

My New Girlfriend  
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, no different from when Courtney got off on showing her tits to my friends.

“Faster, slut.”

“Sorry, master.” She redoubled her efforts.

It also made sense of some things – why Courtney would have cleaned up the syringes 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.

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.

“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 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 planting some false seeds.

Speaking of... “I’m almost there. Paint your face with it, Erika. Show me who you belong to.”

That 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. 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 on command. 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, and increasingly needy. I'd fucked her the first night we'd arrived, just after we'd left her old apartment. 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, but I started to worry she'd climax just from playing with her nipples.

Presently, she 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. "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. I'm not sure I liked her as much like this, but with the alternative being an obedient sex slave, I didn't even blame myself.

"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, where can you?"

I let her finish tidying up. She touched up her makeup too – not something I'd asked for, but she 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?"

"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 with heroin and the sex after was just mind-blowing."

She squeezed my hand with her thighs. "Wow. Never figured you for an aspiring smackhead."

"I don't want to buy a pound of the stuff – just a few hits, enough to get us through the 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. I had a vague recollection of overhearing her and Courtney talking about some old connection, someone who'd been a controlling influence.

Only then I'd made that fateful bet with Erika, so I 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.

"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 would now. The way she'd cut herself off... it 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, 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. Which, given the industry in question, made sense that they wouldn't be hosting a call center.

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. Perhaps not upscale, 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.

“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.” Only I’d already stopped trusting her days ago. I handed her a wad of cash we’d snagged 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 Erika off about my suspicions. If I was ever going to learn what had happened, I had to preserve the trail of information.

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 considered buying a car like that, except 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 this guy could be staying in business, only getting business 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. 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 look, and I realized it was cold out. I unlocked the doors and gestured for her come in. “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 impressive tummy of hers. The temperature outside was probably just a few degrees above freezing, but she was dressed like it was mid-summer.

“So yeah,” I tried again, “what brings you out here?”

She smiled at me. It was an unmissably flirtatious smile, a total shift from her relatively cold demeanor when we’d first met. “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 into this stuff? (Was Courtney?)

“Looks like you found somebody,” 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. “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.

“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 smoking hot body 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 Erika’s – and Morgan’s – and how the hell did I know how all these gorgeous young 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.

She giggled, shaking her head. Then without any fanfare, she raised her tank top over her chest, revealing two small but spectacular little boobs. Courtney’s body was built to fuel male fantasies, but this was one that was made to reward us for looking beyond such 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. Let’s 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 happened 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. Which could well lead to Erika reaching the same conclusion.

Whatever was going to happen, it should happen now. "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 part of me felt like I should have figured out what was happening by now, but I had too much adrenaline – and maybe too much testosterone – pumping to be thinking clearly.

Midriff knocked at the door. A speaker box next to it clicked, but no one said anything. I realized it meant someone was listening rather than preparing to speak. "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.

Midriff walked right past him, and he stepped back and settled his ponderous frame on the a nearby stool. I followed her down a hallway lit with red lights that were probably meant to be sensual but struck me as 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 metal on metal banging I heard from behind a door we passed, but I had no idea what was making it.

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, not unlike a hotel room but more personally 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 light 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... 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.

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.

"Well don't worry about that – I'll be whoever you want me to be. Slutty nurse? 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? This always makes me 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, tell 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 so I came out here to the city. 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.”

“Huh, 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, made a play-date to hit the clubs but she never showed. Then after a month or two she shows up 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 at the time.” She laughed, as if to mock 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.”

“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, and 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 was a hooker. And a recruiter for her pimp, from the sound of it. Erika had worked here too, 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? He must be the one behind all this, whoever he was. 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?

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. There could be more guards, armed even, cameras, who knows what. I couldn’t let them know I was snooping.

Midriff already was beginning to look a bit suspicious. If she decided something was off, I could wind up in a world of trouble. Secrets like this, I could get myself killed and nobody would ever know I’d been here – except Erika, who I now realized was probably 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.”

“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.”

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 sorry. I promise it won’t happen again.” Again, the tone was sarcastic, and she rolled her eyes at her own words.

“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 that’s 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.

“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 big stud, you.”

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. But when she put words to Courtney’s status... Something inside just snapped.

I became my role.

“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 just 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.

Then I helped myself to the feel of her, which didn't disappoint either. I 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 reminded me of every cold, haughty, superficial bitch I ever met. You can talk, 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 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 – now I'll be good and wet." 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 pleading. (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 – 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 forward.

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. *Someone*, actually. 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 his 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.

"You must be Drew," a man's voice said behind me.

I turned, and there stood an unctuously 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. "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 your girlfriend is in that room. 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.