

The Good Girl Challenge

By Kallie

“Girls! Hurry up, the rest of the squad is waiting. I need you on the pitch in five.”

As usual, Chrissy, Phoebe, and Nicole, the three star strikers of the college soccer team, effortlessly ignored their coach. They liked to take their time in the changing room, chatting and gossiping with each other, even as everyone else waited impatiently for the trio to put their boots on and get warmed up. It was a constant cause of complaints from Coach Ashlin, but none of them really cared. What was she going to do? Kick them off the squad? No way. They were the best and they knew it, and so did their coach.

“Hey,” said Phoebe, checking her phone with one of her boots half-laced, “did you guys see that TikTok I linked in our group chat last night?”

“That stupid challenge?” Chrissy replied. “Yeah, I saw it. Why?”

“I was just wondering if it actually, y’know, worked for either of you.”

“Hell no,” Nicole snorted. “Hypnosis? Please! That’s not real.”

“I dunno,” Phoebe demurred. “I mean, it didn’t work for me. At least, I don’t think so. I don’t really remember, I guess. But I saw a lot of other people posting about it. They seemed real convinced.”

“It’s just a dumb TikTok trend,” Nicole replied. “So boring, too. What is there to even see? A stupid spiral? A bunch of whispering voices? Totally lame. I completely zoned out just trying to get through it.”

“How about you, Chrissy?” Phoebe asked.

“I don’t even remember it,” Chrissy replied dismissively. “I checked it out on my phone in bed, and I guess I fell asleep right away. C’mon, Phoebe. There’s no way it’s real. I mean, ‘the good girl challenge?’ It’s just some horny loser’s idea of a joke.”

“Yeah,” Phoebe agreed. “I guess you’re right.”

The three of them were just about to get back to putting on their sports gear when their coach stepped into the changing room.

“Girls?” Coach Ashlin said. “What are you talking about?”

The trio of college girls giggled. “Sorry coach!” Chrissy sang out. “We’ll be out there in, like, thirty more seconds.”

“No, I’m genuinely asking,” their coach replied. “What were you talking about just now?”

Phoebe, Chrissy and Nicole all exchanged looks. It was unusual for Coach Ashlin to show that kind

of interest. She was normally too busy trying to get them to take their training a little more seriously. Ashlin Chrisoula was a psychology professor at their school who pulled double duty as the coach of the women's soccer team. Thanks to her physique, most casual observers usually assumed athletics was her first pursuit. A towering trans woman in her late thirties, she had the kind of body that suggested she spent at least as much time in the gym as in the lecture theater. She was broad-shouldered, well-muscled, and wide-hipped, although when they weren't crammed into a tight-fitting sports bra, her chest was by far her most prominent feature. Her tousled, blonde hair and round-rimmed glasses had won her many admirers as 'Professor MILF' amongst her sapphically-inclined students, but to the girls who played on the soccer team, she was a figure of sternness and discipline rather than allure. On the pitch, she traded her glasses for contacts and her neat suits for skintight activewear, and spent her time pushing the soccer team to its limits.

"It's, um..." Phoebe began uncertainly. "OK, do you know what TikTok is?"

Coach Ashlin arched an eyebrow. "Yes, Phoebe. Trust me, I'm very familiar."

Chrissy and Nicole giggled. "Well," Phoebe continued, "sometimes people pass around these challenges. Like, videos you're supposed to watch, or things you're supposed to do - stuff like that. Last night, I found one called 'the good girl challenge'."

"Oh yes?" A thin, calculating smile started to creep across Coach Ashlin's face.

"It was totally nothing, coach," Nicole broke in. "A complete waste of time. It was supposed to be some kind of spooky mind control thing that makes you do whatever you're told, as long as someone uses the right phrase. But actually, it was just this cheap-ass-looking spinning graphic, with a bunch of ASMR whispering going on. I mean, please. Hypnosis isn't real! Everyone knows that."

"Is that so?" Coach Ashlin's smile just kept growing. "What was the phrase? I'm curious."

"Like a good girl," Chrissy answered, rolling her eyes. The other girls giggled.

"I see," Coach Ashlin replied knowingly. "But, tell me: why are you so sure it didn't work? Have you tested it out?"

Nicole scrunched her face up in disbelief. "Um? No? It's just some dumb, clickbait internet video."

"Do you believe in stuff like hypnosis, Coach?" Phoebe asked.

Coach Ashlin smirked at them. "How about we test it? That's the scientific thing to do, after all. Ladies: clap your hands for me like a good girl."

As one, Phoebe, Chrissy and Nicole all raised their hands and clapped, once.

"See?" Nicole said, oblivious. "Nothing. Totally fake."

Coach Ashlin tilted her head to one side. "But didn't you just clap?"

"Well... yeah," Chrissy conceded. "But not because of hypnosis or anything. That's just, like, normal."

The other girls nodded in agreement. Each of them seemed completely convinced that nothing was

amiss and that Coach Ashlin was the one being weird by even asking. The coach could barely contain her glee.

“Why don’t we do another test?” Coach Ashlin proposed. “Just to be sure. Show me your tits like a good girl.”

Again, each of the girls obeyed. A momentary look of blank confusion washed over them, before they reached for the hems of their shirts and lifted them up, then slipped their sports bras down to leave their tits on display. Just like before, it barely seemed to register with any of them that they had done anything at all. They were all just sitting there, looking expectantly at their soccer coach, perfectly lucid - and showing her their tits.

Coach Ashlin licked her lips.

“Oh my,” she murmured, grinning. “You girls are about to get a little lesson in what happens when you follow every stupid little trend you see online.”

“Huh?” Chrissy looked offended.

“Stop paying attention to what I’m saying, like a good girl.”

This time, the only things to mark their obedience were the brief looks of confusion, and a certain vacancy in their eyes that let Coach Ashlin know that they had completely tuned out.

Perfect.

Now that they were all nice and docile, Coach Ashlin could take her time enjoying what was on display. Phoebe, Nicole and Chrissy were all sophomores, and they were all gorgeous. As popular, glamorous sorority girls, they were used to being able to make other girls worship the ground they walked on. Coach Ashlin was going to take great pleasure in teaching them a lesson or two.

“Actually, there’s more than a few lessons the three of you could do with learning,” she murmured, as she admired their bodies.

Phoebe behaved like a good girl, but Coach Ashlin knew perfectly well that her eager, pleasant demeanor was nothing more than a means of getting her way. She’d charmed her way into more than a few undeserved good grades, thanks to her round, soft, cute face. Her full lips, babyish cheeks, and long, silky, black hair made her look like a perfect girl-next-door, but when that angle failed her, she was more than happy to make use of her body instead. She had the biggest pair of tits Coach Ashlin had ever seen on a girl her age, and she’d clearly learned that all she needed to do was bend over in a low-cut dress to get most people drooling over her.

Nicole, conversely, seemed like she’d seen one too many high school dramas as a teenager, and had decided that her calling in life was being the school’s resident mean girl. She had a sharp face, ripped straight from a fashion magazine and accentuated by heavy, perfectly-applied makeup. She was a bombshell. Whereas Phoebe used her looks to appease, though, Nicole used them to devastate. She treated everyone like they weren’t worthy of licking her boots - and somehow, they always ended up bending over backward to give her exactly what she wanted. Unfortunately for Coach Ashlin, she was an asset to the soccer team despite her bad attitude and sharp tongue. Her skills matched her ego, and she was vain enough to spend hours in the gym working on her body.

And then there was Chrissy, who simply didn't care - about anyone, or anything. She was every bit as much of a bitch as Nicole, but she didn't lower herself to insults. She just acted like a queen, and expected everyone else to fall into line. She looked like a queen too, somehow. Her hair was like a red-golden crown, perfectly framing her high, aristocratic cheekbones. Her figure was just as imperious; tall and slender, with classic curves. Despite all her apparent disinterest, she cared about winning more than anything, and the other diva strikers looked up to her as a kind of informal leader.

"You three are so obnoxious," Coach Ashlin murmured. "I'm very, very glad I'll finally get a chance to teach you all a lesson... or at least, to get even for how you've been behaving."

It was hard for her to know where to begin. There was so much potential in the hypnotic trigger these girls had foolishly given themselves - and right now, it was all staring her in the face, irresistibly round and soft.

"Coach?" Chrissy shrieked, outraged, when Coach Ashlin reached out and started squeezing one of her tits.

"Let me touch your tits like a good girl," the coach instructed. Immediately, the shock drained from the younger girl's face, and she immediately returned to chatting idly with her friends. Coach Ashlin did note with amusement, though, that even before issuing that command, Chrissy hadn't been able to stop herself from obediently holding her top and bra out of the way to keep her breasts on display.

After a few moments, she moved on to groping Phoebe and Nicole. None of them offered any acknowledgment or resistance, but their bodies weren't quite so oblivious. Coach Ashlin was pleased to note the way Phoebe started blushing faintly as she was touched, and the way Nicole's nipples started getting hard once Coach Ashlin was rolling them between her fingertips.

These girls were all hers, to do with as she pleased.

The novelty of simply being able to touch them quickly wore off, though. Coach Ashlin had spent a long time fantasizing about how she wanted to put these brats in their place, and she was no stranger to dominance. She was craving something more. And she had the perfect idea.

"Wait here like a good girl," the coach instructed, before heading off towards her office, already confident in her control over the girls. As they waited obediently, she reached under her desk and retrieved a large, plain, wooden box hidden away in one of the drawers.

She opened it. It was full of sex toys.

Coach Ashlin sometimes needed to blow off some steam whilst she was at work. And sometimes, she helped some of the other women on the college staff do the same.

"Now," Coach Ashlin began, as she hauled her box of sex toys back into the changing room, to the waiting soccer players. "Listen carefully to me like a good girl, while I tell you what you're going to do with these."

Forty-five minutes later, the whole soccer team was out on the pitch, running through their usual set of drills and exercises. To an outside observer, everything would have seemed completely normal. Most of the team, though, was completely distracted by an unprecedented occurrence:

Phoebe, Nicole and Chrissy, their trio of ace strikers, were hopelessly off their game.

All three were practically limping as they struggled to dribble a ball across the pitch. They couldn't speak without their voices quivering, they were sweating profusely, and in their shooting drills, their aim was comical. More than one of the teammates had asked if they were injured or sick, or if they needed to go to the infirmary, but they kept insisting that everything was completely fine. Coach Ashlin, usually vigilant against signs of overexertion, was equally dismissive of their concerns.

She knew exactly what was going on.

If any of the other girls had looked closely enough in the right places, they might have been able to tell too. Coach Ashlin hadn't bothered to be particularly subtle. That was part of the fun.

Underneath Phoebe's shirt were two small but distinct protrusions, each on the tip of one of her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra, and it looked a little like her nipples were incredibly hard and swollen. Coach Ashlin knew the truth, though. The protrusions were nipple clamps. Before sending her out to train, the coach had removed her bra and attached them to her tits, nice and tight. Phoebe herself barely seemed aware of what was going on. The hypnotic trigger Coach Ashlin had taken advantage of was warping her common sense, convincing her that the nipple clamps were beneath her notice and that whatever she did notice was completely normal.

But that didn't make what was happening to her body any easier to deal with.

With every single step she took, Phoebe's huge tits bounced and jiggled, and the weighted nipple clamps bounced with them, tugging painfully on her swollen, sensitive nipples each time they did. Within minutes, Phoebe's irresistibly cute face was drenched with sweat, and flushed bright red with a mixture of agony and ecstasy. When she ran, the sensation was so intense she ended up moaning.

Making her do jumping jacks had been a particular pleasure for Coach Ashlin.

Nicole was holding up a little better, but only a little. She was spared from nipple clamps, but instead, Coach Ashlin had taped a set of four bullet vibrators to her body. Two were in her bra and resting against her nipples, whilst the battery packs of the other two were tucked into her thigh-high socks with the small, vibrating bullets taped against her clit. For Nicole, the struggle was discretion. Like Phoebe's, her mind was addled and made oblivious to what was truly going on, but she still felt a faint urge to make sure no one around her noticed the pleasure she was being subjected to. Anyone who came too close would hear the faint buzzing coming from the vibrators, and anyone who looked carefully would see the thin, pink wires running from her socks up to her shorts. And of course, just like Phoebe, she was blushing and sweating from the pleasure that her body was being subjected to.

The rest of the team had noticed that Nicole was being uncharacteristically quiet. That made Coach Ashlin smirk. Let her try and make more bitchy comments when there was every chance her voice would come out as a moan.

Chrissy, on the other hand, was struggling more than either of her friends. Coach Ashlin had been particularly eager to teach the queen bitch of the mean girls a lesson, and so she'd reserved her favorite

toy specifically for Chrissy: a huge, curved, veined dildo. It was almost ten inches long and just as impressively thick, and almost every last one of those inches was currently stuffed inside Chrissy's cunt, held in place only by her panties. Watching the red-haired girl almost cum from the very first step she took with the dildo inside her had been such a treat. As she struggled to run through Coach Ashlin's soccer drills, she was forced to walk with an odd, bow-legged gait, and every step only pushed the dildo deeper into her pussy. Even more so than the other girls, she could barely walk, and barely contain the sounds of pleasure that were constantly threatening to escape from her lips. Her immaculately braided hair was ragged and sweat-drenched, and the blush in her cheeks was unmistakably lewd. She looked more like a porn star than a college athlete.

Perfect.

But as fun as it was watching Phoebe, Nicole and Chrissy try to act like nothing was amiss in front of their teammates, Coach Ashlin had bigger plans in mind.

"Alright girls!" she announced, clapping her hands. "Time to wrap it up."

The whole soccer team looked relieved - and none more than Chrissy. They started making for the changing room.

"Except," Coach Ashlin added, after a moment's pause, "for you three."

She pointed at the three strikers who were currently under her hypnotic spell.

Immediately, their faces fell. They didn't understand that Coach Ashlin was currently tormenting them, but they certainly understood that they wouldn't be able to hold out much longer before their legs turned to jelly. The rest of the team, though, seemed relieved. They probably thought the coach was going to check on them.

"Phoebe, Nicole, Chrissy," Coach Ashlin said sternly, as the trio gathered around her. "You've all been off your game today. That's not acceptable, you know we have some important matches coming up."

"Yes, coach", they all chorused, voices tinged with pleasure.

"I know you're all wearing the toys I gave you, like good girls," the coach continued, "but that's no excuse for sloppy play. Understood?"

The girls nodded, and Coach Ashlin enjoyed the foggy, vacant looks in their eyes as their heads clouded over, their hypnotic conditioning wrapping itself tighter around their minds, forcing them to accept the absurd contradiction in what Coach Ashlin was making them do.

"So!" Coach Ashlin clapped her hands again. "I'm making all three of you stay behind for some extra practice. Specifically, we're going to have a little competition. I need to see which one of my ace strikers I can count on. All three of you are going to take it in turns to take shots against an open goal, and whoever can score will win themselves a prize."

"W-what's the prize?" Phoebe asked, voice quivering.

Coach Ashlin licked her lips. "You'll see. Now, be good girls for me and get started."

All three of them were equally helpless in the face of the hypnotic trigger. They nodded again, and

started to get into position.

Phoebe was first up. She placed the soccer ball on its mark and stepped back, taking deep, purposeful breaths as she lined up her shot. When she made the attempt, though, it all went wrong. Her run up the ball made her tits bounce so vigorously, it completely threw off her aim. The busty girl yelped in surprise as the heavy nipple clamps attached to her body tugged painfully hard at her sensitive nipples, and she ended up sending the ball sailing far above the goal.

Coach Ashlin tutted at her. "Next!"

Nicole was next up, and for a moment, Coach Ashlin thought she might actually make the shot. She seemed calmer than her friends, and like she was managing to focus despite all the vibrators buzzing at her. There was a hint of confidence in her step as she walked up to her mark, and that was exactly why Coach Ashlin couldn't resist playing a cruel trick on her. As Nicole started running up to the ball, she reached into her pocket and ran her thumb over the remote control for the bullet vibrators, turning them up to the max. The sudden, unexpected burst of pleasure turned Nicole's legs to jelly underneath her, and she almost lost balance completely. She managed to remain upright, but she almost missed the ball altogether, grazing it with her feet and sending it spinning off uselessly to one side.

"Next!" Coach Ashlin called. She could do this all day.

Now it was Chrissy's turn. Coach Ashlin didn't have high hopes for her, not with a massive dildo stuffed into her pussy. She, even more than the others, looked completely addled and ravaged by pleasure. But when she stepped up to her mark, her eyes glinted with a kind of thick, dull stubbornness, like she was simply refusing to be anything except the best. She didn't bother with a big run-up to the ball. She just stood next to it, teetering dangerously, and slowly, deliberately, kicked it into the goal. It was a faintly ridiculous shot for such a fit, athletic young woman, but it worked.

Chrissy had won.

"Very good, Chrissy!" Coach Ashlin applauded, with a slow, sarcastic clap. Chrissy looked too pleasure-drunk to celebrate. "That makes you the winner of our little competition. Now, would you like your prize?"

Chrissy nodded, even though she didn't know what the prize was going to be.

"Let's head back into the changing rooms," Coach Ashlin suggested, prompting sighs and gasps of relief from the hypnotized trio.

By the time they reached the changing room, the rest of the team had already finished changing, leaving it empty. Private. That was ideal for what Coach Ashlin had planned.

"So, um... what's the prize?" Nicole asked.

Coach Ashlin licked her lips. "It's very simple. Chrissy, your prize is that you're going to take my cock like a good girl."

Chrissy just nodded placidly as the hypnotic trigger washed over her, but the other girls who Coach Ashlin wasn't addressing were spared. They both blinked, shocked.

"What the hell?" Nicole exclaimed.

“Chrissy?” Phoebe ventured. “You’re just... OK with this?”

“She is,” Coach Ashlin told them. “And you will be too. You’re going to sit here and watch like a pair of good girls.”

All hint of shock drained from the girls’ eyes as they adjusted to their new perspective. Nothing was wrong. Nothing was strange. They were just going to sit here and watch their coach fuck their friend. Just like good girls.

Coach Ashlin was already hard. Her shark’s grin split her face from ear to ear. She was going to enjoy this. She slipped her muscular arm around Chrissy’s waist and pulled her over to one of the benches that ran between the rows of lockers in the changing room.

“On here,” she grunted. “On your knees.”

“Yes, coach.” Chrissy obeyed perfectly, still acting on an unthinking impulse to be a good girl, exactly as Coach Ashlin had told her. She clambered onto the bench on her hands and knees, facing away from her coach, whimpering with pleasure as every little motion made the dildo inside her move and rub.

“I’m glad I’ve been making you work out this ass,” Coach Ashlin purred as she reached out and ran her hand over the younger girl’s body, squeezing and groping her taut, firm ass cheeks. The way her touch made Chrissy moan was delicious, but she’d already had her fill of foreplay. It was time to satisfy herself.

Nicole and Phoebe both came over and perched on the bench, one on each side of Chrissy, as Coach Ashlin tugged down her shorts and started peeling her soaked panties away from her body. The girl’s moans only escalated in volume as her coach slowly, tortuously, extracted the dildo from her dripping, throbbing cunt.

“You need this like a good girl, don’t you?” Coach Ashlin said as she quickly stripped off her clothes and positioned herself behind Chrissy.

“Y-yes!” Chrissy cried desperately. She clearly wasn’t thinking straight at all after everything that she’d been subjected to, and Coach Ashlin couldn’t tell how the hypnotic suggestion was affecting her. But hearing the girl beg was wonderful all the same.

Coach Ashlin wasn’t so mean that she would make Chrissy wait for the prize she’d worked so hard for. In a single, swift motion, she positioned the head of her cock against Chrissy’s entrance and thrust all the way inside her.

Immediately, the changing room was filled with long, loud noises of pleasure. Chrissy was long past being able to be discreet. She just howled with animalistic fervor as Coach Ashlin pounded her, her knuckles white from how hard she was gripping the edge of the wooden bench. She rocked back and forth, matching Coach Ashlin thrust for thrust as the older woman’s cock pushed deeper and deeper inside her. Coach Ashlin was gripping Chrissy’s hips and manipulating her like she was nothing more than a fucktoy, a hole to be used for her own pleasure. She’d put up with so much bullshit from these prissy, lazy bitches over the months. She couldn’t imagine a better way to get even.

“Are you two watching?” Coach Ashlin growled at Phoebe and Nicole.

“Yes, coach,” they both replied. They both seemed oblivious to the fact that anything strange was

happening, but they were clearly incredibly horny all the same. They watched their coach fuck their friend with expressions that were both vacant and lurid, and Coach Ashlin noticed both of them fidgeting subtly to try and stimulate themselves.

She wasn't going to let them off so easy. Even if she couldn't fuck all three of the girls at once, she could at least fuck with their heads.

"Nicole, Phoebe, listen up," Coach Ashlin told them, her voice punctuated by grunts of pleasure. "Listen to me like a good girl. You're both gonna have a new role on the soccer team from now on. You're not just going to be strikers. You're going to be the team's stress relief."

The two of them blinked, their malleable minds slowly absorbing the new suggestion.

"Like good girls, you're going to help your teammates blow off steam," Coach Ashlin continued, without letting up on Chrissy. "Like good girls, you're going to take care of all their sexual needs from now on. You're going to offer to help them out, and you're going to do anything they want. Anything. Understand?"

"Yes, coach," they both intoned, like Coach Ashlin had told them something completely normal, and not that they were going to be public sex toys from now on.

"And it's going to be a full-time job," Coach Ashlin added, a glint of malice in her eyes. "Like good girls, you're going to put the team's needs above everything else. If anyone else on the soccer squad needs to use you, you'll come running, no matter what. Letting them fuck you is more important than school. More important than your classes. More important than your grades. All that matters to good girls like you is doing what's best for the team."

"Yes, coach," they repeated. It barely seemed to register with Nicole and Phoebe that they were saying goodbye to their academic prospects, and accepting a new life as on-call sluts for the rest of their teammates. Finally, the two of them would be putting their good looks to good use.

"But you?" Coach Ashlin grunted, turning her attention back to Chrissy. "You're all mine. Like a good girl, you're going to be my personal cocksleeve from now on."

"Y-y-yes... c-coach," Chrissy moaned. Her voice sounded unspeakably lewd. All of her dignity and pride were gone, replaced with sex and filth. Her body was drenched in sweat and her own juices, and she was making noises worthy of a porn star. From the way her cunt was squeezing down on Coach Ashlin's shaft, the coach could tell she was already orgasming over and over and over again, her body left hopelessly overstimulated by the constant penetration.

This was exactly what Coach Ashlin had wanted to see. The only thing left was to finish marking Chrissy as hers.

"Tighten up," Coach Ashlin ordered. "Fuck me harder, like a good girl."

Even though Chrissy was already at her limits, she couldn't disobey her hypnotic trigger. She started gyrating her hips as fast as she could, squeezing down on Coach Ashlin's cock in a manic bid to fuck her as hard as she could. With the coach already at the edge, that was all it took to push her over. Coach Ashlin screamed with pleasure as her cock started to throb. She sank her fingertips into the redhead's skin hard enough to leave marks and pumped for a few more thrusts before, finally, she came.

When she took her hands off Chrissy's body, the younger girl simply collapsed, slumping onto the bench. The constant onslaught of orgasms had left her completely overwhelmed. She could do nothing but lie there, twitching, with her coach's cum steadily leaking out of her cunt. Meanwhile her friends, now done watching, were already pulling out their phones and preparing to message the other members of the soccer team, to ask if they had any needs that required attention.

Coach Ashlin couldn't have been more proud of her handiwork.

"This is what you get," she murmured to herself, "when you follow every single dumb challenge you see on the internet."

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