

The Chill Pill  
Chapter Three

*One month later...*

It was pretty wild how even the bizarre and surreal quickly becomes routine. It's sort of like when I was a kid and you move to a new school. I couldn't imagine making new friends, adjusting to a new physical environment, all that jazz. Sure enough, give it a week or two and it feels like it's always been that way.

To illustrate, maybe I should explain a day in my new life.

I briefly woke up when I heard Kristi's alarm clock through our shared wall, followed by a few grumbled obscenities and her bedsprings creaking as she got up and primped for her day. Once, that had been a quick shower, slathering on all the black and purple makeup she had on hand, finding something similarly bleak to wear and eating a granola bar on her drive to school.

Her new routine – during which I went back to sleep with a smile on my face – still started with a quick shower. After that, however, my sister was putting on fire engine red lipstick to complement her now golden blonde hair, stuffing her curves – which thanks to the diet I'd put her on, were increasingly only the curves I cared to see on her – into a pink see-through negligee, misting herself with perfume that I could only imagine was labeled "Eau de Whore", and climbing into the bed of yours truly to awaken me with one of her Morning Blowjobs.

I have to distinguish, you see, because by now I'd taught Kristi quite a few cocksucking techniques. There was the Morning Blowjob, which meant sliding me into her mouth so slowly it wouldn't wake me, then just letting me rest there and pressing her tongue to my shaft. After a minute or so, she could begin moving her tongue, and if I still didn't wake up after some of that, she could start bobbing. (Slowly, of course. Nobody likes a rude awakening.)

Contrast this with her Loving Blowjob (lots of saliva, ample moaning), the Lazy Blowjob (minimum one hour, for helping me unwind), or her Honest Blowjob (where I just let her suck me off like she genuinely dislikes it, full eye contact for that sullen glare). Kristi's a quick learner.

I did allow her to whine at me when my reluctance to come was making her late for school, which she finally began doing. I dismissed her with a few gentle slaps on the cheek and told her to send Rosie in to finish the job. For a while, I'd let my ex-girlfriend shack up in my room, but for one, she too often got in the way of me wanting a quickie from another girl in the night, and for two... well, she snores. It's a little cute at first, but come 3AM... yeah.

Rosie came in wearing a black skirt, stockings, and a frown, her cute tits just hanging out for me. "Kristi said you needed me? I'm in the middle of getting ready for work, Sean. Can we make this quick?" She was putting her earrings in as she entered.

I tossed the sheets off, not needing to say a word for her to understand what needed doing. She quickly took one of the hairbands she now always wore around her wrist and tied her hair back in a ponytail and got to work finishing off what Kristi had started. Rosie wasn't quite the cocksucker that Kristi was, but it didn't matter. Maybe in time I'd bore of having my ex-girlfriend service me any time and manner I pleased, but so far, it was still damn entertaining.

Still, my sister had gotten me good and close, so it didn't take long before I was giving Rosie her breakfast smoothie, so to speak. She took the extra minute to suck every last drop out, then stood up and immediately resumed putting in her other earring.

"Ahem."

She paused at the doorway. “Oh, right. Thank you, that was delicious,” she said in a plainly insincere tone. That was fine by me; if she’d meant it, it would’ve sucked the fun out of fucking with her.

By that time, though, my heart had gotten going and I was up for the day. First off to the garage to check on matters, making sure the current batch was going smoothly. The garage was a much more spacious environment, and with better lighting and more storage area. We’d had to sell off a few of my dad’s cars to make room, but whatever. One less thing for Kristi to inherit someday.

I spent a few hours working down there in the morning and a few more in the afternoon, everything running like clockwork. It had gotten a little humid overnight, which had to be adjusted for, but otherwise all was well. Especially once testing revealed I’d been massively over-dosing people; the “chill pill” as we’d taken to calling it was just as effective in a dose not quite 30% the size I’d been using. The new pill was a tiny pink disk only about half a centimeter across.

Between working, I’d head inside to relax. It wasn’t always something sexual, mind you; sometimes I’d just catch up on the news, play a video game, or go hang with some friends I’d reconnected with from the old days. Still, I’m only human, and it’s a tough sell for anyone to want to go play squash with Doug from high school rather than fuck my gold-digging stepmother in her perfect ass in my parents’ bed.

Finally, I’d be done with my lab for the day and would head in for the night. With Rosie home from work and Kristi from school, I liked to wile away the hours fulfilling whatever fantasies had sprung to mind over the course of the day, using my dad’s essentially limitless credit cards to fund them. Role plays like Sultan for a Day, Bend Over the Bitch Cop, Cheerleader Locker Room... they’d come and gone. Some more than once already. Often as not, though, I’d settle for something more mundane, having my girls compete over me. Sometimes there was a prize. Sometimes I was the prize.

Last night, I had Kristi invite over her friend Jayda, then dosed her and fucked her tits in the hot tub while she struggled to keep her nostrils above water while Kristi sat next to me filming it. So I could remember what I’d done and not done with whom.

Yet like I said, I hardly noticed it any more. As long as I kept them dosed (twice a day was more than enough, and made for a good routine interval), and myself spritzed with the catalyst, everything was smooth sailing.

Initially, my big stumbling block was that people would let me do whatever I wanted, but didn’t themselves comply. In those early days, I’d threatened and spanked and man-handled until even I felt a little disgusted with myself. Something had to give. Hell, my own hand was getting sore from taking the girls over my knee to motivate them to do this or that.

Then I finally realized I was coming at it wrong. I was motivating them like they were of sound mind, when that was not at all the case. After all, as her normal self, I can’t imagine what it’d take to get my sister to be my blowjob alarm clock. A million dollars? Gun to her head? Maybe not even then.

But with the chill pill in effect, giving me a blowjob was a minor nuisance to her at most, something she didn’t want to do but would put up with like it was no more irksome than a red light. So with that in mind, I simply adjusted my motivators. For Kristi and Lindsey, it was simplicity itself. My sister had learned a love of spending my dad’s money from my stepmother,

and so I simply had my dad put me in charge of her allowance. If she did her chores, as it were, she still got her pay.

For Rosie, it had been a little trickier, but only a little. I'd gone for a little mix of carrot and stick with her. I had her bring in a round of coffee for the office, including a special one for her boss. Enter yours truly with the catalyst to chill the bald jerk out. (I didn't trust Rosie with the catalyst; as of yet, none of the girls even knew there *was* a catalyst. Just in case.) Long story short, the photos I took of her boss – a happily married man – banging Rosie on his desk was more than enough to secure her a sizeable raise to keep her happy, and to keep her from defying me lest those photos go public. I knew her well, and she couldn't handle the thought of having everyone think she'd fucked her boss for money.

For the other girls – as they were almost exclusively girls, aside from my dad just to keep him quiet – I didn't really even need that. Have one of them invite a friend out somewhere, dose them, then I swoop in for the suck and fuck. None of them complained, or at least, no more than sullen grumbling. Many of them I dare say even enjoyed themselves.

At first I was careful not to let them know who I was, so they wouldn't come to their senses in a day or two and realize something was amiss and seek retribution. Then one night, I'd had Rosie meet her cousin for dinner, had her slip a chill pill in her water when she was in the bathroom, and met her in the parking lot to have her take me back home for a quickie. She was cute, if not up to my usual standards, but hell, just getting to nail some stranger in her own home without so much as an invite was aphrodisiac enough for me.

Then, as I finished plastering her face and went to get dressed and head home, she said, “so, you're Rosie's ex-boyfriend, right? I remember we met at Thanksgiving last year.”

“Uh, nope!” and I dashed out the door, slipping on my clothes as I ran like her two-hundred-pound husband was hot on my heels.

Only the next morning did I calm down enough to think that maybe I could have dosed gone back and dosed her, taken her into my harem and kept her on hand. She was gone to work then, and not even Rosie knew where that was these days, nor did she answer her phone when we tried it. There was nothing to do but wait for her to call the cops and say a strange man had gotten in her car, gone home with her, then fucked her three times in as many holes and left her coated in his spunk. His DNA-evidence-rich spunk.

I waited for the doorbell to ring. Or the door to be kicked in. Only... no one ever did. Then the cousin called Rosie that evening, many hours after the drug would have worn off, apologizing for not calling back sooner. I had Rosie ask how she was doing, and she just responded with an apathetic assessment of the previous night – that after dinner she'd met this guy who looked just like her ex-boyfriend, taken him home and had some fairly wild sex, then he ran out the door.

Then she yawned, said she'd had a long day, and excused herself to bed.

It made sense, I supposed. Someone who experienced trauma associated it with scary emotions – terror and violence and impotent rage. Yet here, she could look back on it as something she'd done for reasons she might not understand, might not fully make sense. Nonetheless the experience itself hadn't been awful, and so it simply became a past tense Thing That Had Happened, and life went on.

Still, like anyone who's come into great fortune, I soon found that it wasn't enough. When you have the means to possess anyone you fancy sitting in an increasingly full barrel in your garage, any man would begin to get tired of the same few pussies, no matter the quality.

Even with the occasional side fling, My little sluts only had so many other fuckable girls they had easy access to, and I didn't want to wind up dealing with the suspicion that might arise if every one of Kristi's friends realized they'd been invited over, given a drink, then gone upstairs and fucked her brother.

So where to find women I could easily dose and not have them find it strange they'd slept with a total stranger?

The first time a guy tried to tip me in drugs, I got offended. Had the bouncer toss him right out of the bar. Two years in, I was long past any illusions about right and wrong. I was even flat-out told by the boss that a good chunk of our business came from college kids who knew they could find a dealer or two around here. I made my peace with it – consenting adults want what they want – and moved on.

So when tonight, this guy slid a couple little pink pills over the counter to me and said it was molly, I didn't even think twice. Might make the drudgery of being a hot girl at a bar constantly teeming with frat guys a little less onerous for once. I downed them in a swig and thanked the guy for the tip, and for not seeming to expect anything in return.

It was still early yet, just past opening; we wouldn't be busy for a couple hours. The guy – Sean, he'd said his name was – was just sitting at the end of the bar, sipping his beer by himself, and I had jack shit to do, so I engaged in a little small talk.

“Refill?” He looked at his mostly empty mug and nodded. “So what brings you by this place at this hour? You look a little older than most who come in here.”

He handed me his mug. “Older? I'm twenty-five. That's too old for a college bar?”

“Hey, I'm only behind you by a few months, so don't think I meant it as an accusation,” I laughed. “I just meant that usually you grad students don't come in looking to pick up jailbait with fake IDs for another few hours yet.”

He grinned. “That obvious, am I?”

“Hey, I been around the block is all.” I shrugged. “Pro tip? Might not be a bad idea to work on your game a little.”

“Oh really,” he said, sipping his freshened beer. “Do tell.”

“I mean, you're wearing jean shorts and a shirt that looks like you slept in it, no product in your hair, haven't shaved in a couple days...” I patted his hand. “You got your work cut out for you.”

“And here I figured you were referencing the socks with sandals thing,” he said, raising a foot so I could confirm his claim.

“Yikes. Must enjoy a challenge. Or have a ten-inch cock.”

“These days, I don't find picking up women to be much of a challenge at all, actually.”

“Win the lottery?” I ventured. He wasn't bad-looking, but hardly what most women would call a prize.

“Nevermind the method. I tell you what though. I'll make you a bet. Tonight, you pick any girl in the joint. If I can get her to agree to leave with me... you come with.”

I smiled. “Cocky little rugger, ain't ya.”

“Scared I'll win? Tell you what. Pick two girls – and they both have to agree.”

“Isn’t four a crowd?” I paused then, seeing our cook come in. I filled him in on a couple points the boss had asked me to pass along, then turned back to Mr. Hot Shit. “Don’t get me wrong, buddy, I admire your confidence. But you don’t have it in you.”

“Fine. Pick three women.”

I rolled my eyes. “If you can land a foursome with four girls I pick out, I’ll suck your cock when and where you say. How about that.”

“You got it,” he said.

“And what’s in it for me? If – sorry, when – I win?”

He reached into his wallet and pulled out a stack of cash. It was so thick I couldn’t believe his wallet would fold with it inside, the kind of stack you usually only see in movies about drug dealers. “Take this. You win, you keep it. I win, you pay it back – before you blow me.”

My eyes were still trying to focus, but hell, I had rent and utilities to pay. I snatched the stack of cash – an even thousand, I’d find out when I counted it later – and stuffed it in my purse. “You’re on, Sean.”

He smiled. “Say, you mind giving me a couple minutes to myself in here? Take a smoke break or something.”

“Uh, I guess so. Just... if anyone comes in, whistle for me, OK?” I went back to the kitchen to help the cook prep, figuring I’d score a few easy brownie points. When I came back, I saw Sean was fitting a device on the soda gun. It had a tube running down into a tank.

“Um, what the hell is that?”

“Oh, just something to spruce up the drinks tonight. And so you know, I put a sign on the door, everybody gets a free taste.”

“What’s in it?”

“Nothing scary – just more of the same stuff I gave you. And you feel fine, right?”

“Yeah, I guess so.” If anything, I wasn’t really feeling the molly yet. Though I was beginning to wonder if that’s what it had really been.

At any rate, I didn’t feel like bitching out on him, so I let it slide. He picked a spot at the bar and we more or less ignored each other as the joint got going. It wasn’t an especially busy night – there was no game on, and with finals coming up even a lot of our usual meatheads and sorostitutes were taking things seriously.

Sean sat by calmly, glancing over at me every so often, waiting for me to make a selection. I had my hands full for a while, fulfilling all the free drinks this guy had offered, wondering what the heck I was actually serving people. Ah well. Nobody got sick, nobody complained about the taste. No big whoop.

Then I saw #1.

She came in by herself, found a seat at the bar and waited. I didn’t have to ask for what. The girl was practically a goddess – long legs, nice set of C cups, silky hair, flawless complexion. She and I both knew she wouldn’t be paying for her own drinks. I caught Sean’s eye and nodded to her. He took my meaning, and motioned for me to make her a drink.

“From the gentleman at the end of the bar,” I said as I handed it to her. She glanced over at him, clearly wasn’t impressed by what she saw, and simply raised the glass to him in gratitude and looked away. Cold, but classy enough.

Sean... didn't even react. Just got shut down, lost his little bet, and kept on sitting there. At least, that's what I thought he did. I stopped by to gloat, but he simply shrugged it off and told me to keep an eye out for two and three.

For two, I figured I may as well nail the coffin shut. You learn to read people in my line of work, and this group was large print. One girl hook-nosed and ugly as sin, another that was as big as the other two combined, both flanking their painfully wholesome-looking girl next door dream girl. Five foot four, doe-eyed brunette with adorable dimples, and a body that could melt steel. Her friends flanked her like a literal protective barrier. This was a group that had come out for girl time, the gates to their hot friend's panty palace guarded by seasoned veterans.

I notified Sean of his next impending failure. In response, he just walked over to their table, asked what they'd like to drink, then came behind the bar to grab it. They probably thought he was a waiter or something. The girls weren't even looking, though, when he opened each bottle and dropped in one of his little pills.

"Say, isn't that cheating?" I asked as he went to distribute them.

With a tray bearing their drinks in one hand, he smacked my ass with the other. "Why, you nervous?"

I went back to serving. Our bouncer came over, scowling at Sean's back as he handed out the stolen beers. "Want me to toss your friend there?"

"For what?" I asked, frowning in genuine confusion.

"For... you know. The swat on the behind."

"Lighten up, Jeff." The guy could be so over-protective. Just to loosen him up, I made him a drink. He downed it in a gulp.

Still, if Sean did more than say a flirty line or two, I didn't notice it. He handed out drinks and sat back down at the bar. Again I went to rub his failure in a little, and again, he just told me to find a number three. He was a little rude about it, so I figured this time, I'd really fuck him over.

I actually knew this girl. Sandra was a regular here, and a popular one. I'd pegged her for a cheerleader before I'd even found out she was one. Athletic body everywhere but a generous caboose and just plain charitable rack, blonde-haired blue-eyed angel. Sandra had had a reputation for being a friendly girl, once, and if Sean had tried to pick her up then he might have even had a shot.

Except tonight, she'd come in with her boyfriend, Carlos. Even if he hadn't had thirty pounds of solid muscle on Sean, he also had a chiseled jaw, blinding white smile and hair like he was doing a commercial.

When I told Sean who girl #3 was, he looked the couple over, looked back at me, and told me to get them their free drinks. Then he just went back to playing Angry Birds 2 on his phone.

Girl #1 had rebuffed at least three guys that I'd seen already; girl #2 and her pussy patrol were laughing and giggling and enjoying the hell out of their male-free night. Sandra was having fun drawing attention from unwary guys while Carlos played darts, then swooped back to drive away the buzzards circling his piece of meat.

"Too bad about that," I jibed Sean gently as I swung by his end of the bar. "I suck one hell of a cock, too. Not that you'll ever find out."

"You shouldn't taunt people," he said, then excused himself from his stool. I thought he was going to leave, tail between his legs, but instead he walked over to where girl #1 was sitting.

“You’re coming home with me,” he said. *Wow, nice technique*, I thought.

“I... I am?” she said.

Sean didn’t answer; he just tucked a finger in the neckline of her sleazy little cocktail dress and dragged her along to the table where his next babe was sitting. She hastened along behind him, not fighting or complaining about his hand nestled in her cleavage.

I couldn’t make out what he said to the girls at the table, but they plainly looked outraged at being approached at all, especially by a guy who already had a girl trailing him. He picked up fatty and ugly’s empty bottles and just slid the necks of the bottles into their mouths, silencing them, then had a brief exchange with hottie. When it was over, it looked like she mouthed an awkward apology to her friends, cheeks coloring, and slipped out to join him.

He put a hand on either girl’s ass to guide them along with him as he walked over to Sandra, momentarily isolated. I ignored two people attempting to make drink orders as I made my way to where I could hear this play out.

“...want you to come with us,” Sean was saying.

“Well... I’m here with my boyfriend.”

“So? You’re leaving with me. C’mon.”

Sandra looked like she was, somehow, about to do just that, when Carlos walked back over. “This guy bothering you, babe?”

“He’s, um, taking me home with him. I guess.” She was blushing.

I was bracing myself to see Carlos knock out some or all of Sean’s teeth. Unthinkably rude of him, to do something like that to Sean of all people, but thankfully, the punch never came. “So... you gonna fuck her?” he asked instead, somewhat nervously.

“Probably. Might just settle for a tit-fuck though. Bitch has some nice ones,” Sean said.

OK, *now* he’s going to get his ass kicked. Only Carlos replied, “they sure are. Have fun then, I guess. Can I have the keys, so I can drive home?”

Sandra fished her keys out of her purse and handed them over. “See you... well, when I see you,” she said.

“I wouldn’t wait up,” said Sean, herding her in front of him as he made his way back toward the bar. When he saw I’d come halfway to him, he adjusted course.

“How the hell did you do that?” I asked incredulously.

“Guess my game’s not so bad, eh?” He put an arm around 1’s and 2’s shoulders, squeezing their tits through their clothes like he’d bought and paid for them. “Now, I believe you owe me something...?”

I didn’t have to look at the mirror to know I’d turned beet red. “Oh. Yeah, let me get you your money, then.”

He followed me back to the bar, where I managed to force myself to fish out the fat stack of cash that had so briefly been mine. I set it on the bar. Where no one had looked twice at a guy who was at best a six fondling an eight and two nine’s, everyone else seated there turned and stared at the money.

“And the rest? C’mon now, don’t be shy.”

“You... you don’t really expect me to...” Yet I could see that he obviously did. I wanted to tell him to fuck off, that he was a misogynist pervert, a creep who’d drugged pretty much the whole bar. Only... that would be so... intolerant.

“Fine. C’mon, let’s head to the boss’s office. It’ll be empty.”

“No,” he said. “Here.”

I looked around. “What, you mean like... *here*? Behind the bar?”

“Give me a minute, sluts,” he said, releasing Sandra and the rest of his foursome to hop across the bar, spilling a few people’s drinks in the process. They didn’t seem to care; one girl asked for a refill. “Now.”

I frowned. There was really nothing to be done but face the music. At least, nothing without risking being unspeakably rude. Cheeks burning, I sunk down behind the bar and undid his button and zipper. His cock, while not the ten inches I’d asked him about earlier, was not unimpressive. Better yet, it was already good and ready for me.

I took him in my mouth, trying to drown out the din of my workplace. I really do give good head – that wasn’t bullshit. Here, sucking off this stranger in full view of anyone with a seat at the bar, I was glad for it. Maybe it’d get this over with sooner.

As I worked my tongue like I’d learned in flute lessons years ago, he just leaned back and groaned, hands running through my hair until a few licks at the right spot made him seize handfuls. He was gentle with his grip, though, as if worried he might disrupt my technique. Not that I minded. If he wanted to grab my ears like handles and fuck my face, so be it.

“Girls,” he said, then when no one answered, he turned to look at his trio of dates. “Hey, bimbos!”

“I’m not a bimbo,” protested number two meekly.

“Shut your bimbo mouth and get around here and watch this, bimbo. All of you. Seriously, you gotta see this girl’s technique. When I have you blow me, this is what I’m looking for.”

I tried not to falter as they came around and stared at me. From what I could occasionally see in my peripheral vision, nobody else at the bar was making a fuss over it. One woman – the one who’d asked for a refill of the glass Sean had knocked over – was by now loudly demanding I get back to work and get him a fresh beer, but he seemed merely impatient for his drink, not perturbed to see he’d be getting it from the skank presently sucking some dude off in her place of business.

Somehow, having his dick out in front of a crowd of people didn’t do anything to make him gun-shy. It wasn’t long before my licks up and down the side of his shaft hit pay dirt, and he was cumming. He grinned ear to ear as he pulled my head back and plastered my face all over with his spunk, and I squatted there and took it.

What else was I supposed to do? Complain? Tell him I didn’t do facials? Because – obviously – I did. As of now.

He wasn’t a total ass about it, at least. Sean helped me back to my feet, and even helped scrape the cum off my face with his finger. Each blob he disposed of in an empty mug from behind the bar. When he had most of it, he filled it with beer, then handed it to the woman who’d been complaining about my service. “On the house, bitch,” he said.

Having watched him fill the glass with his jizz, the woman grimaced, then began sipping it down.

“You know, I was really hoping to see you naked,” he said, turning back to me. “But that blowjob was worth it.”

“You... oh.” I tried not to make a face as I slipped off my top. Sean laughed with obvious glee while I worked on my bra, then stopped me there.



“Damn, girl. You got some cute little tits. That’s what I love about girls like you – might not be stacked like blondie there,” he said, giving Sandra a casual booby honk, “but you got tits with style.”

“Um, thanks,” I said.

His eyes glued to my bare boobs, he stroked his stubbled chin pensively. “You know, in a manner of speaking, you just paid me a thousand bucks to suck my dick.”

“Not really. I just gave you your own money back.”

“But when I gave it to you, didn’t it become your money?”

“Looks like I just held onto it for a while.” I smirked a little at the obnoxious patron finishing down her mug of cum-beer.

“Maybe. But now, after a blowjob like that, with tits like yours, I already know I’m coming back for more of you, and I’m feeling a bit generous. But I’ll let you make the call. Would you rather go home after work tonight as the girl who paid me a thousand bucks to suck me off? Or as the girl who got paid a thousand bucks to blow a stranger?”

I thought it over while he stroked and pinched softly at my nipples. I could definitely use the money. But... what would that make me? And was it better the other way, like he described it?

Fuck it. If he was going to come back and do this again, I at least wanted to get something out of it. He left the bar with my shirt and three hot babes; I left the bar some hours later in my bra, carrying a purse that was a thousand bucks heavier. Was I officially a prostitute now? I didn’t know. But whatever I was, at least I’d kept my mouth shut and done my job for Sean.

That was just the beginning of my night, stealing a blowjob from the bartender. Sandra live-tweeted the pictures as I fucked Joanna, the ice queen, on Joanna’s own twitter feed. Then she and Terri the brunette gave me a four-tit-fuck while Sandra readied her ass with a butt plug supplied by my stepmom. She texted Carlos that they were breaking up of her own free will while my cum was still leaking out of her no-longer-virgin ass.

*This, I thought. This was what I needed.*

To take what I want when I want with total impunity. It was a rush unlike anything I’d felt before, and now that I’d had it, I just couldn’t imagine going back.

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