her nipples; I know she wanted to continue the conversation, but dutiful as ever to my wants, she waited until I'd had my fun before going on.

"Just think about it. And really, any time you feel like having her over for a little fun, give her a call. Whether I'm here or not. If you don't want to that's fine, but don't hold back on my account. You know I only ever want to see you happy. And it sure seemed like fucking the hell out of my slut friend made you happy."

"All right, all right, I'll think about it. And you know, same goes for you, right? If you had fun playing with Erika, you can invite her over whenever you want. You hardly

ever have company.” Never, in fact, except when I’d hosted that party for her friends last week.

“Yeah, well, I cut a lot of bad elements out of my life when we started dating. I’m just glad Erika’s supportive. At first I... she... well, I didn’t think she could understand it. Us.”

I pulled her tight against me and held her. “That makes two of us.”

Courtney nestled in against me. “What’s not to get? My sun rises and sets in your pants and all I ever want to do is give you every form and ounce of pleasure that a woman can give a man.” She grinned like it was a joke, but still, I knew she meant it. We didn’t fool around that night except for her giving me one of her endless blowjobs, the kind not intended to get me off but rather her particular version of a lullaby.

The next morning I woke up late for work. Courtney often woke up to make me breakfast or bathe me, but with the rush I was in I just told her to go back to bed. I brushed my teeth in the shower and shaved in a hurry – so much of a hurry that when I tossed my old razor and replaced with a fresh one, I almost didn’t notice.

There in the bathroom wastebasket, concealed under a discarded toilet paper tube... a syringe. The charitable part of me first thought maybe it was insulin, but on closer inspection there was a little something still in it. Rich was a diabetic, and I knew at least what color insulin was and what his needles looked like.

This wasn’t them.

Erika had brought drugs into my apartment. It had to have been her – obviously it wasn’t me, and nobody else had been over since the trash had last gone out. I threw the needle back into the garbage in disgust and almost stormed out of the apartment. I fumed over it all day. When I got home, I rushed into the bathroom to retrieve it, to show Courtney what I’d found.

But it was gone.

Chapter Six

That night, Courtney and I had our first fight.

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

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

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

Surely she did.

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

I needed to know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then I leaned down and sucked them for a while, a little kiss-and-make-better after the twisting. She put her knees together and reared up to her full height to make it easier for me, cooing and moaning and stroking my hair. I could almost forget I was on a mission, buried in tits like these, on a woman like this.

Almost.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Look who’s talking.”

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

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

She smiled. "I love you, Drew."

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

"Yeah, I know. Can't say I wasn't asking for it," she giggled. "You mind if I go wash up?"

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

"It certainly is. Go clean up, hon, you're dripping on the floor."

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

Finally, she was gone.

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

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

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

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

Courtney: I think Drew would like something tight and brief

Courtney: something that flatters ur body type

Erika: So wear something slutty, basically.

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

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

Courtney: be ready to be suprised ;-)

Erika: I hope so.

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

Courtney: don't bring anything I got u babe

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

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

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

Courtney: its old but still should do the trick

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

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

Courtney: c u then E

So there it was. Courtney not only knew about Erika's drug use, but had been party to it. Used it herself – whatever "it" was. Heroin, maybe? Hell if I knew what all

recreational drugs people injected these days. When it came to that stuff, I was a total rube. I simply didn't want it happening in my home without my knowledge.

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

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

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

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

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

Erika: So natural

Erika: Where you were born to be

Erika: Where we were both born to be?

Erika: FUCK IM SO FUCKING HORNY

Erika: I CANT STOP TOUCHING MYSELF

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

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

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

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

Erika: as if I could stop

Erika: thinking of what you two are doing right now

Erika: that sound you make right before he makes you cum

Erika: I wonder if I make the same sound

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

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

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

Erika: ok I made it inside but barely

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

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

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

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

Erika: WTF IS HAPPENING TO ME

Courtney: ya I know the feeling

Courtney: easy on the screaming

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

Courtney: oh hell no – it gets easier

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

Erika: no shit it isn't!

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

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

Courtney: thats up to him not me

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

Courtney: i dunno

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

Courtney: itll get easier E I promise hang in there

Courtney: my first couple days were the same

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

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

Courtney: frightened no the rest... lol hopefully

Erika: ...

Courtney: im only teasing relax

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

Courtney: sok but srsly it gets better

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

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

Courtney: sec lemme txt Drew

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

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

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

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

Courtney: lol txt him that shit urself slut

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

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

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

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

Erika: ... did he seriously say that?

Courtney: say it like you mean it

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

Erika: no no no doing it now

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

Erika was leaning around to smile at the camera.

Courtney: so how u feel now E?

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

Courtney: u said the words right?

Erika: lol like I'd disobey?

Courtney: :-D

Courtney: thats the spirit

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

Courtney: i cant wait

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

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

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

Courtney: so dont feel bad OK?

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

Courtney: lol u will I promise

Courtney: ttfn

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

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

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

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

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

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

My girlfriend was my sex slave.

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

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

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

Time to see how much control over I actually had.

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

"Stand on one foot."

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

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

"Hop up and down."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was about obedience. Not pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No.”

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

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

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

“I'd rather not answer that either.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why shouldn't I know them?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Erika’s been my best friend on and off for a long time. We’ve been through a lot of shit together. She’s always had a way of making really bad habits – unhealthy relationships with men, substance abuse, in and out of jail a few times. Petty shit, but every time worse than the time before. One of those girls everyone thinks won’t live to see thirty.”

I hadn’t known that was a kind of girl. I motioned for her to go on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I sighed. “Great. Two sex slaves. Won’t my mother be proud.”

“It’ll be braggable at your next high school reunion for sure,” she joked.

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

“Danger of becoming your sex slave?”

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

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

“Go on.”

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

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

“Someone on the bus, then,” I pressed.

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

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

Now, it was time to make up. I could tell my mistrust and the pain of disobeying me had weighed heavily on her, and she seemed as or more upset over my feelings as I was over hers. I took her by the hand and lead her to bed, where we kissed and cuddled and reminded each other how very much in love we were.

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

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

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

Erika: See you guys in five

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

Then there was a knock at the door.

Chapter Seven

“Well that was fast,” I said as I ushered Erika in. “When you said ‘be there in five,’ I thought you were just being cute.”

“Would you like me to leave and come back?” she asked.

Now that I was looking for it, I could see it, hiding behind her eyes. “It’s the middle of the night, Erika. No, you can stay.”

“Oh thank you,” she said. In the blink of an eye, Erika shed her overcoat. Beneath it, she was completely nude. It wasn’t in the least bit subtle, but with a body like hers, it didn’t need to be. It hadn’t been two full days since I’d last taken in the sight of her, but it was still enough to instantly heat my blood.

Courtney entered the room; even wearing her silk robe, she was a match in sex appeal for her friend. Erika regarded her with undisguised interest. “Hey, E.”

“Hey,” she said in a smoky voice.

The sexual tension in the room was palpable. Everyone there couldn’t wait to fuck everyone else. Our eyes were screaming our need. Any moment, someone was going to take a step, and that step would signal the commencement of my second threesome in as many days.

With all that I’d learned tonight, and all I’d learned I’d yet to learn – about Courtney, about Erika, about that fateful day on the bus – I was only human. Answers could wait until more basic needs were satisfied.

Rest being among the most basic need of all.

“We’re going to bed, girls. We all have a long day ahead of us.”

So intense was their mutual lust that it took them a moment to register what I’d said. “Wait, seriously?” asked a stupefied Erika.

“Yeah, you’re... sure?” Courtney asked.

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

Erika pouted. “But you said you wanted to put my ass to work. That’s what her text said.”

“And I do. Tomorrow. Come on.” I headed to the bedroom, and with nothing else to do, they followed after. Courtney took her usual spot beside me, and Erika looked between us with some consternation. There wasn’t enough room for her the way we’d situated ourselves.

“Don’t worry, you won’t need space. Erika, I want you to crawl under the covers and give me a nice, slow blowjob until I fall asleep. Don’t stop until you’re certain I’m totally out, or I’ll send you back home. And without your coat.”

Some people sleep best when they leave the TV on. Some people need to be held. For me, ever since I’d started dating Courtney, nothing knocked me out like one of her slow-paced blowjobs. It might sound like I was throwing away an opportunity, but once I got used to the fact that she’d just give me another one when I felt like it, using her mouth as a sleep aid didn’t feel like a waste.

Rather than leap to obey, she looked at Courtney questioningly. The buxom blonde on my right nodded. “He knows, Erika.”

“You told him? I thought you said...”

“Nevermind what I said,” Courtney interjected. It was strange hearing her voice so firm, especially after spending so much of the evening in obedience training. “Show Drew how well you obey. Remember, you belong to him now. Understand?”

My new playmate didn’t need to be commanded twice. As Courtney gave me a few final goodnight kisses, Erika wriggled under the covers and pulled my dick out through the hole in the front of my boxers. I turned the light off and closed my eyes as her mouth gently descended on me.

“I know it’s my own fault, but I want you to know how fucking jealous I am right now,” Courtney whispered in my ear.

“So get down there and help her,” I murmured back. That was all it took – she slipped down beside Erika, and what had been a mouth wrapped snugly around my cock became two tongues stroking up and down the length of me. I could just barely hear Courtney whispering instructions to Erika, teaching her how to maximize the relaxation factor without making me cum.

Erika was a quick study. I was out in minutes.

The morning was light on chit-chat. I got ready for work, and Courtney made a light breakfast for the three of us. Erika remained naked throughout the meal; I suppose she didn’t have any clothes to wear. The only attempt at conversation was some commentary by Erika about how much fun she’d had putting me to sleep last night, to which I told her if she liked sucking my dick so much, she better get under the table and get to work before she was stuck with grapefruit juice and toast for breakfast.

The girl was there in a flash, sucking me with relish. Last night she’d been the portrait of gentle servitude, soothing and patient; this morning she was out to make me cum, and fast.

She did. Courtney parted her robe and buried my face in her tits while her friend worked.

Erika was still slurping down her “breakfast smoothie” (as Courtney jokingly called it while she was finishing) when I gave them their marching orders. “I need something from you two today,” I began. Both girls immediately were at rapt attention.

“Now I didn’t ask for a sex slave, and I certainly didn’t ask for two. Courtney’s become my girlfriend, and I don’t intend to have two. That means that role is filled. Understand, Erika?”

Courtney beamed proudly. Erika just nodded, waiting to hear what part she might play.

“That means if you’re going to stick around here with us, Erika, we need to find another niche for you. What exactly that means, we’ll discover together – or not, if you choose to leave. If you even can choose to leave. But for today, I have one simple request.”

“Anything, Drew. Anything at all,” she said. I very much believed her.

“Courtney already knows what I like. What turns me on, what gets me off, what makes me happy, what gets me hot. She’s the world’s foremost expert – knows me even better than I know myself. So today, hon, I want you to help me by training your friend.”

“I’d be happy to,” she said. “So long as you promise not to forget about me.”

I knew she was being playful, but I also remembered her whispers the night before. “Well that’s up to you. The last thing I need is a badly trained sex slave, right?” I

was trying to be playful, but Erika didn't seem to get the joke. Courtney gave me a little smile, at least.

"So here's what happens tonight when I get home from work. I'm going to split the evening between the two of you, and you each get a chance to show me a good time. And there's going to be a prize for the contest winner."

Just from the time I'd spent around them recently, I suspected they were competitive with one another for attention and social supremacy. The brief look they shared confirmed it.

"Whoever wins gets me all to herself for the rest of the week. If she feels like sharing me, she can, but she's under no obligation – winner gets to be as selfish as she wants. Understand?"

"I can't wait," Courtney said.

"Teach me," Erika demanded.

I gave Courtney a goodbye kiss and once more reiterated to do her best. She promised she would, and I left for one of the longest days of work of my life. As I sat through meetings and phone conferences, answered emails and double-checked spreadsheet formulae, all I could think about was what awaited me at home.

Well, not *all*. I hadn't forgotten Courtney's secret. But for today, I was first and foremost a man who'd just inherited a beautiful, adoring sex slave. The secret would still be there tomorrow.

The commute home was hell. (I drove to work that day; learning that there may still be a renegade mind controller on my bus route made me much more willing to endure city traffic and shell out for parking.) Objectively it wasn't any worse than usual, but every red light, every second behind some poky old driver, was an aggravation. I took the stairs two at a time on my way up to my apartment.

"Welcome home, darling," Courtney said as I came in.

I froze in my tracks. There she was, wearing a pink checked housedress that flared out around her. Her hair was done up in adorable little blonde ringlets, her lipstick as pink as the dress, her rouge thickly applied. The dress was still snug across the bodice, a tantalizing hint of cleavage showing at the neckline that was more than enough competition for the high hemline of the skirts. Her heels matched in color, even if the five-inch heel was slightly anachronistic to the rest of it.

She was standing beside the door, holding out a martini on a tray. "How was your day?"

I accepted the martini and took a sip, noting the background smell of something cooking. She followed me to my armchair as I groused about my day, my annoyance with Watson in R&D, my hopes that the new account would mean big things for the company.

All the while, Courtney inserting monosyllabic sounds appropriate to the topic ("ah" "mmm" "aw"), kneeling beside the ottoman as she rubbed my feet. I asked what smelled so good. She responded that it was – of course – a pot roast.

It was all so heavy-handed, and yet, it was easy to see why some looked back on this era as the golden years. Any other woman I would've felt guilty, but Courtney exercised her incredible gift to make any kink or taboo feel right.

Erika was nowhere to be seen, but I wasn't looking around except to note and compliment the work Courtney had done in tidying up the place. Although usually the kitchen table was a dumping ground for junk mail, tonight we abandoned our usual dinner place on the couch and actually ate sitting across from each other at the table. She'd even cut my food for me – which was delicious, by the way – and after slipping out of her shoe, she rubbed her bare foot against my groin while I ate.

After dinner, Courtney insisted on washing the dishes by hand. Her dress was short enough that just leaning forward enough for her chore revealed her thighs up to mere millimeters from her panties. I came up behind her and ran my hand up them and rest on her bare hip, pulling her ass snugly against my crotch.

She washed the silverware without missing a beat, holding each up to the light to inspect for any spotting.

Then the doorbell rang.

“Oh! I should get that, dear.”

“Whoever it is can piss off. Right now everyone I need is already in here.”

She giggled. “You're so sweet. But I'm sure your friends would be disappointed.”

I arched a brow. What was she on about? I hadn't seen Stu and Rich in almost two weeks, busy as I'd been with Courtney's party and all the aftermath with Erika. I certainly didn't have plans for them to come over tonight.

Yet when she squirmed out of my grip to answer the door, that's just who it was. “Come on in, boys,” she said.

They were so used to seeing Courtney in states of undress that her costume barely surprised them. In fact, as Rich came in and set a sixpack of beer on the counter, his first thoughts were on the apartment itself. “I don't think I have ever seen your place this clean, Drew.”

“Thank the little woman,” I said. Courtney fawned at the compliment and made a gracious curtsy. “Believe me, I got nothing to do with it.”

“That's stating the obvious,” said Stu as he helped himself to a can. “Thanks for having us over, Courtney. We were starting to think you didn't like us any more.”

“Far from it,” she assured him. “Can I take your coat? Please, settle in, make yourselves comfortable. I'll have hors d'oeuvres out shortly. Can I get you anything else in the meantime?”

She collected their coats as they waved off her generosity. Soon enough, instead of fucking my girlfriend from behind while she washed the dishes, I was sitting at the table with my buddies playing cards. I hadn't even realized how long it'd been since I just hung out with the guys. Given how I'd been spending my evening, I was surprised how much I missed it.

We caught up on recent events (I neglected to tell them about Erika), talked about the election, won and lost a little money. Courtney all the while flitted around, bringing us snacks, refreshing drinks, and whispering in my ear how badly she wanted me to finish what I'd almost started.

She whispered just loud enough for the guys to overhear. I was sure she meant to do exactly that.

We didn't stay up late – Stu worked early, and Rich had a family waiting on him – but we still had a few quality hours of guy time. I ended the game down almost two

hundred bucks, but I didn't care. The whole evening was just an enchanting blend of fiction and promise for the future. Courtney's way of reminding me she understood me, cared about me. That she was happy to gratify my desires, but knew I was more than just my sex drive.

After the guys left, I pulled her into my arms and as much as I wanted to just tear that dress off and make liberal use of the body beneath it, we instead just grinned goofily at each other and made out on the sofa. "Thank you for that," I said.

"For what? I was just being a good girlfriend," she said innocently, a proud gleam in her eye.

"You sure were. Only..." I looked around.

"Only...?" She gestured for me to finish the thought.

"That's your half of the evening. I don't have time for anything else."

"That's quite all right. I kind of counted on it, actually. But I think Erika will be more than up to the task of satisfying any... lingering urges," she said, giving my package a firm squeeze.

"Yeah. Speaking of, where is she? Lurking around the neighborhood again, naked under a trench coat like some creepy flasher?"

"You haven't been to the bedroom yet, hon. She's waiting for you. You go have fun; I'll clean up in here and camp out on the couch tonight."

She kissed me good night, and I made for the bedroom. I smelled it as I got near – something aromatic, perfumy. As I opened my bedroom door, I saw what.

The entire room was ringed with candles of every shape and size, filling the room with a sensual glow. Several wall hangings had been added to the room's décor, draperies of some ephemeral material hung loosely and fluttering just from the breeze created by the opening door.

And there, lying on her side in the middle of the bed, head propped on one hand, was Erika.

Like Courtney, she had undergone a transformation through the use of costume and makeup. Most of her costume was of the same see-through fabric as the wall-hangings. She was dressed in a sleeveless blouse that bared her midriff, the pale green fabric revealing the matching strapless bra beneath it. Over her legs she wore what might technically be called pants, except that due to that same material, every curve on her body was laid bare. Her bikini-style panties matched the bra, as did the paint on her finger- and toenails. She wore layers of gawdy gold necklaces and earrings and accessories woven into her jet black hair.

I couldn't tell if she was supposed to be an Arab princess or a harem slave, and for the first time, I realized I'd never really understood the aesthetic distinction.

"Good evening, Master." That rich, smoky voice of hers, lowered in submission.

"Wow. Erika, you look... wow."

"Slave Erika thank you, Master."

I paced around my bed, inspecting her from all angles. She didn't move, not even to follow me with her eyes. She was an ornament for my bed. "I swear, between the cleaning, the decorating, and the costuming, I don't know when Courtney had time to actually teach you anything today."

“Slave Erika had only so much to learn, Master. Though she hopes to learn more, she already knows much of how to bring her master pleasure. Much of Mistress Courtney’s time ‘training’ me was spent in each of us coming to understand our role’s in Master’s life.”

“Oh?” I said, slipping out of my work clothes and settling in behind her in the bed. She still held motionless as I ran my hand along her side, unable to resist touching this personification of temptation.

“Yes. Master guided Slave Erika and Mistress Courtney this morning. He reminded us that Mistress Courtney is his lover. His equal, as he sees it.” From her tone, she saw it otherwise but didn’t wish to argue with me. “So Mistress Courtney set out to remind Master of her delight in providing him domestic tranquility. The perfect home life. A loving partner.”

“She sure did.” Even with Erika right here beside me, part of me still wanted to go back and give Courtney the nonstop sexathon I know she was craving. A very specific part.

“But Mistress Courtney needed to find a role for Slave Erika. And she told me exactly what she had in mind. You see,” she said, reflexively spreading her legs apart as my hand strayed towards her pussy, “Mistress Courtney told me of your love-making. Of the role play. She spoke of many scenarios, but one of them stood out. She told me of when she offered to be your harem slave.”

I remembered that night. Vividly, in fact. We’d gone to the beach with the guys, taking a ride on Stu’s brother’s boat on the lake and then laying out on the sand much of the afternoon. Something in it gave Courtney the idea of me playing the lusty sultan and her the latest addition to my harem, a perfectly trained slave girl.

Erika continued. “Mistress Courtney told me of your refusal, and how she’d wondered for some time how it had failed to appeal to you, why you never brought it up again. Together, she and Slave Erika worked out a theory – a theory Slave Erika now wishes to try out with Master’s blessing.”

“All right, I’ll bite. What’s your theory?” I asked, then resumed sucking on her slender neck.

It seemed to distract her not at all. “Master loves Mistress Courtney. This was clear to us. But Mistress Courtney is, in some ways, like Slave Erika. She wishes to please Master above all things. She would stop at nothing to bring Master joy and pleasure. Her needs are nothing to her compared to Master’s.

“To speak plainly, to play at being Master’s harem slave was a bit too on the nose. The idea reminded you how little distinction existed between his beloved and a true sex slave.”

“You guys are pretty good,” I acknowledged. “I wanted it, but... I was worried if I let her play that part, let her for a time be my submissive little slave, that it’d break the veil between that fantasy and the reality of our relationship. If that makes sense.”

“Master feared she would be too good, that he would see her as this plaything, begin to think of her as such.”

“Something like that. I mean, I knew she’d do it, and be happy to do it, but we’ve come too far. There’s more to us than just that.”

“Of course, Master. But... you and I, we have made no such journey. Mistress Courtney can be your partner. Slave Erika... she can be your fantasy.”

At that, she deftly rolled to the side, drawing herself up into a kneeling position in front of me. She placed her hands behind her head, her back arched, breasts thrust forward. “Slave Erika awaits your command, Master.”

She held the pose motionless but for her breathing. In that moment, Erika was more a posable toy than she was my girlfriend’s bestie. She was a tool for my amusement that could walk, talk, and fuck on command.

I’d definitely gotten to know her body well in our prior encounters, yet I quickly found there was a difference between having sex with a woman for mutual enjoyment and trying out one’s new harem acquisition. Erika held firm as my hands roamed across her flesh. I didn’t even bother removing the diaphonous material, as it did next to nothing to conceal the sight or feel of what lay beneath. Her smooth, taut abs. Her pert, yielding breasts. Her soft bubble butt.

When my fingers ran across her lips, I thought surely she would extend her tongue, perhaps suck them into her mouth. But she held firm as I touched her how I liked. Like a true fuck doll.

“I’m thirsty. Would you mind...?” I asked after a time. I wasn’t tired of feeling her up, not in the least, but a segue seemed in order.

Erika leapt to her feet. “Slave Erika could never mind, Master. She begs you to wait but a moment.” Then she was off, running out to the kitchen and returning with an uncorked bottle of wine. I wondered if Courtney had pointed it out to her, or if she’d just picked my favorite by coincidence.

“You forgot a glass, Erika,” I pointed out with a little smirk at her forgetfulness.

“Slave Erika is happy to retrieve a glass for Master, though she thought she might serve his wine another way.” She laid down next to me on the bed, face-up, then inhaled deeply. I didn’t understand her intent until she took the bottle to the depression beneath her breasts and began to pour.

She was a skinny little thing so it didn’t hold much, but it did hold. Not that I cared about the depth as I bent down to suck the pool dry. She promptly refilled it, and continued pouring as I continued drinking from her. As I moved one hand to grasp at her breast, squeezing down hard on it, I used the other to move the neck of the bottle over her chest. It ran right through her top and spilled everywhere, but I didn’t care. I drank sweet wine off her breasts as it ran into my mouth, then filled hers and drank from it as I pressed my lips to hers.

The bottle didn’t last long. Erika gave no sign that she minded the spillage across her body and her new outfit. She obeyed, and nothing more.

“Stand,” I said. Erika discarded the bottle on the nightstand as she rose to her feet. She stood facing me with eyes and smile that focused on some distant unseen nothing.

“Dance for me.”

While Erika obviously took care of her body and knew her way around the male form, there was no guarantee that would translate into this sort of sexual dexterity. Courtney had opted to learn a bit about the art of strip-tease (and as she’d improved, I’d

learned it was indeed an art), but she'd begun with nothing more than the hot girl's know-how for grinding and shaking her naughty bits.

Erika... Erika knew what she was about. I tried to keep my eyes from popping out of my head and she swayed and undulated her hips around the room. It was like salsa meets belly dancing meets teen twerk videos. Her mostly bare bottom would put any mere twerker to shame as it jiggled at her command. Mostly, though, was a simple and rhythmic sway that simply hypnotized me beyond noticing anything else in my surroundings.

Even had Courtney and I been a normal monogamous couple, I don't think I could've stopped myself.

"That's... that's enough," I stammered. I had no idea how long it had been. With no music, no interruptions, I might have let her go on all night if I hadn't noticed the threads of sweat trickling down her back and dimly realized I might wear her out before I'd gotten full use of her.

"Why don't we, um, tidy ourselves up," I said. Truth be told, as badly as I needed to get inside of her just then, I was so turned on I was afraid I wouldn't last the first minute.

Erika brought a graceful halt to her dance, bringing closure with a bow that brought her head down to knee level, her breasts dangling beneath her. "Of course, Master. Slave Erika has prepared a bubble bath. Would Master like her to warm it up, or would you prefer your shower?"

"Seems like a waste of a bubble bath."

"Master is free to use my time and energies however he may wish." Her voice was all sincerity. "Slave Erika does not mind 'wasting' them if they provide Master more freedom to choose."

I considered the tub, imagined her kneeling beside it, sponging me, lathering me, rinsing me. The height of decadence. I knew firsthand from her lullaby-blowjob last night that she was a pro at draining the tension out of a man.

Right now, I didn't feel like relaxing. Not at all. "The shower, then."

Erika didn't even remove her harem slave attire as she joined me, nor did it seem to slow her down. I'd envisioned the sponge bath as being gentle and languid; the shower proved to be anything but. She was a wildcat, hands everywhere, breasts and belly and pussy all tools in her pursuit of scrubbing as much of me as possible in each moment. I soon just stood still, letting Erika do literally all the work.

Her face said it was anything but work, though. She was loving it, and the slippery friction was driving her into the same frenzy as it was driving me. Erika had become a dutiful slave who was getting off on getting her master off.

Somewhere in the middle of it, I came, spraying freely across her body, all traces rinsed away in seconds. I barely even realized it was happening before it was over. She didn't stop, though. Didn't slow. Neither did I. I couldn't remember being so aroused that I didn't so much as droop post-orgasm, at least not since I was a teenager.

Tonight though, I stayed steel-hard.

I couldn't take it any more. "You better be ready for me, slave," I said, practically a bestial growl. There was no waiting for a response from her – she was facing the

shower door, so that's the surface I shoved her up against. The door wobbled so hard it nearly popped out. Not that I would have cared just then.

I shredded the flimsy little pants she was still wearing. Her panties I tore at the hips and discarded. Pinned up against the shower door, I drove into her. Honestly, I'd not really intended to fuck my new slave in the ass, but when that's what I found first, I was no longer patient enough to look elsewhere. Erika gasped as her master drove himself into her impossibly tight hole. In mere seconds, I was all the way in, and began a rhythm that was too fast for the physics of it, but not nearly fast enough for the heat in our veins.

Erika held motionless, almost suspended in place with her ass impaled on my cock. She couldn't have moved if she wanted to – but like she'd reminded me, her wants weren't a factor. Her want was to fulfill my want. Right now, I wanted to fuck my slave girl's as-yet-untasted butt.

I realized then that I'd been wrong to hesitate role playing this with Courtney. With her, it would have been a game. The sultan would have selfishly made use of his slave girl, then reverted to being her smitten boyfriend who thanked her and did his best to make her as happy as he could.

With Erika... this was how things actually stood between us. She was a girl with a body for me to fuck. She was a slave whose purpose was to please me. She wasn't my girlfriend's kinky friend; she was a set of holes and a pair of tits for me to amuse myself with when I wanted, how I wanted.

I wouldn't have to show gratitude after, or worry about reciprocating, or even so much as compliment her. From now, she would do this. Be this. I really, truly, owned her.

And as I felt her body quaking with yet another in a series of orgasms, I knew she loved being my slave at least as much as I loved having her.

I came inside her, and it triggered an orgasm in her so strong that she squeezed my cock as hard as she could have done with a clenched fist. It came in waves, effectively milking me dry right up into her bowels. Finally I slid out of her, and before I could even catch my breath she was on her knees, cleaning my shaft in the hot spray and looking grateful for the opportunity.

I was hard again before she was done. I shut off the water and opened the door. "Dry me, slave."

When she stood up, I saw that having her chest pressed against the glass while I pounded her tight little ass had managed to tear her top and cause both breasts to pop out of her bra; she didn't fix it or even seem to notice it as she towed me off. I left her behind as I went to the bedroom, but she had the good sense to dry herself off before following.

"How may Slave Erika serve you now? Would Master care for another dance?"

"I'd like you to go trade places with Courtney for the night."

I watched her for a reaction – for disappointment, resentment. Relief, even, if her mind hadn't yet fully acclimated.

Yet I saw nothing in her countenance but raw obedience. "As Master commands, his slave obeys," she said.

Courtney came in a moment later. "Bored already, eh?"

I could do that all week and not get bored, I thought. “I just missed my girlfriend,” I said.

She smiled at that as she began stripping off the dress and the pink underwear beneath it. “Sounds like you had at least *some* fun with your nubile little slave girl though, right?”

She’s still right out there. Go bring her back, I thought. “Some,” I said. “But I wanted to share my bed with you. Especially since it looks like I might be seeing a little less of you for the next few days.”

She smiled, but there was a little pout behind it. “She was that good, eh? Darn, thought I might’ve had a chance to win the game for a while there. Looks like I gambled all and lost.”

Courtney nestled up alongside me, our naked bodies pressed together. “You did fine – but she fought dirty. And who knows, maybe she’ll feel like sharing.”

“We’ll see. I’ll try to win the next contest that comes along.” She kissed me.

Oh, Courtney. You won this contest. I needed to see if you’d really train her, or if you’d sabotage her to stay ahead. You were every bit as selfless and wonderful as I knew you’d be, I thought. “I think you got good odds. And don’t lose that outfit.”

We kissed on one another for a while, then engaged in a rare bout of vanilla, missionary sex. Tonight, I just wanted to look at her face while we made one another feel good.

She fell asleep before me, and it took a good deal of restraint not to wake her back up and tell her she was still my number one, even in a silly game, that she hadn’t let me down in the least. It took even more restraint not to go into the living room and have my slave girl ride me reverse cowgirl while I banged her perfect ass like a set of bongos.

All the while, I tried not to resent Courtney for putting this conflict in me. I know she meant tonight as an apology, but it was hard not to feel like she was just distracting me.

But this was what I needed from them. Courtney, to let me be for a while. She and I loved one another, after all, and we still would when all was said and done. I very much hoped so.

As for Erika, I needed her to simply serve and obey.

After all, there were things she knew, and answers I could get nowhere else.

Chapter Eight

“Turn it on, Erika.”

She spread her legs apart in her seat, then reached down and flipped the switch. A muted buzz emitted from inside her. When she spoke, her voice was tremulous. “It’s on, master.”

I drove on in near-silence for a few blocks. Around us, other drivers kept doing double takes at the sight of the sexy Latina in my passenger seat, naked but for the trench coat. Even that was parted to give me ease of access to any part of her I would like, one breast fully exposed and the other very nearly.

“You know not to call me that in front of people, right? Other than Courtney, that is.”

She nodded, breathing shakily. “Of course, master. Slave Erika wouldn’t want to embarrass you. Are there any uh-HUHther rules... I should... mmm... know?”

“Hmm. No climaxing without permission.” I didn’t really intend to withhold that permission, but still. Today was about getting her good and trained.

Courtney and I had had a long talk over breakfast. We’d agreed that if I was going to keep Courtney as my girlfriend – which I was – while still keeping on Erika as my sex slave – which we were – that we needed to get her acclimated. My girlfriend had insisted she’d be happier, and in turn make me happier, once she understood her new life and settled into a rhythm.

To that end, and with her being declared the winner of last night’s competition, she and I were heading off for some “basic obedience training” as Courtney called it. (“At least that’s what they call it when you do it for your dog,” she added with a giggle.) Courtney was taking over our apartment for a few days and I’d called in to work to use some PTO. For the next few days it was going to be just me and the quivering, whimpering slave girl in the seat next to me. She didn’t know it yet, but we were heading to her apartment to pick up her personal effects – so when we wanted her clothed, we could dress her. Courtney had given me the address, as I wanted the destination to be a surprise. I was even staying off the expressway and taking a roundabout route to throw her off scent. Although as I watched her chest heaving, tight little ass squirming in her seat, I doubted she was fully aware what continent she was on. Her eyes were closed, and her jaw hung slack. Even someone just seeing her from the neck up would guess what was happening down below from the look on her face.

“Either that’s a seriously top notch vibrator, or you’re just over-sensitive,” I observed.

Her eyes opened, and she took a few deep breaths. “N-no. Well, maybe, I don’t know, there’s not exactly a diagnostic for that. But... ever since... well, everything just feels better when it’s obeying. Normally this would feel good, but since you told me to do it and I did, it feels amazing. Which probably makes no sense to you at all, but whatever.”

“Not really,” I agreed. Still, useful information.

“Oh FUCK,” she panted, neatly manicured fingernails digging into her smooth brown thighs. “Drew, if I’m getting too close, can I shut it off? Just until I can handle it?”

“No. You have to control yourself. And what happened to ‘Master’ and ‘Slave Erika’ – forget yourself?” She rushed to issue a retraction, but I held up a hand to quiet her. “I’m kidding. Actually, why don’t we save that for when we revive the harem girl character. I like the dirty talk, but ‘Drew’ is fine.”

“But... Courtney told me to call you master. Are you totally sure?”

I laughed. Courtney, always looking out for my ego. “I’m sure, Erika.”

She mulled this over for a moment – or maybe just diverted her attention back to her pussy. “All right then... Drew. If that’s what you want, I obey.”

“Good girl.” This phrase had also been Courtney’s idea – following her rationale about the puppy training, she’d thought some kind of positive reinforcement would be the equivalent of a treat for good behavior. I had to admit, Courtney was certainly quite responsive to even tepid praise. I’d seen her get turned on once when I told her dinner smelled good.

Erika moaned, grabbing her friend’s vibrator and giving it a few little twists. She caught herself in time though, suddenly splaying her legs and gripping her armrest with one hand and my forearm with the other.

“I’m sorry. Almost... almost got away from me. It won’t happen again. Promise.”

“It better not.” It was strange how her subservience brought out my bossiness, but then, that was part of the point of this – to acclimate us both to the new status quo.

We went on in silence, and I amused myself just by watching her struggle not to orgasm. I wondered if she was thinking about baseball, or what her technique was. Whatever it was, it seemed to work. I pulled into a spot alongside her apartment complex and put the car in park. It was a pretty rough neighborhood – I’d thought so from the address, but I never came to this part of the city.

“Put these on,” I said, handing her a pair of Courtney’s panties. Courtney was a little bigger than her, but these were good and tight and the elastic should hold them onto Erika just fine.

She seemed to realize where she was as she did. “We’re... we’re at my apartment.”

“We sure are. Come on.” I got out. She followed a moment after, cinching up her trench coat as she wobbled over a bit unsteadily, the vibrator now held snugly in place by slightly-too-tight panties.

“Drew, I... we... we shouldn’t be here.”

“What, embarrassed to be seen with me?”

“No, I... well, yes, I’m mostly naked and anyone in ten feet is going to hear that buzzing–”

“So get over it.”

“But–”

“Are you going to obey like a good girl? Because if not, I know where I can find someone who’d be happy to take your place.”

She still hesitated for a moment, but took a deep breath – then another as she fought off another near-orgasm – and made for the building. “Then let’s hurry.”

I followed her up the stairs, enjoying a nice view up her coat all the way. She fumbled in her purse for her keys, and then it took her three tries before she could get them in the lock. I slipped my hand under her coat and rested it on her tightly sculpted

little ass. No sense resisting the impulse, I rationalized, trying not to think about Courtney.

I kept it there as we went inside. The place was on the dingy side, and the odor clearly marked it the abode of a smoker. I could only imagine a smoker's lungs grappling with those six flights of stairs every time they came home. Erika shut the door behind us quickly, looking to me for direction.

"Cozy little place," I said, slipping my hand down to her crotch and twisting the vibrator back and forth.

"Yeah, s-sorry about the smell. I told my roommate a million times to t-take that shit to the balcony." Her eyes closed – probably for the female equivalent of thinking about baseball so she didn't lose it – but they snapped right back open at the sound of a voice behind us.

"Yeah, well when you skipped out on three months' rent and then disappeared for the fourth, I sorta thought maybe I was entitled to do what the fuck I wanted in *our* apartment that *I've* been paying for." Behind us was a young woman about Erika's age, dressed in black pants and a white button-up shirt with a nametag pinned on the breast button. She was also wearing a deep and very natural-looking scowl. "Oh hey, Morgan. I... didn't think you'd be in."

"Yeah, I'll bet you didn't. Who's this, your new pimp? Doesn't look like much."

I realized I still had my hand up her coat, still slowly teasing her with Courtney's vibrator. I pulled my hand back so fast I turned it off by accident, and the white noise of its buzz halted. "Sorry, no. I'm her friend Drew."

"Well, just super meeting you, Andy," she replied sarcastically. "I'd shake your hand but I don't wanna get slut cunt drippings all over me."

"Uh..." I said eloquently.

She didn't seem to need a reply. "Now maybe you should give me and E here and minute. See, your little slam-piece here owes my ass almost four grand."

"The hell I do!" Erika retorted, and suddenly the apartment was the scene of a verbal melee so intense I was bracing myself to break up a fight. As it played out, it became evident that Morgan was mostly in the right; Erika conceded to missing some of the rent, and yes, she'd borrowed some but she'd been paying it back where she could.

Finally, Morgan just threw up her hands and stormed out to the balcony for a smoke. (As Morgan explained in yet another redressing of her roommate, she'd been working all night at her second job to have enough to cover rent, and she needed a smoke, and a moment away from Erika before she hit her in the face.)

"Do you want to fuck her?" Erika asked the moment the balcony door closed behind her.

I started. "Excuse me?"

"I asked if you wanted to fuck Morgan."

"What? I mean, she's very attractive, but I do actually have a girlfriend, you know." To say nothing of the fact that, like Erika and Courtney, Morgan was another twenty-something bombshell. Her dynamite figure was apparent even in her rather drab work outfit. It was easy to see how the three of them would fit together, and impossible to see how a normal girl of that ilk would throw herself at me the way Erika and Courtney had.

“So? Courtney doesn’t care. She lets you fuck me. Hell, she *wants* you to fuck me. Remember what she said, right before we left? She said, ‘make sure he doesn’t want for anything.’”

“Yeah, so?”

“So, I’m just saying, if you *want* to fuck her, I can make it happen. She’s frosty, sure, and she might hate my ass, but she’s got some kinks. Say the word, and I could make it happen.”

Glancing out to the balcony, I saw Morgan’s ass as it was hugged by her tight black pants, the shape of her breasts in her blouse. She was built a lot like Courtney, busty and hippy, only with dark curly hair instead of blonde, and a trace of an olive complexion rather than fair-skinned. She had a face that would make most guys mindful of every hot unattainable bitch who ever laughed off their petitions. She was definitely hot, and I felt something twitch in my pants at Erika’s suggestion.

What was happening to me? Here I was in the best relationship of my life, but all of the sudden just the thought of having another girl, some meaningless nobody with a killer body, some stranger to just fuck like a piece of ass, was just so...

No. Courtney. Never mind that thought. “She wouldn’t be interested,” I insisted. “Just because you got roped into being my sex slave doesn’t mean every hot girl you know wants to sleep with me.”

“True. Still, bet you a hundred bucks I can talk this particular hot girl I know into it.”

I arched an eyebrow. “Should you be gambling when you’re already deep in debt?”

“Two hundred.”

“And don’t I technically own everything you own now? I could just tell you to give me the money.”

She rolled her eyes. “Of course you could, but that’s no excuse to be a pussy. C’mon. Bet you I can. Not like you have to go through with it. I just want to prove what I can do for you.”

“What is it with you two and trying to get me laid all the time? If this keeps up, by the weekend I’ll be fucking a friend of a friend of a cousin of a neighbor of Morgan’s middle school camp counselor.”

She leaned in and whispered into my ear. “Shhh... we just want you to be happy.” With a little suck on my earlobe, she drew back.

“Fine,” I said after a moment. “I’m not going to do it. But if you want to make your point, go ahead.”

I wouldn’t do it. I was in love. Even if Morgan was crazy hot, and even if it was easy to hear Courtney cheering me on, insisting her boyfriend was the most virile, irresistible man on earth, and even if Erika could do whatever it was she going to do.

Hold on.

“Wait.”

Erika paused at the balcony door and turned back to me. “What’s up?”

“You are *not* to turn her into another sex slave. Understand? I have at least one more than I can handle as it is. If you do to her... whatever Courtney did to you,

whatever someone did to Courtney, then we're done. I'll never so much as look at you again."

She just laughed. "You're the only guy I've ever met who'd say no to having a harem of adoring little bimbos bowing and scraping for him. But don't worry. I won't do anything – promise. She's just got kinks, and I know how to work 'em."

I gave her a hard look.

"Hand to god, OK? No funny business. You can watch right through the window – you see me whip out my voodoo doll, I'll accept whatever punishment you like. Relax."

I nodded. For the life of me, I knew I shouldn't. Too much was happening that I didn't understand, and I'd come here to get answers, not score more pussy. But there it was, this drop-dead sexy girl not thirty feet from me, and just that thought, of her... being like them...

I shook it off, and went into observation mode. This wasn't going to work, I was nearly certain, and even if it did she wouldn't be some servile slut like Erika. Like Courtney, though I didn't like to think of my girlfriend in such terms.

Their discussion was thorough, and it was clear the first end of it was just Erika mollifying her roommate – ex-roommate, I supposed – and smoothing things over. Soon their conversation looked casual, and knowing what Erika was about, I could see the tell-tale signs of someone working a deal. Innocent expression, calm explanations, a little point of the finger to note when she'd made a good argument.

I watched Morgan for when she'd slap her, or storm away, or come in and tell me I was a pervert and needed to get the fuck out before she called the cops.

Instead, the two came inside grinning like Cheshire cats. Morgan didn't even say a word as she began unbuttoning her blouse.

By some dim-witted reflex, I averted my eyes respectfully and turned around. "Whoa now," I stammered.

"He really is a sweetheart," Morgan said to Erika, then addressed me. "You can turn around, Drew. I promise, the view's better in this direction."

"You're... you're taking your shirt off."

"Update: it's already off, and now I'm taking my pants off." I could hear the fabric sliding down, informing my mental image. I'd seen her panty lines when I was scoping out her butt earlier; now I was wondering what color those panties were.

And why I was imagining instead of just turning around and looking.

Courtney. That's right. I had a girlfriend. I should definitely not be looking at this beautiful woman stripping for me.

Not that Courtney would mind. She was the one who'd set up the threesome with Erika, after all, and she was a bigger cheerleader for getting me to stick my cock in Erika than the girl was herself. She wanted me to be happy, have as much fun as I could.

And Morgan was certainly proving herself to be a fun kind of girl. What the hell had Erika said to her?

I could hear her coming closer even before I felt her warm breath on the back of my neck. Something brushed my back – her breasts, I realized, that's how close she was – and then her voice was in my ear, soft and sultry.

"I wish you'd turn around. I've got so much I want to show you," she said breathily.

“I... err... I have, um, a girlfriend,” I stuttered. My voice almost broke, I was so nervous.

“Two of them, from what I hear. Well, one girlfriend and one fuck toy. That’s what Erika is to you right? That’s what she told me, anyway.” She rested her chin on my shoulder, her hands resting on my hips. “Which is a good fit for her, I think. How about for you?”

“Huh?” With my nervousness mounting, I remembered the other reason I’d never had a shot with girls like this.

“I said, is having Erika as your fuck toy a good fit for you?” Her fingers kneaded my skin, creeping toward the front of me bit by delicious bit.

“Um, yeah. She’s... she’s hot.”

“Yeah she is,” Morgan said, nuzzling her cheek against my neck. “Is that what you like, Drew? Hot little bitches that do whatever you say?”

“Y-yeah. I, um, I mean, I guess so.”

She began working at my belt, and I was powerless to stop her. “Yeah I bet you do. I bet she likes it too, huh, little slut that she is. I bet all you’d have to do is tell her to get her ass over here and suck your cock and she’d be doing it like she was grateful for it. Is that right, Drew? You think Erika would like to suck you off?”

I could feel the hard nubs of her nipples pressing into my back as she pulled me up against her. “Yeah. I mean, I think so.”

“Why don’t you show me.” When I didn’t, she grabbed my rock-hard dick through my pants and rubbed along the length of me slowly. If it was meant to get my attention, it was only middlingly successful. “C’mon, Drew. Let me hear you tell her to suck your dick.” She undid button and zipper, letting my pants fall to my ankles as she fished my cock out through the hole in my boxers. “Say, ‘Erika, come suck my dick.’ Go on, say it.”

Damn, but did she ever have a good idea. “Erika, come suck my dick.”

“Happy to,” Erika said. I’d almost expected her to call me master, but I remembered our discussion in the car. She’d shed her coat while my back was turned, and she crawled around in front of me in nothing but the panties she’d borrowed from Courtney.

Which was the closest I could come to thinking about my girlfriend just then – the generous lady who gave my fuck toy panties.

“Doesn’t she look good like that? I think she looks so good, on her knees, her little slut mouth full of cock. Don’t you think so?” Morgan asked as Erika obediently began sucking me off. She was still running her fingers all around my pubic region.

“Uh, huh,” I managed between groans.

“You should tell her, then. Even little cock-sucking sluts like Erika like compliments. Why don’t you tell her what a good little cock-sucker she is.” Morgan pressed her wet lips to my neck, kissing it up and down.

“She is. You are,” I said, correcting my address mid-way. “You’re a top notch cock-sucker.”

Erika smiled around my shaft as she kept working me. Morgan let her for a time, still kissing along my neck and jaw, her hands still teasing at me. “You know, some boys have told me that I’m a pretty good cock-sucker, too,” she said. I didn’t know what to say to that, lost in a fog of arousal, and she went on. “One time, my boss, he told me he’d

give me a raise if I sucked his cock. And you know what? I did the math, and by now my mouth would've earned me over six thousand dollars."

"That's... that's good," I said. By now, I was leaning back against her pillowy tits; if she took a step back, I'd fall.

"Do you want to see if I can do as good as Erika, Drew? Do you want to feel what a six-thousand-dollar mouth feels like sucking your dick?"

I did. I hadn't even seen her naked yet, but right then I didn't need to. Only... "I, um, I have a... you know. A, um, girlfriend."

"And what a lucky girl she must be. Your fuck toy thinks so too, don't you Fuck Toy?"

"Uhm huhm," Erika replied, never letting my shaft out of her mouth.

"I tell you what, I don't want you to cheat on her, so why don't we just pretend I'm just another fuck toy like Erika? You can't cheat on your girlfriend with a toy, after all. Then you're just taking care of yourself."

"I... but, you're not..."

"I'm not? C'mon, tell me just like you told her. Tell me, 'Morgan, come suck my dick.' And I'll do it. Just like Fuck Toy here. Watch."

"But she's already..."

"Tell her to stop. Tell her to make room for your new fuck toy." She combed her fingers through Erika's black hair where it hung down on her forehead. "I'll say please, if you want. That's what a good fuck toy would do, isn't it Drew? Ask nicely? Pretty pretty please, may I suck your big hard dick?"

Honestly, I can't believe I didn't cum then and there.

"Erika... make room for her. Morgan... suck my dick."

Erika let me slide out of her mouth with a wet *pop*, somehow looking smug even under these circumstances. Looks like she'd won our bet. Morgan gently helped me correct my balance and stop leaning as she came around to the front, sauntering a good deal out before me so I could admire the sway of her hips, the lingering jiggle of her tits as she spun to face me.

I'd not been able to see with her clothes on that she was well and thoroughly inked; dozens of colorful tattoos decorated her shoulders, upper arms, her breasts, back, her thighs, even one on her bare-shaved pussy that was a small naked female angel with a lustful expression on its face.

Morgan knelt beside Erika while I was still taking her all in. By some instinct – the same one that last night had made me fuck Erika so hard in the shower that I'd nearly pounded the door off its track – I put one hand on Morgan's head and one hand on Erika's then pressed their mouths to either side of my shaft.

In tandem, the two of them sucked me off like I'd never seen before. Whenever one took me into her mouth, the other would lick and suck on my balls or at the other's cheek until she could no longer stand the deprivation and nudged her playmate aside to suck me into her own mouth. Morgan wrapped her huge tits around my leg and shamelessly rubbed herself on me whenever it wasn't her turn. They pleaded with one another to share, to give them a turn with my dick in their mouth. To hear them, you'd think my cum was ambrosia. I granted Erika's request when she asked me to be allowed

to turn her vibrator back on, promising she'd be a good girl and not cum until given my permission.

I gave her that blessing at the same moment I gave it to myself, filling Morgan's mouth so full her cheek's bulged before she could swallow it down as Erika shrieked in release and collapsed onto her back, twitching in the aftershock of her orgasm.

"Holy fuck, thank you," I said as I slumped back on the couch.

"Why would you thank us?" Morgan asked, licking her lips as she knee-walked up to me. "We're your fuck toys, remember? Do you thank your toaster, or your doorstep?"

"Uh, no, I guess not."

"Then why would you thank us? We're just two more objects that exist to make your life better."

The orgasm had cleared my mind somewhat – though with this vision of sexuality still kneeling at my feet, her tits resting on my lap, only somewhat – and I began to grow suspicious. I'd seen this look before. This behavior.

"Morgan, you're not... Erika, tell me you didn't."

Erika lolled her head to look her our direction. "Of course not. I told you, she's kinky. Girl gets off on weird stuff. I never used to understand it until now."

"I'll get off on whatever, whenever, Drew. That's what you like, right? Hot little sluts like me and Erika, our drippy pussies leaking all over the place while we fulfill your every perverted desire?"

"I mean, yes, I liked it, but... this isn't normal behavior."

"Well sure," she agreed. "Normal girls don't serve and obey and give men full control of their tits and asses and cunts and let themselves be used however a man likes. Normal girls are boring. You like obedient little fuck toy girls, don't you?"

"That's it, I have to check. Morgan, stand up."

She did, dragging her boobs across my chest and then rubbing them in my face a little before she stood fully erect. "You got it. What now? Want me to dance for you? A little twerking? A lap dance?"

"Stand on one foot."

She giggled, and left her feet planted. "Don't go over-estimating my balance now. I look more graceful than I am."

"I said stand on one foot. Obey." I made my voice firm.

Morgan did nothing of the sort. "You have two sexy little fuck toys here, and you want to play silly games? Come on, you know what you really want to do to me, and it's not a game."

"Bark – bark like a dog," I said, remembering Courtney's eager willingness when I'd commanded her to do so the other day.

"Oh, you want to fuck me like I was a little bitch? You can fuck me like a bitch, Drew." She settled onto the couch beside me, resting her forearms on the far armrest and pointing her naked ass at me. It was a foot away from my head. I could smell her arousal, see where her pussy was literally dribbling down her thighs. She wagged it at me, giving me an inviting smile over her shoulder.

She didn't bark though. "You're... you're not obeying."

Erika crawled over to me, the contents of her pussy still buzzing. "See? I told you I didn't turn her into your brainwashed slave or something."

“Turn me into a slave? What’s that supposed to... oh...” Morgan began her question, but it died as Erika guided one hand to her ex-roommate’s pussy and slipped two fingers inside her. I pumped gently in and out of her, and she just moaned and waited.

“Fuck toys are meant to be seen and not heard,” Erika instructed.

“Mmm, come on now, I bet Drew likes hearing us moaning like the hot sluts we are,” Morgan said, wriggling her hips to grind her pussy around my fingers. She moaned a little extra, making her point.

My suspicions faded – Courtney and Erika had both proven they would obey even these stupid, petty commands unquestioningly. Morgan, for all she was playing a similar role, seemed to just be doing it for fun.

Which was good, because I was already hard again. Erika seemed to be reading my mind (though I guess it was actually pretty obvious what I wanted), and gave my cock a few soft strokes with her hand. “I think he’s ready to fuck his fuck toys, Morgan.”

“Oh thank god,” the busty girl said with a happy sigh, still thrusting back against my outstretched hand. “Where do you want me, Drew? Do you want to just sit there and let me ride you, do all the work? Or do you like me like this, on all fours ready to get fucked like a bitch in heat? Or maybe on my back so you can watch how good your big hard dick makes me feel?”

Erika gave her roommate’s wide ass a playful swat. “What makes you so sure he wants to fuck *you*? Yours ain’t the only available cunt in the room, princess. C’mon, what do you say, Drew? You haven’t fucked me in hours and hours, and I’m so fucking wet and horny for you,” she whined.

“No fair, you’re his on-call fuck toy, you get to fuck him all the time,” Morgan shot back with a sulk.

To the extent that I’d gained any control over this situation, I soon lost it all over again as my two self-styled fuck toys fell into an enthusiastic argument over who was more deserving of a good lay. Their voices became a cacophony of whorish pleading, their bodies twin whirlwinds of teasing, fondling, grinding, wriggling, suckling girl flesh. I couldn’t even make out which voice, which offers, belonged to which.

“C’mon, Drew, don’t you want to fuck your hot little slut’s pussy?”

“My pussy, my ass, whichever you want.”

“There’s nothing you couldn’t do to me, Drew.”

“I’ll fuck you so good you won’t ever want another pussy again.”

“She’s just being selfish, Drew – I want to fuck you to make *you* feel good.”

“Don’t listen to her, Drew, my pussy is yours to fuck whenever you want.”

So naturally, I fucked both of them. By the time the haze of lust had lifted sometime that afternoon, I couldn’t even remember which one I’d done what with.

I remembered lifting up Morgan’s robe – I don’t remember when she found time to put one on – and fucking her on the balcony while she took her smoke break, smiling and softly grunting out at the neighborhood as I came in her.

I remembered Erika bending over and grabbing her ankles while I fucked her, sandwiched between me and Morgan standing opposite her, cradling my face to her tits.

I remembered lying on someone’s bed – I didn’t know whose – staring up at the ceiling while I caught my breath, not knowing who was sucking my dick to get me hard

again, not caring who mounted me after, not caring who climbed aboard and began to ride me, not comprehending whose pussy I was eating as she sat on my face.

Morgan and I fell asleep for a time, and when I awakened I saw Erika had packed what few effects she intended to take with us. A few trash bags filled with her clothes and some boxes with myriad personal effects. The rest, she told us as we stirred, she was leaving to Morgan to pay down her debt.

Her erstwhile roommate just nodded at this gift, and I wondered if this had played some role in Erika winning the bet. Had she bought her roommate's pussy for the day with a few pieces of furniture and some jewelry?

With our sexathon concluded, I saw no need to linger around the place. I thanked Morgan for the great time, and told her I hoped to see her around. She gave a response that made me sure she'd bear no ill will if I didn't come around again, while still being friendly enough that I didn't think she'd be upset if I stopped by. I didn't mean to – really, with Erika and Courtney, what would be the point – but it was nice to part amicably with my one-afternoon-stand.

I left the two of them to say their goodbyes as I carried down the first load of Erika's stuff. (She might be bound to my service, but she was still a hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet, not exactly a pack mule.) As I stepped out, Morgan was saying that Erika had better have another apartment full of stuff to give her if she wanted to show her face around here again, but I could tell she was mostly teasing. Even if they might not like each other, the hatchet was buried.

“... everybody my best,” I heard Erika saying as I came back up.

“Yeah, I bumped into Lacey the other day after my shift. She asked about you.”

“Cool, tell her I said hey.”

“Yeah, and you tell Courtney we miss her too, right?”

“Will do.”

I stepped back in and picked up Erika's remaining stuff. “We all set here, ladies?”

“Look at him, being all respectful, carrying your stuff, calling us ‘ladies.’ You landed a pretty good master here, Erika.”

I blushed to hear our relationship acknowledged. “Yeah, I like him pretty well even aside from being his obedient little bitch,” Erika said, kissing my cheek.

Erika turned over her keys. This time, she was clothed – skimpy, but not trench coat-panties-and-vibrator skimpy – as we set out. “So where we off to now?” she asked as we settled into the car.

“Not really sure. I'd planned on hanging at your place – you never said you had a roommate.”

“On the money I was making, you think I could afford my own apartment?”

“Fair enough. I guess we can just get a hotel.”

“Why don't we just go back to your place, kick out Courtney while you break me in? I *did* win the contest after all, and today's bet now too. I'm on a roll.”

“You're my fuck toy; she's my girlfriend,” I said firmly. As much for me as for her. “Which means you don't get to kick her out of anything.”

“I'm sorry. You're right. I was out of line, mast... Drew.”

It was quiet as we rode along. I wondered how much it stung for her, that minor expression of my displeasure. A little, I hoped, but I also hoped not a lot.

“Say, what did you used to do, by the way?” I asked after a while, by way of breaking the ice.

“Come again?”

“You mentioned you couldn’t afford your own place. What did you do?”

“Eh, various things. Made ends meet.”

“Which means what, exactly?”

She shrugged, suddenly studying the floor intensely. “Iunno. Stuff. Odd jobs.”

I looked at her sideways. “Erika, answer the question. That’s an order. Always answer my questions honestly from now on.”

She answered in a small voice. “I’ve done lots of jobs. I used to work as a waitress at a night club downtown, and before that for a while in retail.”

I was about to say something, but evidently she wasn’t finished. “And I delivered drugs.”

I blew right through a red light. Brakes screeched, horns honked. Somehow we didn’t die, and mercifully there was no cop to witness it. I pulled into a gas station and threw it into park as Erika looked around wide-eyed.

“You did *what*?”

“I.. delivered, like, drugs. Kinda. For some guy. Look, it’s not that big a deal.”

“Not that big... are you still doing it?”

She shook her head. “No, definitely not.”

I gave myself a moment to process this. “So... if you were delivering drugs, were you using them too?”

Erika looked down, ashamed, and nodded slowly. Tears began running down her cheeks. “I’m sorry. I know you’re disappointed. I’m not a junkie or anything. I barely use any more. I mean, I don’t, now that I belong to you.”

I took her forearm in my hand and squeezed firmly. “Erika, I need you to listen to me, all right? I have a question, and it’s very important you be completely honest. I’m not mad at you, OK? I just need you to be honest. Can you do that?”

She nodded, brightening at the chance to obey.

“Did you use – get high, whatever – at my apartment the night of our threesome? This past weekend?”

Her chin quivered. I’d always been the sort who melted at the sight of a beautiful woman crying, but right now I had to be firm. “I... yes. I did. I was a little nervous – believe it or not I didn’t used to have random threesomes all the time – and I brought the last of my stash to help take the edge off. I shouldn’t have, I know. I’m sorry.”

“So you’re saying *you* brought it. Not Courtney.”

“Yeah. It was all me. I don’t think she’d even know how to get her hands on stuff any more. She had nothing to do with it.”

I didn’t answer, slumping back in my seat. I’d been so sure of my theory – that the contents of those syringes had been the agent that turned these two girls into my sex slaves. That Courtney had duped her friend with the promise of a fake high, then treacherously injected her with a chemical to enslave her. Just to make me happy. I’d been so sure that this would lead me to whatever supposedly terrible secret Courtney didn’t want me to know. That she feared I would learn more than anything.

“Erika, I need you to tell me how you became my sex slave. Understand? What happened – what did Courtney do – to make you the way you are now?”

“I don’t know,” she said pitifully. “I was just having fun at a threesome, and next thing I knew pleasing you wasn’t just something to do for kicks, but something I *had* to do, something burned into me. Way, deep, all the way down. But I don’t know how it happened. I wish I did, but I don’t.”

I gritted my teeth. The whole reason I’d arranged to get alone time with her, to pump her for information and find out what had been done, to see if I could reverse it. For Erika, certainly, and for Courtney... well, we’d have that discussion at the very least. If not for her obedience, I would’ve been unwilling to trust her – Erika was too smooth, and I was certain she was the kind of girl who could make a man believe whatever she wanted him to believe. But after a straightforward command to answer truthfully, there was just no way Courtney had dosed her. Instead, it was just a party girl getting high in my bathroom because she was nervous about fucking some guy she didn’t know. Back to square one – pondering the significance of random strangers on a bus, rummaging through memories that I was increasingly unsure whether or not they’d happened or I’d fabricated them.

I put the car back in drive and got back on the road without another word, trying to puzzle through it all. If not the syringe, then what? What had Courtney used to enslave her? I didn’t believe in magic – at least, I hadn’t before all of this – and I was sure Courtney wasn’t some medieval alchemist who’d concocted a mind control pill, or a mad scientist who’d built a brainwashing ray gun.

How had she done it?

When it hit me, I ran a light and almost a second one. (I really needed to do my detective work off of the road.) There it was, embedded right there in my own question: What had *Courtney* done to enslave her?

Erika wasn’t my sex slave. She was Courtney’s.

Chapter Nine

“Look grateful when you have my cock in your mouth, for fuck’s sake,” I snapped at Erika. She sort of had already, honestly, but fuck it. I was upset and she was part of it.

A lot of things began to click once I’d realized my oversight. My assumption that Courtney had bound her to me had been logical; Erika obeyed me, and she derived genuine pleasure from doing so. However, if Courtney’s command had been to obey me, then every time she did so she was in fact following an order from her true owner. It was second-degree, same as when Courtney got off on showing off her assets to my friends. She loved it because it made me happy, not because she had a fetish for Stu and Rich’s drool.

“Faster, slut.”

“Sorry, master.” Erika paused only long enough to say those two words, then redoubled her efforts.

It also made sense of some things – why Courtney would have cleaned up the syringe she claimed belonged to Erika, why she’d so carefully avoided ever even mentioning them. Why Erika had been so quick to confess to drug abuse, to fall on her sword so I wouldn’t have any more leads to follow to uncover my girlfriend’s secret. She’d been told to. She was protecting Courtney – better I think she was a smackhead than have me mistrust her mistress.

I remembered snooping in Courtney’s phone and reading the text exchange stamped right before Erika’s arrival at our initial threesome. Erika had asked if she needed to bring “stuff” – which probably meant IV drug use really was a vice of hers – and Courtney saying she’d take care of it. She must have given Erika her slave compound instead of whatever she’d been expecting. Then later she must’ve made explicit her desire to keep the mechanism secret.

“If that’s all the harder you’re going to try, just say so, and I’ll get Courtney in here and get my dick sucked right.” Erika squealed in alarm and pressed her face down until I was blocking off her throat, then held herself there until she was close to asphyxiating.

Of course, this was all still conjecture, but it definitely made sense to me. At least more so than anything else. It still didn’t give me much by way of details – where Courtney had gotten the stuff, or who’d used it on her, or why it had made her mine and not someone else’s.

The good news was that it finally gave me something to go on – and I had the advantage in that they didn’t know that I was on to them. So for the past few days, consequent of her winning my rigged competition, I’d taken Erika to a hotel and started out on a path that was equal parts training my slave girl, working out frustration, and preparing my next move.

Speaking of... “I’m almost there. Paint your face with it, Erika. Show me who you belong to.”

I hadn’t needed to warn her – she’d spent so much time with my dick in her mouth by now that she knew every bump and vein by the feel of it against her tongue. But my direction was all she needed to pull back and pump at my shaft with both hands, working it vigorously and skillfully. She didn’t let up until every last drop she could coax

out of me was well and truly drained onto her cheeks, nose , and chin. When I was down to drips and drizzles, Erika leaned in and smeared it on her puckered lips.

For the past three days, this was how it had been with us. It had been difficult, at first – being demanding, bossy, imperious. It didn't come to me naturally, especially with a young knockout like Erika who would have been intimidating beyond approach only a few months ago. I needed her to relax around me, though. To feel like she had a relationship of her own with me, something uniquely Us.

So for days, I'd used her unrelentingly. Everything I could think of that would bring me even the faintest hint of enjoyment or relaxation, I'd had her do – and then a few others I didn't even want, but that I was sure she'd believe I had. She'd massaged me, bathed me, fed me by hand, rubbed my feet and fetched when I snapped my fingers. Beyond that, there were the constant sexual demands, each more selfish than the last.

With each order she followed, she'd gotten hornier and hornier. I'd fucked her the first night we'd arrived, just after we'd left her old apartment, but after that I'd carefully avoided anything that would give her a chance to get off, and maintained my prohibition against unsanctioned orgasms. Handjobs, blowjobs, tit-fucks... every time I had the energy for one, I got one. I'd been having her perform for me, dancing and touching herself, though once I started to worry she'd climax just from playing with her nipples I put a stop to that, too.

Presently, the poor girl was literally trembling with unfulfilled lust, on her knees between my legs, staring at my deflating cock like it had wronged her somehow. It was time to make a go for it.

“Thank god for you, Erika,” I said, slumping back against the headboard. “I could never do that kind of thing with Courtney.”

It took her a moment to register I'd said something, to think beyond the needs of her pussy. “What? What do you mean? Courtney loves sucking your cock. Before I even met you, she'd told me about how great it was. I mean, I get it now, but... she lives and breathes your dick, Drew.”

“No, not that, just... I dunno. You're not like her. In a good way, I mean. Not that I mean it in a bad way for her.” Years of experience sputtering awkwardly in front of pretty girls was coming in handy. “I just mean... you're so chill about stuff. With her, I have to be the Nice Guy McBoyfriend. With you, I can just... you know.”

“Jizz on my face without skipping a beat?” she said wryly. Over the past few days, she'd become more comfortable acting like herself around me, reverting to the woman I'd first met at our party weeks back – only an entirely subservient version. It struck me as an improvement, though I'll grant I was biased.

“Yeah. I mean, you're just... I dunno. You don't judge. I don't have to pretend around you.”

I nodded permission for her to go clean up her face in the hotel room's sink, but I could tell her smile was more for the compliment. “Damn straight. If you can't get your full freak on with your private slut slave, where can you?”

I let her finish tidying up. She touched up her makeup too – not something I'd asked for, but I'd learned that Erika was decidedly vain, and I certainly didn't mind her looking her best. She came back to bed and curled up beside me. Without a pause, I

settled a hand between her legs and started teasing her lips with my index finger. She gasped, not having received any attention down there in days now.

“So hey. I know we’re heading back home tomorrow and all, but I was thinking, with this being our last night, maybe we could... try something.”

Erika sighed, eyes closed and smiling. “I thought you’d never ask.”

“Awesome.” I slowly dragged one slick finger across her clit. “So you’re still in touch with your hookup then?”

Her eyes opened. “My hookup?”

“Yeah. You know, your dealer, or whatever.”

She looked over at me, but put a hand over mine so I didn’t stop playing with her. “You mean... you... want to get high?” The request was plainly not what she’d been expecting.

“Yeah. I’ve always kind of been curious, but I’ve just never really had a connection. Or someone I wanted to do it with. I read this story once where this couple shot up some heroin and it said the sex after was just mind-blowing.”

She squeezed my hand with her thighs. “Wow. Never figured you for an aspiring junkie.”

“I don’t want to buy a pound of the stuff – just a few hits, enough to give us a good night.”

“A pound? Seriously?” She giggled. “If you’re gonna start down this path, learn the metric system, Drew.”

I most definitely did not intend to start down any such path. I did, however, have suspicions that Erika’s dealer might be the source of whatever had been in those IVs in my bathroom. Plus I had a vague recollection of overhearing her and Courtney talking about some old connection, someone who’d been a strong influence on them in the past. Only that was right before I’d made that fateful bet with Erika, so I’d basically forgotten the specifics. But there was something there.

It could be that it had just been heroin in that needle, and that this whole thing would just be a brief, sordid ride on the wild side. (Here I was, thinking someone living with me had “just” been using heroin.) But if it had been involved in Erika’s enslavement, it might well be a lead.

Desperate? Sure. Flimsy? You bet. But I didn’t have anything else. At worst, I’d have wasted a few days learning nothing, and my urgency was much more a matter of the heart than of any looming crisis.

“So what do you say? Can we go meet your guy? This could be our last chance. And you won’t say anything to Courtney, right? I don’t want her to know.”

She smiled slyly. “If she found out you were using H and didn’t tell her, she’d flip her shit.”

“Yeah – I can’t even imagine how she’d react. With most women I’ve dated, it’d be a dumpable offense.”

“No, I meant she’d...” She stopped mid-sentence, smile disintegrating. “Yeah. Best we not tell her.”

If I hadn’t been sure she was Courtney’s first and mine second before, I sure was now. The way she’d cut herself off... What had she been going to say? She’d want in on

it? Tell me to stay away to protect her secret? Her cagey answer gave me all the more hope I was on to something. But we wouldn't know until we knew.

“C'mon, my little pet slut – let's get this show on the road.” She grunted in frustration as my hand pulled away from her pussy, but she followed.

I was disappointed that there had been no phone call. If this lead panned out, having a phone number I could snoop on would've been helpful. I guess it made sense they weren't in the habit of arranging things via phone, considering here I was hoping to use it against them.

Erika drove us to our destination in my car. I admit that I was surprised we seemed to be heading to a decent part of town rather than the slums I'd figured on. My knowledge of the illegal drug industry was limited to episodes of what I'd seen on TV. This neighborhood wasn't upscale exactly, but certainly not what I'd call the ghetto. I kept an eye on her in my peripheral vision, and she looked decidedly ill at ease. Maybe it was days of servicing me sexually with nothing in return, but it felt like it was more than that.

"We're here," she said as we pulled up in front of a small warehouse. As she put us in park, I looked the building over. There was some kind of sign on the side of it, but it was too dark and the paint too faded to make out. I made a mental note of the address.

"All right. So we just honk and someone comes out, or do we go in, or...?"

"We don't go anywhere. I go in. You wait here. Trust me – much better that way."

"Oh, right. Sure." I'd already stopped trusting her days ago, but no sense telling her that.

I handed her a wad of cash I'd withdrawn on the way over, and she opened her door. "Now like I said, it might be a while, so just relax, sit tight, and... you know. Play games on your phone or whatever." She gave me a long kiss and hopped out of the car. I watched her head over to a side door, where she knocked and waited before the door opened and someone I couldn't see from my angle let her in.

I'd already achieved my objective. Getting caught snooping around here was not only potentially dangerous, but could well tip off Erika about my suspicions. If I was ever going to learn what had happened, I had to deny my girls the chance to cover their tracks.

It was over half an hour before anything happened. A car pulled up behind me – at first I mistook it for a cheap sedan until I realized it was one of those low-key hybrids. I'd briefly considered buying a car like that until discovering it cost almost triple what mine did.

I adjusted the rear view mirror and watched as a man stepped out of the vehicle. He looked to be the only occupant, a heavy-set guy with only a bit of his hair left wearing a brown suit. He looked around nervously, the portrait of a man out of his element. Then he walked up to the same door Erika had, gave a hasty knock, and was admitted a moment later.

Another hour passed. I wondered how the person running this joint could be staying in business, only getting clients at such long intervals. People would have to be buying in serious bulk for this to pay off, which was the opposite of anything I'd ever seen or heard about the drug trade. What was that man doing in there? Looking through the inventory for the perfect dose?

I was looking so intently at the building that the sudden sound of someone knocking on the driver's side window made me jump so hard I banged my head on the roof. Rubbing my head and turning, I saw...

Someone I knew. Kind of. A young brunette, beautiful and bent over in a way that made it difficult to look at her face with the view down her neckline at a pair of small but perfectly shaped breasts. Once I saw the face, though, recognition dimly set in. I only knew so many woman of her age and attractiveness, and there was only one place I could know her from.

“Drew?” she said, raising her voice so I could hear her through the window.

“Oh hey... uh...”

“Gina,” she supplied, smiling. She’d definitely caught me looking down her shirt by now, but didn’t seem to mind. “From Courtney’s party.”

“Right! Right, Gina.” I’d only remembered her as “Midriff”, and that just barely. I’d met so many hotties that night I couldn’t begin to keep them all straight. “What, uh, brings you here?”

She gave me a plaintive look, and I realized it was cold out. I unlocked the doors and gestured for her come in. I didn’t actually want company, but my instinct for courtesy worked faster than my fledgling PI talents. “Thanks,” she said, settling into the driver’s seat and rubbing her bare arms. Now that I could see more of her than just her cleavage, I saw she was dressed totally out of sync for the season. A black miniskirt clinging to slender hips, and above that a loose-fitting tank top that once more bared that impressively toned tummy of hers. The temperature outside was probably just a few degrees above freezing, but she was dressed like it was mid-summer.

I said a silent prayer for a return to a time in my life where encounters with strangers began to make sense again instead of just raising more questions.

“So yeah,” I tried again, “what brings you out here?”

She smiled at me, and it was more off-putting than it should have been. Aside from the darker hair, her looks reminded me of that angry platinum-haired bitch who was always doing hateful rants on politics. Almost painfully beautiful, but cold and untouchable. Tonight, however, she was all peaches and cream, wearing an unmissably flirtatious smile. “I could ask you the same, just sitting here in your car. You’re not going in?”

“Oh. Well, I’m just, uh, waiting for someone.” What the hell was going on? Were all of Courtney’s friends on heroin?

Was Courtney?

“Looks like you found someone,” she said, putting a hand casually on my forearm. She twisted to face me.

“Yeah, guess I did,” I said with a little laugh. Something in the back of my mind provided a defense mechanism against this discomfort. A man she’d been with, one twice her age who looked decidedly displeased to be in attendance at my little party. “So hey, how’s your fiancé?”

“My what?” She looked confused. “OH, him. Yeah, we’re not together any more. It was honestly never really that serious between us. I’m totally available now.” Her smile returned, her hand stroked up and down my forearm. The goosebumps forming had nothing to do with the chill air she’d let in with her.

“Ah, well that’s good. I’m still with Courtney, actually,” I said, squirming a little. Her perfume was heady. Almost as dizzying as that hauntingly beautiful face of hers.

“She’s a real pleaser – I can see why you like her. Can I interest you in something else tonight? Something maybe a bit more petite, but every bit as willing?” She softly took my hand and placed it directly over her right breast. Clearly no bra there. Smaller than Courtney’s – and Morgan’s – and Erika’s – and how the hell did I know how all these women’s tits felt like?

What in the universe was going on?!

“Well?” She said after giving me a moment to feel her up – which I’d mostly spent trying and failing to collect my thoughts. “Can I talk you into coming in? Or do you need to see the merchandise first?”

“Uh, see the...” Did she mean the heroin? Was that it – she was some kind of unconventional dealer, the street level operative? It was the least subtle face I could imagine – it made no sense. Looking like she did, she’d either freeze to death or have every cop who drove by suspecting her of prostitution.

She giggled, shaking her head. Then without any fanfare, she lifted the front of her tank top over her chest, revealing two small but spectacular boobs. Courtney’s body was built to fuel male fantasies, but this was one that was made to reward us for looking beyond classic busty figures.

“Taste them,” she said. When I just stared, she nodded vigorously. “Come on. Please? For me? I’d be so grateful if you just put your mouth on my tits, just for a second. Pretty please?”

“I, um, I’m just here to...”

“Never mind what you came here to do – you can’t tell me you’re not interested. C’mon. What say we go inside, and you can decide what to do with me in a little more comfort.”

Let’s go inside. Those words snapped me out of it. This was my in. But what if Erika came back? She’d know I’d gone in, found out what was happening in there. Then again, if I said no, Midriff – what was her name again? – might go inside anyway, and may well pass on to her friends that she’d seen me. That could well lead to Erika reaching the same conclusion.

Nothing ventured... “OK. Let’s go.”

Her smile brightened. “I can’t wait. I started getting wet the moment I saw you.”

We exited the car, and with my pulse racing, I followed her hand in hand to the door. Some inner voice was chastising me for not having figured out what was happening yet, but I had too much adrenaline pumping – and maybe too much testosterone – to be thinking clearly.

Midriff knocked at the door. A speaker box next to it clicked, but no one said anything. Someone was listening rather than speaking. “It’s Gina – with a friend,” she said.

The speaker clicked again, followed by a popping sound I recognized as the door unlatching. It opened, and now I could finally see who was opening it – an enormous man with dark skin covered in patterned tattoos. He was bulky in the extreme, probably well past three hundred pounds, but there was a solidity to him that told me there was muscle down there to back it up. He looked like I could pound on him all day and he wouldn’t feel a thing.

Midriff walked right past him, and the man stepped back and settled his ponderous frame on a nearby stool. Poor thing had its work cut out for it. I followed her down a hallway lit with red lights that were probably meant to be sensual but in my present frame of mind seemed merely ominous. We went through a few hallways, all of them vacant, and I had to trust my guide on direction. The only sign of habitation we encountered was some kind of banging sound I heard from behind a door we passed, but I had no idea what was making it.

“Somebody’s getting a workout,” the girl commented, and I colored slightly to realize it had probably been a different sort of banging. What was this place? Some kind of brothel?

I wasn’t even sure I could get back out without help by the time she stopped at another door, and this time Midriff went right in, closing the door behind us. The room was cozy, furnished not unlike a hotel room. It was personably decorated without actually having anything that marked it as a particular person’s. The bed was broad and conspicuously centered, and when I hit the light switch it cast only a faint glow from a lamp in the corner.

“Come on in,” she said, then closed the door behind us. “Tell me what I can do to make you more comfortable and I’ll do it. Anything you want.”

“I, um... sorry, still trying to wrap my mind around this,” I said, looking around. It was just the one room, with a bathroom off-set, but as fast as this was happening, it was like I was in another world. I’d wanted to know what was going on in here, but now that I was here, it felt like I was in over my head.

She smiled. “I get that a lot. But you know how the drill by now. Tell me what you want, and I’ll make it happen. Nothing off-limits.”

“So you’re... this is...” I was trying to find a diplomatic way to put it. “Do I pay you now, or after?” (I failed.)

“Oh, we’ll just charge your usual account – don’t worry about that. You just think about what kind of fun you’d like to have tonight. I’m yours, all night.”

“Um, no offense, but I don’t even know you.” Not that it had really stopped me with Erika. Or with Morgan. Or Courtney, for that matter. Still, this was becoming a worrisome cycle of behavior on my end. Courtney had made it clear she had no expectations of monogamy where I was concerned, but still, I doubt she’d imagine I’d be fucking not one but three women before the week was out.

“Well don’t worry about that – I’ll be whoever you want me to be. Slutty nurse doing a housecall? Done. Dutiful maid eager to please her new boss? No problem. Mindless sexbot? Easy peasy. Girl you had a crush on in high school? Tell me the details and I’ll be her – or whatever version of her you want. I’m yours. All yours.”

And I was hard again. Not three hours since Erika had sucked me dry, and this girl had me going. *Stay on mission, Drew*, I reprimanded myself. “Right. Do you mind if, maybe before we get going, we just sort of get acquainted? Just feeling a little nervous, so I just thought we might talk a bit.”

She shrugged. “If that’s what you want. Hop a squat. What do you want to talk about?”

I sat down on the bed – there was only one other chair in the room, and she’d just taken it. “Well, maybe start by telling me about yourself. All I really know is that you’re a

friend of Courtney's, and that you used to be engaged." *Oh, and maybe your name again.*

"Not much to tell, really. Born and raised in Nebraska but got bored with corn and cows so I came out here to the city and never looked back. Did a little modeling but never got very far with it, and then I found this gig and I just love it to death, couldn't imagine doing anything else."

"And your... fiancé?"

"Who? Oh – yeah, that was just a date. He told me he wanted me to be his arm candy though, so... yep. It was never serious."

"Oh. I see." I didn't, actually, not at all. "So, from modeling to... this. How does a transition like that happen?"

She smiled. "Surprised Courtney never told you – she's the one who recruited me."

My blood froze. "Wait, you say... Courtney?"

"Yeah, we both used to do work at this art school downtown, posing. We had coffee a few times, eventually got to be friends enough that we made a play-date to hit the clubs, but she never showed. Then after a month or two she comes around again, and we're talkin', and she asks me if I'm looking to make some better money. She said it was an acting gig." She laughed, amused with her naïve younger self.

I tried to summon the saliva back into my parched mouth. "So you just showed up, and they asked you to do... this, and you said yes?"

"Eh, it took a little convincing, but... once I got started, I couldn't get enough. I'm always asking for extra shifts. Honestly? I'm not even supposed to be here tonight, but I couldn't think of anything better to do. I just love it."

"So... you and Courtney are... co-workers."

"Obviously."

"Obviously," I repeated.

"You know, normally I don't open up like this, but Courtney's kind of a legend around here, best of the best. If she's taken you in, you must be pretty special." She crossed and uncrossed her legs. When she noticed me looking, she waggled her eyebrows. "Shaved bare, if you wondered. I can't wait to show you." She probably thought I was staring at her – and I guess I was – but mostly I was trying to make sense of this.

No. To accept it. I'd already figured it out – I think I'd done that while I was sitting in the car earlier. But now I had to let it sink in.

"So... Courtney was... your prostitute mentor."

There. I'd said it. Courtney had been a hooker. And a recruiter for her pimp, from the sound of it. Erika had worked here too, no doubt, with her evasive talk of doing 'odd jobs'. From the behavior I'd seen in Morgan, I'd wager she wasn't a stranger in these halls. They all had that same pattern of behavior, to varying degrees – that need to please, their sexual desires constantly on the surface and available to anyone who'd tell them to act on them.

Meanwhile, Midriff just laughed. "It sounds kinda ridiculous when you say it like that, doesn't it? And no, she didn't personally train me. Arman always likes to do that himself."

“Yeah, who could blame him.” That name. Where had I heard that before? Whoever he was, he must be the one behind all this. Some kind of ring of mind-controlled prostitutes? How did it all operate? And how had Courtney broken free?

Or had she? Was I being set up? Had our entire relationship just been some kind of long con?

The brunette in the chair once again pulled me back into the present, waving her hands in front of me as she realized my mind had wandered. “You tell me – you’re the one who has a beautiful girl dying to pleasure him but would rather have a lengthy conversation about ancient history. Some girls might be offended.”

“Sorry, no, just...” I shouldn’t ask it. Who knew what kind of security was in place here – hell, that guy by the door alone was more than enough to beat me senseless, even if I could find my way back there. Midriff already was beginning to look a bit suspicious. If she decided something was off, I could wind up in a world of trouble. There could be more guards, armed even, cameras, who knows what. I couldn’t let them know I was snooping.

Secrets like this, I could get myself killed and nobody would ever know I’d been here – except Erika, whom I now wondered if she was off fucking the fat guy in the hybrid. Or this Arman fellow.

I had to play this right. I didn’t need to go crazy, just... indulge her a little, then be on my way. Lord knows I was way past thinking in terms of fidelity at this point.

Midriff sat watching me, arms folded across her chest a bit impatiently. “Just...?” she prompted.

“Just... I guess I wondered if you have, I dunno, specialties, or something.” Not at all what I’d been wondering, but it got us back into safe discussion territory.

“Whatever you want is my specialty – there’s nothing you could name that I wouldn’t pour my heart and soul into. Nothing.” Her smile returned.

“Just once, it’d be nice to meet a girl who didn’t throw herself at me,” I grumbled.

I hadn’t even meant for her to overhear it, but she evidently had ears like a cat. “Is that what you want? You want me not to be some easy piece of meat? To treat you the way the old me would have?”

“I assume the old you would’ve just laughed in my face,” I said.

“Pretty much,” the pretty brunette agreed with a snide expression. “No offense, Drew, but you’re not exactly my type.”

That stung a little, and I retorted before I could stop myself. “What, you mean rich and pathetic?”

“No, but I do have a strict you-must-be-this-long-to-ride policy, sorry,” she said, holding her thumb and index finger a few inches apart.

“What? Two minutes ago you were begging me to have sex with you, and now all of the sudden you’re too good for me?”

“Hey, you’re the one who made me this way. Not my fault you’re into mean bitches.”

Then I got it – she’d said she’d play the role, and she was. It was an act. “That’s right, I did, didn’t I,” I said, walking over to her. She looked entirely bored to be here as I loomed over her place in her chair. “So apologize.”

She looked up at me, purely irritated. “Oh gee, Mr. Drew, I’m so, SO sowwy. I pwomise it won’t happen again.” Again, the tone was sarcastic, and she rolled her eyes to underscore it.

“Tell me you want to suck my dick,” I said.

“Well boy howdy, there’s nothing I’d like more than having some loser shove his dick in my face. Purty please, Mr. Drew, won’t you make me blow you?” She glared at my crotch. “Because making me is the only way it’s gonna happen.”

Courtney’s mission in life seemed to be finding ways to please me. Erika had proven an obedient and dedicated servant. Morgan had had skills in knowing just how to please a man, and hadn’t shied away from using them.

This... this was a horse of a different color, and I found I was enjoying it more than I ought to. Besides, she thought I knew the drill here, and letting her find out otherwise by not playing ball could bring me no small measure of trouble. Heck, they might beat me to a pulp just for not having one of those accounts she mentioned, even apart from my snooping.

“Take your top off.”

Reluctantly she obeyed, preserving her modesty as best she could until she dropped it on the floor, her arms immediately folding over her pert breasts for modesty. I’d almost forgotten what a woman practicing modesty looked like. “Lower your arms.”

She did so, frowning at her own arms as they betrayed her. “Enjoy the eyeful. Take advantage of me while I’m helpless, you fuckin’ prick.”

I took a little brown nipple in each hand, rubbing them between my fingers before giving them a firm pinch that left them hardening before my eyes. “Not bad. I’ve seen better, but for a flat girl, not bad.”

“Hey, I am *not* flat,” she said indignantly, hands on her hips. “I may not have tits out to here, but I’m not flat.”

“What’s your cup size? A? AA?”

“None of your fucking business – I may have to obey you but I don’t have to answer your questions.”

“Tell me your cup size.” I smirked.

She sighed. “I’m a B, OK? I used to be a C, but when I dropped twenty pounds, a lot of it came from my tits. There, happy now?”

“Happy-ish. As happy as a flat girl like you can make me.”

“Sorry I’m not all tits and no brains like your whore girlfriend,” she said.

Right up until she said that, I’d just been playing, trying out the part of a man taking advantage of a girl bound to obey against her will. It was a little creepy, maybe, but since I knew she was just like Courtney and Erika and only playing, it was just a little harmless role play. But when she put words to Courtney’s status... Something snapped.

I became my role. Courtney was not a whore. Not any more. She was my girlfriend. My love. The best thing that had ever happened to me. If I couldn’t even yet think of her like that, this bitch certainly couldn’t talk about her as such.

“Take off your skirt now, Midriff.”

She frowned as she slid down the zipper on the side. “Midriff? I have a name, you know. It’s–”

“I don’t care. From now on, your name is Midriff. Unless I decide to name you after a more pleasing body part. Then you’ll be Ass, or Cunt. Enjoy Midriff while it lasts.”

She finished lowering her skirt, then stepped out of it. There were no panties, though she again tried to use her hands to preserve her modesty. All it took was a gesture for her to lower them to her sides.

“Pig,” she accused with a sneer.

“Don’t move a muscle,” I said. She froze in place – save for her eyes, which followed me as I moved around her. At first I only looked; she was positively gorgeous, toned and fit and everything tightly in its place. The kind of girl you see in fitness commercials, but with a bit less muscle and a lot more impotent glare. She’d shaved, just like she said, and between the feisty look, the petite figure and the bare snatch, she exuded a vibe of every unattainable girl I’d ever known as a young man.

I helped myself to the feel of her, which didn’t disappoint either. I casually shed my own clothes, pulling her backside up against me, my cock hardening every moment as it rested in the cleft of her buttocks.

“Ya know, Midriff,” I said as I raised her arms over her head, “I think this has been in the back of my head since we met. Not that you made such an impression, but... you treated me like I was an insect. Beneath you. Looks like you’re not such hot shit now, huh.” I held her against me with a perky breast in each hand. “You may talk now, by the way.”

“Well if I act like I’m better than you, maybe it’s because I am!” she said immediately.

“Not tonight you’re not. Tonight, you’re my little cutlet. My own little piece of meat.”

“Oh, are you fucking me already? I didn’t feel anything, but maybe I wouldn’t.”

I grinned. She was good. I bent her forward until she was resting her hands on the bed, then arched her back to show off that stupendous ass of hers. “I think I’m going to fuck you right in the ass. Just for all the guys you’ve walked on who wanted to hate never got the chance.”

“Hey – hey hey,” she said, tone softening, “there’s no need for that. Look, trust me, you’ll have way more fun with my pussy. Nice and tight, and I get good and wet. C’mon, you don’t want to back door me. You don’t even have any lube – no more fun for you than it would be for me.”

I flopped down on the bed in front of her, clutching her hair in a loose fist and guiding her face down to my cock even as she hastened her protests. “There ya go – free lube.” Per my command, she still wasn’t moving, but with my guidance she cooperated so that there was a steady rhythm. It was miles away from the best blowjob I’d had – even by pre-Courtney standards – but the power trip more than made up for it.

The thought reminded me of Courtney again, so I made myself stop thinking about it and just focus on the here and now. I’d committed, and there was nothing to do but follow through. I pumped her face up and down for a few minutes. “Straddle me – and put your hole right over my cock.”

Midriff obeyed in a blur, vaulting into position across my stomach, then putting her crotch right over my mid-section. Reaching behind her, she positioned the head of my dick right at the entrance to her pussy.

She hadn't been joking about the wetness. Whatever process was at work here, the enthusiasm it engendered in the girls was real. Still. "Wrong hole."

She winced, but complied, wriggling just a few inches closer and repeating the process, only this time with her asshole. "C'mon. I'm sorry, OK? Please don't fuck my ass."

"Well I can hardly let that kind of rudeness go unpunished. And to look at you, I can't think of anywhere on you I'd rather take it out on than your ass."

"Um, thanks, I think. But there has to be some other way. C'mon – please? I shouldn't have been so bitchy. I'll do anything – anything but that."

"You'll do anything anyway."

"Yeah, but I could, you know, pretend to get excited about it. No – not pretend. That's the wrong word. I am excited. Super excited. You're, uh, really turning me on, actually. I'd be so grateful if you fucked my cunt right now."

"Uh huh, I'll bet."

"No! I mean it! Really – please fuck my pussy? Pretty please?" It was strange, hearing some of the same words coming from this woman I'd heard from others, only this time, it wasn't filled with lust, but with dread. (Even though underneath I knew she was enjoying this every bit as much as I was.)

"Well someone has to punish your ass. If not me, then I guess it's gotta be you."

"What?" She frowned. "What does that mean?"

"I want you to turn around so I can see your good side. Then – while you ride me, with your much-touted cunt – I want you to give yourself a nice hard spanking, like the little bitch you are."

"You... you want me to spank myself? What am I, a toddler?"

"You know, you're right, I should just—"

"No no no no no! No, that's fine. If that's what you want. Sure." With some deft movements, she spun to face away from me, and I didn't miss the elated grin that sneaked onto the brunette's pretty face as she turned away from me. This time, she didn't pause at the entrance, and slid right down until her pussy was fully impaled on my shaft.

Midriff was as tight as advertised.

Then she started moving, and thank goodness she was doing all the work because the way she gyrated her hips, grinding on and around my cock, I don't think I could have focused to do my end if my orgasm depended on it. "Oh yeah, that feels so amazing, your cock is sooooo big," she said in a tone perfectly calibrated to sound both insincere yet sincerely attempting to sound sincere.

She was an actress. And then, she started spanking herself. I had to prompt her to do it like she meant it – "this is a spanking, not patty-cake with your bitch friends" – but once she got going, she got going. She reddened one cheek, then the other, while I lie there mesmerized by each tremor that ran through those perfect ass cheeks. Sometimes she yelped in surprise at her own strength; others she was able to remain stoic.

"You know, you'd think as nice as I'm being to you, you could at least thank me," I said after a while.

"Thank you? You've got to be – EEEK – kidding me!" she said, punctuating her question with another slap to the right cheek.

“You know, you’re right – time to switch holes.”

“No! Sorry, I meant, of course I’m grateful! Thank you for – ow! – for teaching me!” She humped up and down a few more times, then another smack that came with a sharp intake of breath. “Thank you, thank you for teaching me. I’ll never be a bitch to you again.”

“I meant, thank me for fucking you, ya skank.”

She glared at me over her shoulder for a split second, then changed her mantra as if she’d meant that all along. “Thank you for fucking me. Your cock is so big, I’m so lucky to be fucked by a guy as hung as you. You’re so hot, baby – thank you, thank you for fucking me.”

It all sounded as transparently inauthentic as before – and it was divine, the thrill of fucking some stuck-up bitch just as she was. I’d have to remember this role play with Courtney.

Courtney.

I banished the thought again before it could sap my resolve, and started bucking my hips up into her. To my surprise, Midriff started groaning in what sounded like actual pleasure – perhaps this ice queen was thawing out just a bit. Her spankings slowed, but I didn’t care at this point. I was fucking her, exactly the way I wanted to.

Then I finished exactly the way I wanted to – by lifting her by her slender waist, then sliding her back down so I slid just a small ways into her butt. An inch or two, maybe, as that was all she could take without notice – but that’s where I came, spurting my seed inside her ass. With the wail of a banshee, the sudden and surprising penetration overwhelmed her – maybe even out of character – and her entire body was wracked by a massive orgasm that didn’t let up until I shoved her off of me.

Midriff fell right onto her face without even trying to catch herself, panting into the mattress as I watched my cum start to leak down out of her ass.

“You’re a real asshole, you know.”

“Funny, yours is the only asshole I’ve seen in here today.”

“Bastard.”

I rolled forward, putting an arm over her and changing my tone to genuine appreciation. “You were fucking incredible, by the way. That... you... I don’t even know. No words.”

She turned her head and smiled at me, and I could see she’d broken character as well. “Thanks – that’s a popular one. Lots of guys who want to work out their aggression on whatever bitch they never liked.”

“I’ll bet. You do it so well.”

“Really? I felt like I totally rushed it. Did you actually wanna ass-fuck me, by the way? I’m super game for it if you are. Or if you want another round, I totally have more ideas – I was thinking maybe I really enjoyed it but am too proud to admit it, so I turn up the bitch factor even higher to provoke you into really laying into me this time.”

I stroked her hair, but before I could ask for a breather, I heard something from beyond the door. I’d heard it distantly while we were fucking, but I’d been preoccupied then. Now, I could hear it.

No, not it, *her*. It was faint, but there was no mistaking it. I’d know that voice anywhere – especially that throaty, low-registered moan.

Courtney.

I sat bolt upright, putting a finger to Midriff's lips when she tried to ask if something was wrong. It was faint, but I had no doubt – the sounds of Courtney nearing an orgasm. Then the sound of her achieving one. I'd heard it a thousand times.

"I have to go."

I was dressed and out the door before she could even get her skirt on, following my ears like a bloodhound followed its nose. It was mostly quiet in the halls, making it easier to hear the sounds of my girlfriend's arousal resuming. Around a corner, I soon pinpointed the door behind which the sounds were emitting. And growing louder. Her plaintive little moans, semi-coherent pleading and dirty talk.

"Oh yeah... fuck, that's the spot... deeper... Yeah, all the way in... so fucking full right now..." I tried the handle, but the door was locked. Then I stepped back to make an attempt to kick it down.

"COURTNEY!" The door rattled under my assault. "Courtney, it's me, Drew! Let me in – I'll get you out of there!"

The sounds she was making didn't relent for a moment. I kicked again and again, but the sturdy door was holding fast. I hoped to at least get the attention of whatever prick she was servicing, but he seemed too wrapped up in her affections to respond either. "Open the door, Courtney! Open the fucking door!"

"You must be Drew," a man's voice said behind me.

I turned, and there stood an impeccably smooth man in a leather suit and sunglasses, even in the dimly lit corridor. He had a swarthy complexion and a thick Middle Eastern accent. He was so calm that, panting in exertion as I was, he made me feel foolish. "You must be Arman," I said in a low voice.

Courtney only continued moaning as whoever was in there "stuffed [her] slut cunt so good".

"This is not a place for you. Come, walk with me."

"That's my girlfriend in there. I'm not leaving without her."

"Girlfriend?" he said, and a mirthless grin split his face. "No, my friend, I do not think the woman in that room is anybody's girlfriend. Now I ask you another time, let us take a walk."

I didn't have much experience dealing with criminals, but there was still no mistaking the edge to his tone. It was a classic easy way or the hard way situation. And even if I somehow over-powered him and dashed in to that room... I had no idea what I'd say or do. Courtney's excited moaning made it clear she wasn't here against her will.

So I fell in line beside Arman, and we took a walk.

Chapter Ten

“What did you do to Courtney?” Aware that I was in the heart of Arman’s den of debauchery where he held all the advantages, I kept my tone as civil as I could. But as he guided me through the labyrinth of corridors, I couldn’t not ask, and as Courtney’s moans faded into obscurity, I couldn’t not glower.

“Nothing special – and nothing personal, I might add,” he replied. His sunglasses made his eyes impossible to read. “I am simply a man running a business, and she’s a very dutiful employee.”

“Just running a business, eh? That’s what you call this? Looks more like a harem to me.”

“It pays the bills, my friend.” I half-expected a gold tooth in his unctuous smile, he was so insincere. “And I don’t get any complaints from the girls.”

“So how does it all work? You just go out, find some woman and pump her full of drugs, put her to work?”

“A bit like that, but not so casual as you think,” Arman said in his thick Middle Eastern accent. “I look for women who are special – only certain kinds, fill certain needs. I have women – like our Courtney – look for good girls for my stable. She shows them good time, chug chug, pump pump,” he said, pantomiming an injection, “and soon we have new girl, ready to have fun, make rich.”

“Make *you* rich, you mean.”

Even with the sunglasses, I could tell he was arching an eyebrow. “Who the fuck else you think I want make rich, my friend? Besides, the girls, they do not complain of it. We only take girls no one misses, ones your society already leave behind. Much happier working on their backs for me on the streets out there.”

“Sure, once you brainwash someone and make them your willing sex slave, I’m sure they don’t tend to gripe much any more.”

“Exactly right – but then, you’d know that just as well as I do, from what Erika tells me, eh my friend? First with Courtney, then with Erika, now you come here looking for more. Quite an appetite on you. But hey, I don’t judge. Two of a kind we are, my friend.”

I stiffened. It wasn’t the same at all – I hadn’t sought anyone out. Hadn’t ordered any of it. I didn’t treat them like property. Well, I had some with Erika, but that was different. She wanted it – enjoyed it.

Which I suppose Midriff had as well, and for the same reason.

And Morgan.

Still... “I’m not the one who did it to them. I never poisoned anybody, never tried to warp anyone’s mind or take away their freedom.”

“I know, I know – Erika tells me all about it. A good thing, too, eh? If you were mastermind, that would make you my competition, and then... well, we would have very different walk, my friend.” The hard edge in his voice sent a chill down my spine. “Instead, I let you go home to enjoy one of my best products – our Courtney, she is a wonder, no? Never had another quite like her. My first, and no one doubts my best. Luck you, eh?”

We walked past another of his goons, this one a good deal leaner than the behemoth by the door where I’d entered the complex but no less intimidating. Arman casually raised a hand that seemed to allay his suspicions about the stranger his boss was walking with. I wondered what would have happened without that hand.

I also wondered another thing, which I went ahead and asked. “So why are you letting me... borrow Courtney? If she’s such a hot commodity, why give away so much of her time to some random guy she met on a bus?”

Arman chuckled at that. “On the bus, you met her? Ha! She always insists on taking public transport – says she likes to be among people, has an eye for clients, eye for new girls. Fitting she finds you there.”

“Answer my question, Arman. My friend.”

He gave me a look, and the downward twist of his mouth instantly reminded me where I was and who I was talking to. Still, he replied. “Courtney comes to me and says she has special man now, no longer works here. I say OK – my girls are all free to quit whenever they like. Just that none ever quit before, eh? Besides, I know she will come back. If there is one thing I know about Courtney, there is never enough to satisfy that *kus*. Right, my friend?”

I said nothing, and he continued. I recognized the hall we were in now. It was near the entrance. “So I say, be glad you have good fortune, and enjoy the pussy while it lasts. Most men never get so lucky – they have to come here, pay mighty price. And hey, when she is done with you, you can always come back, pay for a night! Normally I give a first-time discount, but I think you have already had a taste, eh?”

“I suppose I owe you for... whatever her name is then, huh.”

Arman put a firm arm around my shoulder as he ushered me around the corner to where the man-mountain thug was standing next to the exit. “I would not be so quick to concede debts if I were you, my friend. I do not think you can afford \$5000 a night per girl, eh?” Holy shit. Not a bad rate. I wondered what dismal percent of that went to taking care of the girls themselves. “Not after Gina, and Morgan before her, for Erika, Courtney...”

I shuddered. There it was, as if I needed it. Confirmation that all of these women had been warped into eagerly submissive sex slaves by this man. Morgan was still waitressing on the side, and I wondered for just a moment if she could still be rescued before reminding myself I had enough trouble as it was.

“I have to say, I’m a little surprised you’re not more upset with me. For taking Courtney and Erika.”

He stopped in his tracks. “Upset? Why, you have something to do with why they go?”

The ice in Arman’s tone left no doubt that the wrong answer would cost me dearly. I hadn’t forgotten his warning about competition. “No. No, of course not. Just right place at the right time, I guess.”

His smile returned and he resumed his gait as if he’d never stopped. “But I tell you what. You do me one small favor, I forgive your debt, you and Erika go home and have happy times. No... upset with you. What you think, my friend?”

He stopped in front of the door, conspicuously in arm’s reach of his goon, where Arman spun me so that we were face to face, his hands gripping my upper arms. “What’s the favor?”

“She keep so busy these days, I hardly see dear Courtney. Whenever you see her again, you just tell her Arman misses her. You can do that for me, right? Ha! You thought I would ask for so much, but it is practically nothing, eh my friend? You just tell her Arman misses her. Hopes to see her again, real soon.”

He gestured to his guard, and the man shoved the door open. I didn’t have anything else to say, and there was nothing else to do, so I stepped outside. The door slammed shut behind me.

Erika was already waiting for me by the car. “So... you got impatient, huh.”

“No, actually I ran into a friend of Courtney’s and she invited me in,” I said as I let myself in on the driver’s side. Erika settled into the passenger’s seat as I started the car. “Then she begged me to have sex with her, and then I did. She pretended she hated it though, so I don’t think it counted as cheating. How was *your* night?”

Erika was quiet. Even if I hadn’t stumbled onto the secret of that warehouse, my dark mood was clear. “Oh, then I bumped into your old buddy Arman, who told me all about his little mind-fucked whorehouse and how Courtney helped him build it from the ground up. Is that how you guys met? I know you said you go way back – all the way to the VIP suites? Tag-teaming clientele for five figures an hour?”

“Master, I... we... you don’t understand, it’s...”

I let her trail off into silence. Whatever she said would just be bullshit anyway, either Arman’s or Courtney’s.

“I got what you asked for,” she said in a small voice several minutes later.

I held out a hand, and she retrieved a little plastic baggie from between her cleavage containing a small amount of brown powder. She dropped it in my palm. I very nearly threw it out the window – this stuff was either heroin or it was the foundation of a mind control cocktail, and either way I had no intention of taking it.

Still, even though I was no chemist, if this stuff was involved in Arman’s brainwashing, maybe I could get it to someone to analyze, maybe even find an antidote. I tucked it carefully into a pocket.

“Are you mad at me?”

I glanced over at her. She looked genuinely afraid – not for her safety, I don’t think, but the kind of fear one saw in someone’s eyes after hearing their partner say “we need to have a talk.”

“Not at you. You tried to keep a secret from me, but it’s not your fault.”

“Are you mad at Courtney?” That prospect didn’t seem to make her any less afraid – and of course it wouldn’t. She was more worried about Courtney’s well-being than her own.

I thought back to the sound of Courtney’s moaning and pleading I’d heard back in the brothel. How long had she been going back there? Had she ever stopped? Was that what she did all day while I was at work, help fill out the day shift at Arman’s whorehouse? How long after Erika and I had left the apartment had she waited before sprinting there to sate her urges? Had she really helped Arman enslave those other women?

Was it fair to blame her for any of it?

And did it matter to me if it was fair?

I didn’t know the answer to Erika’s question, so I didn’t bother giving her one.

Courtney didn't come home that night. She had no reason to expect me back, as it was supposed to be my last night out training and celebrating with Erika. Still, I missed her. And wanted to scream at her. And tell her I never wanted to see her again. And kiss her.

It was probably just as well she wasn't there.

Erika didn't have anywhere else to crash any more; I could have put her up in a hotel, but to be honest, I wanted to keep an eye on her. If I turned her loose now, she'd probably just run right out to Courtney and the two of them would start concocting a new battery of lies. As it was, I told Erika to give me her phone and then threw it out the window of my car as we cruised down the expressway.

She didn't say a word.

I went straight to bed once we got home, and as Erika shed her clothes and came to follow me in, I told her she might be better off on the sofa for the night.

"Please, let me help you relax, master," she offered.

"You're the source of my stress. You can't help me relax."

"Do you wanna talk about it, at least?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm sure whatever it is, I could help clear—"

"You could, if I could trust a word that came out of your mouth."

She made a face. "What does that mean? I've been nothing but straight with you."

"Oh? Does that include not telling me that you really belong to Courtney, and you're only obeying me because she told you to?"

Her jaw dropped. "I... She... No!" She stammered. It was the least convincing denial I'd ever heard. "No, I'm yours! Totally yours – I swear!"

"Save it. You're just doing what you're told to do, but that doesn't make you any less useless as a friend right now."

She sighed; sensing that I'd seen through her bullshit and trying to convince me otherwise would only be more suspect, Erika just made a deep bow of obeisance and closed me in my bedroom.

I'd stopped by a few bars on my way home and just as I'd hoped, I was asleep the moment my head hit the pillow. The entire night passed as a single long, free-form dream, a nightmare adaptation of my recurring dream of the bus ride that had brought Courtney into my life.

The bus positively reeked as I stepped aboard – not the usual unidentifiable sour odor, but the unmistakable scent of sex. The source of it was immediately recognizable – the sight of a man with a snake tattoo wrapping up both arms and then coiled around his bare torso was facing me; his lower half was busily thrusting in and out of someone in front of him, her body blocked by his.

Whoever she was, she sounded like she was loving it.

Before I could take further note, a woman interposed herself between us. Witch lady – I'd seen her before, only now she was younger, my age or so from the look of her apart from two white streaks along the sides of her thick mane of black hair. She was darkly beautiful with her gothic features, ghostly pale skin contrasting with the dark pools of her eyes and black-themed makeup, right down to the lipstick.

She said something, but I couldn't discern what language it was, much less its translation. Still, there was no mistaking her meaning as she parted the front of her black overcoat to reveal a glossy black leather corset underneath, two massive pale breasts unable to be fully contained by it. As I was transfixed by the sight of them, she drew a syringe from her coat pocket and injected it right into her arm at the crease of her elbow.

Her eyes bulged, then rolled back into her head and she trembled head to toe. I glanced away to find that the tattooed man had finished with his own woman, the source of those hauntingly familiar moans. He had been replaced, however, by Dr. Crankenstein, the permanently scowling night-shift doctor. I recognized him by his stethoscope, which was now the only thing he wore.

Craning my neck, I could only barely make out the woman splayed out on her back in the aisle, her creamy smooth thighs spread wide, red-painted nails clutching at his lean shoulders. "Fuck him!" shouted a voice from farther behind in the bus. Did it have an accent? Middle Eastern, maybe?

"Yes master!" came her voice.

Then my cock was in someone's mouth. Witch lady had sucked me in, eyes looking up at me with a vacant, pleading expression. I could hear thoughts whispering into my head, as if she really possessed magical powers. Please master please let me have your cock put it in my mouth put it in my pussy fuck my breasts fuck my mouth fuck my heart and my soul own me fuck me command me let me be yours let me belong to you let me suck you and be the ornament of your perfect cock let me be your toy play with me play with my body play with my cunt play with my tits play with my mind make me who you want make me what you want make me obey let me obey let me serve you let me please you cum in me master cum for me master cum in my chest and fill the hole inside me only you can fill master...

Yet even as she performed her sordid deed, on her hands and knees on the unkempt bus bench worshipping my cock with all the fervor her litany implied, my

attention turned time and again to that other woman and her siren song of bliss. Passenger after passenger took their turn with her, and she never said a word of protest, nothing but grunts and moans that could only be interpreted to coax more passengers between her legs.

Never did I get a clear look at her. A glimpse of two perfectly shaped breasts, red with the paw prints of her stream of lovers; a wisp of golden hair, a clump of old gum wadded in it; an azure eye that opened just a moment in the midst of an orgasm, then slammed shut once more as a well-padded businessman took his turn.

Hector sat in the seat nearest her, grinning manically as he watched and shrieking out advice to her, always some variation on his two favorite words: "Fuck him! Fuck him! Now fuck him! Now him! Fuck him!"

Over his words, I could make out the sound of a heavy accent repeating them along with him.

The witch woman never let up, though. Each time she found my attention shifting back to Blondie, she redoubled her efforts, grasping at my buttocks, slurping at my balls, ripping down her bodice and taking me between her tits, deep throating, moaning around my shaft, humping my leg while she worked.

She was relentless, but I never stopped wanting to see if I could get a turn at Blondie. Then my stop came, and the tide of satisfied men who'd had their turn swept me along with them through the front door, even as a fresh sea of leering men surged in through the back to replenish the bus's stores of willing cocks.

I turned to stare in the bus window as it started away, and found the woman looking back at me. Beautiful beneath the well-used and unkempt exterior, but with a face that could only be desperation, all of it aimed entirely at me.

Blondie. I knew her. What was she doing? This couldn't be her. She would never.

"Drew!" she cried as a brown hand pulled her back down beneath the window frame.

“Courtney!” I shouted, sitting straight up as I cast aside the covers.

I was still adjusting to things back in the real world as Erika’s form arrived in my doorway, silhouetted against the hallway light behind her. It was still dark outside.

“Master? Are you OK?”

I shook my head, trying to cast out the lingering specters of the dream. “I’m OK.”

“Are you? I heard shouting.”

“Yeah. I just had a bad dream.”

“About Courtney? You said her name.”

I laid back down. “Who else,” I grumbled.

“You need to talk to her,” she said, taking a few steps inside the room, voice soft.

“You’re operating on some bad assumptions and lousy information.”

“Look, we’ve been over this. I can’t take you at your word—”

“Fuck taking me at my word. Listen to what I’m saying and decide for yourself if it makes sense.” She sat down beside me on the bed. “Look, you love her, right? Or you did before you decide to go looking in your gift whore’s mouth. Right?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Only it’s not. You did. I saw you two. You even told me as much – she’s your girlfriend, and I’m just some piece of ass. She’s more than just another warm place to shove your dick to you, so don’t pretend she isn’t.”

I didn’t like having to agree with her, but there was no sense being petulant when she was right. “Sure. I loved her.”

“And have you ever been in love before?” Erika asked, taking my hand and placing it on her bare leg. She was naked, but I was so used to seeing her this way now that it didn’t even faze me.

“Yeah, a couple times. So what?”

“So then you know you don’t just throw it away without talking it out first. Even if some bitch tears your heart out, you at least owe yourself the chance to tell her off for it. Or if you think she’s been untrue but you don’t have proof, you owe yourself and your own goddamn happiness a chance to hear her out and see what’s really going on.”

“Proof? I just talked to her – and *your* – pimp. Jesus Christ, I just took a fucking guided tour of the brothel where she recruited slaves for some slimy drug dealing asshole and his brainwashed whore slaves. I *heard* her in there, Erika.”

“You saw and heard what Arman wanted you to see and hear, and that’s it.”

I sat back up. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Look – I know you’ve lived your life in your safe little white bread nerf cocoon, but I’m sure you’re smart enough to know guys like Arman can be dangerous. He’s not exactly Scarface, but with the game he’s playing, he’s got a lot to protect, both in terms of secrets and profits.”

“Yeah, at five grand a night, I don’t know what you two ever saw in me.”

“Don’t try to make this about that. Not like you weren’t perfectly happy having your sex slave, by the way – and I don’t mean that was an accusation, but just to say nobody in our little web here didn’t get themselves a bit sticky.”

“What’s your point, Erika?”

“My point is this – your girlfriend’s worth a lot to Arman, and you’re standing in his way. If he could take you out of the picture and take her, he would, but he can’t. And since he can’t *make* you, he’s trying to get you to give her back all on your own.”

“If he wanted me dead, Erika, I’d be dead. I’m ‘in his way’ the same way a bug is ‘in the way’ of a speeding car.”

“And you think Courtney would just go running back to him if he offed you? ‘Gee, I guess you murdered the love of my life but what the hey, let’s get back to business as usual’ – that sounds like Courtney to you?”

“Love of her life? If I was any such thing to her, she wouldn’t be out fucking who-the-hell-knows-who at Arman’s place.”

“Yeah, ‘cause you’ve been a portrait of fidelity there, master. You’ve only fucked... what, three other women this week?” Erika sighed and gave her head a shake. “Or maybe just get her ass over here and tell her she’s a skank and you’re done with her – but don’t play this woe-is-me shit, cutting off your nose to spite your face. It’s seriously weak, and you’ll regret it forever if you don’t at least have it out with her.”

“Thanks, Dr. Erika. If you ever get out of the sex slave trade, you’ll make a fortune as a talk-show host.”

“Be as sarcastic as you want. Doesn’t make me wrong.”

“Thanks. Now get the hell out.”

She rose and gave a deep curtsy. “As you wish, master.”

I watched her saunter back out of the room; she really did just ooze sensuality in her every step. “And Erika,” I said as she made to shut the door.

“Yes, master?”

“My phone’s on the kitchen table. Tell her...” I thought a moment. “Tell her whatever you want, but tell her I need some time to think things over. Tell her I need some space for a while.”

She nodded. “Of course, master.”

As my alarm clock ticked away the minutes from three o’clock to four, I staged a dozen different variants of conversation with her. When I finally fell asleep, I was in the midst of rehearsing a variant in which I was mashing an apology and accusation all into the same monologue. If I dreamed any more after, I was spared the memory of it.

It was a Saturday, but I went in to work anyway. After all, unlike Arman I wasn’t pimping my girls out for \$5k a night, so I had an actual job to see to. My co-workers were happy to have me back, and while I wasn’t in the most social of moods, I was glad for the company of people who had absolutely nothing to do with any secret rings of

mind-controlled sex slaves. We talked about football, and the weather, and Taylor Swift. It was delightfully banal.

When I got home, the apartment was empty. I'd not given Erika any instructions, but I wasn't surprised that Courtney evidently had. I wondered if she was worried about me, or angry with me for digging into her past, or just wanted to screw me one more time for the road, or what.

I could pick up the phone and call her – that's all it would take.

But why should I? Didn't I already know what I needed to know? She'd been involved in taking women as sex slaves. She'd been a willing whore as recently as last night. She'd lied to me, preyed upon my gullibility to worm her way into my life.

I picked up my phone. *Feel like shit – you busy?* I texted.

Stu and Rich arrived not two hours later, the former toting a case of beer and the latter a commiserating frown. "Lay it on me, brother."

"It's Courtney, right? Finally dumped ya, huh man. Ya know, it was always just a matter of time. Too bad, man," Stu said with a few pats on my shoulder.

"Just be glad for what you had while it lasted," Rich added sagely, cracking open a can.

As we settled in to our usual spots, grabbing a few beers each and making a start on tomorrow's hangover, I couldn't stop the two of them from adding a few more platitudes and condolences. Stu was in the midst of a recollection of our cookout late in the summer where she'd grilled out on the patio in nothing but an apron and a g-string when I finally had to cut them off.

"We didn't break up, guys. Not yet."

"What? Well then what the hell is going on?"

"Yeah," Rich groused. "Made it sound like you were about to pull the trigger or something."

"Oh whatever, like you guys had something else going on. Now c'mon, I got a story for you, and I need to know what the hell to do."

So I told them everything I knew. About my suspicions, and Courtney's refusal to explain herself, about the slave serum, about Erika, about Arman's brothel (dashing Stu's intrigued expression with the price tag), about Courtney's role in the organization, about hearing her behind that door.

"Dude, you're a shit detective," Stu said.

"Well thanks, Columbo. If only I'd had you at my side."

"Well seriously. Why didn't you just tail her, or put some hidden cameras around the place, or keep tabs on her texts and email, or—"

"—and why'd you wait a week before that lame-brained stunt with Erika?"

"—or just go back to the brothel without her later?"

"—or ask her friends?"

“–or just sit her down, look her in the eye and tell her she’s got one chance to be straight with ya?”

“Or at least tell her she’s a skank and broom her, if that’s what you’re gonna do.”

“Exactly,” they finished in unison.

We were at the height of semi-inebriated creativity, right between the fourth and fifth beers, and they knew when to stop the stream of criticisms. There it was, the same suggestion Erika had given me. It was exactly what I’d wanted to do before she’d said it, but hearing the advice come from her lips had made me doubt it.

These guys were probably the only two people in the world who would side with me over a girl like Courtney. Don’t get me wrong, I knew if Stu found five grand laying on the sidewalk he’d fork it over to Arman and bang one of those girls in a heartbeat. But not Courtney. That they were reinforcing my instinct told me it was the thing to do. Have it out.

“Yeah. I’ll just invite her over, tell her I know what I know, and just... break up with her. Right?”

“Right for the throat, eh?” Stu asked after a sip. “Prolly best that way – no tears, no lies, no ambiguity.”

“That how you wanna go? Don’t even wanna hear her side of things?” Rich said with a bit more compassion in his voice.

“What is there to hear?” I asked. “What excuse is there for hiding all this? What’s she gonna do, justify enslaving other women? Explain why she’s still working at the brothel without even telling me?”

Rich finished his beer, letting the silence bring back a bit of my calm. “I’m not telling you how to feel man, and sure, this whole thing... this is about as fucked up a scenario as anything I’ve heard. Still, just ‘cause the details are different... people still have sides. Truth’s still got versions.”

“You’re fuckin’ drunk, man,” Stu said, snapping open another can.

“Listen. I never told you guys, but about six years back, Ellen...” He paused to down the rest of his mostly full can. “I found out she’d been running around on me. Found a few signs, put two and two together. Things got real ugly when I confronted her about it – she denied it, then she said I deserved it, I called her some things and she called me some things.

“But I tell you what. When the dust settled and we’d both had our say, we finally got to really talking about it. Now here we are, doing good. As good as we’ve ever been. If I’d never heard her out, who knows where we might be now.”

“So you’re saying I should give her a chance,” I said.

“I’m not telling you what to do – I’m just saying for me, I’m glad I listened and didn’t just talk.” His can crinkled as his fist crushed it.

We talked through the evening. About relationships, about sex, about sports. It was a good evening, and I was as grateful as I'd ever been to have two solid, level-headed buddies in my life.

I gave myself a little time to sober up, then picked up my phone and stared at it for a long while. This was it. However I handled this phone call could well determine the course of the rest of my life. I had Courtney's number saved of course, but I dialed it manually so I could chicken out before I hit the last number. I did this a dozen or so times.

Then I hit it, and the phone began to ring.

Chapter Eleven

It was freezing cold outside when I left my apartment; my phone said it was hovering just below zero, with the wind chill even lower – aberrantly cold for our area, but my recent experiences were living proof that stranger things had happened. It took me a few tries to get the car to start, but it finally groaned to life and I headed for our diner. There, I would meet Courtney, maybe for the last time.

The public place had been her idea, and her rationale had been chilling. “With what you know about what I’ve done, I’m sure you’d feel safer around people,” she’d said. Amazingly, with all that I’d learned in the past few days, the question of my own safety never even occurred to me.

When I pulled into the lot a few minutes later I saw I’d beaten her there, so I took a booth in our usual spot. It was as ideal for this kind of discussion as one could get, I supposed, in a side room that didn’t get as much foot traffic or seating, so we’d have a modicum of privacy while still not being alone. I’d never before worried about being alone with her – unsurprisingly, I generally looked forward to it – but maybe she was right to caution me.

I kept my eye to the window, and before I’d finished sipping through my first glass of water, a bus pulled in to the stop across the street. When it left, I saw her standing behind it dressed as ludicrously impractical as ever for the season, a brief dress with a thin jacket over the top. (The jacket was open across the chest to maximize display of her cleavage, but I’m pretty sure she didn’t own any clothing that hid much more.)

She saw me looking and flashed a timid smile as she made her way over. All my openings and arguments and strategies flew right out the window as I watched her wend her way to my table and seat herself across from me. The woman of my dreams, the love of my life, the source of all the pain and doubt in my universe.

Some kind of physical greeting was so much a part of our relationship that the absence of one was jarring as she sat down, folding her hands demurely in her lap. “Hi, Courtney.” My mouth had become parched in an instant, and I took a long sip from my glass.

“Hi, Drew. I missed you. I’m so glad you agreed to meet me.”

I shrugged. “I didn’t want things between us to just end without at least talking them out.”

A look of despair flashed across her features. “So that’s it then. You’ve made up your mind.”

“I didn’t say that. I don’t know. After what I saw... what I heard... I don’t know what else there is to do. Hell, even just with the way I’ve conducted myself this past week I’m wondering if I’m a man who’s good enough for you, even all this new shit aside.”

“You are. Erika told me... well, pretty much everything, I think, and I don’t care about any of that.”

“But that’s just it, Courtney, of course you don’t. You can’t. Something was done to make you this way, so that you feel like you love me no matter what.”

She frowned. “So that I feel like I love you? So you’re saying you don’t think I love you. Is that it? How can you think that?”

“It’s not a judgment – it’s just the truth. If someone hit me in the head and I woke up thinking I was Samuel L. Jackson, it’s not my fault I think it, but it doesn’t make the feeling true.”

“That’s not how it is at all. I love you, Drew. I love you so much that losing you would be like losing my leg, or like a lung or something. Like, maybe I could survive without it, but it wouldn’t be living.”

“Courtney... that’s just the drugs talking. You don’t love me. You’re... chemically bonded to me.”

“No!” She pounded her tiny fist the table and I jumped in spite of myself. She seldom raised her voice except in pleasure or to plead. I’d never heard her so insistent before. “You may have learned some things this past week, but you don’t know what’s in my head or my heart, Drew. I know what it feels like to be compelled to act a certain way. Most people do, really, even if their reason for it isn’t something you can exactly point to like you can with me.”

“What does that mean?”

“You think the people who hand you your fries really give two shits about you having a nice day? Think the lady you hold a door open for is sincerely grateful, like she can’t open a door on her own? I’m just saying – we all act the way other people want us to sometimes. For some people it’s how they were raised, for some people it’s social convention, for some folks it’s a paycheck. For me, it just so happens to be a chemical compound brought to the U.S. by Afghan heroin smugglers.”

“It’s not the same thing,” I protested. “You think Erika would have ever become someone’s sex slave because of social conventions?”

“It’s not... just because we might obey someone doesn’t mean we love them. They’re not the same.”

“I don’t see the difference here.” Our waitress came over to impose an awkward break in our talk; we just asked for a cup of coffee apiece and a little space.

“Drew, honey,” she began once she’d walked away, “whatever you think about my feelings... that’s not what brought us here. It’s my actions. And right now you don’t know everything, and some of it isn’t at all what you think, and some of it is probably worse.”

“Worse? It’d have to be pretty damn bad.” She fell silent a long moment, looking down at the table, ashamed, tears threatening to break free. A couple did. It ripped me apart to see her cry, but I couldn’t let pity sway me here. Our waitress poured us each a cup and we added our usual (two creams one sugar for me, three sugar no cream for her). We were sitting there in silence but for the clicking of our stirrers against our mugs until she finally continued.

“Maybe you’re right, and maybe I’ve set the bar that low. But still, I want to tell you. So at least, whatever you decide to do, you’re deciding with all the information. And because... I need you to know I love you, and I don’t know how else to make you understand except this.”

“You really don’t have to – I’ve dug up enough dirt as it is.”

“I want to. If you’re willing to hear me, that is. Just... just promise me, you’ll let me finish. That’s all I ask.”

“How do I know I can trust you? How do I know you won’t just say whatever it takes to convince me because that’s what the drug makes you do?”

“Because if I wanted nothing more than to convince you to keep using me and emotion was no part of it, I would’ve met you at your apartment. I would have come in naked, fallen to my knees and worshipped your cock until I sucked a piece of your soul out through it. I’d have asked you to use me like I was a household appliance, like a dishwasher for your dick. I’d make you see me like nothing but some Beautiful Thing with tits and ass and the most wet and willing cunt you’d ever felt, and made sure you knew that they all existed only for your pleasure. I’d let you put me in a cabinet when you weren’t using me, loan me to your neighbors like I was a pair of garden shears, tattoo your name on every part of me so that everyone would know who this woman-shaped object belonged to. Because you might take me back under those terms, and because I’d do anything to make you happy.

“But as much as you know I want to provide you all the pleasure in the world... you deserve more. You deserve love. And so do I. And even if I’d settle for you without it because yes, I am fucked in the head in some pretty serious ways, I love you too much for you to settle for me as just some piece of flesh you feel nothing for.”

I gave her a long look. I’d seen this woman begging me for relief and release a hundred times, but I’d never heard her sound so disconsolate over it. “All right. I’ll listen.”

And Courtney spoke.

“I moved here from a small town out west the summer after I finished high school. I never really told you much about my life growing up. Not because I was hiding it, just that it wasn’t happy, and not in some sob story kind of way that makes me make sense. It was unhappy the way most people who leave home as soon as they can are unhappy.

“So I came out to the city with a few hundred bucks in my pocket and no real plan. I had some ideas about falling into something glamorous – modeling, acting, trophy wife to some tech billionaire. Instead I wound up with a few part-time minimum wage jobs, made some friends – Erika, Gina, Morgan, some of the folks you met at that party. Some others.

“I met Arman. He was a dealer then, so far as anyone knew. That’s how I met him – one night we were out clubbing, and somebody introduced us. I wasn’t exactly a saint where drugs were concerned, but it was my first time doing H. Arman paid me a lot of attention, and at the time I was pretty flattered. He’s not a bad-looking guy, obvious bad boy cred, lots of money to throw around. The kinds of thing that impress girls who don’t know better yet. I wasn’t into him, not really, but I liked that he was into me. I was young and kind of dumb and I decided to chase that feeling.

“So he gave me his number, and I called it a couple days later. Honestly I didn’t really want to buy any more from him, but I’d never actually called a guy to ask him out before. So I used the H as an excuse. Arman remembered me though, took me out again. And again, and again. He said he liked me, started hooking me up for free.

“Of course, it wasn’t until a good deal later he told me what he’d been dosing me with all along. By then, it was way too late. The stuff he was handing out was partially heroin, but cut pretty heavy with something else. Muraqaba, he told me one time as I

was dosing up. I didn't even hesitate to pump the shit into my veins – he'd asked me to do it, and it felt so good to just give him what he wanted.

“Which, obviously, is what the muraqaba did. The stuff's like a kind of psychoactive syrup, sticks to certain parts of the brain. Dampens centers of creative thought, willpower, and spikes the hell out of the parts that release endorphins and dopamine. Some stuff I frankly don't understand, but the end result is your brain makes you feel good when you do what you're told.

“By the time he'd told me what it was, I was already in his pocket. I'd been fucking and sucking him on command, then he'd loan me out to 'friends' – paying customers, in actuality, but I didn't care at the time. Then he told me to just hang out at his place, not where you met him, but a precursor to that setup, and there I should just suck and fuck whenever I wanted to. And I wanted to all the time, because the drug made me obey, and obeying got me more of the drug. A fairly typical scheme, a pimp using drugs to conscript his girls, just with a more effective drug.

“There was a lot of conditioning involved in Arman's method. I took a basic psych class in high school, and it's pretty much exactly what we learned about there. Obedience was its own pleasure, but there was also the orgasms, the actual drugs... The other girls and I knew we'd become Arman's whores, but we didn't even care. We felt too fucking good all the time. If we ever got off the muraqaba too long we'd start to fade, but that took days. The conditioning helped, but without the stuff in our systems it only went so far. He made sure we were dosed at least every other day, griping all the while about how it ate into his profits.

“So long as he kept us dosed and gave us orders to obey, we could care less about our work, or our working conditions. Most of us hated him, but it didn't matter. Arman had the drug, which meant doing what he wanted got us more of it. He'd laugh in our faces as we fought for the opportunity to suck him off, call us his weak dumb sluts, cum in our faces and have the others lick us clean – and we thanked him. Sincerely. Then asked how else we could please him. I can still remember some of the scowls on those girls faces as they did what they had to for their fix, then grinning like the cat that got the canary seconds later when they got it.

“Here's where my story starts to diverge from the other girls like Erika and Morgan. I suppose I don't need to tell you, but I'm a bit of a people pleaser by nature. Hell, even when I was just some trailer trash girl from the boonies, I got off on getting guys off. My first boyfriend honest to god broke up with me because I was pestering him too often to suck his dick. Story for another day.

Courtney flicked my hand with her thumb and index finger. “Don't judge – I was just a girl who loved the thrill of watching someone lose it over me. It was kind of inverse power trip. So when Arman got to working on me, melting my brain with the muraqaba, I guess I sort of went above and beyond. The more he let me serve him, the more important I felt. Twisted probably, but that's just who I was.

“You see, I knew he was making major money off of us. I saw how much he liked having a bunch of hot girls at his beck and call. That shit-eating grin on his face as he told his latest bitch what he'd done, how he'd done it, then let her beg him to fuck her until the rest of her free will dribbled out her cunt... It burned into my mind.

“So I told him I could find him more girls.”

“You volunteered?” I asked, incredulous.

“Please, just listen. I came to him and said I was good at making friends, had some ideas on where I could meet more good candidates. Made a pitch. While he was fucking me, actually – Arman didn’t like to waste time chit-chatting with his whores, so it was the only time I could get his attention.

“See, up until then, he did all his recruiting himself – went to places he thought he could meet girls of a certain age and look, girls who’d shoot up with his laced dope. The thought of having a bitch who’d actually multiply his investment, a slave who could make more slaves with no risk to him... I could literally feel the idea getting him harder inside me. My willingness to betray my fellow women turned him on like crazy, which turned me on, until we were both just exploding with orgasms.

“I think part of me even felt... I dunno. Benevolent? Is that the word? Like I was doing these girls a favor. I looked for girls who were in total shit situations – junkies, loners, people who nobody and no one, and I gave them purpose and happiness and a reason to get out of bed. Or to wake up and then stay in bed and feel good for a while, at least.

“So I did it. I’m not proud of it, not any more, but I did. One of my part-time jobs had been modeling at the art school – that was a good place to find prey. Clients too – guys who’d pay top dollar from their trust fund to pound the shit out of the cunts of those frosty bitches they’d sketched in class. I met Gina there again, working, and brought her to Arman. The muraqaba did the rest.

“I found other places, other johns, other bitches. Week by week Arman’s stable grew, and while I don’t think I was necessarily his most gifted whore, my above-and-beyond service made me his favorite. His bottom bitch. He didn’t even sell me to clients any more – I was his exclusively. Which only made me try harder. I convinced him to let me help train the other girls, and I did everything I could to make sure they served him as hard and as selflessly as I did.

“Take Erika for instance. I hadn’t heard from her while I’d been all busy with Arman’s work. So I followed her for a while, arranged a chance meet-up. I knew she was a user, and that was my in. I spent the whole week with her – and then her roommate, Morgan – just dosing them and training them, non-stop. I barely stopped to sleep. If one of them wasn’t eating me out, it was strange. I had them take turns inviting over every guy they knew who’d want to fuck them, and charged the guy at the door before turning him loose to act out whatever gutter fantasies he’d had about them. I had them sell videos and photos of themselves on the internet. Sell their underwear as trophies to the men who’d fucked them. Empty their bank accounts in exchange for another dose of the very thing that had fucked them up so badly.

“Needless to say, it definitely made me feel a lot less charitable. I made Arman over \$40,000 off those two cunts that week. I could tell Erika was kinda pissed at me, but every time I saw her starting to glare I’d just snap my fingers and point to my pussy and she’d be muff-diving into me like I was Maine lobster.”

Courtney took a long sip from her coffee to lubricate her drying throat. “Arman got to the point where he’d confide everything in me. In truth, I think he was a little bit in love with me. Or thought he was, whatever love is like to a sociopath like him. I never really loved him back, though. He thought I did. But really, I just loved the high I got

from the drug, and the power he put in my hands. It was intoxicating. After the week you've had, I guess you know a few things about how it feels to take someone and completely and utterly rule their universe. Even if it's wrong, I've never met the man or woman who can honestly say it's not the ultimate turn-on.

"As for Arman, he told me all about the drug – things I hadn't even known before. About his frustrations with its limitations – that he had to keep up a constant supply, so that a bad month in profits could mean barely being able to keep all his bitches dosed. How getting the stuff through customs was pretty hard sometimes.

"How it wasn't really turning the girls into slaves. Now this interested me, because I'd always thought that's how he saw us. Being his slave was certainly a major part of my own self-image by that point. But he went on about how really the girls were addicted to the drug, and he happened to have it. If they were really his, they'd be addicted to him and not to it. He wouldn't need the doses. He wouldn't have to worry we could be conditioned wrong, or be corrupted by someone else with some muraqaba on hand.

"It sounded like he had something specific in mind as a remedy, so I asked and he said he did. Haymana, he called it. The muraqaba was old tech, developed by the CIA or somebody like that back in the 70's. Haymana was cutting edge, not even on the radar yet, something his rich relatives back in the Middle East had paid top dollar to hotshot biochemists for.

"It worked about the same way, only rather than just a psychoactive chemical that affected the brain so long as it was in the bloodstream, there was something in it that bonded permanently to the nerve stem itself. It gave that same jolt of pleasure, and within minutes formed a permanent bond to the person who kept that pleasure going. One orgasm, and the person who gave it to you rules your world forever. I know you've had a few orgasms so intense you thanked me... the haymana was supposed to be basically like that, like you'd just had your mind blown and were overwhelmed with gratitude and lust and a need to reciprocate. Except it never went away – or if it did, not for a long-ass time. Years, at least, but he said the scientists who'd made it hadn't had time to do that kind of study.

"It was right about then that I bailed."

"Bailed?" I interrupted. "You were there two nights ago!"

"Drew... let me do this chronological, OK? I don't want to screw this up, leave something out."

I shrugged. "Suit yourself."

"So, like I said, I bailed. And I wish to god I could say I did it because I'd finally reached a bridge too far. That my conscience caught up with me. That I looked at these women I'd once called my friends who I'd then gone and sold off as pieces of meat to a bunch of horny strangers. But I didn't. When Arman told me about the haymana, all I could think of was myself. I thought about my life, never again even having the limited freedom I'd had. Not ever being able to quit that life, or to get a little power trip on how much he needed me, or being able to fudge some of his commands when my dose was wearing off.

"With this shit... I'd just be his tool. A thing with two tits and a pussy that could understand and follow orders. That'd be it for me, forever.

“I told him I didn’t want that for myself. That I’d gladly keep on being his bottom bitch, but I wouldn’t take the haymana. I don’t know if my dosage was low or my resistance was just that high, but even so it took all I had to tell him off.

“Arman... he flew into a rage. I guess when a guy gets used to every woman he interacts with being his devoted subordinates, seeing one – his favorite – tell him no was just too much for him. For a moment, from the look on his face, I thought he was going to kill me then and there. I’d never been that terrified in my life. But instead, he held me down and injected me with the haymana.

“It felt... amazing. Like the stuff I was used to times ten. Every nerve ending in my body was firing on all cylinders; just his breath on my neck got me halfway to O-town. Only I knew if I did, if I let him make me come, that would be it. I knew him well enough to know he wasn’t bullshitting the symptoms he’d described. So as he took me, I fought with everything in my head not to get off. I thought about baseball, then what baseball would look like if the field were littered with dead kittens, and all the players were my mom’s asshole next door neighbor who’d always thrown away my toys when they went over the fence into his yard. And so on. I fought.

“Eventually I realized he could keep going until I lost it. Resistance by itself was pointless. So while I wrapped my mind around some things so revolting I can’t repeat them in a place I ever want either of us to be able to eat again, I faked an orgasm.”

Right then, Courtney duplicated the feat right there in our booth. It was like that scene out of *When Harry Met Sally*, only the man sitting at the table down the way looked much more interested in having what I was having. Even with my mind reeling from all these horrifying details, it was pretty tough not to get turned on.

“Convincing, right?” she said, and after wetting my own parched throat, I conceded it had been a pretty good performance. “Yeah, so... Arman thought he won, and I made like he had. I smiled and simpered and obeyed unhesitatingly. All the while my body was aching for release – even just the fabric on my nipples, on my clit... it was hard just to walk without losing the battle. “I don’t know how long I was lying around his brothel like that, on the cusp of an orgasm that would seal my mind away to whoever gave it. Thinking was hard, but I put it together that the longer I stayed there, the better odds that Arman would come back for another round, or that he’d give me to some random client for a romp. But Arman had told me to wait there, and I couldn’t leave without breaking cover – so I thought up a reason to leave.

“I texted him and asked if I could start recruiting with the haymana. I knew his preferences in women, so I found a picture on the internet that fit it pretty well and told him I had a great opportunity lined up, said how I couldn’t wait to give him this gift.

“He bought it. I was given two doses – one for the target I’d made up and one, he said, in case my expert eye for talent spotted someone else. That’s the one I eventually used on Erika. I almost felt bad. Almost. For what he’d told me this shit was going for in the black market, I fleeced him out of more money that night than I could earn in a year. Then he pulled me onto his lap and gave me a nice long goodbye grope, hump, kiss, squeeze...”

Courtney’s eyes shut, and I saw she was trembling slightly. Could the memory be that powerful?

“I didn’t come. Not quite. Still, I could feel it at work – every little jolt of pleasure, my brain hard-wired itself to think this came from Arman. Please Arman. Serve Arman. I blurted out some excuse and ran out the door before he completely owned me.

“So I left. The dose I’d been given was halfway set in, halfway to making me a permanent sex toy for that prick. I had nowhere to go – every friend I’d made in the city had either written me off as bad news, or I’d already recruited them for Arman. I was afraid to go to the hospital. I got on the bus I usually took back to my apartment, but I knew that was one of the first places Arman’s goons would look for me, if they looked for me... So I just sat there on the bus, all through the night, hoping for a miracle to come.

“And then, there you were.” She took my hands in her and gave them a little squeeze.

“What do you mean, there I was? I didn’t do anything.”

“I guess you kind of have to walk a mile in my shoes to get it, but... Look. I remember that day really well. I was wearing that ridiculously small tank top – I think I stole it from Gina – and that tiny little schoolgirl skirt, my high beams full on, and so wet I bet people could smell me the second they got on the bus. I’d been sitting there for hours, fending off perverts and assholes who wanted to harass me for kicks or the bold ones who actually thought they had a shot at taking me home.

“Then you sat down. And you said, ‘mind if I sit here?’ all polite and gentleman-like. And I was kind of rude to you, because you were another guy.”

“I didn’t think you were rude.”

“Well I meant to be – I do a pretty solid frosty silence when I want to.”

“I’ll have to take your word for it – I’ve never seen you frosty. Not since then, I guess.”

She smiled. “So yeah, you just sat there, and you were looking everywhere but at me in this way that made it SO obvious how bad you wanted to check me out. And it was a little cute, in a dorky kind of way. At least to a girl who was used to having guys just rip off her clothes without invitation.

“And then... Hector. That schizophrenic guy? He rides that route a lot.”

“Yeah, I know Hector.”

“Yeah, and you remember, he just started going crazy with that ‘fuck him, fuck him’ stuff. And trust me, my mind was already in a bad place. I had a wild libido before I turned myself into Arman’s whore, and with the stuff in my system, I was in a bad way. Hell, just from that goodbye feelsky, if it had been Arman saying it I would’ve stripped naked right and fucked you right there on the bus.

“And as I’m clenching my thighs shut, trying not to think how bad I needed a cock, or how fucked I’d be if I got one (pun intended), I offered myself to you. I forget exactly how I said it, but I remember it was basically an invitation to fuck me.”

I remembered it from my dream that she’d jokingly asked if Hector was talking about us, and wondered if I’d just been too nervous to consider that she’d propositioned me. Probably.

“But no, you were all cute about it, deflected it away and made a little joke out of it. Flirty, sure, but not pushy or sleazy. And I thought... this could actually be a nice guy. And yeah, I could’ve totally been wrong. You could’ve been some serial killer or bondage

freak who'd wrap me up in chains and whip me. But I saw your smile, and it made me feel safe. Safe, in a way I hadn't known I needed to feel.

"So I waited until you were looking away for a second, and I reached into my purse to where I had a syringe full of the haymana ready, and I injected myself right there, just stuck it through my purse and right into my leg while you made chit-chat with me. And the rest, as they say, is history."

"Wait, you injected yourself – with more? Weren't you already on it?"

"I was just going by what Arman had told me, and by what I was feeling. I could tell I was already... compromised, I guess you could call it. And I was dead sure the stuff was still in my system, but I thought... if half had already gone to making me Arman's, I didn't want to an even split between him and someone else. I wanted away from him, for good. So I figured if I put a dose and a half, and threw myself at someone else whole hog..."

"... then you'd be too devoted to your new guy to want to go back to the old."

She nodded. "And lucky for me, the new guy was you. The sweetest, most thoughtful and loving man I've ever known."

I pulled my hands away from hers. "That's just the chemical making you think that."

She shook her head. "I've had plenty of time to observe how it works, trust me. It doesn't make me love you. It doesn't even make me like you. It just over-powers my other instincts when it comes to making you happy. If you beat the hell out of me, I'd hate you for it, but the drug would still make me want to allow you to do it."

"So then tell me this – if this haymana stuff is so potent that you'd stand there and be some guy's piñata, then how come it let you lie to me and refuse to tell me about it in the first place?"

Her lips pursed. "Fair question, I guess. Hmm. Well, a few things there. For one, it definitely wasn't easy. When I know you want something, you have no idea how good it makes me feel to give it to you, and how bad I feel when mess up. Like all the light in my soul just gets snuffed out in an instant.

"For two, the drug makes me want to please you, not necessarily obey you. Now it happens that the two are one and the same 99% of the time, but this was one of the exceptions. Obviously telling you this would upset you. I know what I am, and what I've done. I sold people out who trusted me, I helped a bad man do bad things just because it gave me some shitty high. I can see it's upsetting you right now, and it's killing me. Not literally," she added quickly, "but I know you hate hearing all this. Only with what Erika told me you were thinking, the truth had to be better than that."

I wasn't nearly so sure this was the case. "What's the third thing?"

Something flashed across her face then, and she looked down at the table.

"Arman."

I felt myself tensing as she gave voice to the answer I'd most expected and most dreaded. "Go on."

"Between the conditioning and whatever happened with that haymana, there's some part of me that still wants to please him. And I hate it, and I've tried a million times to tell myself it's insane and horrible and illogical and unnatural, to just forget he ever existed... but I can't. It's not a big part – if my feelings for you were the sun, he'd be

a half-moon at best. But he's there. And since I didn't want you to know who I really was, what I'd really done, and I knew he wouldn't want you to know either... I used that to give me the strength to tell you no. And I'm so sorry. I wish you never had to hear any of this, that we could've just gone on as we were and been happy."

"So, you wish you could've just kept lying to me."

"No! No, I just—"

"Save it. That's all a pretty wild story, but you kind of skipped the part where we became a couple but you kept working for Arman."

"What? No! I've spoken to him exactly once since you and I got together, and that was to tell him I wasn't his any more and I wasn't ever coming back."

"Bullshit!" Now it was my turn to smash a fist into the table. I hit it so hard it nearly knocked over my empty mug. "I heard you, Courtney! I was there, and I heard you rutting away."

She had the audacity to pretend confusion. "What? You couldn't have – I haven't been there in months!"

"You don't think I know what you sound like by now? Damnit, Courtney – I gave you a chance to come clean and you're still just feeding me bullshit!"

"You don't believe me?"

"I believe your story – with what I've seen the past couple weeks, it's the only thing that makes sense. But I'm not letting you weasel out of the ending of it." I stood up, snatching my coat. She didn't look at me – her eyes were darting around the table, as if puzzling over some unseen equation. I didn't have time to hear what new fabrication she was concocting. I turned on my heel and strode away from that table, never intending to look back.

"Oh yeah, fuck, that's the spot... deeper... yeah, all the way in... so fucking full right now!"

I paused, turning to look at her. She was looking right back, her face completely neutral as she continued her stream of gutter talk. "Oh god... oh fuck yeah... stuff my slut cunt so good..."

What the hell was she doing? Trying to lure me back by getting me hard? Which I was, and no doubt every other guy in the restaurant was too as she continued, this time with a bit more flattering description of the size of her lover's cock, punctuated a by a long wailing moan that rendered the words into gibberish.

Our waitress rounded the corner into our nook of the restaurant, aghast at what she was hearing. "Miss! This is a family restaurant – I have to ask you to stop that."

"That's it... oh fuck, no one's ever gone that deep before... don't stop now. Yeah – yeah yeah FUCKING YEAH, oh GAW-AW-AWD that's IT, YES!" Courtney replied. Her face didn't change though. She looked right at me, as placid as if she were reading the dessert menu.

"Miss, you and your companion need to leave. Right now, or I'll have to call the police."

"No, you can't stop now! Don't stop! Don't you fucking dare stop drilling my pussy! More! Please, please I'll do anything, just don't.... oh GOD don't STOP, PLEASE!"

The waitress left, presumably to make good on her threat. I leaned down toward her. "Courtney, stop – what are you doing? Is this supposed to change my mind?"

Because all you're doing is reminding me of the slut I heard fucking some stranger in that warehouse the other night."

She stopped, and gave me a meaningful look. "So it sounded familiar, did it."

"You know it did. What, is that some rehearsed script you have? Giving me the same show you gave your john?"

"It's a script all right." She pulled her phone out of her purse and dialed a number, gesturing for me to wait a moment. In spite of myself, I complied. It rang a few times, then someone picked up.

"Hey, Gina... yeah, I heard you two met... No, he didn't tell me how good you were, but I'm sure you were great... Good, good." She made an annoyed gesture about Gina's rambling. "Say, I wondered if you could do me a solid and send me the mp4 of the training video? ... Yeah, trying to train Erika – you remember her, right? – yeah, breaking her in, trying to show her the ropes... Nah, still freelance, not planning on coming back to work for Arman..."

Courtney's eyes suddenly closed, and she inhaled sharply. "Yeah, I know he misses me... I'm glad you're enjoying being his sex slave... hey, I'm kind of in the middle of something right now – could you just send the video? Great, thanks... Yeah, I hope I see you soon too... Uh huh, I'll tell him. OK, bye."

She hung up. "Gina... that's the one always showing off her midriff, right?"

"That's the one. Erika said that Arman told her she gave you a heck of a good time the other night." I blushed. It felt a bit hypocritical to be mad about being lied to about her role in the sex trade when I was standing there being open about mine. "She said to tell you you're a pig and a pervert and you better never come use her like a sex toy again. But I think she meant it playfully."

"Um, yeah, about that..."

"I don't care what you did with her. You were only there because I made you go there by lying to you. Water under the bridge. Hell, if you wanna fuck her again sometime I'll get her a cab."

"Well... yeah, maybe you're OK with a relationship where we're both in and out of other people's beds all the time, but..."

Her phone buzzed, and she started fiddling with buttons. "Hold that thought."

"Courtney, no – there's nothing more to say."

"Just... ah! There it is. Here, you should see this." After a deep breath, I walked over to our table. I don't know why, except that there was still something in me that couldn't stand the thought of not seeing her again. It was small, and quiet, but it got me to the table.

Where her phone was streaming a video of Courtney, lying on her back on a silk-sheeted bed buck naked. After a moment, a dark-skinned man – Arman, I suspected – crawled on top of her and mounted her. "I told you, I helped Arman train the new girls. So we made a few training videos where I (and some of his other veteran sluts) demonstrate the basics. I've probably seen this like a hundred times by now."

She thumbed through the timeline of the video, jumping ahead to the midway point, then placing the phone underneath the table, pressed against the underside. Through the layer of wood, I heard those sounds again – No, you can't stop now! Don't

stop! Don't you fucking dare stop drilling my pussy! – and she mouthed the words in time with the video.

“Arman was fucking with you,” she said as comprehension dawned. “He knows I'm yours now – I told him what I did, and he knows there's nothing he can do to get me back – and there's no way I could come while you're in the picture. So he did what he could to get you to break up with me. I bet he didn't charge you or anything, right? Just made sure you heard this and showed you the door?”

“Yeah. He just said... just said to tell you he missed you, and if I did that, he'd call it even.”

Her eyes squeezed shut again. “Yeah, the fucker. That was one of his trigger phases when he was conditioning me, to get me to come back to him when I'd gone too long without a dose. Even second-hand...” She shuddered. “What a prick.”

I didn't know what to say. I did, however, see our waitress glaring at us from the doorway to this side room. “Look, I don't know what happens now, but we at least shouldn't stay here to get arrested. Let's get going.”

She nodded, stopping the video and returning the phone to her purse. We walked out, every eye on us. On her, really. She was as radiant as ever. She followed me out into the parking lot, and I stopped to lean against the front of the hood. Courtney stopped in front of me, goose bumps forming on her exposed arms and chest. It had begun snowing while we were inside, and the softly falling flakes alighted on her blonde tresses.

“I don't know what to say.” And I didn't.

“Say you'll give me another chance.”

“I'm not sure I can. For everything you explained away in there, you replaced it with something else just as bad. Not all of it bad on you, but still... that's... a lot.”

She fluttered away a snowflake from her eyelashes. “I know. I told you, back when you first confronted me, that if you found out how I came to be with you that you wouldn't want me any more.”

“Yeah... I guess you did. Damnit, why couldn't I just leave it alone.”

“It's not your fault, Drew. I lied to you, and I muddied the waters. It's all my fault... but I still want you to give me another chance.”

“Courtney... you sold out your own friends.”

“I did. I thought they'd be happier like that, and they probably are, but still. I did.”

“You... had sex... for money.”

“I didn't keep the money. But yeah.”

“You enslaved Erika!”

“To make you happy!” she protested. “And because I knew if I didn't, Arman was going to. He'd already started conditioning her, and I thought she'd be better off with us than with him. But yeah. I did it.”

I sighed, my breath misting out into the chill air. “Damn, why does this all have to be so confusing. It feels like all the evidence and reason in the world is telling me to get in my car and never look back, but... I can't make myself leave.”

Courtney took a step toward me, and my hands found her hips and pulled her the rest of the way up against me. “I love you, Drew. And I know I've fucked up in more

ways than I ever knew there to fuck up. But all that stuff is behind me – I’m done with that life, and I’ve got no more secrets to hide. All I want is to be with you.”

She leaned in to kiss me, but I pulled back. She remained at that proximity though, speaking in a whisper. “I wish I could make it as easy for you as it is for me.”

I released her so suddenly she almost slipped in a patch of snow and rushed to my car. There I found it, the little baggie Erika had given me yesterday. “Here!” I said, holding it out to her. “Here – this is the stuff you used on yourself, the haymana. Right?”

Courtney shook off her surprise after a moment, then held it up in the wan light of the street lamp. “I think... yeah, this is it. You can see those little blue-white spots in it, that’s the haymana. Where the hell did you get this?”

“From Erika – Arman gave it to her to give to me. I think he meant for me to use it, then have it bind me to Erika so I’d lose interest in you and he could have a shot at getting you back.”

“That son of a...”

“It’s not exactly the worst crime he’s guilty of, babe. Courtney. And it doesn’t matter. Look. I can take this, and then we can... you know...”

Her lips twisted upwards, touched by hope for the first time that evening. “It’s so freaking cute that you can’t even say the words.”

“...and then I’ll be yours, just like you’re mine. No more doubt or confusion or judging – just perfect love.”

“Drew, this is a big decision. You don’t have to do that for me.”

The dam in my heart had been breached, and now everything was coming out in an unstoppable flood. “Courtney, I’ve never been happier than I have been with you. I don’t want to lose that. You did it for me, and I should be willing to do the same.”

As a squad car appeared down the street, we hurried into my car. No sense ruining the moment with legal hassles. Courtney lay down across the back seat, and I lowered myself on top of her – out of sight of the cop, yes, but mostly I just couldn’t wait to taste the most delicious lips I’d ever tasted.

We lay like that for a while, kissing in the back of my car, the windows steamed within and frosted without. This. This was what I’d missed – not cheap sex with her slut slave friends, but my Courtney. The touch of a woman who really loved me, in every way a woman could.

Some time later, long after the officer had left, I pulled back. “We need to do this, Courtney. Before I lose the nerve.”

“And you’re sure this is what you want?”

“I just want us to be us again. I think this is the only way for me to get out of my own head and move forward.”

She gave me a long look, then a soft nod. “All right. We’ll need some water... I guess the snow will do. Stay here, let me get it ready.”

I remained in the car, watching the blur of her body go out into the snowy evening. She knelt down near a patch of the white stuff, and a minute later came back. The syringe was full, and its contents were a liquid with a faint blue sheen.

“Are you ready?” she asked gingerly.

“Maybe we should head home first?”

She nodded. "OK. Let's go home." I tried to start my car, but this time there was nothing doing. After a couple minutes of futile grinding, we gave up.

"Feel like taking the bus?" Courtney asked with a little grin.

I gave her a little kiss. "You know, I meet the most interesting people riding the bus." Timing was on our side, and before long our bus arrived. It was the dead of night, and we were the only people on board save for a driver who looked relieved to have someone to ferry around the city.

I took a seat, and with a little shiver and a questioning look from Courtney, I patted my lap. She accepted the invitation with a little squeak of triumph, and with my arms around her, we proceeded to warm one another up. She was here with me, and I found myself growing pleased with my decision.

And, of course, with her perfect butt wriggling against me in search of warmth, it wasn't long before something else started to grow. Courtney, ever perceptive of the position and status of my cock, noticed immediately, which only served to focus her wriggling into a more pleasing and rhythmic form.

"Making it hard to wait until we get home," I gently accused.

Her reply came in a whisper. "So don't."

"Don't... what, you wanna get it on right here?"

"Drew, I've wanted you inside me every second of every day since the day we met. If I had my way, we'd have done that whole terrible talk at the diner with my legs wrapped around your waist and your cock so deep in my pussy that it tickled the back of my throat."

I slid a hand up her bare thigh and under her skirt until it met with her panties. Sure enough, they were good and wet in the middle. "Might've been easier on both of us."

"You know me – I love making things easy for you. Except that one thing I love to make hard." With impressive dexterity, she had my pants undone and my cock fished out into her hand in a flash. I didn't even see her take her mittens off, but as she began stroking the length of me, it was for certain they'd disappeared somewhere along the way.

I enjoyed it for a long moment in silence. "So... if I– when I take this... are we just going to turn into two crazed nymphomaniacs? Like, we'll just wind up two homeless weirdos who never stop screwing each other in an alley somewhere?"

"Nah, Erika would take us in." She grinned. "And no – you'll still be you. You can still do your job and function as a person. I manage all day while you're at work, remember? And I say again, you don't have to do this."

"I was this close to losing the person in my life who's made me the happiest I've ever been. All this... you... it's a lot to take in. But I don't want to wake up one day and let doubt make me fuck things up. I want to love you like you love me."

She nodded. "Then let's do it. I know you don't like needles – I've never seen someone be such a baby over a flu shot – so... let me help take your mind off of it."

Courtney stood up, and with dancer's grace began stripping right there in the aisle. Her jacket went first, then the buttons up the back of her dress. By the time she got to sliding the top down to reveal a white lace bra underneath it, the bus driver finally felt compelled to say something.

“Errm, you can’t do that, miss – this is a public bus.” But Courtney sauntered right up to him, her dress slipping down inch by inch across creamy white hips all on its own until she simply stepped out of it, leaving it on the floor near the driver’s seat. “You can watch – hell, you can record me if you want. Just don’t stop.” She took her bra, then her panties off right in front of him, depositing them in his lap. “Hold onto these for me, will you?”

He looked down at them, then up at her, then threw on the brakes as he nearly ran a red light at a major intersection. Courtney, likely on purpose, landed in his lap, rising with a little giggle as the vehicle recovered. “Yes, ma’am,” was all he said.

By the time she got back to me, the injection was already done with. A little tingle was still running through my arm from where I’d inserted the needle at the elbow as Courtney stopped in front of me.

“You did it,” she observed.

I nodded. “Any requests?” From now on, I supposed, I’d be taking all her preferences as commands, so may as well get myself used to it.

“Just one,” she replied. “I want you to do me exactly how you know I like it.”

I’d been with a variety of women in my life. Some liked it hard and fast and others wanted Sisyphean endurance. Some expected to be wined and dined to be put in the mood; some expected the romance to come from a tenderness shown in the bedroom. Some women liked to feel special, while others wanted it plain and simple with no risk of the weird happening. Some wanted all of these things from time to time without rhyme, reason, forewarning or forgiveness. Courtney, however, only wanted one thing from me when it came to sex.

To feel useful.

“I miss that pretty mouth of yours.” Some women might’ve mistaken this as wanting a kiss, but Courtney knew full well where I wanted it. We ignored our audience of one as she laid down on the bench beside me, propping herself up on her elbows and immediately launching into an enthusiastic series of licks up and down my shaft. It was chilly in the bus, and when I said as much she did the most considerate thing she could – taking my cock into her mouth to keep me good and warm.

If ever I doubted Courtney’s feelings for me, there was no cure for it quite like this. It was impossible for a woman to throw herself so completely into a blowjob unless she absolutely adored it. Her whimpers of delight were barely audible over the humming of the bus engine, but I felt every one of them through my skin.

It had been two days since I’d gotten off, which was by a wide margin the longest I’d gone since I’d met Courtney. I hadn’t realized the stamina and libido I’d developed until noticing how that slight disruption had left me almost irritably horny. As such, Courtney’s glorious tongue-lashing didn’t last nearly as long as we both wanted it to, but I knew there were plenty of reserves.

“Paint yourself with it, Courtney – show us all who you belong to now.”

“I’m yours,” she purred, sliding to her knees in front of me and pumping feverishly with her hands. “I’m all yours, every inch of me. My mouth belongs to you. My tits belong to you. My ass belongs to you. My cunt belongs to you. My heart belongs to you.”

I came. I came so much it was more accurate to say I drenched her rather than merely sprayed, coating her tits, her belly, her chest, neck and chin. Courtney glistened in the pale light of the bus, the lights of the city blurring by as he lost ourselves in one another's gazes.

"I guess that means I belong to you now, too," I said. My heart was racing, and truly, I couldn't look at her without feeling my heart swelling at the sight. Even this cummy, drippy mess I'd made of her, I loved. My Courtney, who'd never hesitated for an instant to do everything she could to make me happy.

Now, neither would I. She wanted to feel useful, and I would use her. I was already hard again just from looking at her. "Titty fuck me, babe. Show the nice bus driver what those big jugs of yours are good for."

"For pleasing my boyfriend, of course." She rubbed my jizz into her boobs like it was a lotion, and with so much of it there it may as well have been. When she slipped my cock between them, pressing her tits together firmly with both hands, it was as slick as if she'd used lube.

"Well you're doing a good job of it."

She moaned. "Thank you, but you don't have to say that."

"I mean it. I've fucked a lot of your protégés' tits, and none of them compare."

She looked up into my eyes while she worked. "Better than Gina's?"

"Oh please, she's barely even got tits. Hers are nothing compared to yours."

She flushed with delight, or arousal, or probably both. "But Morgan's... I mean, come on. If there's a girl with better tits than me, it's her. And I know she gave good service – she'd do it just to spite Erika. You can't tell me fucking Morgan's huge titties wasn't at least this good."

"She was good all right – you really turned her into a top quality piece of T&A, I gotta hand it to you." Was it bad of me, to feel proud at how well my girlfriend had trained some other woman to be a sex object? If it was, then I guess I'm bad. "Still, she didn't love it the way you do. She did it to get me ready for her, not because she's a hot babe who just wants to use her tits to bring me pleasure."

She grinned, visibly pleased at how well I understood her. "What about Erika's? I gave her very specific instructions to give you her absolute best effort with everything she did."

"And she did – she obeyed like a good little slut slave, but she's still just a walking talking fuck toy. Before I said it, she had no intention of doing it. She's not like you, who wanted it already and was just waiting for my permission. She obeyed me, but you love me."

From the way she shuddered, she might have been having an orgasm of her own. She didn't ask for any more as she continued. Glancing over, I could see the driver watching us in the rear view mirror, licking his lips at the sight of the stacked naked blonde tit-fucking a guy in the aisle. If I'd been in my right mind, I'd have worried he was going to get us killed, but as it was, I just wanted to enjoy my girlfriend.

"Ride me, Courtney. I need to be inside you. It's been so, so long, and I need someone to do me right."

I didn't even have to move. She just released her grip on her tits, the chill air of the bus attacking my erection only as long as it took her to rise to her feet, stand with a foot on either side of my hips on the bench, and sit herself down on my cock.

It was divine. Like it always had, her pussy wrapped itself around me like it had been made for me. Maybe, in some way, it had been.

And with her arms around my neck, she began to ride. There was no hurry, no concern for anyone watching us, no thoughts about what would come after. Only my girlfriend and my girlfriend's boyfriend, and our hearts beating together as her sweaty, cummy tits pressed against my chest.

"So what do we do with Erika now?" I asked.

"We use her however and whenever we want. It's all she wants now."

"Should we think about... you know, setting her free?"

"Erika was a wreck before I took her. I told you, I looked for girls who are vulnerable – nothing going for them, no one caring for them, no one who'd notice or be surprised if they were gone. She's better off with us, trust me."

"Sure it's not just you not wanting to give her up?" I teased, adding a little upward thrust of the hips.

"That too," she admitted straight-faced. "And you look so fucking hot nailing her. I wish I could've seen you with Morgan and Gina too."

"Not too late – I know where to find 'em."

She laughed, a sound that became a moan my finger found her swollen, dripping clit and put just the right amount of pressure on it. "Me first, though."

"Always."

The sun still wasn't up by the time we'd worn each other out, but it was threatening to rise, the eastern sky fading from black to dark gray. I think even the bus driver was tired by then. Though we were happy, we were still cold, so we gathered our clothes and dressed. (Courtney let the guy keep her underwear, her way of giving him a tip I suppose. Always the generous one.)

"I don't feel all that different," I said as she nestled in beside me. "Am I supposed to be able to feel like my brain's been messed with?"

"Well, how do you feel?" she asked. "About me, that is."

"I love you. And I'm happy you're beside me and happy we didn't break up and happy I get to keep being with you."

"What about those doubts?"

I studied the sapphire pools of her eyes. "I... don't really care. You never betrayed me, and only kept things from me because you were afraid to lose me."

"And what I did to those other girls?"

I shrugged. "Honestly... I work every day alongside people who are a lot less happy than they are, and with a lot less reason to be. Maybe... maybe it's not so bad. I mean, we have Erika now, and I think she'll be pretty happy with her situation."

"So... you still love me?"

"I do. I love you."

"And you trust me."

"I do."

And we kissed. Not our usual kiss, that curled my toes and ignited my blood. But we spoke to one another without sound, our lips expressing our love in a way that words would fail.

When we pulled back, I noticed we were in my neighborhood. My stop would be coming soon, and I told the driver it was almost time. “You know,” Courtney said, picking up her purse and making ready to leave as she noticed the same, “before you go all in on the trust thing, maybe there’s one last little secret I should tell you.”

I made a stern face, but could only hold it for a moment before a smile brushed it aside. “And what’s that.”

She reached into her purse, pulling out a thin piece of packaging and putting it in my hand. “I might’ve modified the recipe. Just a little.”

I turned over the wrapped; it was one of her flavor packets she used in her water. “Wait, why would you...”

“I also might’ve left something out,” she interrupted softly, then opened her purse to show me where the haymana packet sat undisturbed at the bottom of her purse.

“Wait, so... what I shot into myself, that was...?”

“Blue raspberry. Delicious, but its powers to warp hearts and minds haven’t yet been proven to the satisfaction of the FDA.”

“Courtney!”

“I’m sorry! I just... I love you the way you are. And I didn’t want to keep you only because you forced yourself to. You deserve to make up your own mind about what to do with your life. Just like I did. Please don’t be mad.”

The bus pulled up to my stop. I pulled myself to my feet and made for the exit, Courtney watching me walk away from her in dejected silence. As the door opened, I turned back to her. “Are you coming? C’mon, you can’t make it up to me from all the way back there.”

In a flash she was at my side, holding my hand as we stepped off the bus. Just like our very first day together, only now I wasn’t some awe-struck horndog blinded by the flirtations of a pretty girl. I hadn’t been lying about my feelings on the bus. I really did love her, more now than I ever had before. When she’d just been my hot new girlfriend, she’d just been a shell of a person to me, a body that was there for the very eager taking. I’d been happy, but you can’t love someone you don’t really know.

Now I knew it all, and while it was certainly a mixed bag, it was real. She was a total person now, flawed and scarred and radiant and whole. I could love that person. And I did.

“And here you told me you’d put a stop to the rogue mind controller on the bus that day.”

She laughed self-consciously. “I know, I know, she’s incorrigible.”

“You know,” I said as we strode down the snowy sidewalk, “maybe I better hang onto that last dose...”

“What, you don’t trust me?” I squeezed her mittened hand.