

WINTER'S CURSE

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CHAPTER ONE

Alex caught herself shuffling back and forth slightly as she wound up the long, meandering, barely coherent and deeply embarrassing speech she was giving to the girl sitting in front of her, staring at her somewhat incredulously. "So... will you go out with me?" Forcing the words out took the last of Alex's courage, and she dropped her gaze to the floor as she tried to keep her breath under control.

"I... wow." Winter replied. Just from her tone of voice, Alex could tell she was probably raising an eyebrow. As well she might. *I'll just ask her*, was what Alex had decided, but she'd felt the need to give a little prefix about how she knew a girl like Winter probably wouldn't be into a girl like her, and somehow it had turned into a large prefix about herself and half her life story. Alex grimaced. She'd ruined it, hadn't she? Not that she'd had much of a chance to begin with. Alex considered herself quite pretty, in the right light, but she was shy, socially awkward, unbelievably nerdy, and way, way too plain. She'd always thought the perfect way to describe herself was: she looked like an extra in a movie. An extra. Never a main character. She wore glasses and never bothered with much makeup, and always wore her mousy brown hair in a ponytail. She never wore anything that showed her shoulders or her legs above the knee. She was curvy, kind of, but her mother had always commented that she could afford to hit the gym more often, to burn off that puppy fat that clung insistently to her belly. 'Plain' really was the most suitable word.

Whereas Winter was... Winter. In Alex's eyes, she was the coolest girl at her whole university. She wasn't conventionally popular, but Alex knew she had a few admirers. She stood out everywhere she went. As if her almost 6 feet of height wasn't enough already, she wore heeled boots that put her a head above even a lot of the men around her. And then, of course, there was her style. Winter was a goth, through and through. Black hair, black lipstick, black clothes, black everything, set off magnificently by porcelain-pale skin, arching cheekbones and a slender, elegant physique. You could write a poem about her dark beauty! And Alex had, almost, before stopping herself. She'd been crushing on Winter pretty much forever. They shared a common haunt in the university library, where Alex spent most of her days between lectures, studying up. Winter seemed to like it there too, although she was as often reading novels or scrawling in her notebook as studying. Alex had taken to sitting near her - not too near, of course, just near enough to be able to see her when she looked up from her books. More than once, she'd caught herself staring. Winter was just so beautiful. She was the kind of girl Alex had always been attracted to. She wished she had the courage to pull off a style the way Winter could. And the fact that she spent her time in the library made it perfect. Maybe they could bond over books! Maybe Winter was just as much of a nerd as she was! That would be so

cute! Alex had all kinds of fantasies about the pair of them as girlfriends. But today, she'd decided her fantasies weren't just going to be fantasies any longer. She was going to ask Winter out, get rejected, and then spend the night bawling over a pint of ice cream. And then maybe she could move on and stop crushing so hard. Maybe. But if there was even the slightest chance Winter might say yes...

"No," Winter finally said, dashing the small hopes Alex had been harboring. "I'm sorry, just, no. I'm not really interested in you that way."

Alex gripped the fabric of her skirt tightly. She could feel tears coming on already. She should leave it there, she knew. She should scurry back over to her desk, pack up her things, and run home. But a strange feeling seized her, and she asked: "Why not?"

Winter seemed surprised by the question. "You're just not my type, I guess."

"Not your type?" Alex repeated. "But... why? What's your type?"

"It's a little hard to explain." Winter was looking at her strangely now.

"But, but," Alex knew she should stop, but she couldn't. This was her one chance, even if it wasn't really a chance at all. "Won't you even give me a chance? Get to know me a bit? Maybe I'm your type after all."

Winter's expression softened. Maybe she could see Alex was on the verge of tears. "I don't think so, I'm sorry."

"But, just," Alex was struggling for a words like a fish on land gasping for oxygen. "Please! I know this is silly, I know, but I have such a crush on you, and... I really want to be your type. I'll do anything! I... I don't mind changing a little bit, if that's what it takes. Just, please, give me a chance to be with you!"

Alex had gotten quite worked up, she realized, and was breathing hard. Daring to look up, she found Winter wearing a strange expression. A very strange expression indeed. Slowly, a curious, crafty smile spread across the goth girl's face. "Well... OK, maybe. I said maybe!" she added quickly, seeing Alex become suddenly delighted. "Sure, we can get to know each other better. Sure." Winter looked around. "Hey, let's go somewhere we can talk better. Somewhere a little more private. Follow me, we can use one of the study rooms."

Winter swept to her feet and started leading off, long black skirt trailing behind her. Alex trotted after her, after taking a moment to drink in her astonishingly sudden reversal of fortune. Nothing had really happened, she told herself, it was only a maybe, she told herself, but nonetheless, her blood was pounding in her ears with excitement. Winter led her down the steps out of the library and into an adjacent corridor with a number of doors leading into small rooms. They quickly found one that was empty, and went inside. The rooms were for small

study groups, and had little more in them than a table and a few chairs. Winter settled into one of them gracefully, and beckoned for Alex to sit opposite her.

"I've noticed you, you know?" Winter said. Alex blushed. "You're always up there, peering over textbooks. Do you have any hobbies? Ever go to parties?"

"Umm, not really..." Watching movies and playing video games didn't count as hobbies, Alex decided. "I just care a lot about my grades, I guess. I know that's super nerdy."

"It is," Winter replied, in a good-natured, teasing way. "To be honest, I don't think you're my type. At least not right now. But maybe we can find a way to help you cut loose a bit, what do you think?"

"Uhh..." Alex wasn't sure what Winter might be hinting at, and started to feel nervous. But she remember what she'd promised earlier: anything. "Sure. Yes. OK."

"Great!" Winter sounded delighted, and the way her black lips parted in a smile made Alex blush all over again. "Then, let's get started! No time like the present, right?"

"R-right." What were they going to do, here in a study room? Why had Winter insisted they be alone? Could it be... no way! Alex forced her silly hopes right down, as far as she could, but she almost lost control when she saw Winter pull down the front of her own top, exposing her bra slightly, and grope around. She let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding when Winter fished out a small silver pocket watch, hanging on a chain around her neck, and fixed her top.

"Let's play a game." Winter's grin was so wide now. "I bet you'll be really good at it, since you're so smart."

"I hope so." Alex swallowed and smiled nervously, failing to match Winter's mirthful expression.

"It's easy." Winter opened the pocket watch, revealing the clock face. She held it up by the chain in the air between them, letting it swing just slightly. "All I want you to do, to begin with, is look at the watch. That's all you have to do. Look at the watch."

Alex did, staring intently at it. It was quite beautiful, really. Almost a work of art. She wondered if it had been expensive or not. It looked old, with the numbers written in pretty Roman numerals and the clock hands ornamented with fine details. Alex's eyes worked over it, taking it all in and noting it all down, eager to notice whatever it was Winter wanted her to see. Winter laughed.

"No, no, not like that."

"Sorry," Alex squeaked.

"Don't worry," Winter's voice had turned all soothing and quiet. "Just relax. This isn't a puzzle, or an assignment. It's a game, it's supposed to help you feel nice and calm and relaxed. Perfect thing for after a long day of studying, right?"

"Right."

"Yeah. So just relax. Don't think too hard, don't force anything. Just keep looking, nice and natural. Let your eyes go wherever feels right. Understand?"

"Mhm." Despite what Winter had said, Alex was still very eager not to be a disappointment to her. She was determined to do it properly. But all she had to do was look, right? That was so easy. Just look. It felt a lot less stressful once she acknowledged that. It felt very natural to keep looking at the watch, gently spinning, keeping time with methodical, clockwork tick-tocks.

"Good," Alex's smile grew wider at her crush's praise. "Now, focus on the second hand. Can you do that for me, Alex? Just look at that second hand."

"Of course", Alex murmured, and did as she was told. She kept her eyes locked on to the tip of the second hand as it traced a path around the clock face. 5... 6... 7... 8...

"Good. Good girl." For some reason, those words made Alex shiver. "That's perfect. Now for the game. You have to make the second hand stop. It's not as hard as it sounds!" Winter added, noting how Alex's face had started to scrunch up. "You know how sometimes, it feels like time is moving slower than usual, so slow it feels like a second is a minute, and a minute is an hour? It's like that. You're gonna concentrate and relax until the second hand slows to so much it's barely moving. Until it stops. Understand?"

Alex didn't, and clearly it showed on her face.

"That's OK, I'll talk you through it." Winter seemed so kind and encouraging now, it made Alex feel so warm and safe. "To begin with, just keep looking at the second hand. Stare at it. Keep your eyes locked on it. You're going to need to concentrate really hard, and you know what's really important for that? Blocking out everything else. All the distractions, all the intrusive thoughts. Just imagine those fading away, into the back of your mind. Like you're turning down the volume on them. Everything fading away except the watch - and my voice, of course. Because I'm going to help you, so you need to pay really close attention to what I'm saying too. OK?"

Alex just nodded, keeping her eyes on the watch.

"Great. Now you're nice and focused, you need to start to slow down. Focus on

your breathing. Start to take slower, deeper, fuller breaths. Whatever feels natural to you. Just, nice, slow, deep breaths, like the ones you might start to take as you drift off to sleep. Good, that's it. In. Out. Just like that." Alex was following Winter's instructions intently, her chest now rising and falling in a slow, pronounced rhythm. "And I'm sure", the goth girl continued, "that as you do that, you can feel yourself relaxing, your mind slowing, just like when you lie down to sleep at night. You might even feel your eyes starting to close. But you must keep them open, remember. You need to keep looking at the second hand."

"Yeah..." Alex breathed. Just as Winter had described, she was feeling slightly sleepy. Her eyelids were growing heavy. But she was determined not to take her eyes off the second hand for even a single moment.

"And now you've slowed down a bit," Winter continued, "you might find the the second hand of the watch is also slowing down. Can you see it? It's subtle, but it's there, I promise. It's getting slower and slower. Each second taking just a fraction longer than the next. Can you see it?"

Alex just nodded dumbly. It was subtle and slight, but it was definitely happening. She was sure of it. It was just as Winter was describing. It would be easier to see if the watch wasn't still swinging slightly, making Alex have to keep her eyes moving in time with it to track the second hand, but it was happening. The methodical ticks and tocks of the pocket watch, only just audible, were slowing down. Time was dragging its feet as it passed. Each breath, deeper. Each second, slower.

"That's right," Winter encouraged. "You're doing it! All you need to do is keep going. Keep concentrating. Let all the distractions fade away. Let your mind become totally calm and relaxed, and nice and slow just like your breathing, just like your watch. Wonderful. So slow now. Slowing to a crawl."

To Alex, each second was now an age. The whole of her concentration, and all her thoughts, were bent on the second hand of the stop watch. Slower and slower and slower. Keeping her eyes open was so hard now, but she would do it. For Winter. She would make the second hand stop. She was so close now, she could feel it. The second hand was about to stop. She just needed to look a little deeper. In the end, Alex was concentrating so hard she didn't even notice that Winter was reaching out with her free hand until the goth tapped her in the center of her forehead and uttered a single word.

"Stop."

For a single instant, Alex could see the watch come to a complete stop, but then her eyes slammed shut involuntarily.

Blackness

Alex sighed, closed her textbook and threw it over onto her bed, and resignedly clicked her bookmark for Netflix. Picking a movie more or less at random, she slumped back in her seat. It was useless. She couldn't concentrate. She didn't know why, she just couldn't. Her eyes kept skimmed over the words, not really reading them, and she found herself reading one line over and over again and it made less sense each time. All she was doing was making herself more frustrated. As much as she disliked the idea of slacking off, maybe what she really needed was to take the rest of the day off to relax.

Or maybe it was her environment, she wondered. For a change, she was working in her dorm room. Normally she always went to the library to work. It was quiet and there were never any distractions, and the atmosphere was perfect for studying. But today she'd ended up staying in her room. But... why? Why had she done that? Just for a change, Alex supposed. But was that really the reason? It didn't feel right. Had... something happened yesterday, in the library? Disconcertingly, Alex found that after a certain point, she couldn't really remember what had happened yesterday. It was all so fuzzy and blurry. Had something bad happened... Winter! Alex remembered. She'd decided that yesterday would be the day she finally asked out the cute goth girl she had such a massive crush on. But in the end, she hadn't managed to muster the courage, and she ended up running home alone, her cheeks burning with shame and embarrassment. That was it, right? That was why she hadn't gone to the library today. Winter would be there, and she couldn't face seeing Winter again so soon. Alex told herself off for being so silly. It's not like anything had actually happened... right?

Not that it really mattered. What mattered was that it was long past noon and she hadn't managed to get a single piece of work done the whole day. She couldn't make herself concentrate on her textbooks the way she normally did. Her current assignment involved some particularly technical stuff, and all the long, unfamiliar words were giving her a headache. It sucked. But at least now she'd decided to give up, Alex could spend the rest of the day relaxing and watching movies.

Or so she thought. To her great frustration, she found she couldn't concentrate on a movie either. At first, she just thought she'd picked something she wasn't in the right mood for. But after her fifth pick, she was forced to accept that movies just weren't doing it for her. Damn it! Normally, curling up in her comfy chair with a hot cup of tea made it so easy for her to lose herself in a movie. But now, it was no better than studying. Staring at the screen was making her head hurt, and she kept losing focus, clicking randomly on various bookmarks or fidgeting so hard she almost fell out of her chair. Alex felt restless somehow. It wasn't like she was tired. Quite the opposite - she was wide awake and full of energy. She just couldn't manage to channel the energy into her studies, the way she was used to. Actually, Alex realized, maybe that was the problem. Maybe she had too much energy. She'd heard people say that before, that they needed to go for a run or a swim before they could properly concentrate. Alex had never had that problem before, but she figured there might be a first time for everything, even that. In high school she'd been incredibly un-sporty, doing pretty much anything she could

to get out of gym class, but for some reason at that moment going to the gym didn't seem like too terrible of a proposition.

Fuck it. Maybe she'd lose some of that belly fat her mom was always commenting on.

Alex got out of her chair and managed to find a comfortable t-shirt and a pair of old, loose fitting shorts that she sometimes wore on laundry day, stuffed them in a bag along with a towel and some sneakers, and set off. Weirdly, doing all that felt almost automatic, once she'd set her mind to it. It didn't take long for her to get to the gym. She lived on campus, and her college provided free gym access to all students. Alex knew where she was going because as a freshman, she'd once made a half-hearted attempt to work out in order to get in better shape. It was about a ten minute walk from her dormitory, and Alex made that in little more than five. She was practically skipping along, brimming over with energy. Alex smiled. This had been such a great idea! Wearing herself out a little bit, in a nice healthy way, was just what she needed. Maybe she'd even make this a regular thing! She could go the gym twice a week, or hell, why not three times? Alex pinched herself, still smiling. Best not to get ahead of herself. As out of shape as she was, she was sure her enthusiasm and energy would evaporate quickly.

But it didn't. Alex went into the changing rooms and got changed into her impromptu workout clothes. They felt nice and comfortable - even though she'd worn the same thing many times before, she was suddenly enamored with how much freedom of movement the shorts offered compared to her usual choice of a knee-length skirt or high-waisted jeans. Feeling a little self-conscious over her plain, distinctly out-of-shape appearance, Alex slipped out of the changing room and made her way over to a treadmill. She remembered to start out by stretching a little bit, which only really reminded her how inflexible she was, and then started running.

She very sensibly started out on a nice, low setting, but she soon bumped herself up, desiring more of a challenge. Running felt natural. Simple. Easy. So much easier than studying, that was for sure. It was so different. When Alex was studying, she was always trying to force her head around all the big words and complicated ideas. Every single moment was an effort, trying to keep her focus. It was so draining. It was so nice to, for once, let her mind switch off and let her body do the work for a change. No having to focus, to think, to understand. She just had to keep putting one foot in front of the other. Keep the rhythm. Alex found herself grinning, and reached out to increase the speed. The rhythm she was pounding out with her feet quickened, and beads of sweat formed on her forehead. Alex felt alive!

As she kept running, Alex's body started to burn, hotter and hotter the faster she ran. Her body ached with the heat, every muscle in her legs on fire. But still, she ran. She embraced the pain and heat. It hurt, but it felt good. She wanted to keep going. She needed to keep going. The more she burned, the more her running consumed her. Her studies and her social awkwardness mattered less and less. Those things felt so distant now. They were nothing compared to how visceral, how physical it felt to run, to push herself and keep pushing herself

until there was nothing in her head but pain and fire and the glorious exhilaration of feeling her body hit its limits. Alex didn't question why it felt so good, she simply rebuked herself for waiting this long to enjoy it. She should have started hitting the gym years ago! Alex imagined what she might have looked like if she had. The image hit her, so clear and detailed - it was recognizably her but slim, toned, athletic, with a slim waist and flat stomach but wide, powerful hips. She'd always wanted to look better, of course, but the possibility now felt so real, so close within reach, that her stomach filled with butterflies.

Alex felt the fire hit her cheeks. She couldn't see herself, but she knew she was flushed red and was panting with breath, and strands of hair that had come loose from her ponytail were sticking to her forehead with sweat. None of that bothered her, not in the slightest. The joy of running far outweighed it. Her body was so hot and raw and sensitive and pleasurable. She felt in tune with herself, somehow. Normally she was so stuck in her own head that to give that up was unbelievably freeing. The pain was part of it. The pain and the heat were what stopped her from thinking and worrying the way she normally always did. It felt good to hurt that much.

Alex had no idea how long she ran for. All she knew, as she felt the last of her strength leave her, was that it had been bright mid-afternoon when she had entered the gym, and now the light was fading. Alex slammed the stop button on the treadmill in triumph and let her pace drop quickly to nothing. She bent double, resting her hands on her knees as she gasped for breath. After such a great exertion, to finally rest was bliss. Alex was grinning like a madwoman. Every drop of sweat dripping off her was proof of what she had done, and she enjoyed the feel of each one running across her tender skin. She'd heard of a runner's high, but she'd never imagined how amazing it would feel. Endorphins flooding her brain, she let out a little giggle, and was too excited to feel any embarrassment for it. This was better than she ever could have imagined.

Once she had regained a little of her breath, Alex realized she couldn't just stand in the middle of a gym giggling for much longer. She needed to get home and cook dinner, for one thing - she found she was fiercely hungry. Maybe she could order pizza? No, that sounded like an awful idea. After such a great afternoon of exercise, she should try to keep her new health kick going as long as possible, she decided. She'd cook something herself, something nice and low-carb. That sounded perfect. Alex headed back towards the changing room, and located the showers. She slipped inside one of the shower cubicles, shucked off her shorts and, after a moment or two, managed to peel her t-shirt off her sweaty body and pull it off over her head. She hung them up on the hook on the door, and hit the shower controls.

The feeling of the cool water on her skin was so incredibly pleasurable it made Alex gasped. She closed her eyes and let it wash over her, washing away all the sweat and grime and leaving her clean and pure, with nothing bad or unpleasant to detract from the immense satisfaction with herself Alex was feeling. It was like the water was also washing away her tiredness and the aches in her body, leaving her with nothing more than a faint, distinctly enjoyable tingling in each one of her muscles. Alex sighed contentedly. She was going to do this

every single time she needed a break from studying, she promised herself. As uncharacteristic as it was, she could see herself spending a lot of time at this gym. She giggled again as she imagined how her mom's jaw was gonna drop when she went home at the end of the semester and got a chance to show off her new body.

After a few moments of standing still and just drinking in how good the shower felt, Alex started to wash herself properly. She rubbed her hands over all her limbs, helping wipe off some of the sweat that was still insistently clinging to her form. When she reached her thighs, she pulled back slightly at first as she felt how sore to the touch her legs were, after how strenuously she had worked out. But then she tried again, massaging herself experimentally as she found that she quite relished the pain. It was like a fond memory of what she had done. And that was when she realized that while the sweat had been washed away and much of the weariness had faded, the fire was still there. She was still hot, all over. The water was cooling her skin, but it was doing nothing for the fire she felt inside. And she was so sensitive too!

Alex kept touching herself, enjoying discovering the way her body now responded to her touch. She found herself stroking her thighs rhythmically, enjoying the little patterns of sensation she could create for herself. And that was when she let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding, it came out far more like a moan than she'd anticipated. Alex froze. Had she really done that? Had she really made that sound? She craned her ears, listening for any sign of life from anywhere else in the shower room, but there was nothing. She was alone. Alex thanked her lucky stars for that. She would have died from embarrassment if anyone else had heard her! She should really finish washing up and head home, Alex thought to herself. But then another voice entered her head, a voice that whispered: if there was no-one else around, why stop? Why not keep going?

Alex couldn't see a reason to resist. She felt so naughty and wrong for doing so, but started touching her thighs again. This time, her fingers traced a path further up, to where her skin was far far more sensitive. Alex gasped again, and felt herself blushing fiercely. It felt really really good! Something about how she'd worked out so hard was making her so sensitive. So in tune with her body. It felt special. She admitted to herself, with some reluctance, that the fact she was touching herself like this in a gym shower also lent it a certain thrill. She'd never done anything like that before. It felt dangerous and risky and exciting - exactly the opposite of her normal life. It felt freeing.

Her fingers crept higher, and her gasps become more shameless. When she first touched her pussy, she let out a throaty moan, and realized she was wet from more than just water and sweat. Alex reached up with her other hand to grope her breasts, and found they were just as sensitive. She felt amazing! Why didn't it ever feel this good when she was masturbating at home? The raw intensity of it was so great, Alex's legs gave way and she slumped against one side of the cubicle, still rubbing and groping herself furiously. When she finally slipped a finger inside herself, it shot lightning bolts through her. She had to bite back a scream. It was mere moments before Alex found herself on the edge of a climax. She managed to find the strength to hold herself there for a time, savoring the pleasure. But it was all strange

and new and after wearing herself out so much on the treadmill, she didn't know how to control herself. She was about to take the plunge over the edge into orgasm, when she heard something terrifying - the sound of the door to the shower room being pushed open.

Alex froze. She strained her ears, and over the sound of the shower she managed to make out the distinct sound of footsteps. Someone had entered the shower room along with her! That someone, whoever they were, took a number of steps closer, then Alex heard the creaking of a shower cubicle door. And then, the sound of water. Her heart stopped at how loud it was. They were showering in the cubicle right next to her! That was it. She had to stop, she had to leave right now. Alex's heart was pounding at least as fast as it had been on the treadmill. She was terrified. But... she was also still so horny. Her body was screaming at her loudly, complaining at her for denying herself the pleasure of an orgasm. Not that it mattered. Continuing now would be totally ridiculous. She would dry herself off with her towel, get dressed, and head home, where she could do whatever she wanted as loudly as she pleased.

"Ah!"

Alex clamped her hand down hard over her mouth the instant she realized she'd made the sound. Totally involuntarily her hand, still pressed against her pussy, had twitched, sending a fresh wave of pleasure coursing through her. Alex's heart stopped. She felt totally mortified.

"Hey," a woman's voice came from over the wall to the next cubicle, and the shower stopped. "Are you OK?"

"I..." Even that came out horribly uneven, and Alex took a moment to steady herself before continuing. "Yes, I'm fine. I just slipped."

"OK," came the reply. The shower in the next cubicle started up again.

Alex sighed. That had been far, far too close. So why, in spite of that, did she still feel the urge to touch herself? Why wouldn't it go away? Why was it growing stronger and stronger with each moment that passed? All of a sudden, the journey home seemed so very long. She wasn't sure her body could wait that long. She was burning up. She needed to cum. Now. Her finger twitched again. Fuck, she was so sensitive. She was able to suppress the noise this time, but she clamped her hand over her mouth just the same. She started thrusting into herself again, each shrug eliciting a little muffled shriek of pleasure. After just a few seconds, she was at the point of orgasm again. Her body was desperate for it.

"Mmffff!" Alex screamed as she bit down onto her hand. She had hit the edge, and hit it hard. Her hand hit a frantic pace, fucking herself as hard as she could and fingering her clit with her thumb to give herself as much pleasure as possible. She kept screaming as she hit the edge, only just managing to cut off her own air and choke down on a massive scream that would have certainly been audible to everyone in the shower room - if not the whole

building. Alex rode the pleasure for a while before finally, she came. It was the best orgasm of her life. That wasn't saying much, but it was enough to blow Alex's mind. She screamed silently for what felt like an age before the waves of pleasure started to subside, and her hand fell still. As the aftershocks hit her her tired legs gave out completely, and she collapsed onto the hard tile floor. Her breath was coming in fits and gasps. Fuck, she felt so alive!

"Are you sure you're OK? I thought I heard you fall."

The voice from the next cubicle roused Alex from her post-orgasmic stupor, and she stumbled to her feet, still breathing hard.

"Yes," she called out in reply. "I just slipped, but don't worry, I'm not hurt or anything."

Alex was uncomfortably aware that her voice was breathy and sensual, making her sound like she'd just been fucked hard. Maybe that was why the woman in the next cubicle didn't say anything further. Alex didn't stick around to wonder. Her post-orgasmic bliss was fading fast, and desperate embarrassment was taking over. Alex turned off the shower and dashed out of the cubicle, dried herself off haphazardly with her towel, put on her clothes and ran out of the gym as fast as she could, back home to safety.

CHAPTER TWO

Alex sighed contentedly as she walked through the door to her dormitory room, tossed her gym bag over onto her bed, and slumped into her chair. After her latest workout, her whole body was filled with pleasant tingles as she finally relaxed. Her first visit to the gym wasn't much more than a week ago, but this was already the third time she'd gone back. It was quickly becoming a part of her everyday routine, especially when she was having trouble focusing on her studying - which was all too often recently. But Alex wasn't troubled by that. Quite to the contrary, she was delighted with herself! She felt better about her body than she ever had. Even the morning after that first time, when she'd woken up hardly able to move from all the aches and pains in her body, she hadn't regretted a single thing. She just felt so upbeat, and so in tune with her own body

Maybe that was why her sex drive had been so high? Alex blushed as she remembered having made herself cum in the gym showers. She'd managed to avoid repeating that... but only just. Every time she worked out, she ended up feeling horny afterward. She didn't really mind, although it was incredibly embarrassing. Come to think of it, Alex realized, maybe she needed to blow off some steam right now. It sounded like the perfect thing. And she was at home, and her computer was right there... fuck it, she decided. Studying could wait a little longer. Sure, her assignment was due tomorrow, but if she blew off steam now she'd be able to concentrate all the better, she reasoned. Her hand already slipping down the front of her shorts, she booted up her computer. She put on her headphones and was about to go looking for some suitable 'material' when she noticed something: an email notification.

Absent-mindedly, she clicked onto her email and saw that besides the usual spam, there was an email waiting for her. Alex frowned slightly when she saw that the subject line was 'Alex, Part 2'. What the hell? She looked at the sender. It was no-one she recognized. 'MissWinter1993@gmail.com'. Winter... could it be? No, of course not, Alex told herself. Winter probably didn't even know her name, let alone her email address. It was probably just some spam that had made it past the filter. She considered deleting it on the spot because the subject was kind of creeping her out, but before she really made a decision she found herself opening the email. There was no text, none at all, but there was a video file attached. She really shouldn't open that, Alex thought. It could do anything to her computer. There's no way she should be opening an attachment from a mysterious email with no text, from a sender she didn't recognize. But once again, totally involuntarily, she found herself clicking to open the attachment. She blinked rapidly as it downloaded. Why had she done that? She hadn't intended to. It had been totally automatic. Like a compulsion.

Alex was starting to feel uneasy. That changed, however, when the video file opened itself, filling her entire screen, and started playing. From the moment it started, Alex couldn't take her eyes off it. The video was of a pocket watch, nothing more. It appeared to be suspended from a chain, and the background was out of focus. That was it. Just a watch. So... why couldn't Alex stop watching? She couldn't peel herself away. She couldn't even blink. Her eyes locked onto the second hand the moment it appeared, fixating on it. When she realized she couldn't move, not even an inch, Alex started to panic. At least, she was panicking mentally. Physically, just the opposite was happening. She was slumping deeper into her chair, and her breaths were coming slow and deep. Everything was starting to get fuzzy. What the fuck was going on? Alex couldn't even close her eyes. All she could do was keep staring. Keep staring at the tip of second hand as it slowly made its way around the clock face.

2... 3... 4... 5...

Alex felt powerless. She fought to close her eyes, but it was hopeless. She was lost to the watch. She was in thrall to it. All she could do was stare. The more she stared, the more she felt her thoughts become slow and soft and malleable. That was the worst part of it. Alex could sense she was losing herself, but she couldn't do anything about it. Her breathing, too, was slowing more and more. There was something horrifying about feeling so relaxed, even as part of her mind was screaming at her to get up, run away, close her eyes, or just do anything that might save her. Anything at all.

Through the strange, unnatural fugue that was taking over her, Alex noticed something even weirder. She couldn't be sure, but it seemed like time itself was starting to slow down. That was the only way she could describe it. The way the second hand moved, it seemed to be getting slower and slower and slower with passing moment. She could feel it, the rhythm of the watch's audible ticks and tocks inside her head, slowing to a crawl. Was that all she could hear? Was there something else too? Alex was so out of it she couldn't really tell, but she had the strangest feeling there was a voice too, whispering to her. A woman's voice. A voice she recognized, whispering to her so softly she couldn't tell if it was real. Was any of it real? Even the time slowing, Alex wasn't sure if that was the video, or something happening to her. It had to be just the video, right? But then, why was her breathing getting slower? Her heartbeat? Even her thoughts were turning thick and slow as tar. It was awful, and it was only getting worse.

6... 7... 8...

Alex could feel her consciousness slipping away now. She was losing. The watch, and her compulsion to look at it, was too powerful. She couldn't muster any will to resist, not with those whispers coiling around her mind, those whispers that she still couldn't quite make sense of. The watch had almost stopped. It was so slow now, just like her. She felt so tired. So relaxed. Her eyes were heavy and threatened to slip shut at any moment. They would have done, if not for the fact that no matter what, she could not take her eyes off the second hand, even though it barely seemed to be moving. Time was almost still. Alex had the sense that

something was going to happen when the watch stopped, even though she couldn't imagine what. She couldn't bring herself to speculate about it, or even be afraid of it. Her head was so fuzzy and empty, there was no room for any of that.

9... 10...

This was it, Alex realized. The second hand had completely stopped moving. It was frozen. The moment she had that realization, her eyes fell closed, and they felt like they'd never open again. The watch frozen, and so had Alex.

Stop.

Blackness

A few hours later, Alex yawned and stretched as she slowly opened her eyes. She raised her head. Where was she? In her bed, in her dorm room. That was strange, she didn't remember lying down. After blinking slowly for a few seconds, the memories filled themselves in. Yes, she remembered now. She'd been at the gym, and after coming home she'd been so exhausted she'd collapsed on her bed and must have fallen asleep. That made sense. That must have been it, even if her memories were still awfully fuzzy. Alex clambered out of bed and rubbed her forehead. Why was she thinking about an email? And a watch? She had the ghost of a memory of sitting at her computer, seeing an email, and then seeing a watch. But that didn't make any sense. She'd walked into her dorm room and collapsed straight onto her bed. She felt increasingly sure of it. It must have been a dream, but what an odd thing to dream about.

Just to be safe, since it was bothering her somehow, Alex went over to her computer and checked her email. Just as she'd thought. There was nothing there out of the ordinary, nothing at all. Nothing strange or unexpected. Alex breathed a sigh of relief, even though she figured she'd never really had any reason to be worried. She looked at the time. Good, still plenty of the day left for... what? What had she been going to do? Study? Alex rolled her eyes. Maybe she should, but right now she just couldn't take the possibility seriously. It sounded so boring! After having such a great workout, Alex was feeling good, and she didn't want to kill the buzz by spending all day poring over books. Whatever studying she had to do, surely it could wait until tomorrow. She wanted to go shopping. She wasn't really sure why - it was a pretty unfamiliar desire for her. But since she so rarely treated herself to anything, it seemed only fair to her that she indulge on the one occasion she actually felt like doing it.

So Alex grabbed her handbag and headed out again, feeling enthused by the prospect of clothes shopping. It was only a short walk down to where she could get a bus down from her campus to the shopping mall in the middle of town. It took about 20 minutes to get there. Once she got off the bus, it took Alex a while to get her bearings. She'd never actually been to the mall before - any shopping she needed to do besides groceries, she did it online. It

just seemed easier. Today though, she couldn't bring herself to wait for a parcel to arrive. She needed to shop now! She wasn't really sure what she was looking for though, she realized, so for a time she just wandered aimlessly. Then, for no real reason she could discern in herself, she picked a clothes store and headed inside.

Once she was in the clothes store, she found herself browsing through the clothes racks like a child in a toy store. It was incredible! There was so much on display, so many possibilities. Alex hadn't really considered it before. She'd always worn the same old styles, the same old muted colors. She'd always assumed that was the only option. Now, she could see herself wearing all kinds of different things. Perhaps because she was losing weight, she considered. If she kept going to the gym like she had been, she'd be able to rock anything she wanted! Alex didn't normally like the idea of being the center of attention, but the fantasy of being the kind of blond bombshell who could turn heads just by walking past made her feel almost giddy. Wait, blond? That was weird. She was a brunette. But Alex didn't have time to ponder over it. She had clothes to buy!

Alex spent a long time totally overwhelmed by all the choices that presented themselves to her. Despite her excitement, she was conscious of the fact that she only had so much money to spend. And there was just so many different kinds of clothes to choose from - skirts, dresses, t-shirts, crop tops, tank tops, bras, panties, heels, jeans, leggings, coats - and all of them in dozens of colors and patterns. She realized she had shockingly little sense of what might look good on her. She didn't even know where she might begin building an outfit. She started feeling a little anxious about it, even. But Alex decided that since she didn't know what she was doing, there was no point overthinking things. She should just follow her heart and get whatever she felt drawn to - as long as it was a little outside her usual comfort zone. She hadn't come out here just to buy more of the plain, boring old clothes she had always worn. She wanted something new and exciting, even if she didn't know exactly what that meant yet.

After a time, Alex started to recognize a pattern in the kinds of clothes she found her eyes lingering on. They were all pink! That took her by surprise. She'd never really worn much pink, not since she was a little girl. To her, pink was associated with the kinds of popular, pretty girls who'd always pushed her aside or ignored her or worse, bullied her. Moreover, it was so bright, so attention-catching, so feminine. It didn't suit her at all. But, Alex wondered, maybe that could change. She hadn't come shopping with any clear intention, but since she was making a big lifestyle change by going to the gym so much, why not a bit of an image makeover to go with it? She wanted to get more confident with her body, and maybe a bit of pink was just the thing to flaunt it with.

With that in mind, Alex found herself quickly gathering up a few pieces of clothing she felt like trying on. A pink skirt and pink t-shirt were easy picks, and she also picked up a pink tank top that she thought might be good for working out in. She ummed and erred over a pink crop top for a while but decided she wasn't quite brave enough for that yet. She was equally undecided about a pair of pink yoga pants, but ended up grabbing them, figuring there was no harm in trying them on. She added to that another pink top, one with a more daring neckline

than she usually opted for, and a pair of pink socks just for her own amusement. With those bundled in her arms, she headed for the fitting rooms.

First, she tried out the tops. They both fit pretty well, and she left the tank top on so she could see how it looked with the other clothes. She liked how it looked on her - just wearing a top with such a bright color made her feel vibrant and pretty, and it made her giggle to look at herself like that in the mirror of the fitting room. Next, she peeled off her old, faded jeans and put on the skirt. The moment she saw herself in it, she blushed fiercely. It was so short! She hadn't realized at all when she picked it off the shelves but it was a mini skirt, at least an inch or two above her knees. She had never worn anything that short in her life. Alex was stunned at the sight of herself with so much skin on display. She could never wear anything like that! Or could she? Another voice rose in Alex's head, counteracting her doubts. Didn't she want to be more confident? Didn't she want to feel proud of herself and her body? Wasn't the very reason she was so happy with herself for going to the gym that she might be able to wear those kinds of revealing clothes? Alex was torn for a moment, but the side of her that was in favor of buying the skirt was slowly winning. In the end, what settled it for her was the price tag. The skirt was pretty cheap, so it didn't really matter if she didn't end up wearing it that much. Why not at least give it a go?

With that settled, she tried on the yoga pants. Seeing herself in those made her blush equally as much. Alex had never pictured herself wearing anything so form-fitting before. Even more so than the skirt, it left absolutely no doubts as to her body's true shape. Still, it was surprisingly comfy. Alex enjoyed the way it clung to her form, and found that it offered perfect freedom of movement. This would be perfect for the gym! But, gosh, with her legs clad in such neon pink, she'd be so visible. Not to mention... Alex turned around, and blanched as she saw how the yoga pants clung not only to her legs, but also to the curvature of her ass. She couldn't wear this! There was no way she could wear this! Or... could she? Alex slowly realized that not only did the yoga pants show off her ass, they made it look good. They provided just the right amount of elasticity and support, making her ass look a lot smoother, tighter, rounder and perkier than usual. Alex found herself admiring her own body for a long moment. Damn, those gym trips had done her some good already! Experimentally, Alex bent over slightly, pushing her hips back. Holy crap. She had to get these pants. She imagined herself wearing them to the gym, her bright pink ass attracting the attention of everyone around as she worked out on the cross-trainer. That thought made her blush hard and giggle, and it made her body feel strangely hot.

With her purchases settled on, Alex changed back into her own clothes and headed out to pay. As the cashier rang up her purchases Alex felt deeply embarrassed to be buying such gaudy, out-of-character clothes, even though the woman serving her didn't bat an eyelid. When the shop assistant handed over the bag full of clothes and her receipt, a sudden impulse came over Alex and she blurted out:

"Hey, is it OK if I use your fitting rooms to quickly change into these?"

The cashier seemed mildly surprised by the request, but replied: "Sure."

Even more embarrassed now, Alex dashed back to the fitting room. Before she could think twice about anything she stripped off her top and her jeans and slipped on the pink tank top and skirt she had just bought. Then, after packing her own old clothes away, taking a few deep breaths and gathering her courage, she stepped back out through the store and into the rest of the mall. Immediately, she regretted it. There were people around! Sure, it wasn't that busy, and sure, hardly any of them bothered to look at her, but still. Alex had never, ever been out in public with so much of her skin on display. The feeling of the cool air against the skin of her shoulders and lower thighs was unfamiliar and alarming, but also freeing and exciting.

Feeling very self-conscious but trying not to show it, Alex started walking. She wasn't going anywhere in particular, just seeing how it felt to walk around publicly in clothes like these. Desperately embarrassing, of course. Alex was struck with the feeling that everyone around her must be staring at her, and every few steps she had to reach down and feel round the hem of her skirt to make sure some phantom gust of wind wasn't blowing in to flip it up and reveal her underwear. After a minute or two she was reassured that that wasn't going to happen, and she started to resist the urge. Gaining confidence, she stopped taking such small, mousy steps and started walking normally. Alex looked down herself, and couldn't believe what she was seeing. Pure pink, hanging off the curve of her breasts and extending all the way down to the end of her pleated skirt, giving way to creamy legs that no longer looked quite so soft and shapeless. Alex giggled. She looked so girly! More and more, she stopped feeling embarrassed for herself. She started feeling like she'd become someone completely different, someone who could wear short skirts and pink clothes and prance around without every feeling self-conscious. Alex giggled again.

But her giggles cut off when she saw something out of the corner of her eye. Someone was staring at her! She turned her head imperceptibly to get a better look. Sure enough, walking a few paces behind her there was a punk-looking girl with an undercut and a jacket covered in patches and pins, and without a doubt, her eyes were fixed on Alex. Alex's first instinct was to say something, do something. But her second thought was that that would be utterly, unbearably mortifying to draw attention to herself that way. So, she just kept walking, knowing that the punk girl was watching her every step of the way. And then, once her discomfort faded, she giggled again. A girl was looking at her! A cute girl too, in Alex's opinion. That thought made Alex feel all giddy. This was the kind of attention she'd always wanted! Well, sort of. Being ogled in the middle of a mall wasn't exactly the height of glamour and sophistication, but it was a new and welcome experience all the same. It made Alex feel pretty. A wicked thought popped into her head. Keeping one eye on the girl watching her, she altered her step. She started placing her feet closer to together in a crude imitation of how models walked the catwalk, sashaying her hips side-to-side as best she could. Alex didn't really know what she was doing or how it looked, but she grinned to herself in triumph when she saw the punk girl's nostrils flare and her eyes widen slightly. This was fun.

A little drunk with the attention, Alex looked around for ways she could take it to the next level. A nearby shop provided ample inspiration. Hoping her punk fan was interested enough to wait a moment, Alex turned into a shoe store she was passing. This time, she was far less aimless than she had been in the clothes store. She knew exactly what she was looking for and it didn't take her long to find it, in her size too. A pair of bright pink 4-inch heels. Pausing for just a moment to try them on, Alex quickly paid for them and slipped them on, stuffing her flats and socks away in her clothes bag. Wearing her new heels, which seemed to perfectly match the rest of her new outfit, she stepped back out of the shoe store. At first, walking around like that felt very uneasy. Her feet were now exposed to the air along with her legs, which she wasn't used to, and she didn't spend a lot of time in heels either. Fortunately, her mother had insisted she learn how to walk in heels properly as a teenager, in preparation for the prom she'd avoided going to, and in the end that memory came back to her much quicker than she'd expected. After a few unsteady steps, Alex was walking in her new heels like she'd been born in them.

She glanced around slyly, and smiled as she caught sight of the punk girl, lingering hopefully nearby. Without giving away that she'd noticed her, Alex gave a little flourish with her feet to demonstrate her new purchase, pivoted on her heels, and sauntered away. Sure enough, the punk girl started trailing after her again, seeming a little more flustered than before. Alex grinned a seductress's grin. She had no idea what this new feeling of confidence and excitement was, but she was more than happy to ride high on it. Her heels made her accentuate her step even more; she could feel her hips bobbing and swaying rhythmically as she walked. As she looked round carefully, Alex thought she could even see the punk girl's eyes bobbing in step with her, tracking the way her ass bounced. And then Alex realized she wasn't the only one staring at her. There still weren't all that many people around, but of the small crowd of shoppers hanging around, at least half seemed to turn their heads to watch Alex as she passed. Alex turned bright red. Was she really that eye-catching? One look down at herself confirmed that she was. Her body was nothing to write home about, but her bright pink clothes more than stood out against the faded beige furnishings of the mall, and she was walking like she was inviting everyone in the room to think about how they wanted to fuck her. Any by the looks of it, they were. Men, women - they were all looking at her. Some were scowling, especially some of the older women. Some were looking on in admiration. And some were outright leering at her, her punk girl admirer being one of them.

With that realization, Alex's stomach started doing loops. She really did not know how to handle this kind of attention. Her seductive walk faltered, as she strongly considered scurrying home as fast as she could, so she could press her head into her pillow and scream at herself for acting like such a fool. But then again, why would she do that? There was no need. It wasn't like anyone could or would tell her off. If she wanted to prance around in a short pink skirt and let people stare, why wouldn't she? Wait, is that what she wanted? After a moment's introspection, Alex realized it was. She wasn't comfortable with that kind of attention, but she wanted to be. She was enjoying herself. Why else would she have bought those heels, and such a short skirt? Alex's nerves settled, and she slipped back into the confident, erotic strut she'd been affecting before her brief moment of indecision. Yes. She wanted this. Let them look.

Once she acknowledged that, it started to feel even better. The blush in her cheeks didn't diminish; on the contrary, it grew hotter and hotter. Perhaps it was just the way she was walking, but Alex started to feel an aching in her hips and between her legs. A craving. Alex's lips parted slightly. Was she... horny? No, no, she couldn't be. That was just ridiculous. It didn't make any sense at all... but then again it didn't make sense that working out made her horny either, but at this point that was beyond doubt. Alex thought about how high her sex drive had been. Maybe that was what this was. But she wasn't working out now. So, what was it? Her clothes? Not quite, Alex realized. It was the people. It was the way they were looking at her. She realized it wasn't just making her feel confident or pretty. It was more than that. She could feel their eyes like a physical force as they roved over her body. Each wide-eyed, lust-filled gaze was a lover's caress, tracing up along her calves and her thighs, or over her shoulders, or even down her top to coarsely feel her tender breasts and her increasingly hard nipples, or perhaps even up her skirt, pushing her panties aside and touching against her wet...

Alex let out a silent gasp as she realized she was indeed wet. Her panties were soaked. She was filled with embarrassment and shame. How could she be that much of a slut? How had she gotten so wet, just from being stared at? And worst of all, once she realized how slutty that sounded, she only felt more aroused. The feeling she was getting from the gazes of all the people around her was becoming stronger. She was struck with the strange feeling that they could all see through her clothes and were looking at her directly, every part of her. And then she started to fantasize. What if she were really walking around like that, totally naked? That image gave her an unbelievable rush. Then they'd all look. Then they'd all see how slutty she could be. She'd be so embarrassed, and it would feel so good. Maybe some of them wouldn't be content with just looking. If she was putting herself on display like that, wouldn't it be obvious she wanted more? Alex had to fight down the temptation to start touching herself over her clothes as the images filling her head became more and more graphic and sordid. It was almost tempting to do something, to embrace those fantasies. She could flip up her skirt. That would really give that punk girl, still following her, a show. No, she wasn't brave enough for that. Instead, she adjusted her pink top, pulling down the neckline to show more of her cleavage. Fuck, that felt good. Exposing more of herself to the open air only made her realize how hot her body was, and how she had started panting breathily.

Alex closed her eyes for a brief moment. The thrill she was experiencing was beyond words, and it was still growing better and stronger. But it wasn't enough. Not yet. Alex wanted more. She was so drunk on her own arousal, it was totally overpowering any sense of inhibition or propriety she usually had. Fuck that! She'd wanted to cut loose forever, and now she finally was. Going to the gym, changing her look - this was the change she'd always wanted. The fact that it felt so good was only proof that it was perfect for her. Why would she question such intense pleasure? She wasn't going to ruin this for herself by second-guessing things, the way she always did. There was only one question she needed to think about was: how much longer was she going to revel in her newfound exhibitionism before running home to finger-fuck herself to an amazing orgasm?

She decided to push it a little further, partly because she was enjoying it so much, and partly because she feared that once she lost this incredible, euphoric mood, it would be gone forever. She looked around for inspiration as to what to do next, and found it. She'd actually walked passed the store a few paces back, too enraptured with the feeling of being stared at to really notice her surroundings. Alex turned abruptly on her heels and a few paces behind her, the punk girl that was still trailing after her stumbled slightly. Alex flashed her an amused smile, which she returned shakily after a moment. That flustered reaction alone was enough to stoke the heat in Alex's body, but she knew she could do better. Staring the girl straight in her eyes, Alex slowly, deliberately, licked her lips. Then, she just watched for a moment as the punk girl turned a very bright, very visible shade of red. The exhibitionist rush flooding her body redoubled. Alex broke into a walk again, brushing past the stunned punk and slowing for just a moment to wink, before turning into the lingerie store.

As in the shoe store, she knew exactly what she was looking for, and it didn't take long to find it. A set of pink lace lingerie. It looked like the kind of thing a stripper would wear, to put it mildly. The panties were incredibly sheer - practically a thong - leaving little to the imagination, and the stylish push-up bra should do her cleavage some favors. In contrast to her earlier hesitation in the clothes store, Alex didn't spend even a single moment second-guessing herself. She didn't care how out-of-character this was for her. She wanted to do this. She knew it would make her feel good. And more than that, she knew she was going to cum so hard at the thought of what she'd bought and done. Alex was reasonably confident she knew her sizes so she didn't even bother trying the lingerie on. She just asked to use the fitting rooms, as she had done earlier, and changed there. Sure enough, the bra made her boobs look like considerably more than a handful, and the panties felt deliciously naughty. Experimentally, Alex did a little spin and watched with breathless glee as her skirt flipped up enough to reveal the pink underwear beneath. Even though she was now in private, the thought of trying that out in public was enough to have Alex panting with arousal again, and she only grew more turned on when she noticed a little spot of dampness start to appear on her brand new panties. God, she was so desperate now.

It was as Alex was on her way out of the lingerie store that she noticed something that truly made her light-headed with erotic glee. Tucked away discreetly in one corner of the store was, to Alex's surprise, a cabinet full of sex toys. Gripped with curiosity she wandered over, enjoying as she did the feeling of her new lingerie under her clothes. Once she got close enough, her cheeks were filled with a fresh blush as she looked over the lurid packaging on the shelves. They had dildos, vibrators and ass toys of all different shapes, sizes and functions, and more besides that - nipple clamps, handcuffs, collars, and things Alex didn't even recognize. Normally she'd blanch at something that lewd, but in her current frame of mind, riding high on arousal and exhibitionism, the sight of the sex toys and all the possibilities they represented was nothing other than wildly exciting. Alex knew then and there that she was going to buy something. She had to. She'd never used a sex toy before, but she'd always wondered what they might be like. Now, she could find out. And given how turned on she already was, it was bound to be amazing. The only question was: what was she going to get? There were so many different toys on offer, and she really had no idea what she wanted. But,

Alex considered, why settle for just one? It wasn't like money was an issue. She could get two, or three, or even four if she really wanted to. That really would make for a wild night! Alex imagined how she'd look, walking up to the shop counter with an armful of sex toys. It made her shiver.

In the end, she settled on two toys: a little pink bullet vibrator connected by a wire to a small remote, and a much larger, purple, silicone dildo. The thought of how good that was going to feel alone was enough to make Alex salivate. With those in hand, she walked up to the shop counter as confidently as she could and handed them over. The cashier was polite and professional, of course, but when she first saw Alex she flashed her a look of surprise for just a single moment, and even that was enough to make Alex weak at the knees. She wondered what the cashier thought of her - a girl in a bright pink top and miniskirt, buying slutty lingerie and then coming back for sex toys. Maybe the cashier saw people like her every day. But Alex hoped not. She hoped she seemed like just as much of a slut as she felt. A wicked thought popped into her head. Maybe she didn't need to wait until she got home. The mall had a public bathroom. Alex knew from her experience at the gym that she could keep quiet, if she really needed to. The risk of being discovered, and the thrill of that risk, would make Alex melt. Yes. That was what she was going to do, she decided with a giggle as she took the bag the cashier offered her and left the store.

"Hey."

Surprised and off-guard, Alex wheeled towards the voice addressing her and saw the punk girl who'd been eyeing her earlier. She still seemed flustered - she was blushing faintly and rubbing the back of her neck with one hand - but she didn't shy away from Alex's gaze.

"I'm Ashe," she said, by way of introduction. "I... saw the way you were looking at me earlier and, well, I was wondering if you wanted to get to know each other? We could hang out, maybe catch a movie?"

"I'm Alex," Alex replied automatically. Her brain had completely stalled. Fuck. She hadn't expected this. She concentrated on trying to make sense of what she'd just been asked, and to act like an actual person in a social situation for a change. "You mean like... a date?"

"Umm... yeah. Yes." It was small consolation to Alex that Ashe seemed just as embarrassed as she was.

"Oh. Oh!" Alex felt like a deer in headlights. She was being asked out! By a cute girl! But somehow, the euphoria wasn't quite what she expected. Her excitement at how she'd been showing herself off curdled to utter mortification. How had she behaved like that?! It had felt like a dream, but now she was face-to-face with Ashe, actually talking to her, it all felt horribly real. She needed to run! No, that would be even more embarrassing. She needed to get out of this as gracefully as she could. "I'm sorry, but I don't really 'do' dating."

"Oh." Ashe replied after an awkward moment. "Oh! I guess not, a girl like you, huh?" she muttered to herself. Then, to Alex's alarm, she stepped in closer and forced a confident smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "That's OK, we don't have to bother with that. But... if you want, my place is right around the corner..."

It took Alex a moment to realize what Ashe meant, and another to figure out that the punk girl had totally misinterpreted what she'd meant. It figured. Right now, she wasn't dressed like the kind of girl who'd blanch at the idea of a hook-up. Quite the opposite. "I-I'm afraid that's not what I mean," Alex spluttered.

"Oh." Ashe said again. She backed off and looked away, looking like she wished she could just fade out of existence, so much so that Alex's heart went out to her. "I just thought... earlier... when you... shit, never mind." Ashe looked at Alex again. "I really fucked this up, huh? Sorry. I got the wrong end of the stick. I'll get out of your face now. But... just in case my gaydar wasn't completely off, here's my number."

Ashe handed Alex a scrap of paper with a series of numbers scrawled on it, flashed her as friendly a smile as she could muster, and walked off as fast as she could. For several long seconds Alex just stood there, staring dumbly at the piece of paper in her hand. Internally, she was screaming. Screaming at herself, for buying such ridiculous clothes, for getting so turned on by showing herself off, by acting like such an awkward useless idiot with Ashe... for everything. Then, she thought about what she'd been about to go and do with her new sex toys, in the nearest cubicle. Even she she was still uncomfortably horny, now that she'd been brought back to reality the idea didn't seem quite so sexy anymore. Alex realized she was pretty worn out. She'd pushed herself pretty hard at the gym earlier, and this shopping trip had provided far more excitement than she'd anticipated. She just wanted to go home and rest. She vaguely remembered plans to spend the evening pushing herself to study hard, but there was no way that was happening now. When she got back to her dorm, she couldn't see herself doing anything other than spending the evening collapsed on her bed, watching some Netflix and slowly fucking herself to orgasm with her new toys. Alex smiled, and with that happy thought lodged firmly in her head, she went home.

CHAPTER THREE

"Alex, cmon!" said the exasperated voice of Alex's friend and regular study partner Emily, on the voicemail she'd sent Alex a few minutes ago. "I know I'm normally the one telling you to take it easy for a change, but I'm worried about you! You've been missing classes like crazy. I heard you didn't even turn in your assignment for Professor Sinclair last week. This isn't like you! Just... talk to me, please! I can hel-"

Alex cut off the voicemail dismissively. She'd already wasted enough time. She'd only been meaning to take a few minutes between sets at the gym to get her breath back and check the time on her phone, and she'd noticed the voicemail and decided to give it a listen, in case it was something important. It wasn't. Oh sure, she needed to get back to her studies sometime. But not just yet. She knew she could catch up whenever she wanted. For now, though, she was going to spend her time on what made her feel good! She'd been going to the gym regularly for over two weeks now, and to Alex's surprise, it wasn't getting old. In fact, she was enjoying it more than ever! She'd done some research into how to structure her workouts properly, and she was sticking religiously to the schedule she'd made. Well, more or less. She often spent longer in the gym than she'd really intended, because it was just so easy to zone out once she was really in the mood. But, she reasoned, as long as she wasn't hurting herself, that was no bad thing. Quite the opposite - it was only going to help her get in shape quicker.

She'd started listening to music, too. That was why she had her phone with her. It helped her focus and block out anything that might distract her. It helped her with energy and rhythm, too. That was why she'd traded in her alternative rock - described by her old high school friends charitably as 'sensitive' and by her less charitable mother as 'whiny' - for some nice, upbeat, bubbly pop music. Before, she always dismissed that kind of pop music as totally vapid and commercial, but it really wasn't so bad now she'd given it a chance. Sure, it wasn't complicated, but it was fun and bouncy and helped keep her energy up. There was one particular playlist that had really turned her on to the idea of it, and now she listened to that whenever she was working out. The songs were a little strange, they all had this vocal track that was seemingly barely audible; Alex had to really concentrate to make it out at all. It was like someone was whispering right in her ear, but she could never remember what they were saying. She often caught herself totally zoned out from trying to tune in to it properly. But whatever it was, it seemed to be helping her exercise, so she was more than happy with it. Where had she found the playlist again? Alex thought she remembered someone emailing it to her, but she couldn't quite remember who and somehow she didn't really care enough to try and find out.

But it didn't matter, Alex thought, as she mounted the treadmill again. What mattered was that it made her feel good. That was her new motto. It made her feel good, just like her workout clothes. She was wearing the pink yoga pants and tank top she'd picked up at the mall last week, and a sports bra and sweatband she'd bought online the next day. A new pair of pure white sneakers and pink socks rounded off her gym outfit. In Alex's opinion it was a far cry from the old shorts and faded t-shirt she'd worn at first. Now, she actually looked like she knew what was doing. She looked like she belonged in the gym.

And that wasn't the only thing she liked about the outfit, Alex thought to herself with a naughty smile as she set the machine going at an easy pace. She looked round as she broke into a gentle jog, and saw that more than one pair of eyes were trained on her ass. She shivered. That feeling, that wonderful feeling of being looked at was what she'd been craving ever since she'd discovered that side of herself at the mall. She liked people looking at her. She liked people staring at her. She liked it when she could see their eyes turn hungry and their lips part slightly as they stared. It made her feel good about herself in a way she'd never experienced before. And, as her new motto said: what mattered was that it made her feel good. It also made her furiously horny. She finished every workout dripping with need and desperate to rush home and sate her needs. Alex liked that too, as much as it still embarrassed her to admit it to herself. Her orgasms were the best they'd ever been, and along with her new exercise regimen she was feeling more and more in tune with her own body. Her body had always been a source of discomfort and embarrassment for her. Now, it was a source of pleasure, and maybe even pride. The transformation was amazing. She'd masturbated before, of course, but now it was a daily event. Sometimes multiple times a day. It was taking up increasing amounts of her time, but Alex didn't care.

As the treadmill picked up the pace, Alex paid close attention to how she was moving to make sure her ass was jiggling nicely. That was why she loved her yoga pants so much - they made sure every little movement of her ass was totally on display. When she hit a nice pace, she just knew her ass cheeks were bouncing up and down hypnotically, capturing the attention of anyone who glanced her way. Which was only more incentive for her to keep working out - the more squats she did and the more miles she jogged, the bigger and rounder her ass was going to get. And the bigger her ass got, the more people would stare at her hungrily. That, thought Alex, was a delicious prospect. She didn't want to be able to walk down the street without turning heads. And it was happening! Already, Alex had noticed herself becoming a little more curvaceous, with her waist shrinking and her ass expanding, and her legs becoming more toned and defined. That was the best feeling of all. She felt sexy and like she was becoming sexier, and all the girls staring at her at that moment as she ran on the treadmill was proof of that. By the time a fresh sweat was forming on her brow, Alex was already tingling with pleasure.

Like always, she pushed herself hard and lost herself in the flow of the workout, spurred onward by the feeling of people's eyes upon her body. When she finally hit the stop button on the treadmill in triumph, her joints and muscles were screaming at her with the exertion. Alex basked in the feeling. She didn't know how much time had passed. It didn't

matter to her. The joyful high of having pushed herself to her limits was everything. Alex stepped off the treadmill slowly, allowing her ragged breaths to slowly return to rhythm. She scanned the room, and her pounding heart skipped a beat as she saw that there were indeed still a couple of people looking at her. That exhibitionist rush combined with her runner's high sent a burst of endorphins into her brain, and she let out a series of happy giggles. Spurred on by a desire for attention, Alex decided to give her spectators a bit of a show. She'd started stretching properly before and after workouts, to cut down on the aches and pains she inevitably felt the next morning. Alex turned around so she was facing away from most of the gym, put her legs together and bent down, trying to touch her toes with her fingertips. She wasn't flexible enough to make it, not yet, but she knew that bending over that way was the perfect way to make her ass stand out. Next, she got down on her hands and knees and stretched herself out as long as she could, tightening her buttocks and arching her back to accentuate her figure. She didn't even need to look to know people were staring at her. Alex bit her lip and shivered. Fuck, she felt amazing!

"Hey there. Nice workout."

Alex scrambled to her feet and turned around, and paled. Standing in front of her, looking at her with a lopsided grin, was the biggest woman Alex had ever seen. She was tall, easily a head taller than Alex, and broad, with muscles so toned and defined she looked like she was chiseled out of stone, like an ancient statue of an Amazon warrior. Alex found herself staring at the woman's huge biceps and sculpted abs, which she could easily see because the woman was wearing nothing more than a sports bra and a pair of loose-fitting pants, exposing her dark, olive skin.

"I'm Sierra," she said, offering a hand. With the other, she reached up to adjust her hair. Sierra's fearsome, butch look was carried off perfectly by a handsome sidecut, with her long, thick, red-brown hair all swept over on one side, away from the shaved part of her head. Alex was momentarily stunned by her striking appearance before she recovered her composure and extended her own hand for Sierra to crush in her strong grip.

"Alex."

"Alex? Wonderful." Sierra's shark-like grin widened. "Pleased to meet you. You know, you've managed to catch my eye the last couple of times you've been here."

"I have?" Alex felt like a deer in headlights. Or perhaps, a deer trapped in front of a bulldozer.

"Absolutely," Sierra replied. Her voice was low and smooth. "A pretty girl like you, so committed to her body? How could I not?"

"Oh... well... um..." Alex didn't have the faintest idea what was happening.

"And," Sierra continued, "you're exactly where Winter said you'd be."

"Winter?" Alex's ears perked up. She hadn't seen the goth girl as much lately, since she hadn't been spending much time in the library, but her crush was always in her thoughts. And often, she was embarrassed to admit, in her fantasies. "You know Winter? And... she knows me?"

"Oh, me and Winter are thick as thieves," Sierra smirked. Then, without warning, she stepped in closer to Alex. Alex froze on the spot, and found herself having to tilt her head back to look up and the muscular woman towering over her. "But that doesn't really matter. Winter isn't here, is she? We wouldn't want to get side-tracked."

"I... guess." Something about Sierra being so close to her was making it hard for Alex to think. Sierra was the only thing she could see. The only thing she could smell. Alex let out a nervous giggle.

"Look at you," Sierra purred. "You really pushed yourself today, huh? You should be proud."

"Thanks." Unable to help herself, Alex giggled again as Sierra reached out and slowly, sensually twirled a little of Alex's brunette hair around one of her fingers.

"You're welcome, cutie." Alex blushed, and giggled again. Why couldn't she do anything except giggle? "But a workout like that must take its toll on a skinny little thing like you, hm? I'm glad to see you're stretching out properly, but let's see..."

Without warning, Sierra reached out with her other hand, and placed it on Alex's waist, stroking her gently but insistently. Between that and the hand toying with her hair, she was practically embracing Alex. Alex's instinct was to pull away from the unfamiliar woman looming over her, but her body turned weak at Sierra's touch. Thinking clearly was only getting harder. She giggled nervously. What was this? Was Sierra being mean to her? Flirting with her? Inspecting her? That was what it felt like. Sierra's hand ran down over her waist all the way to her hips, pressing in just slightly.

"You seem a little tense," Sierra commented. "Maybe you could use some help loosening up?"

"I..." Alex didn't know what to say. All she could think about was Sierra's hands on her body, sending warm, pleasant tingles through her torso and her head, and Sierra's musk, so strong and feminine it was practically intoxicating. She asked herself if she wanted Sierra to stop. She didn't know the answer.

"And here." Sierra's hand roved around Alex's thigh, softly caressing her over her yoga pants but also poking and prodding here and there to test her sore muscle. Alex squirmed

slightly in Sierra's grasp as the girl's fingertips reached her inner thighs, but the butch girl seemed not to notice.

"And here." Alex actually squealed as Sierra's hand suddenly darted, snake-like, round to her ass, her fingers sinking in and taking a firm grip. Her strength left her completely and as she meant to pull away she lost her balance, and somehow ended up falling forwards into the muscular girl's arms, grasping into Sierra to hold herself up. She was so close now that Sierra only needed to murmur. "See? Why don't you let me help you?"

That was the moment Alex became uncomfortably aware of how hot her body was, and from more than just the workout. Something about being so close to this tall, imposing woman was doing something to her. She was sweating bullets. Her breathing and her heartbeat, which had been slowing, were quickening again. She couldn't even spit out a full sentence. The only thing Alex could think about was Sierra's hand on her ass, and how small and needy it was making her feel.

"S-sure," Alex forced out. At that, Sierra's grin turned as wide as a Cheshire Cat's, and before Alex could say anything more, Sierra kissed her. But it was like no kiss she'd ever had before. It felt like a storm. Alex felt so small, and so utterly in Sierra's power. Her strong body was all around her, feeling her, groping her, cradling her, guiding her movements. She could feel Sierra's tongue pressing insistently into her mouth, and Sierra's scent, her musk, was filling her nose, overpowering her senses. Strongest of all was the feeling that she was dancing to Sierra's tune. Sierra was so confident, so forceful, Alex felt like she was just pulling her strings and making her react just the way she wanted. Sierra's presence was utterly overwhelming. But somehow, Alex felt safe in her arms.

"So," Sierra said as she pulled back, leaving Alex shivering. "You want more?"

"God yes," Alex whimpered, before she even knew what she was saying.

"Perfect." Sierra turned and slung one muscular arm over Alex's shoulders, dragging her along as she started to walk out of the gym. Alex was in far too much of a daze to resist. She didn't know what was going to come next exactly, but her mind was full of possibilities and she was hornier than she'd ever been in her life. As they walked, Alex noticed that at least half the people in the gym were watching them. They must have seen Sierra grope and kiss her too! Many of them had rueful smiles on their faces, and Alex noticed Sierra wink at someone as they passed. She got the feeling that Sierra picking up girls in the gym wasn't an unusual sight, and Alex realized she was just Sierra's latest conquest. Her latest trophy. At that thought, shame and embarrassment blossomed in her cheeks, and she felt her wetness start to seep through her pink panties. Why was that such an arousing thought? Alex didn't know, but it was. She wanted to be conquered, dominated, and shown off as a trophy. There was something so comfortable, so right about being led around by Sierra like this. It provided the very thing she'd been missing at the mall, when she'd first discovered the show of exhibitionism: a sense of safety. Everyone was staring at her and her body. Everyone knew how shameless she was.

But in that moment, being led around by a strong, strong woman like Sierra, she knew she was safe. And perhaps even more importantly, she didn't need to make any decisions. Sierra was in charge. Alex squirmed a little and Sierra pulled her in tighter, and Alex loved it.

Sierra led her down out of the gym to the shower room. Alex shivered as she remembered her indiscretion from the first time she'd gone to the gym. "In here," Sierra announced, pointing to one of the shower cubicles. Alex looked, and made a strange, half-choking sound. Somehow, by some chance, Sierra had picked the exact cubicle in which Alex had masturbated. Sierra noticed her reaction and peered down at her, curious. "What's the matter?"

"That's..." Alex was reluctant to confess what she had done, but she felt compelled to answer Sierra and her mind was far too addled to think up a convincing lie. "I... um... a few weeks ago... I... t-touched myself in there."

Sierra barked a quick laugh. "Oh my god. Not such a blushing maiden after all, huh? Winter sure knows how to pick 'em. I had no idea you were that kind of girl."

Alex squirmed. "I'm not... that kind of girl."

"No?" Sierra stopped, bringing Alex to a stop too, and looked her dead in the eyes.

Alex withered under her gaze, but nonetheless she protested: "I'm not!"

"Really?" Sierra's voice was dripping with amusement and withering sarcasm. "You're not that kind of girl? Not the kind of girl to finger-fuck herself in a public gym? Not the kind of girl to let someone she met five minutes ago grope her ass in public? Not the kind of girl who'd let that same person drag her down into a gym shower and fuck her? Is that not the kind of girl you are?"

Alex was so overwhelmed with embarrassment she was barely able to process that, and when she opened her mouth all that came out was a kind of strangled half-yelp.

"Sounds like we agree on something," Sierra remarked dryly. "So come on then. Tell me what kind of girl you are. If you give me the right answer, I'll make you feel really good."

Alex didn't know what to say. She tried to look away from Sierra, but the towering woman took a hold of her by her chin, making her look.

"Say it for me Alex."

And then Alex realized she did know what to say. What she wanted to say. "I'm a slut."

Saying those words was almost like a small orgasm, a feeling that was only heightened when Sierra responded: "Good girl." Those words provoked a strange kind of joy in Alex, along with a whole host of mixed, unclear thoughts, foremost amongst which was that she wanted to hear it again.

Sierra smirked at her victory. "I can tell you're new to this, but don't worry. You're about to find out just how good being a slut can be."

And with that, Sierra dragged Alex into the shower, roughly slamming the door shut behind them. She pressed Alex against the far wall, and before Alex had a chance to recover herself, Sierra was all over her, kissing her and touching her. Alex had thought Sierra was forceful before, but that was nothing compared to this. Now they were in private, the tall, muscular, powerful woman standing over her was utterly feral. Alex couldn't keep track of her hands. They were all over her all at once, touching, pressing, groping, reaching, feeling, caressing. Alex let out a long, loud moan muffled by Sierra pressing her mouth against hers in a wild, unbelievably intense kiss. Alex's whole body was on fire. She could feel herself twitching and shaking from the sensory overload, and she might have slumped to the ground if not for Sierra pressing against the wall hard enough to keep her on her feet. To stop her squirming so much, Sierra even wrapped one of her powerful hands around Alex's neck, a move that Alex found threatening, sexy and comforting all at once.

"That's it," Sierra snarled approvingly. "Now you're getting into it."

Alex realized that as little control as she felt she had over her own body, she was in fact copying Sierra's movements. She was kissing Sierra just as much as Sierra was kissing her, and her hands were all over the woman's body, feeling all the contours of her impressive, strong muscles and marveling at the contrast between them and her soft, round breast. Grinning, her eyes huge and fiery, Sierra reached back and pulled her sports bra off over her head, happily allowing Alex to stare at her naked tits as they bounced slightly without the support of her bra.

"I wanna see yours," Sierra growled. Alex eagerly rushed to pull off her tank top, but her hands were shaking so much she found herself struggling, fumbling with the fabric that clung so tightly to her sweaty body. After just a few seconds Sierra's patience ran out. She grabbed a hold of Alex's top with both hands and, in one easy movement, ripped it in half, pulling the shreds away from her body to expose her bra, which Sierra reached around and unhooked it skilfully with just one hand. Alex should have been annoyed at having her favorite new top destroyed, but she was too turned on to care. Instead she just shivered as her boobs were exposed to the air, nipples already hard, and then moaned as Sierra dove back in and mauled her tits with her hands, kissing and biting her neck at the same time.

"Fuck. Oh fuck," Alex whimpered weakly. Her voice sounded so sensual, so sexual, it only served to heighten her arousal.

"We're only just getting started," Sierra replied. "Take your pants off. Don't make me do it for you?"

Alex did as she was told, Sierra stepping back to give her room. Once she'd peeled off her yoga pants and threw them on the floor she looked at Sierra, waiting for her to do something. Sierra just looked at her. With a start, Alex realized what she was waiting for, and she took off her panties as well. Once that was done, she was completely naked. For a moment, neither she nor Sierra moved. They just stared at each other. Alex felt the urge to cover herself with her hands but she resisted, sensing it would displease the other girl. So she let Sierra stare, shivering and shaking as she carefully inspected every part of her - her tits, her hips, her legs, her dripping pussy. Fuck, she was so turned on. For her part, Alex was equally happy to stare at Sierra. The woman who'd seduced her so effectively was, quite simply, built like a goddess. She was perfect. With her sports bra off, it was even easier for Alex to admire her strikingly muscular form. Her firm, perky tits were perfectly in proportion to the rest of her, and the way she was breathing hard and drenched in sweat lent her a fierce, almost dangerous aura, like she was a tiger waiting to pounce. She was breathtaking.

Sierra reached up and ran one hand over her hair, smoothing over her sidecut. "This is going to be so much fun. I can't wait to see what you look like when you're cumming your brains out."

Sierra advanced on Alex again, pressing her back against the wall. Then, to Alex's surprise, Sierra slowly, seductively, sank to her knees. Alex's head was so fuzzy she was about to ask what Sierra was doing, but before she could, her lover demonstrated the obvious answer. Alex gasped loudly as Sierra planted a string of gentle kisses all along her inner thigh. Alex had no idea she could be so sensitive down there, but each one of Sierra's kisses was electric. That sensation alone was one of the best things she'd ever felt, but Sierra was in no mood for slow, torturous foreplay. When she felt Sierra's tongue on her sopping wet pussy, Alex was completely unable to stop herself crying out loud. She bit down on her voice moments after, restricting herself to desperate whimpers, but even then the pleasure was so great that Alex kept losing control of herself, squealing loud enough that she was sure someone would hear.

Sierra laughed. "It's OK, cuteness. Let out your voice for me."

"B-but someone will hear!" Alex moaned.

"Let them hear," Sierra whispered conspiratorially, drawing her tongue in slow strokes over Alex's pussy. "They all already know I'm in here with you. Besides, they're used to it from me. And isn't it kinda hot?"

"N-no," Alex moaned again, without any conviction in her voice.

"Who are you kidding?" Sierra turned her attention to Alex's swollen, over-sensitive clit, eliciting a little shriek as ecstasy coursed through Alex. "You already admitted

it, right? You're a slut. I could tell you were getting off in the gym, from people staring at you. You weren't exactly hiding it well. It'll feel good to let them all hear your slutty moans. You know it well."

The fantasy was too alluring to resist. What would people think of her, if they heard her moaning like a cheap whore from being picked up and eaten out at the gym? It was so shameful. It felt so good. Some of them, the ones who'd seen Sierra lead her away, would know. Maybe next time she went to the gym, they'd be there, watching her. Alex would be able to see it in their eyes - their judgment, their contempt, their amusement, their arousal. It was going to feel amazing. Spurred on by that thought, Alex gave up on trying to keep herself quiet, and the moment Sierra's tongue next touched her cunt, her moans filled the entire room. It was a little hard to tell over the sound of her own gasping and moaning, but Alex could have sworn she heard someone giggle from outside the shower cubicle in response. That only turned her on more.

Sierra kept licking her pussy, Alex's pleasure growing more and more with each passing moment. She'd never been eaten out before, but as far as she could tell Sierra was good. Very good. She kept varying her technique, teasing her one moment and attacking her the next, sucking on her clit for a while before sticking her tongue deep into Alex's needy cunt to stimulate her g-spot. It all felt so much better now that Alex was no longer bothering to try to hold on to any kind of dignity. She threw back her head and screamed her pleasure for all to hear, and her wild moaning only seemed to spur Sierra on. Without giving Alex's pussy any respite, Sierra reached up with one hand and groped around for a moment before her fingertips found one of Alex's tits. She immediately took hold, mauling her sensitive flesh with her powerful grip. Alex felt like she was going to pass out. The pleasure hitting her from her pussy was already overwhelming, but now her chest too was on fire with sensation. It only got worse when Sierra's reaching fingertips found Alex's hard nipple and she started pulling it and twisting it. That blissful mixture of pleasure and pain had Alex's body in uncontrollable spasms as she screamed all the louder.

Within minutes, Alex was close to cumming. But Sierra seemed to sense that and slowed her pace, keeping Alex close to the edge without once letting her go over. Alex's moans grew more and more desperate and she was about to beg the muscular woman between her legs to let her finally cum, when Sierra stopped altogether. Alex was unable to suppress a whine of disappointment as she looked down and saw Sierra looking up at her with an impish look on her handsome face.

"You didn't think I'd let you get off that easy, did you?" Sierra smirked. "I'm not gonna let you be quite that much of a pillow princess. I want to feel good too."

Sierra rose to her feet, stepped back, and pulled down her loose-fitting trousers. Alex blinked. Underneath, Sierra was wearing a fairly plain pair of black cotton panties. But it was what was under that that had Alex staring. Between Sierra's legs, bulging through her panties, was a huge, swollen cock, and beneath it, a set of balls. Alex could only stare. She

should have been surprised, but as it was she could only look on in awe as she fantasized about how good a cock that size might feel. Nonetheless, she was curious.

"You're..."

"Trans," Sierra answered. Her face was suddenly serious. "Is that a problem?"

Alex shook her head, numbly. It wasn't. It made no difference to her.

"Good." Sierra's wolfish grin returned. "That means we can really have some fun."

Sierra removed her panties, letting her cock spring free. At the sight of it, Alex found herself on the verge of drooling. It was like the dicks she'd seen in porn; hard, throbbing, and so big it was making her ache just to look at it. She'd always heard that porn was fantasy, that real cocks were much smaller and more disappointing. Clearly, Sierra was the exception. There was nothing 'small' or 'disappointing' about what Alex was looking at. Quite the opposite. Alex felt like it would split her in half, and she wanted Sierra to do exactly that.

"Please..." The word, a whispered prayer, escaped Alex's lips. She wasn't even embarrassed by it. Her head was too full of arousal for anything else. She expected Sierra to tease her for it, but the muscular trans woman did not. Perhaps she was just as needy as Alex.

Instead, Sierra reached for her and grabbed one of her arms and pulled her roughly, spinning her around to face the wall. Alex gasped at the feeling of her body being manipulated so suddenly, so roughly. The way Sierra had pleased her had done something to her nerves; every touch was erotic now. Even the other woman's hand on her arm felt more heightened and intense than almost anything Alex could remember from before that very day. Once Sierra had spun her around she pushed her against the wall, and Alex reached out with her hands to brace herself, palms flat against the wall. She shivered and whined at the feeling of Sierra's strong hands sliding down her body all the way to her hips. Sierra pulled back on her hips and Alex responded instinctively, sensing what Sierra wanted. She bent over and stuck out her hips and her ass as far as she could, arching her back, presenting herself.

"Good girl," murmured Sierra, and Alex giggled with happiness.

Sierra stepped in close behind her, resting a hand possessively on her shoulder. For a moment they were still, and Alex simmered with anticipation. Then, Sierra entered her. Alex screamed. She saw white. At first she wasn't sure if what she was feeling was pain or pleasure, but whichever it was, it was instantly the best thing she'd ever felt. Sierra took her time sliding her massive cock into Alex's pussy, and Alex savored every moment of it. Since she couldn't see, she kept imagining that Sierra must be all the way in from how full she felt, only to find even more inches of cock being forced into her. By the time she felt Sierra's hips pressing hard against her ass, her face was locked in an open-mouthed gasp and how far she'd been stretched out. But nonetheless, it felt indescribably amazing. Sierra's cock was reaching parts of her she'd

never felt before, parts of her that were so tight, so sensitive. Her fingers never reached that deep, and even the dildo she'd bought at the mall couldn't compare. It was all Alex could do not to collapse, or pass out. There was no strength left in her at all.

And then Sierra really started fucking her, and she saw stars. She wasn't gentle, not even to begin with. The moment she was sure Alex could take her whole length, she started pounding her with everything she had. Sierra drove her cock in and out of Alex's cunt at a brutal pace. There was nothing slow or tender or teasing about it. She was just using Alex's hole as a cocksleeve, treating her the way she'd treat a mere toy. Alex loved it. She was moaning so hard and loud her lungs hurt, and she barely even noticed. She'd never been fucked like that before, not even close. It was amazing. The pleasure was radiating out from her pussy through her whole body, filling her with bliss. She wasn't, couldn't, be aware of anything except Sierra's cock in her pussy. She wasn't even sure if her own legs were propping her up anymore, or if the muscular woman ploughing her from behind was simply ramming her against the wall so hard she couldn't collapse. It felt like her brain was short-circuiting from the overwhelming pleasure assailing her sense, but through all that Alex could just about manage to form a single coherent thought: she should have been going out to get fucked like this way, way earlier.

"You like that, princess?" Sierra half-grunted from behind her. Alex wished she had the strength to turn her head to see the expression on her face; instead, she contented herself with the shameless groans the muscle-bound woman was making as she used her cunt.

"Yes! Fuck yes!" Alex screamed, before giggling manically. She didn't know how loud her voice was, and she didn't care. Let everyone in the whole building hear! She wanted that. It made her feel hot and sexy and embarrassed and slutty and she'd never felt anything better.

Alex lost all sense of time, as Sierra kept pounding her with just the same rhythm over and over and over again. It could have been hours for all she knew, and she didn't doubt that Sierra had the stamina. Sierra's hand made it's way up into Alex's hair and wrapped into a fist, taking a tight grip. Sierra pulled back, and Alex let out a whimper of pain and her head being jerked back. But she didn't dream of complaining. Sierra was so big, so confident, so strong, that Alex felt like nothing more than a doll being tossed around. The loss of control was exhilarating. As limp and weak as she was in Sierra's grasp, Alex started to gyrate, rolling her hips along the length of Sierra's shaft as she was fucked. Sierra's fresh, pleasure-thick moans were rich reward, and Alex responded with even greater enthusiasm. It wasn't long before, from the way Sierra was gasping and shuddering, Alex sensed she was close to orgasm. For her part, Alex wasn't even sure if she'd cum already or not. It was so hard to tell. The pleasure was already coming in thick, orgasmic waves but Alex could sense an impending climax, in tune with how Sierra seemed to be feeling.

"Oh fuck!" Sierra yelled, and Alex knew that was it. What she didn't expect was the way Sierra pulled back out of her and used the grip she had on Alex's hair to turn her around and force her down to her knees. Before she even knew what was happening, Alex

found herself on her knees, staring up at the powerful woman and her magnificent cock, dripping with Alex's own juices. Sierra held her there and started stroking herself, her hand moving so fast along her shaft it was practically a blur. Alex was mesmerized, but not so mesmerized that she couldn't reach a hand between her legs and start greedily finger-fucking herself.

Sierra came with a half-strangled scream, and as the cum spilled from her cock and down onto Alex's face, Alex came with her over the edge. The orgasm that hit her had her seeing white. As Sierra's grip on her hair loosened, Alex slumped onto her side, cum dripping from her face. Her fucked, stretched pussy was so desperately sensitive that the lightest touch of her fingertips was like a thunderbolt. She was feeling pleasure in ways she'd never even been aware of. All she could do was lie there, twitching and shuddering, as the orgasm pulsed through her, seemingly never ending. After a time she became dimly conscious of Sierra dressing herself again. She looked up and saw the trans woman, now fully clothed, looking down at her with a giddy, satisfied grin on her face. Alex thought about how she must look in Sierra's eyes, slumped on the floor, lost in post-orgasmic bliss, and her face drenched with cum. She giggled.

"That was fun as hell." Sierra sighed happily. "Hit me up if you ever want another round. I'm always down to blow off some steam." She turned to leave.

"Wait!" Alex's hand darted forward, catching Sierra by the back of her pants. She realized there was something else she needed to ask. There was something in particular about Sierra that had captivated Alex and it was only now, as she watched the woman with the body of a goddess standing over her, that she became fully conscious of it. It wasn't just that she found Sierra's muscular body unbelievably sexy. It was that she wanted it for herself. "Teach me."

Sierra seemed bemused. "Teach you what?"

"Teach me how to look like you."

CHAPTER FOUR

"Hold it. Hold it! Watch your form," Sierra urged, as Alex strained every sinew to keep the heavy barbell in her grip exactly the way the muscular trans girl had shown her. It was so hard; she'd been weight training for what felt like hours, and her body was aching beyond belief. But still, as always, working out felt good. "OK, and... drop. Great job, that was the last one!"

Alex carefully lowered the barbell down onto the mat, and then promptly collapsed onto the floor, heaving with desperate breaths. That was the hardest workout of her life. She hadn't known what she was in for when she'd asked Sierra to teach her how to weight train. She'd just been filled with the sudden, powerful desire to emulate Sierra's muscular form. She'd been surprised when Sierra accepted. Then, even more surprised when it turned out that, while her usual playful, cocksure demeanor didn't disappear, Sierra approached her workouts with the attitude of a drill instructor. She put Alex through her paces mercilessly; thanks to her, Alex was spending more time in the gym than ever before. She was there every day now - she had a cardio day, a core day, an arm day, a leg day, and more. It was hard, and it was interfering with Alex's studies more than she was comfortable with. Every night she promised herself she was going to make up her work, and every night she just collapsed onto her bed with exhaustion. But it was worth it. Not only had she shed more weight than she'd ever imagined possible in such a short space of time, she could also feel her body becoming more toned. It was subtle, but her arms and legs were firmer, more shapely. It was an amazing change. But especially now that she'd gotten to know Sierra, Alex wanted to go further.

"Good workout!" Alex looked up and saw Sierra grinning down at her. She blushed. Sierra had that effect on her. Being around the tall, imposing girl made Alex feel weak, flighty and even a little submissive. It didn't help when Sierra made some kind of crude comment reminding Alex of what they'd done in the showers the time they'd first met. Or any of the times they'd fucked since then. Alex had become one of Sierra's regular booty calls, although far from her only one. That was another change Alex never would have imagined before. But she just couldn't help herself! Working out got her so hot and bothered, and Sierra made it so easy, so fun, so consequence-free. Besides, it was way better than masturbating - although, Alex had to admit to herself, she wasn't doing any less of that. When she got home from the gym and collapsed on her bed, it was all too easy to spend hours and hours slowly fucking herself into cum-drunk haze. Alex giggled. What the hell was her life turning into?

"Thank you," she said to Sierra, accepting her outstretched hand. Sierra hauled Alex to her feet and clasped her shoulder.

"No problem! You're making great progress. Someday you'll be lifting as much as me!"

"Someday." Alex returned Sierra's joking smile. She'd seen how much Sierra could lift, and she knew she was a very long way from that. But, she reminded herself, as long as she stuck with it then nothing was impossible.

As her breathing returned to rhythm and her muscles stopped screaming at her, Sierra realized something else about her body: she was horny. Really horny. It was a familiar feeling at this point, but no less intense for it. She needed to get fucked. She was aching for it. She eyed Sierra's powerful body hungrily. She knew what Sierra was hiding under those pants, and she wanted it. But still, she blanched at the notion of actually saying that outright. That was just too embarrassing.

"Hey..." Alex said, trying to sound suggestive. "I'm gonna go get cleaned up in the showers."

Sierra replied simply: "Oh, cool."

Alex blinked, and then pouted. This was Sierra's way of teasing her, wasn't it? She hated playing into Sierra's hands, but she was so desperate she honestly wasn't sure if she could bear to wait. Besides... maybe Sierra bullying her wasn't the worst thing in the world, she thought, blushing.

"Maybe... you're thinking of taking a shower soon too?" Alex asked quietly.

Sierra just looked at her for a moment, and then barked a dirty laugh. "Wow. Since when did you become such an eager little slut?"

Alex half-knew it was coming, but all the same she turned completely red and looked down at her feet, flustered beyond words. And the teasing only made her more aroused.

"Well, actually, I've got something else I need to do. Or should I say, someone," Sierra continued, grinning so smugly it made Alex roll her eyes despite herself. "Anyway, didn't you say you were gonna be busy right after this?"

"What? Oh, I guess." Alex remembered she'd promised herself that tonight in particular, she absolutely had to get some work done. She didn't remember mentioning it to Sierra, though. Professor Sinclair had been riding her really hard over her missed assignments, and had told her she was going to be in serious trouble if she didn't submit something in the next couple of days. She'd been trying her best, but it was just so boring. And so hard. She'd never struggled with school before, but now every time she tried to concentrate on the textbook, it was like the words didn't make any sense anymore. The harder she concentrated,

the fuzzier and emptier her head became, until she gave up. It was a problem, but Alex couldn't bring herself to care about it. She was tired of living to work. It was high time for her to learn to have some fun and blow off school for once. She smiled ruefully. "Yeah, I'll probably be pulling an all-nighter in the library. I'm gonna need a lot of coffee."

"Huh?" Alex frowned at the confused expression on Sierra's face. "No, I was talking about your plans with Winter."

Now it was Alex's turn to look confused. Plans? With Winter? That was news to her. She'd never even spoken to Winter - she was far too timid to approach the girl she was harboring such an ardent crush on. "What are you talking about?"

Sierra cocked her head to one side. "Winter was telling me about it. You're going to a party with her or something?"

"What the..." Alex had no memory of anything of the sort. She couldn't remember ever talking to Winter, beyond a few words in passing, let alone planning to go to a party with her, but her head still wasn't at all clear. She couldn't be sure, and it was bothering her. Starting to feel a little unnerved, she checked the messages on her phone. A chill came over her when she saw that, indeed, Winter's name and number were right there in her phone, along with a whole load of messages between them. As she read over the messages her jaw dropped open. Winter had invited her to a party! Alex's confusion dissipated, only to be replaced by excited-anxious butterflies in her stomach. It was coming back to her now, just a little, even though the memory was strangely vague and distant, almost like a dream. Yes. Winter had invited her to a party. Winter had invited her to a party! Her crush, the girl she'd been dreaming about for months, actually wanted to spend time with her! Alex grinned. Then she checked the time, and the time she'd arranged to meet with Winter. Shit! She needed to get going, or she was going to be late. As quick as she could, Alex thanked Sierra again for helping her out, then raced away to shower, got changed and go home to get ready as quickly as possible.

A little over an hour later, Alex arrived at the address Winter had told her to meet her at, and was looking around for any sign of the goth girl. Maybe she was actually running a little early. At home, she'd been in a desperate hurry to grab something to eat and get ready for the party. Getting ready for parties wasn't something she had much experience with. She'd eventually managed to get her makeup looking pretty good, but she'd had a hard time picking an outfit. She had no idea what kind of thing she should wear. She didn't want to seem like a prudish nerd, but she didn't want to overdo it and look like a ridiculous slut either. In the end she settled for a pink short-sleeved top with a slightly more daring v-neck than she was normally comfortable with, and a black mini skirt that was short, but hopefully not too short. It was a classic combo, she'd convinced herself, and only a little chilly in the evening air.

"Hey there," said a sultry voice from behind Alex.

Alex wheeled around and found herself face-to-face with Winter, and she was instantly made speechless. Winter looked stunning. There was no other word for it. She stepped up her goth aesthetic - her makeup made her look like some kind of dark enchantress from a fairytale, and she was wearing an incredibly intricate lace dress that clung to her body in all the right ways. She also had a chain necklace around her neck, with a heavy pendant hidden in her bosom, under the dress. She was looking at Alex with a smoldering look that turned her legs to jelly.

"O-oh, hey," Alex replied, trying and failing to sound casual.

"Hey," Winter repeated, amusement at Alex's awkwardness dancing in her mesmerizing eyes. "I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"No, not at all," Alex said hastily. "I only just got here."

"Perfect." Alex's heart stopped when Winter clasped her hand within hers and started leading her up to the house they were standing outside. "Come on!"

Even from the sidewalk, Alex could hear loud music coming from inside the house - heavy, fast beats underneath discordant metal screaming and haunting female singing. It wasn't the kind of music Alex was accustomed to, although she thought it suited Winter to a tee. As they approached the front door and Winter knocked, the music grew so loud Alex wondered if anyone inside would be able to hear them. But the door swung open right away, and they headed in. It was only at that point that Alex started to wonder where they actually were. A student house, she assumed. It was that kind of neighborhood. But who's student house? Who was actually hosting this party? She probably should have tried to find out the answers to those questions before she'd showed up. But it was too late now, she told herself. She was here with Winter. She wasn't about to flake in front of her crush.

It was dark inside, and hot. The music was coming from a nearby room, but even in the hallway it was almost deafening. There was smoke in the air, not all of it tobacco, and the lights were moody shades of red, blue and purple. Alex immediately felt deeply out of her comfort zone. She tried to peer through the gloom at the person who'd let them in, although they were already turning away. It was a girl, and a goth like Winter, although leaning a little more punk with her spiked jacket and short pixie cut. Winter turned and her mouth moved, but Alex couldn't clearly make out her words.

"What?" she shouted back.

Winter put her head by Alex's shoulder, making her blush for a moment. "I said, follow me! I want you to meet some people."

"OK," Alex said, and then once she realized Winter probably couldn't hear her, she

nodded emphatically. Winter just laughed, and beckoned Alex to follow her. She led Alex past the room the loud music was coming from and upstairs, and into a bedroom. Alex followed cautiously, not exactly sure what was supposed to happen. Being introduced to Winter's friends was cool. In fact, it was amazing! Didn't that make her one of Winter's friends? That was a thrilling idea, but Alex was more anxious than she was excited. What if she made a fool of herself? What if Winter's friends didn't like her? That was almost guaranteed, she thought glumly. Compared to Winter and the kinds of friends she must have, Alex was just a dork.

In the bedroom, the lighting was just as dim and moody. The music was still audible, although it was muted enough to allow for ordinary conversation. Besides Alex and Winter, there were four other people inside. One of them was the punk goth who'd let them inside, and the others were just as alternative in their styles. As they entered all of them nodded warmly to Winter, and then turned to stare at Alex with intense expressions that Alex couldn't quite read. She was starting to feel intensely uncomfortable, but Winter's easy manner set her at ease a little. Winter sat down on the bed next to one of the others.

"Alex, sit down!" Winter indicated next to her, and Alex followed suit. "Let me introduce you. This is Violet." She gestured to the goth punk, who nodded to Alex once. "This is Fiona - Fi." She pointed at a black girl, sitting on a chair on the far side of the room, who was wearing a fantastically frilly gothic lolita dress and had braided hair and vivid purple eyeshadow and lipstick. Fi was looking at her phone, but when Winter called out her name she raised her hand in a friendly wave.

"Hey," Fi said.

"Hey," Alex replied.

"This is Marie." Winter pointed to an incredibly androgynous looking girl wearing a sleek bodysuit, slumped on the floor. She just looked at Alex, and didn't say anything. "And this is Kiyo." The last girl was the one sitting next to Winter, on the bed. She lent forward and waved to Alex in a friendly manner, who gratefully returned the gesture. Kiyo was goth, like the rest, but her over-sized sweater was emblazoned with a pastel-colored pattern, and her makeup was all blues and pinks, in glittering metallic shades. "Everyone, this is Alex."

"Hi everyone," Alex said, more for the sake of saying something than for any better reason. "Nice to meet you."

The girls all made vaguely affirmative-sounding noises, but that was it. Alex lapsed into silence. She felt very unsure of herself, and increasingly out of place in her pink outfit. She got her phone out, and checked the time and her messages. Nothing. She put her phone away. Then, not long after, she did the same thing again. Alex sighed. This was going badly. She started running through potential conversation topics in her head, but nothing came to mind that wasn't hopelessly dull. Conversation had never been her strong suit.

"Fi," Winter said, breaking the silence. "Could you get me and Alex a drink?"

"Sure." Alex realized everyone else was nursing a plastic cup. Fi reached down beside her and produced two empty cups, and a nondescript bottle from which she poured two drinks for them. Fi passed the cups down to Winter and Alex. Alex sniffed the drink experimentally. It smelt strong.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's something a little bit special," Winter answered, winking. "Try it and see!"

Alex felt powerless to argue, reluctant as she was to drink something completely unknown. She almost never drank herself, and as far as she could tell she was an incredible lightweight. If the drink was as strong as it smelt, she needed to be careful. But Winter was looking at her, and she didn't want to seem like the kind of girl who didn't know how to have fun. Alex raised the cup to her lips and took a sip. Instantly, she had to fight to suppress a coughing fit at the taste of the strong liquor, so strong her throat burned as she forced it down.

She managed not to cough, but evidently her discomfort showed on her face, as Winter laughed. "Don't worry, you'll learn to like it soon enough. We drink it all the time."

Alex just nodded. She guessed it was some kind of vodka, but there was some other taste there too. Something she didn't recognize. But whatever the drink was, that sip alone was making Alex light-headed. She decided she wouldn't drink too much, but under Winter's watchful gaze she felt compelled to take a sip, and then another, and then another. Before long, half her drink was gone, and she was starting to feel the effects.

"Hey Alex, what do you study?" Violet asked suddenly.

"I... um..." still light-headed, Alex struggled to find the words.

"You don't know?" Marie spoke up, sounding equal parts amused and derisive.

"I do," Alex flushed, "I just... liberal arts!"

"Nice!" replied Violet. "How do you like it? What classes are you taking? What kind of stuff are you interested in?"

"Um..." Alex felt like she just needed a moment to clear her head. Maybe some fresh air, or a drink of water. But as it was, she found herself dazed in the face of the barrage of questions.

"You're in Professor Sinclair's class, right?" Kiyo butted in.

"Yeah... yes."

"What do you think of the textbook? It's a little weird, right?"

"Um..." All Alex could think about was how she'd barely opened the textbook in the last two weeks. "Yeah, I guess you could say... the perspective is a little... er... the writer has some... s-strange opinions-"

"Oh my god," Marie interrupted, rolling her eyes. "Look at her, she hasn't read the textbook. She can barely remember what classes she's taking. Such a ditz."

Alex instantly fixed her gaze down on her cup. She took a couple of nervous sips, trying to hide the intense blush of shame and embarrassment hitting her cheeks. She'd never felt so humiliated in her life, and it was in front of Winter, too! A ditz... Alex wanted to argue but truthfully, she felt like a ditz now. She couldn't think, and she'd failed to answer basic questions about her studies. Why couldn't she think?

"Well, hey," Violet chimed in helpfully. "You kind of are a ditz, Alex. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Ditzzy girls have all the fun, right?" Alex squirmed uncomfortably at what Violet was implying.

"Girls." Winter warned, an indulgent smirk on her face. "Play nice."

They all fell silent again, like Winter was the queen and had just issued a royal command. No-one else seemed to be feeling it, but to Alex the silence was awkward beyond belief. She made to take another sip of her drink, but to her shock her cup was already almost empty. She groaned internally as she realized she'd been drinking nervously almost the whole time. She needed to be more careful! No wonder her head was so fuzzy.

"Looks like we need refills." Winter's cup was just as empty, although the goth girl showed no signs of intoxication. Alex started to splutter a polite refusal, but by the time she found her words, Fi was already pouring into her her cup, and her protestations trailed off. She had to avoid sounding like a dork. She should at least try and keep up with Winter. Besides, she was a little grateful to have more to drink. Maybe the alcohol would help take the edge off her awkwardness.

"This is a party, right?" Fi asked, suddenly, with a strange, purposeful inflection in her voice. "Let's put some music on."

It was true that the atmosphere wasn't very party-like. The music from the room downstairs was so muted it felt more like being in the vicinity of a party than being at one, although Alex could hear plenty of people talking and moving around. She nodded, welcoming the suggestion. Fi reached into her messenger bag and pulled out a small, round speaker which she set down on the floor and slotted her phone into. A few seconds later, music filled the

room. It was more upbeat and less harsh than the music downstairs, although the dark synth tones lent it a similarly gothic feel.

"Hey Fi," Kiyo chirruped. The pastel goth sprung to her feet. "Let's dance."

Fi stood elegantly, and the two of them moved into the middle of the room and started dancing, gyrating their bodies up against each other. They made quite a pair - the Asian girl's pastel sweater against the black girl's gothic lolita dress, the frilly skirt of which bobbed elegantly in time with the music. Marie and Violet also made to stand, and to Alex's surprise so did Winter.

"Alex," the goth girl said, turning to her. "Wanna dance?"

Time froze, even though Alex's heart was beating faster than it ever had. Winter, her crush, wanted to dance with her? It was too good to be true. It was all she'd ever wanted, even though she was deathly afraid she was going to fuck it up. Why was this happening? How was this happening? She needed to take a time-out to figure it all out, but she couldn't and it was far too amazing of a chance to say 'no' to. Alex rose unsteadily to her feet, trying to tell herself she wasn't too drunk for this. But before she had any chance to prepare herself, Winter was all over her. One of her hands was on her hip and the other was on her shoulder, her collar, her neck, and she was so close Alex could feel her breath on her skin. It was too much. Alex didn't know how to handle it. She was blushing more than she'd ever thought possible, and her head was spinning. Winter's scent, heavy and sensual, was the only thing she could think about. She felt herself being swept along by Winter, and she let it happen. She didn't know how to dance, but maybe that was OK. Somehow it was natural to follow Winter's lead. Winter made it easy, guiding her body and all her movements, giving her an encouraging look here and a flirtatious wink there. Before long, Alex found herself moving to the music, her hips swinging and bobbing to the beat and her legs carrying her along with the melody. Alex let out an intoxicated giggle as she felt a sudden rush of blood to her head. She felt joyous. This was fun! She felt free. The only thing she needed to care about was Winter, beautiful Winter, dancing in her arms. The girl was a kaleidoscope of black and white, whirling all around her.

And then Winter was gone, and the rhythm was broken. Alex found herself still dancing, alone, to a song she didn't remember having started. All the other girls were sitting in various places around the room, looking at her. She didn't remember when Winter had sat down. It might have been ten seconds ago, or thirty minutes. Alex kept dancing just because it felt more natural than abruptly stopping, but her earlier discomfort had returned tenfold. The way Winter's friends were looking at her was strange; their eyes were shining with dark humor, like they were enjoying a joke Alex wasn't a part of. When the song finally came to an end, Alex stopped dancing and slumped back onto the bed.

"Why did you stop?" Winter asked. "You're a really good dancer."

"R-really?" Alex spluttered, taking a long drink. She couldn't imagine that being

true, but somehow when Winter said it, she believed it.

"Yeah! Won't you keep dancing?" Sensing Alex's reluctance, Winter added: "I'd really like to see it."

Alex caved. Winter's approval was just too important to her. She stood up again, very conscious of the fact that everyone else was just sitting and watching. She tried to pick up the rhythm of the music again but when she started to move, Winter spoke up again.

"Not this. Something else."

Fi obligingly reached out to her phone. A few moments later the song cut out and a new one started. This one was different, very different. It was slower tempo, and a lot more pop-y, but it was also low and sensual. The best way Alex could think of to describe it was that it sounded like the kind of song you'd expect to hear playing in a strip club. Alex was unnerved, but she felt powerless in the face of the expecting stares of her apparent audience. So, after taking another long drink, she started to dance. She began awkwardly without Winter to guide her, but did her best to focus on moving her hips with the rhythm. Before long she picked up confidence and started moving her arms, her head, her whole body. She started to smile, despite herself. Maybe it was the booze talking, but dancing like that was starting not to feel so bad.

"Sluttier!" Kiyo jeered, and Alex almost tripped whilst the others clapped their hands gleefully.

"What?" she asked.

"Listen to the song!" Kiyo explained. "It was meant for dancing nice and sluttily to. Give it a try!"

Alex had no idea what that meant, but from the sound of the song, it seemed like Kiyo was right. Alex didn't know how to dance slutty either, and the thought of it made her squirm with embarrassment, but she wanted to do her best, for Winter. She started moving her hips more and more. She slid her hand down and lifted the bottom of her top slightly, showing some skin. She span on her heels and bent over, emboldened by the music, to show the girls her ass. That brought forth a few giggles, which in turn brought a fresh blush to Alex's cheeks.

"Oh god," Marie called out. Alex could hear the exasperation in her voice. "This is painful. Let me show you how it's done."

Alex made to turn back around, but she stopped and went still when she felt Marie slip in behind her. She wasn't still for long, though. Marie forced her back into motion. She stayed behind Alex, groping her and grinding against her. Alex felt like a puppet on strings in her arms. It was a little like she'd felt with Winter, but totally different at the same time.

Winter had guided her. Marie was forcing her, controlling her. Winter had pushed her, prompted her, and then waited to see how she'd react. Marie made Alex do whatever she wanted. It made Alex feel small and weak and powerless. She felt Marie kiss her neck, and she moaned. She felt Marie bite her neck, and she moaned even louder. She felt Marie slip a hand up her top, and her breath turned stilted. Then she felt Marie slip a hand down the waistband of her panties, and that... that was too much.

Alex tried to shrug Marie off, to no effect. She needed this to stop. She didn't know what was happening, and she was a little scared of how fuzzy her head was feeling. She tried to pull away but Marie wouldn't let her. "Get off me!" she cried out, finally at her limit.

Instantly, Marie backed off. Through her peripheral vision Alex could see faces of frustration and concern all around her. Tears started to well up in her eyes. She'd messed it up, just like she'd known she would. It was her fault. What would Winter think of her now? Alex drifted off to one corner and collapsed onto her knees, wanting to become invisible but well aware that was totally impossible, and everyone was still staring at her. She felt like she was going to be sick. After a moment, Winter stood and walked over to sit on the ground next to her, and put a comforting arm on her shoulder. Part of Alex was grateful for the kindness, but mostly it just made her feel even more pathetic.

"You OK?" Winter asked. Alex shook her head numbly. "Don't worry. You'll feel better in a couple minutes. We'll get you a drink of water and a moment to calm down. You'll be dancing again before you know it."

"I don't want to dance," Alex admitted miserably. "I... think I just want to go home."

For a moment, Winter just looked at Alex very intently. A chill ran down Alex's spine. She felt like she was being inspected. But the moment passed, and Winter's expression softened.

"Alright," Winter said. "Let's get you home. But I think you should calm down a little first." Alex nodded gratefully. "Let me help you with that."

A strange sense of déjà vu washed over Alex as she watched Winter reach a hand down her top and pull on the chain hanging around her neck, pulling out a heavy, round, silver pendant. With a small click, the front of the pendant clicked open, revealing a small, intricately-decorated clock face. For a moment, Winter just let the pocket-watch hang in the air between them ominously. The pocket-watch was conjuring strange images and feelings into Alex's mind, as if long-forgotten memories were suddenly stirring. An unusual, unnatural calm washed over her, but at the same time, part of her mind was even more eager to get up and leave.

"Just look at the watch, Alex." Winter's voice was soothing and almost song-like. "Look at the watch. Look at the hands move around the face. Around, and around, and around.

Never stopping, never ending." Almost instantly, Alex felt her eyelids starting to grow heavy, and her mind start to cloud over. "Look at the second hand. Ticking around, in a nice, regular rhythm. But perhaps you can imagine it getting slower and slower. Can you do that for me, Alex? Imagine the second hand slowing down. Imagine the time between each tick and tock stretching out, longer and longer, until it becomes an eternity."

"Wha..." Alex felt like she was unraveling. It wasn't the alcohol, it was something so much more than that. Her mind wasn't working anymore. At least, not for her. "I... I don't-"

"Shhh," Winter urged, and Alex fell silent. "You don't need to talk. Just look at the watch for me, my pretty little Alex. It'll make everything better. I promise. Look at the second hand. Look at it slowing, and slowing, and slowing, and... stop."

Alex barely had time to hear the word 'stop' before her awareness vanished, and she completely blacked out.

A little later, Alex woke up. Or at least, that was what it felt like. But she quickly decided she couldn't have been sleeping. She was on her feet. She was moving. After a moment, it came back to her. She was at the party Winter had invited her to, and she was dancing. Yes, that was right. Wasn't it? Then why did she feel like she was only just waking up? Maybe she'd just had one of those moments of drifting off, absent-mindedly, almost to the point of forgetting where she was. Or maybe she was just that wasted. Alex giggled as she looked into the cup in her hand. It was empty. How many drinks did that make? She couldn't remember, and there was a lot more besides that she couldn't remember. She giggled again. She couldn't remember half of what had happened at the party already, and she didn't care. It felt so good to cut loose for once.

When Alex had first arrived at the party, she was now remembering, she'd been so nervous. She'd had this sinking feeling that she'd inevitably find it all too overwhelming, with the people and the music, and run home, ensuring Winter would think of her as an awkward, useless nerd forever. But that hadn't happened at all. To her great surprise, once she'd had a few drinks to help her loosen up, she'd found herself right at home dancing, laughing and talking with Winter's friends. They were some awesome people. She was so drunk and confused she could barely remember their names, but they were all awesome people, she was sure. But the dancing was by far the best part. It felt so good, so easy, so right, to just throw herself into the music and lose herself to the rhythm, moving her body however she wanted to. There was a kind of ecstasy to dancing wildly like that; Alex had never felt anything like it before, nor had she ever imagined dancing could feel so amazing. It was little like the high she felt from exercising, but more expressive and pleasurable. She never wanted it to stop. She never wanted the night to end.

Alex felt one of Winter's friends - Violet, she thought her name was - slip in to

dance behind her, and turned to face her. The sultry, impish look Violet gave her made her shiver. They danced close, their hands on each others' hips and their faces mere inches apart. Violet was beautiful in the strange, purple light of the party, and the way she moved to the music was incredibly sexy. Alex found she couldn't take her eyes off of Violet's curves, perfectly accentuated by her tight clothes. She wanted Violet to look at her body too. Maybe it was just the booze talking, but she was feeling strangely confident in her new, increasingly-toned body. She could see Violet looking at her body, and her lustful stare was like a drug. She wanted other girls to look at her that way. She wanted Winter to look at her that way.

But even better than the way Violet was looking at her was the way Violet was touching her. The mere caress of her fingertips on Alex's hip was electric. There was something incredibly seductive about the way Violet's fingertips flirting with the hem of her top, just barely exposing enough of her skin to touch directly, but always flirting with the possibility of more, of slipping her hand up, or down to touch her in far more intimate and sensitive places. The look in Violet's eyes promised that, and Alex found herself wanting it. There was something enrapturing about the goth punk girl in her arms. She could faintly smell Violet's scent, and she wanted to drown in it, to bury her face into Violet's neck and her hair. She wanted to experience everything she could do to Violet, and everything Violet could do to her, just because of the way they were dancing together. It was magical.

Suddenly, the music faded. Alex pouted for a moment as she and Violet stopped dancing, but she was immediately distracted when Winter, who was still sitting on the bed, clapped her hands together softly, commanding the attention of everyone in the room with just that one small gesture. Alex and the others all gathered around.

"Ladies," Winter began with a knowing smile. "I'm glad to see you're all getting into the swing of things. But now it's time to have some real fun."

"Umm... what do you mean?" Alex blurted out. Her nervousness around Winter was all but gone, overwhelmed by the buzz she was feeling and how much she wanted to dance again.

Winter looked straight at Alex. "We're going to play spin the bottle."

CHAPTER FIVE

"We're going to play spin the bottle," Winter announced, with a look that sent a shiver down Alex's spine.

Fi, Violet, Kiyo and even Marie all cheered. They moved to sit down in a wide circle that included Winter, still sitting on the bed like a queen on her throne. Alex sat in the space they left for her. Marie reached over for the bottle they'd been drinking out of all night. She distributed what liquid remained around each of their cups, and placed the bottle on its side in the middle of the circle.

"You know how to play?" Fi asked Alex. Alex nodded. She'd never played before, she was reluctant to admit, but she'd seen more than enough movies to get the idea. Fi explained anyway: "We spin the bottle. It points to you, and it's truth or dare. Easy!"

"OK." Alex giggled. She was still riding high from the way she'd been dancing with Violet, and she couldn't help but fantasize about some of what the dares might involve. She knew drunk truth or dare could easily turn dirty, and she was also sure that Winter and her friends weren't the kind of people to back down from that.

"Let's get this started," Marie said. The androgynous girl in the bodysuit still sounded just as icy as before, but Alex thought she could make out a spark of amusement in her eyes. At the very least, Marie had been dancing just as much as the rest of them. "Who's gonna spin first?"

"Me!" Alex sang out. She was loving being the life and soul of the party.

"Alright then," Winter smirked, amusement in her voice. "Take it away, Alex."

With another giggle, Alex placed her hand on the top of the bottle, and spun it. She was a little clumsier than she'd expected thanks to the alcohol, and the bottle spun wildly off its mark, but still remained in the circle. When it eventually came to a stop, it was pointing right back at Alex herself. Fi clapped her hands gleefully.

"Truth or dare, Alex?" she demanded.

"Um..." Alex muttered. Somehow, she hadn't imagined it would land on her. Part of her wanted to see what kind of dare she'd get, but at the same time she was a little afraid of

the way Winter's friends were eyeing her with such mischievous hunger. In the end, she opted for what felt like the safer option. "Truth."

Fi clapped her hands again. "Ooo, fun! Let me see... OK! Alex, do you or do you not have a crush on Winter?"

Alex blinked. That was the last thing she'd expected to be asked, and her stomach was suddenly doing the most awful butterflies. She couldn't just admit that! That was a hundred times more embarrassing than anything else she could imagine. The prospect of it was sobering her up a little, although her head was still desperately fuzzy. The expectant eyes of everyone else in the room weren't helping. Alex felt like a spotlight was on her, so bright it was making her sweat. For a moment she considered lying, but she somehow knew that wouldn't work. She was a useless liar. And besides, she suddenly realized, maybe admitting her crush like this when she was being forced to wasn't so bad. It was safe, in a way. And given how much alcohol was coursing through her veins, this was about as courageous as she was about to get. Alex took a deep breath, and then nodded.

As soon as she did, she looked down and buried her face in her hands. Her confession was greeted by a loud series of cheers and jeers. Those did nothing to help her nerves. She wanted nothing more than for the ground beneath her to open up and swallow her, so she didn't have to face anyone ever again. She'd told Winter she had a crush on her! How was she ever going to face her again? She was blushing so hard her cheeks felt like they were on fire. After a moment of anguished embarrassment, someone reached over and patted her arm sympathetically. That helped Alex feel a little better, somehow, and she looked up gingerly. Everyone was staring at her, but Alex was searching desperately for Winter's reaction. As she made eye contact with her crush, Winter winked at her and licked her black-painted lips suggestively. Instantly, Alex's heart stopped and her jaw hit the floor. It took several long seconds for her brain to start working again, even a little. Winter was surely just teasing her. Right? Alex refused to consider any other possibilities. But at the very least, Winter's smile reassured her that she hadn't ruined anything by admitting her crush.

"Next," called out Marie. "Let's just go clockwise, so it's Violet next."

Just as Alex had done, Violet span the bottle. It span slower this time, and didn't spin out, and after a few moments it came to a stop. The bottle was pointing at Winter. The goth girl paused for a moment, considering the decision with a poised demeanor. "Truth," she said eventually.

"Oh, oh! I've got a good one!" Fi said excitedly. "If you and Alex were going out, what would your ideal date with her be?"

Alex was thunderstruck, but Winter just laughed. "Trying to play matchmaker, Fi?"

Fi didn't answer, she just giggled like a bashful schoolgirl. Meanwhile, Alex was

spluttering feebly, trying to articulate some kind of protest. This wasn't fair! It was meant to be embarrassing for Winter, not her! Winter looked far from embarrassed; the goth girl was as composed as ever. Alex was anything but. She hadn't imagined she could get any more embarrassed than she already was, but Fi had proven her otherwise.

"Well, let me see..." Winter tapped her chin with one manicured finger as she pondered. "I've noticed you've been trying out a little bit of a new look, Alex." It took Alex a moment to realize what she was referring to, but she quickly figured out that the way she was dressing now was a far cry from the kinds of plain, frumpy outfits she'd used to wear. She could barely remember how or why it had happened, but she'd ended up giving herself quite the makeover. "So I think it could be fun to take that even further. We could go on a shopping date. I could take you all around town, suggesting things for you to try on. I'd be dressing you up like my own little Barbie Doll!"

Winter said all that with a serene smile, but her words were making Alex squirm. Something about that image, of Winter leading her around and making decisions for her, was incredibly exciting. Alex could imagine vividly how eager she'd be to follow Winter's every suggestion, how pleased she'd be to win her approval. For a moment she got lost in the fantasy, and once she jolted herself back to reality she glanced around hastily, hoping no-one else had noticed.

"That's all?" Marie asked Winter, sounding bemused. "Seems a little chaste, by your standards."

"Perhaps," Winter replied. The corners of her smile turned up, bringing a more mischievous look to her face. "Maybe after that, I'd take her home and then have a lot of fun taking those new clothes off again."

Alex let out a gasp that quickly turned into an awkward cough. Everyone else laughed.

"She's cute when she's embarrassed," Kiyo put in.

"She is," Winter agreed, making Alex's face burn. "It's rather amusing to think about how embarrassed she'd be if I was peeling those clothes off one by one, revealing what's underneath. I bet she'd be writhing and squirming like a trapped kitten. Of course, I'd be sure not to let her get away. What do you think, Alex? Would I need to pin you down?"

"I... what... you..." Words were far too hard for Alex in that moment.

"I suppose, just to be safe, I'll have to throw her down on the bed and climb on top of her," Winter continued with the same, composed expression on her face, a little spark in her eyes the only thing betraying how much fun she was having. "That way, it'll be all the easier to slip off your top and your bra - assuming I let you wear one, of course. And I'll be able to get

a much closer look at your boobs."

Alex was going to die. She was sure of it. She was going to pass out and die from embarrassment.

"All that is only if we were dating, of course." Winter's smile widened. "Isn't that an amusing thought?"

"Y-yes." Alex managed.

"Winter," Violet said in a warning tone but with a rich smile on her face. "I think you've teased the poor girl enough... for now."

Alex wholeheartedly agreed. Not only was she embarrassed from the fact that she'd admitted her crush on Winter - in front of a whole room of people, no less - she was embarrassed at how turned on she was by what Winter had described to her. She found herself longing for it, longing to be that deeply within Winter's power, pinned down under her body and helpless in her grasp. The thought alone made her shiver. It was all she could do not to rub her thighs together.

"I'm next," called out Marie, mercifully distracting attention away from her. Marie reached out and spun the bottle, finally giving Alex a little time to collect herself. But her reprieve lasted no longer than a few seconds, because the bottle soon came to a stop pointing, once again, at Alex.

"What?" Alex cried out at the unfairness.

"It's the nature of the game!" Fi replied. "It's luck of the draw! Now, truth or dare?"

"Truth," Alex blurted out. She didn't see any way it could get any worse.

"Hmm..." Fi didn't seem to be able to think of anything, and Alex started to breathe easier.

"I've got one." Marie said, looking at Alex slyly. "What's the furthest you've ever gone with a girl? Give us all the details."

"The furthest..." It took a moment, but once Alex realized what Marie was referring to, her head was filled with vivid images of the first time she'd had sex with Sierra. Her mouth hung open as she remembered how it had felt, getting fucked hard in the gym shower while crying out for more like a shameless slut. She couldn't mention that! There was no way she could mention that! "No. No! Dare."

"You can't just change like that!" Fi shrieked raucously, pointing an accusing finger at Alex while the others booed.

"Dare!" Alex repeated, like a petulant child.

"OK, OK, fine," Winter said, cutting through the din. "I've got one. Alex, I dare you to kiss Marie."

Out of the corner her eyes, Alex could see that Marie looked just as surprised as her, but that brought her little comfort. A kiss?! That was too far, wasn't it? Or was it? At first, the prospect of being forced to kiss Marie seemed like just one more embarrassment piled atop all the rest. But the more she thought about, the more she started to find something alluring about the idea. She started to wonder what it would be like to kiss Marie. For so long, she'd fantasized about kissing a girl. Sierra wasn't one for kissing, or for any kind of affection really. Marie didn't seem the affectionate type either, but Alex could imagine her being an amazing kisser. Her lips looked so soft and inviting, parted slightly with surprise as they were. What would it be like, to feel Marie's lips pressed against hers? Imagining it was making Alex's heart rate quicken.

"Jeez Alex," Violet said, rolling her eyes. "Stop daydreaming about it and doing it."

"Shush!" Alex shot back, flustered. Everyone giggled. Alex realized she was actually going to have to do this. Swallowing awkwardly, she reached out and set the bottle to one side, and crawled across the circle on her hands and knees until she was kneeling directly in front of Marie. Marie gave her an unimpressed look, but nonetheless bent forward a bit, offering her face to Alex. Alex found herself suddenly completely lost and unsure of what she should do. How did you kiss a girl? Which way did she turn her head? Was she going to mess it up? She knew she didn't have time for those kinds of questions. She gathered her alcohol-induced courage, leaned forward, and pressed her pursed lips against Marie's for a few seconds, and then pulled back.

The reaction in the room was a deafening anti-climax. After a few seconds of silence, Fi snorted loudly. "Is that it?"

"I kissed her, didn't I?" Alex replied stubbornly, turning her face to one side.

"Hardly, babe," Kiyo answered. "I don't think that really counts."

"What?!" Alex protested.

"Nope," Violet agreed.

"It doesn't count," decreed Winter, silencing any further protest. When Alex pouted at her, she just smiled. "Come on, Alex. Have some fun with it. Loosen up."

Alex sighed. She was hopelessly outnumbered, and completely unable to defy Winter's verdict. "Fine. What do I have to do?"

"Put some tongue into it!" Fi shouted.

"Make her feel it!" Violet said at the same time. "Turn her the fuck on."

Alex blushed hard at the last suggestion, but giggled at the same time as she turned back to Marie. She couldn't help but imagine what it feel like to turn Marie on, to have her squirming and wanting more with just one kiss. The idea was intoxicating, so much so that it dulled Alex's nerves as she prepared herself to kiss Marie again. Maybe Marie sensed her change in mood too, as Alex could see a faint curiosity in her eyes alongside the feigned boredom. Alex vowed to wipe the haughty, self-assured look off her face. She went in for another kiss, but this one was far more than just a peck on the lips. She put her body close against Marie's and pressed her lips against hers forcefully. At first Marie kept her lips closed tight and was frustratingly unresponsive, but then a wicked idea came upon Alex. She opened her mouth, just a little, and gently bit down on Marie's bottom lip. Marie's eyes widened in surprise and her lips parted, but Alex didn't give her chance to protest. She kept kissing her, and tentatively pressed her tongue into the androgynous girl's mouth. Her tongue met with Marie's and all of a sudden, Marie was kissing her back just as hard. Alex rejoiced; she'd won. She'd guessed that Marie wasn't the kind of person to passively let Alex take the upper hand, and she'd been right. Marie was fighting her for the upper hand in the kiss, wanting to be the one who dictated the pace and the way their mouths met. Alex wasn't willing to give any ground, though. Energized, she fought back just as hard, suddenly possessed by an insatiable curiosity to see how far she could push Marie, to see what Marie would do if she-

Winter coughed. "You can stop now, I think."

Alex pulled back and slowly turned her head, knowing exactly what she was going to see. Sure enough, she was met with faces that were equal parts impressed, amused, incredulous and, surprisingly, aroused. Alex just stared back. That was all she could do; she knew there was nothing she could say after putting on such a performance. The awkward moment was finally broken when Fi collapsed into fits of laughter and shrieked: "Get a room!"

After that, they started giggling helplessly, including Alex. Even Winter was giggling, behind an upraised hand. The only person not laughing was Marie. She was doing her best to look serene and impassive, but she wasn't doing a very good job. There was an indignant fire blazing in her eyes, and Alex noticed her shift her sitting position a little to keep her legs closed. The implications of that made Alex feel hot and blush, but also put a smug smile on her face as she crawled back to her position in the circle. When she was there, Violet offered her a high five, which had them dissolve into another fit of giggles. Their merriment only ended when Marie finally reached the end of her tether.

"She's done her dare, right?" she snapped. "So let's move on. Winter, spin!"

Winter raised an eyebrow at Marie's tone, and Marie withered. But nonetheless, Winter reached down from the bed and spun the bottle. After a few seconds, it came to a halt, this time pointing at Fi.

"Truth or Dare?" Violet demanded.

"Dare!" shouted Fi immediately, gesturing enthusiastically with her cup. "Let's keep the fun going."

Just as immediately, Marie shouted "Fine! In that case, turnabout's fair play. I dare you to make out with Alex! No, wait." Marie paused for a moment, and a crafty look appeared on her face. "I dare you to feed her your drink, using only your mouth. There."

"What?!" Alex protested again. Why was it always her? That wasn't fair at all. It was almost like the others were deliberately ganging up on her. The more she thought about that possibility, the more likely it seemed. They were all close friends, and she was the new girl. And there was something in the way they looked at each other, in the way they looked at Winter especially. A sadistic cunning, like they were a pack of wolves circling their prey. Alex was about to raise further protests, but she quickly realized she had no time for that. Fi was already moving towards her. The way she moved was so different from Alex; there was no hesitancy or awkwardness, only an easy, flowing sensuality. Her silly, playful demeanor was gone, and she fixed Alex with a smoldering, enrapturing stare. She crawled across the circle towards Alex, raising her hips and ass enticingly in the air as she did. From that alone, Alex found herself breathing fast.

"Now, wait a moment, I just-" Alex spluttered.

Fi didn't let her wait. She got so close to Alex, she was practically sitting in her lap. She coiled one of her arms around the back of Alex's shoulders, making her feel like a little mouse trapped between a cat's paws. With Fi's body pressed so close against hers, Alex was starting to feel incredibly warm. And then Fi drank deep from her cup, and kissed her.

The kiss was so fierce, it blew Alex away. Fi was all over her all at once, not just with her mouth but with her hands too, groping her and feeling her. She forced her tongue deep into Alex's mouth, exploring her deeply and mercilessly. Alex tried to put up a fight, as Marie had done with her, but it was totally pointless. Fi was much too forceful and much, much too good. The way she kissing her was making Alex weak. She'd never have believed a kiss could be as intense as sex, but Fi was making her believe it. Alongside all that was the incredibly strange sensation of a mouthful of alcohol being passed to her by Fi. It felt incredibly intrusive, and she had to fight the urge to cough and splutter it away. In the end, when Fi pulled away, Alex was forced to swallow, although she was so desperate for air at the same time that she ended up coughing a little, spilling some of the strong drink all down the front of her top.

The others laughed, just as they had done at Marie minutes before, although Fi just winked at Alex and licked her lips, sending shivers all down her spine. As Fi returned to her position in the circle, Alex looked down and saw the mess she'd made, and groaned. The skin of her chest was glistening wet, and she could only watch, horrified, as her thin pink top soaked up the liquid, clinging to her skin and turning slowly transparent. Alex crossed her arms tight over her chest to make sure no-one could see anything.

"Umm... I think I need to go and get cleaned up," she muttered, but no-one took any notice. They were already moving on with the game. Fi had spun the bottle, and it pointed at Kiyo as it stopped.

"Truth or dare?" Winter asked.

"This is fun, let's keep it going!" Kiyo said. "Dare."

"Hey, where's the bathroom?" Alex put in. "I, um, think I need some paper towels or something."

"Oh, you need some help with that?" Violet said, and Alex couldn't help being apprehensive at her tone. "Kiyo, I dare you to clean Alex up... with your tongue!"

Her? Again?! Alex fumed at the unfairness, but she couldn't bring herself to muster a protest this time. She felt increasingly certain from the way they were all looking at her that they were ganging up on her on purpose, but she was feeling suddenly light-headed, and found herself just wanting to go with the flow. Maybe it was the extra mouthful of booze she'd just ingested, or maybe it was the way Fi had kissed her. Either way, she compliantly turned to face Kiyo, sitting next to her. Kiyo was grinning like a Cheshire cat, and gestured to Alex's chest.

"Open up, cutie."

As everyone else watched, practically leering, Alex slowly opened her arms to reveal her completely soaked top, which was so sticky with alcohol it was clinging perfectly to skin, completely revealing the shape of her body. It was also totally transparent, revealing her relatively sheer push-up bra. Kiyo didn't hesitate. She lowered her head to the level of Alex's chest, and licked her. Alex squirmed at the soft, wet, unfamiliar sensation of Kiyo's tongue against her bare skin, and she utterly failed to suppress a quivering whimper that sounded far more sexual than she'd anticipated. Once she realized what kind of noise she'd just made, Alex shrank and closed her eyes, expecting to hear a chorus of laughter. But no laughter came. She timidly opened her eyes and peered around, and saw that all of the others were just looking on with intense interest, a shocking amount of naked lust in their eyes. Then Kiyo licked her again, and Alex was unable to prevent herself squirming once more, although she did manage to muffle her moan a little. She looked down and saw Kiyo licking her lips greedily, tasting the

alcohol mixed with Alex's sweat. Moments after they made eye contact, Kiyo abandoned any coyness and greedily pressed her face into Alex's chest, licking and sucking up as much liquid as she could.

Alex braced herself, and tried her absolute hardest to remain cool and composed while Kiyo carried out her dare. She failed utterly. The feeling of having another girl licking and sucking her chest that way was divine, and what it was doing to Alex was beyond shameful. She could feel herself sweating and shivering, and even growing a little wet between her legs. She didn't know if it was the alcohol or the excitement of the party, but it was like all her senses were heightened, and with her head already fuzzy, there was no way she could keep herself from moaning shamelessly from the waves of pleasure Kiyo's tongue was sending all through her body. Alex closed her eyes, hoping if she could block out everything else she could control herself better. That proved to be a mistake. With her eyes closed, her sensitivity was even more heightened. Only a second or two later, she opened her eyes wide again with a particularly loud gasp, thick with pleasure. Once again, Alex chafed at the unfairness. This seemed far more like a dare for her than for Kiyo. By the time Kiyo pulled away, satisfied her task was complete, Alex felt like jelly. Sitting upright was hard, and resisting the urge to stick her hand down into her panties to make up for the unfulfilled pleasure Kiyo had given her was even harder. Alex giggled at how naughty that thought was, and squirmed at how tempting it was.

Alex was in too much of a daze to take notice of who spun the bottle next, or to protest at the fact that the bottle ended up selecting her, once again unfairly depriving her of the chance to collect herself that she so badly needed. "Truth or dare?" someone asked, and Alex struggled to pull herself together and get her mind off her own scorching arousal in order to answer. Once she had, she found everyone else chanting at her:

"Dare! Dare! Dare!"

Alex dissolved into a fit of giggles. Maybe it was unfair, she thought to herself, but it was fun and exciting to be the center of attention for once. She wasn't used to it, and the head-rush was incredible. Alex found she wanted to keep the party going. "Dare!" she called out.

Everyone fell silent instantly, and thoughtful looks appeared on their faces as they tried to think up a new dare for her. Alex shivered with anticipation. Maybe a naughty dare wouldn't just be embarrassing. Maybe it would also be a little bit fun. Fi got an excited look on her face and made as though to speak, raising her hands, but then Alex noticed her exchange a significant look with Winter, and she lowered her hands again. When she spoke again, she sounded much more deliberate and purposeful.

"Hey Alex," Fi said. "Let's turn it up a notch. I dare you to give Winter a lap dance."

"No." Alex replied immediately, her blood turning cold. Even after everything that had happened, that was too much. "No, no, no!"

"Yes!" Fi insisted.

"You can't just back out of a dare!" Kiyo shouted.

"Fine, truth then."

"No!" Violet added her voice to the chorus of boos and jeers. "Do the dare!"

"Come on, Alex," Marie put in. "Just do it!"

"No!" Alex knew she sounded drunk as she did her best to strike an insistent tone. "I don't care what you say, I'm not doing it!"

"Wait, wait." Winter easily cut across the din. When she looked at Alex, magic in her eyes, Alex's resolve faltered. But she felt certain, somehow, that Winter wouldn't do or say anything to hurt her. "How about we settled this with a little game? If Alex wins, she doesn't have to perform the dare. If she loses, she does."

Alex squinted. Was Winter trying to give her an out? "What kind of game?"

"It's easy," Winter answered with a coy smile. "All you have to do is count backwards, from fifty to zero, in increments of three."

Count back from fifty in threes? Alex's brow furrowed in suspicion. That seemed way too easy. But then it twigged, and a broad smile spread across her face. Winter thought she was so drunk, she wouldn't even be able to count. Alex could prove her wrong easily, winning the game and getting out of the dare. She was drunk, sure, but she was confident that as fuzzy as her head was, she could easily manage what Winter had described.

"Deal!" Alex agreed enthusiastically. This was going to be too easy. Nothing embarrassing or humiliating or arousing, just counting. She gathered herself for a moment, and began: "Fifty, forty-seven, forty-four, forty-one, thirty-eight, thirty-five, thirty-two, twenty-nine, twenty-six, twenty-three, twenty, seventeen, four--"

Just as Alex was sensing victory, Winter slowly raised one hand and snapped her fingers. It shouldn't have been much of a distraction, but for some reason to Alex, the sound of her fingers snapped was as loud as the crash of thunder. The sound echoed around in her head, melting all the thoughts it touched. When the moment passed, Alex found herself confused, dazed, and totally unable to remember where she had left off counting.

"Four... um..." The hairs on Alex's arms stood on end, as she realized with horror that she might be on the verge of failure. She couldn't give Winter a lap dance! She'd die from embarrassment. "Four... Where was I? What was the last number I..."

She trailed off. She couldn't remember where she was in the count. She just couldn't. No matter what. Alex head Violet and Fi start to giggle, and she saw red. "You have to let me try again!" she snapped furiously. Winter nodded happily, and Alex took a deep breath and began again. "Fifty, forty-seven, forty-four, forty-one, thirty-eight, thirty-five, thirty-two, twenty-nine, twenty-"

Just as she had done before, Winter snapped her fingers. For the second time, the thunder crash of the snap washed over Alex, and all the numbers she'd been counting so carefully flew out of her head.

"T-twenty..." Alex's hands balled up into fists in frustration. Why couldn't she count anymore? It was like Winter was doing something to her, but that was obviously impossible. Was she more drunk than she'd thought? So drunk a simple finger snap distracted her so much? No way. There had to be something else. But what could it be? Alex realized she was finding it increasingly hard to think. It was like that sudden confusion wasn't fully dissipating. Alex heard giggling, and saw that Kiyo was making a poor effort to hide her mirth behind one of her hands. That made Alex blush fiercely. Not only could she not count backwards from fifty, she had an audience to her failure! She felt so stupid.

"Fifty!" Alex said loudly, marking the start of a new attempt. "Forty-seven, forty-four, forty-one, thirty-eight, thirty-five, thirty-two-"

Another snap. Alex tried to prepare herself for it this time, but it was no use. She completely lost her train of thought, just as she had done before, and she felt her thoughts become even slower and cloudier. "I was... it was... thirty?"

"Nope," Violet said jubilantly, giggling afterward. To her own surprise and in spite of her fierce embarrassment, Alex giggled too. She couldn't help it! She just felt so silly. She knew it was important she managed to count all the way down to zero, but there was something inescapably funny about not being able to count at all. She giggled at how dumb it was making her feel. She still felt embarrassed, but she was starting to not mind so much. It was much more fun to just giggle along with everyone else.

"OK, OK. This time," Alex announced, bringing forth more giggles from Winter's friends. "Fifty, forty-seven, umm.... forty-four, forty-one, um, thirty-eight-"

She lost count again the moment Winter snapped her fingers, breaking off into a fit of giggles. Her head was so fuzzy, she'd been struggling to keep count even before that. It was humiliating, but she just couldn't help it! She felt so dumb and silly. Perhaps it should have bothered her, but she found herself enjoying the feeling. It was so nice to be able to switch off her brain for a change. It was like how she felt when she was working out, but far, far more intense. And, Alex realized, just like when she worked out, she was starting to feel incredibly horny. She was hot and sweaty and sensitive all over, and she realized part of why it was so hard

to think was that her body was screaming at her to rip off her clothes and start fucking herself, right there in the middle of the room.

"Come one," Winter prompted. "Keep trying!"

"Um, like, sure." Alex giggling again at the way she was so air-headed she could barely speak properly. Along with the fact she was failing at counting, and the fact that she was slurring her words, made her sound like a complete valley girl bimbo. "Fifty, um, forty-seven, forty-four, umm..." Alex lost count without any intervention and, realizing how ridiculous a spectacle she was becoming, redoubled her effort to complete the count as she started again. "Fifty, forty-seven, forty-"

One snap from Winter, and once again, her thoughts dissolved into nothingness, leaving her even more air-headed than before. How was she doing this? It was almost like witchcraft, not that Alex believed in anything like that. Maybe it was some kind of psychological technique, kind of like a mind game? She simply had no idea. She let out a whine at the unfairness, which somehow came out more like a moan. Fresh laughter reminded her that it wasn't just her and Winter in the room - there was an audience to her humiliation. Somehow, that thought made her feel even more stupid, and even more sensitive.

"OK," Winter said. "You've failed so many times, you only get one more chance."

"Fine." Alex made one last effort to summon up all her will and her diminishing brainpower. "Fifty. Forty-seven. Forty-four. Forty-one. Thirty-eight. Thirty-five. Thirty-two. Twenty-" Alex was interrupted once more by Winter snapping her fingers. Alex could feel the thunder crash of pressure in her head, threatening to take her under and ruin her counting. But, knowing this was her last chance, she just barely managed to force her way through it. "Um... t- twenty-nine. Twenty-six. Twenty-"

As it turned out, all her efforts were for naught. Dashing her hopes utterly, Winter snapped her fingers over and over again, hitting with a merciless barrage of snapping sounds that made her knees weak and wiped her mind utterly blank. For several long seconds, she was barely aware of herself. She slumped over to one side, squirming hopelessly, and giggling over and over again as she babbled a series of incoherent, half-uttered numbers. The urge to pleasure herself was almost overwhelming, and it was getting increasingly hard for her to remember why she shouldn't.

"You failed," Winter said impassively, but with a sinister glint in her eyes. "That means you have to give me a lap dance."

Alex rose unsteadily to her feet. She'd lost, fair and square. She no longer had the will to resist, nor could she grasp clearly why she'd even wanted to. Dancing sounded fun! It was embarrassing, sure, but so what? Getting embarrassed in front of Winter's friends was fun too. That thought made Alex giggle, and she immediately giggled again at how dumb she

sounded. The rush of heat in her body as she noticed the way people were looking at her was also making her giggle. Her horniness was fun too. That was the only level she could think of anymore: fun. It was so blissfully simple.

Alex heard a strong, loud, distinctive beat and realized someone had put on music for her to dance to. She nodded gratefully and started tapping her feet. She was already feeling the music. Alex reached up to sweep her messy hair out of her face, and began. She started off by walking slowly and languidly towards Winter, swinging her hips as much as she could as she did so. The sudden interest in Winter's face gave her confidence she was doing it right. She was far too drunk and fuzzy and horny to think about that properly - she was just doing what came naturally. When she reached Winter she bent over, keeping her legs straight, and rested her palms on Winter's knees. She looked Winter dead in the eyes, fixing her with what she hoped was a sensual gaze, and she kept her body moving, gyrating to the music. With one hand she reached up and adjusted her top, pulling it down a little to show a little more cleavage. The gesture was greeted by whoops and cheers from her audience, but Alex only had eyes for Winter. Her crush was still looking calm and collected, for now. Alex was hoping to change that.

In one movement, she stood straight turned with the rhythm of the music. For a moment she let her body sway, side to side, with her hands on the back of her head. As little as their reactions mattered to her, she couldn't help but notice the lust in the eyes of Fi, Kiyo, Violet and even Marie. It was invigorating. Alex giggled and winked, and their eyes widened just a little. Alex let her arms drift down to her sides and she started swaying her body more and more, bending as she did so and pushing back with her hips, leaning backwards into Winter's lap and presenting her ass to her. She swung her ass back and forth in what she hoped was an enticing way. The appreciative noises of her audience let her know she was on the right track.

"Take something off!" Violet yelled raucously, and the others cheered to signal their approval for the suggestion. Alex didn't even hesitate. She was lost to the music, and to the feeling of all those hot girls looking at her, wanting her. She crossed her arms over her front and, in one easy movement, slipped her top off over her head. Everyone cheered even more, and Alex threw her top off to one side, instantly forgotten.

Alex turned back to Winter, still dancing, and was immensely gratified to see Winter openly staring at her boobs, now concealed only by her bra. Eager to see what more she could do to turn Winter on, Alex reached down and made a great show of 'accidentally' flipping up her skirt, flashing Winter her panties. She saw Winter's nostrils flair with lust, and the rush of arousal that brought her was better than anything she'd ever felt before. Through the thick mental fog of her own arousal, Alex was intensely grateful for all her time spent at the gym lately. Not only was she glad to have a slimmer, trimmer body to show off, all the exercise ensured she had the balance to really lean in to the dance.

"More!" Fi shouted. Alex whipped her head around and winked at her, and slowly slipped out of her skirt in time with the music. She was enjoying playing the role of the slutty stripper more than she'd ever thought possible. She'd always felt faintly jealous of those who

were confident enough to show themselves off like that, and now, she was! Maybe the fact she could barely think was helping. Alex giggled wildly. Thinking was dumb!

At that point, Alex needed no encouragement to keep stripping. She reached out and gently caressed the side of Winter's face with her fingertips, encouraging the goth girl to lean in closer. Then, she reached over behind her back and took off her bra. Despite her drunkenness, she managed to unhook it after only a few moments of fumbling. For a moment, she let the bra straps hang loosely off her body, holding the bra on her chest with her hands. Everyone cheered and hooted. She flung the bra onto Winter, and in the same smooth move crossed her arms in front of her breasts, hiding them. The cheers grew louder and more desperate. Alex was grinning from ear to ear. She knew she had them all in the palm of her hand, even Winter. Winter lifted Alex's bra from where it fell across her shoulder and pressed it to her face for just a moment before casting it aside. Somehow, that small gesture set Alex's body blazing.

Alex could tell the music was coming to a climax; it was time for the final flourish. Feeling bold, she raised one knee and pressed it against Winter, encouraging the goth girl to part her legs so that Alex could slip her leg between hers, resting it on the edge of the bed. Alex put her weight on that, leaning in until her body was barely inches from Winter's. She arched her back, pushing out her chest all the way. The cheers had grown quiet. Alex knew everyone was on the edges of their seats, and for a moment, she let them savor the anticipation. Then she let her arms fall away, exposing her tits. She rested her hands on the bed, one on each side of Winter so she could lean against her even more, practically climbing into her lap. Everything about the way she was positioned was intended to let her shove her tits into Winter's face as much as possible. Having her tits on open display like that was sending the best kinds of chills all over Alex's body. She could feel everyone's eyes boring into her with their hungry stares, and Winters' was the best of all. Alex was high off a combination of alcohol, the attention and the teasing she'd received earlier. She felt almost as though she could cum from that alone. One touch on her pussy and she certainly would, but she was just barely able to hold herself back from that. She wondered how slutty and trashy she looked, breathing hard and shaking with arousal, having given another girl a strip-tease. That was a delicious thought.

After taking a moment to enjoy the silent applause of everyone's amazement, Alex sauntered back to sit down in the circle again. She felt incredibly smug. There was no way any dare was going to top that. She wasn't embarrassed, she was exhilarated. Clearly, her exhibitionism had reached its next stage. As Alex sat she felt the sudden, laughably out-of-place urge to cover herself, but she disregarded it easily, leaning back with her arms out behind her. She didn't consider herself particular hot, but the way Winter was looking at her was making her reconsider that. What if Winter wanted to do more than just look? Alex found herself starting to fantasize. Maybe there was a spare bedroom somewhere at the party. The possibility of spending the night with the gorgeous girl she'd crushed on for so long felt tantalizingly real, and it was driving her wild. After everything that had happened, she was so desperate to be touched. Alex started rubbing her legs together slowly for the stimulation it gave her. She didn't care who noticed. She was so needy.

"Girls." Winter was the first to speak. She looked more composed than the rest of them, and there was a note of reproach in her voice. "What are we all waiting for? No-one said the game is over yet."

Obligingly, Fi slowly reached out and span the bottle. When it stopped, it was pointing at Marie. "Truth or dare, Marie?" Winter prompted.

"Dare," said Marie finally. Her voice was higher pitched than it had been before, and she sounded a little out of breath.

It was a long time before anyone spoke, but eventually Violet said: "I dare you to pleasure Alex."

This time, there were no protests, from either Marie nor Alex. The only sound in the room was Alex tittering at the idea. After a moment, Marie nodded curtly and started crawling over to Alex. Alex's giggles died in her throat as she realized this was actually going to happen, but she still didn't protest. Shame was a foreign concept to her at this point, and her body was unbelievably thirsty for pleasure. It helped that there was no suggestion of mockery in Violet's voice, only lust. Violet wasn't doing this to humiliate Marie or Alex. She was doing it because she wanted to watch Alex get fucked. That realization alone was enough to make Alex whine.

Once Marie was right in front of her, she just stopped and waited. Alex realized she was waiting for her to get ready. Slowly, she lent back, shifting her weight until she was reclining, and started to part her legs. She was extremely aware of the fact the only thing she was wearing was her panties. She was offering everything to Marie. She started to wonder what it was going to feel like. Sierra had eaten her out before. Would it be like that? Would Marie feel different? She was incredibly eager to find out. Marie moved closer and started to lower her head, moving by inches. Unable to wait any longer, Alex reached out with a hand to guide Marie's head down to her dripping, desperate pussy. She started with surprise when Marie grabbed her hand at the wrist and fixed her with a wicked grin.

"You think I'm gonna go down on you?" Marie asked. Her voice was dripping with sadism. "Foolish girl. That's not the way I do things."

Alex realized that in not protesting, she'd made a huge mistake. She giggled nervously. Marie was probably just as horny as she was, but that wasn't all. Marie was thinking about the way Alex had embarrassed her earlier. Marie was looking for revenge. Before Alex could say anything to pacify her, she made her move. Swift as a pouncing serpent, she darted forward to press her body flat against Alex's, keeping her from moving. Their faces were barely inches apart. Alex was more terrified, but she was also more aroused than ever.

"You think you got the better of me earlier, you stupid fucking bimbo?" Marie

snarled. "Let's see how smug you look when you're cumming your brains out all over the floor."

Before Alex knew what was happening, Marie's hand was down her panties and her fingers were inside her. She let out a huge gasp and squirmed desperately as her muscles spasmed, involuntarily squeezing down on Marie's hand and sending thunderbolts of ecstasy through her entire body. Marie was determined not to let her squirm away. With her free hand she took a hold of Alex's hair, keeping Alex firmly in her grip and making Alex look into her face.

"I can make any girl cum in thirty seconds with these hands," Marie bragged. "And I bet a slut like you won't make it ten."

Once she started working her fingers in and out of Alex, Alex believed her. Her long fingers were so deep inside her, and curved perfectly to bring her as much pleasure as possible. It was as if Marie instinctively knew how to hit her g-spot, and she was fully exploiting that advantage. At the same time, her thumb was rubbing against Alex's clit so fast it was almost vibrating. Marie wasn't messing around, and she wasn't trying to torture her by keeping her on the edge either. She was just trying to make her cum as fast as she possibly could. And it was working. Alex lost control of her voice immediately, moaning and screaming her pleasure for all to hear. Even Marie's hand in her hair was part of it. She felt so powerless and dominated and slutty. It was amazing. Alex's body was responding to her perfectly. It was like Marie was a virtuoso musician, and Alex her instrument. Within seconds, Alex was seeing stars. Moments later, the corners of her vision started to cloud in and turn black. She could sense her impending orgasm. Part of her wanted to fight it, to deny Marie her victory and preserve just a small fragment of her own dignity. That part of her was utterly dwarfed by the part of her that just wanted more. She felt the orgasm start to crash against her, driving her to the edge, and her cries of pleasure shot up an octave.

"That's it, whore," Marie urged, sensing she'd won. "Cum for me."

Alex did. She came, with an earth-shattering scream that the whole house must have heard. It was her best orgasm yet, so powerful and intense and humiliating and raw that it made her feel as though her mind was breaking and her whole world was ablaze. Marie gave her no mercy, continuing to fuck her with her fingers, constantly driving her to fresh heights of hedonistic bliss. In the end, she couldn't take it anymore. With one final scream, Alex blacked out.

CHAPTER SIX

Alex's eyes blinked open. Her first thought was: where am I? But an instant later, that thought was obliterated by a blinding flash as the light hitting her eyes triggered a throb of pain. Alex clutched her head and groaned. What the hell had happened? After a moment, it started to come back to her - the party, the drinking. The spin-the-bottle game. Alex groaned again, this time from crippling embarrassment. How could she have done those things? She remembered kissing Marie, and then being kissed by Fi, and then Kiyo licking something off of her... and then after that, it was all just a blur, although Alex felt certain something desperately embarrassing had happened. More cautiously this time, Alex opened her eyes, squinting to reduce the pain. She was in her dorm room. She breathed a sigh of relief. She'd been blackout drunk, clearly, but had somehow managed to get home safely. Gingerly, Alex crawled out of bed and onto her feet. Her whole body was tired and aching and uncoordinated. So this was what a hangover felt like, she thought to herself. Not being one for parties, she'd never experienced one before, but she remembered her mother's admonishments to drink lots and lots of water as an antidote. Somehow, she made her way to her bathroom and took a very, very long drink of water. The drink felt incredibly nourishing, but it barely took the edge off what she was feeling.

Alex went back into her room and slumped at her desk, and looked at the time on her computer. It was already 11 am! She sighed. She didn't even need to check her email to know that there was yet another message from Professor Sinclair, threatening her with dismal consequences unless she started to catch up on her work. Yet again, Alex had sworn that she would get up early and spend the day on her studies, but she could already tell that wasn't going to happen. Just looking at her screen was making her head throb, and the text was blurring together alarmingly. Alex sighed. As if her concentration hadn't been bad enough lately.

After a few entirely unproductive attempts to make herself focus, Alex gave up. She decided that maybe a little bit of fresh air and exercise might be exactly what she needed. She could go for a jog, and maybe pick up some coffee or some high-calorie foods on the way. That sounded perfect. If she couldn't get any work done today, she could at least do some exercise and help herself feel better. Once she made that decision, it was surprisingly easy for her to take another drink, fix her appearance, put on some appropriate exercise clothes, and head out of her dorm.

"There you are! I thought you were gonna flake on me."

Surprised, Alex turned towards Winter's voice. Sure enough, the goth girl was right there, staring at her with a bemused smile on her face. As always, she looked perfect. However much drinking and partying she'd done the night before, it didn't show. Standing there in the morning light, in a black dress and wide-brimmed hat, she looked so beautiful Alex couldn't help but blush. Then the significance of Winter's words dawned on her.

"Flake on you? What do you mean?" she asked.

Winter laughed. "You really don't remember? I guess I shouldn't be surprised. You were a mess." Alex looked down, embarrassed. "We made plans together! A little date, yknow?"

"Date?" The word echoed in her head like a clap of thunder.

"Yeah. You know, just two girl friends having a good time."

"G-g-girlfriends?!" Alex's jaw hit the floor. What the hell had happened last night?

"Girl friends. Gal pals. Whatever." Alex let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. Winter's manner was completely open, but Alex could have sworn there was a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Anyway, come on, let's get going! We don't want to miss your appointment. You're not really dressed for it, but I guess that doesn't really matter."

"What appointment?" Alex wondered how this had happened to her for a second time. How could she keep making plans with Winter and then forgetting about it? She really was turning into an airhead.

"At the hair salon?" Winter inspected Alex's face for some hint of recollection, but found none. "Wow, I guess you really were hammered. We practically had to pour you into the Uber." Winter grabbed Alex's hand and started to lead her away, but Alex held back.

"Wait, wait, wait. Why the hair salon?"

"We said we'd go together. Nothing major, just a little trim. Spruce things up a little bit." All of a sudden, Winter's face turned into a disappointed pout. "Why? Don't you want to come with me?"

"No, no, I do!" Alex replied enthusiastically. A hair appointment with Winter? It was a dream come true. She'd never really believed Winter would ever even know her name, but now not only had Winter invited her to a party, they were going to a hair salon together? Alex had to pinch herself to convince herself it was real. Admittedly, she still didn't understand why it had started happening in the first place, but she wasn't going to second-guess a stroke of luck like that. "Sorry, I was just a bit surprised, that's all. Let's go!"

Winter nodded and started to lead the way, Alex walking happily by her side. The salon wasn't far, Winter said. They made some light conversation as they walked - Winter seemed interested in how Alex's exercise regimen was going, and she teased her a little for how drunk she'd gotten and how she'd acted when dared to kiss Marie at the party. The good-natured teasing set butterflies fluttering in Alex's stomach. She asked Winter what had happened at the end of the party, the part she couldn't remember. 'Nothing much' was Winter's only answer.

The salon was about ten minutes walk away. It was one Alex hadn't heard of before, although it wasn't like she paid much mind to hair salons. She normally trimmed her own hair, keeping it in the same rough, inelegant non-style, although recently she'd been letting it grow and keeping it back in a ponytail. It was called 'Calypso Hair and Beauty,' and had the look of a classy, expensive, upmarket place. It was the kind of place that normally made Alex nervous, but with Winter leading the way she found it natural to follow her inside. The interior was just as classy - it was clean and clinical, with bright wood-paneled decor, comfortable-looking leather chairs, and soothing yet modern music playing from everywhere at once from unseen speakers. The place was almost deserted, which perhaps wasn't surprising for a mid-morning during the week, and as Alex glanced around nervously she realized that she recognized the only other person who was in there besides her and Winter: it was Violet, the goth-punk she'd met at Winter's party.

"Hey there," Violet said with a smirk on her face. "Glad to see you made it home in one piece... even if your head doesn't quite feel like it is, huh?"

Alex blushed. Violet was dressed in a professional-looking white uniform with a black apron, although her hair and makeup were just as punk as they had been the night before. Alex, though, found herself barely able to look her in the face. All she could think about was all the embarrassing things she could remember doing in front of her at the party. Violet sensed her embarrassment and laughed good-naturedly.

"Relax, Alex. Believe me, the stuff you did was nothing I haven't seen before. Or done." That comment brought a smile of relief to Alex's face. At least one of Winter's friends seemed to be accepting her, and Violet's candidness made her feel a little better. She was pleased to hear that everything she'd done was considered just a bit of fun. "OK! Well, I'm the only girl in today, and you two are my only clients all morning. So, who's up first?"

Alex instinctively shrank away, but Winter pushed her forward. "Go on, Alex."

"Oh, um... but I don't even know what I want done."

"Don't worry," Winter said. "Violet is a genius with hair. Let her sort it out for you. I insist."

Alex's reluctance faded in the face of Winter's insistence, and she stepped forward

and allowed Violet to guide her down into one of the salon chairs, and fix a hairdressing gown around her neck. Alex looked at herself in the mirror. Compared to Winter's and Violet's her hair did look a little plain and dismal, she supposed. Perhaps a bit of professional care was exactly the kind of thing she needed to feel better about her hangover.

"Hair of the dog," Violet prompted, offering her a shot glass full of clear liquid.

"I... don't think that's a good idea," Alex murmured.

"Believe me, it is," Winter put in. "It'll take the edge off better than any painkiller."

That was too tempting a prospect to refuse. Alex downed the shot. It was vodka, she guessed. It burned her throat, but she forced it down without choking. Almost immediately, the throbbing in her head eased. Alex blinked, surprised at the relief. Not only was the pain fading, she was starting to feel pleasantly light-headed. Violet took the glass out of her unresistant fingers, and Alex found it easy to sink back into the chair, her nervousness gone. Violet filled the basin underneath the mirror with water, and slowly turned Alex's chair around a hundred and eighty degrees.

"That's better, right?" Alex nodded. "Good. We're going to start by washing your hair. I've got some products that can give it a nice, deep clean. It's going to feel amazing, I promise."

Violet reached over to the light switch on the wall, and the light dimmed. Then, she started to tilt Alex's chair backwards, lowering the back of her head into the basin of warm water. Alex sighed happily as she felt the warmth start to seep into her head and through the rest of her body. Getting this kind of professional treatment was feeling so much better than she'd expected. It was incredibly relaxing to be able to just sit back and let Violet take care of her.

"OK, I'm gonna start rubbing some lotion through your hair," Violet said. She popped open a plastic bottle and poured some of the liquid within into the basin. A deliciously flowery scent filled Alex's nose. Violet reached down and washed her hands in the basin, stirring it to mix up a foam. Then, she started to methodically run her hands through Alex's hair, massaging the lotion through her plain brown locks and into her scalp. Almost automatically, Alex made an appreciative sound reminiscent of a cat's purr.

"Doesn't it feel divine?" came Winter's voice from somewhere nearby. Alex felt too spacey to open her eyes to find out where exactly.

"Yeah," Alex replied distantly.

"I love being pampered." Winter's voice had become soft and soothing. "Sometimes, I like to just close my eyes so I can really focus on enjoying it. I find myself almost

dozing off because it feels so wonderfully relaxing. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"Mhm." Almost without her really being aware of it, Alex's eyelids started growing heavy. Bit by bit, they fell closed, letting Alex better experience Violet's talented hands playing across her scalp.

"That's it," Winter said encouragingly. "It's almost like you can feel the lotion sinking into your skin, making it feel all sensitive and tingly and nice, isn't it? It's so soothing."

"Mmm." Alex's affirmative response was weaker, and took more effort to make. Alex could feel the lotion sinking in, exactly as Winter was describing. It was incredible, almost like a drug. She'd never dreamed that just having something massaged into her head could feel so blissful. She was starting to understand what Winter meant when she'd mentioned dozing off. She could easily imagine doing it, even though she'd only just woken up. It seemed so easy, with her head floating in warm water, being massaged and pampered so skillfully.

"You know, you can just drift off, if you want." Winter's voice was so soothing and melodic, and almost seductive. It sounded like a lullaby, or perhaps a siren's song. "You don't need to do a thing. Violet will take care of you, and I'm here to watch over you. Doesn't that sound nice? You can just go to sleep, and when you wake up everything will be better."

Alex didn't say anything. She couldn't. Her awareness was already slipping away, being massaged away by Violet's fingers and Winter's words.

"Perfect. You're doing wonderfully, Alex." Winter's praise brought a warm glow to Alex's cheeks, drawing her further into her trance-like stupor. "All you have to do now is let go. Can you do that for me? Just let go, and sink."

Alex let go, and everything went dark.

Alex knew that not much time had passed by the time she opened her eyes again. Even after her eyes opened, it took several long moments before she really roused herself. It was like she was waking up from a deep, deep sleep. She reached up and rubbed at her eyes blearily, struggling to keep them open, but they snapped wide when she caught sight of herself in the mirror.

She had blonde hair.

She did a double take and pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. Her hair was blonde. It wasn't merely a few shades lighter than it had been, enough to perhaps take it across the threshold from mousy brown to sandy blonde. No, it was a bright, platinum blonde. Even after she'd made certain it was real, Alex struggled to believe it. How could it have

happened? She had no memory of bleaching her hair. But then she remembered where she was: the hair salon. Violet must have bleached her hair! But why? Why hadn't Winter stopped her? What was going on?

"W-what the hell..." Alex breathed, her voice weak, yet urgent.

"You're awake!" Alex turned to see Violet rise from a nearby chair. "Well? How do you like it?"

"How do I..." Alex was speechless. She hadn't asked for this! What had Violet done to her hair? "Why did you do this?"

"What do you mean?" Violet's brow furrowed in confusion. "You wanted this."

"I... What? No." It was a little difficult for Alex to remember, but she was sure she hadn't wanted her hair bleached. "No, I didn't."

"No?" Alex turned at the sound of Winter's voice and saw the goth girl looking as poised and elegant as ever, with an expression of curiosity and amusement on her face. She seemed to be studying Alex, and a chill passed through Alex momentarily as she was struck by the notion that Winter looked like a young girl studying an insect she intended to poke with a stick. Try as she did, she couldn't quite shake the feeling, but she told herself that Winter must just be looking keenly at her new hair. "But Alex, don't you remember? You asked for this."

"No, I-" Alex's denial died in her throat as she felt Winter's words settle across her mind like a thick, heavy blanket, smothering her thoughts. Was that right? Had she asked for it? A moment ago, she'd felt sure she hadn't, but now her head was all mixed up. Why would Winter say that if it wasn't true? Winter was never wrong, not like that. If Winter said it, it had to be true. Yes, it was coming back to her now. She'd asked for it. She'd told Violet she wanted her hair bleached platinum blonde. "Oh yeah... I remember now. You're right."

"That's right," Violet said. For some reason Alex couldn't guess, she was grinning wolfishly from ear to ear. "How could you forget about that?"

Alex blushed fiercely from embarrassment and dropped her gaze. "I guess I was... still sleepy."

Violet laughed. "Sure. You know, you can be pretty dumb sometimes, Alex."

Alex blushed even more fiercely.

"I think it looks good on you," Winter commented. "It was definitely the right choice."

Alex smiled shyly. Winter thought she looked good? She looked at herself in the mirror. She supposed her new, platinum blonde color was quite flattering. It struck her as fashionable, or at the very least, something that stood out. That had to be an improvement over her natural, plain brown. Her confusion and dismay were fading. Maybe she'd made the right choice after all. That thought still didn't quite sit right with her, however. She knew she'd asked for it, just like Winter had said. She could remember that now. But the other pieces of her memory didn't fit neatly with that. In particular, she couldn't remember why she'd asked for it. There had to have been a reason, even if it was something pretty superficial, but Alex couldn't remember anything like that. The more she pondered, the more it started to bother her.

"Yeah, it was," Alex said eventually. "But... it's weird. Why did I want platinum blonde hair? I don't really remember ever thinking about it before."

"That's strange." Winter's face morphed into a frown, although her smile never quite disappeared. "I remember last night, you were talking about how you really wanted to go blonde."

"I... I did? Oh... yes, I did." It was only as Winter's words settled across her mind that Alex remembered it. Just like Winter had said, at the party, the topic of hair and hair colors had come up. Perhaps because she'd been drunk, Alex had started rambling about wanting to bleach her hair. How could she have forgotten, when it had so clearly happened? The new, sudden memory felt real... except for all the ways it didn't. It was like Alex was remembering a dream that was just as vivid as anything else she remembered. That didn't make any sense, though. Alex shook her head rapidly, hoping to wake herself up a little. No, it had to have been real, or it the memory wouldn't be so vivid, and Winter wouldn't have mentioned it. The pieces were starting to fit together now. Yes, she'd wanted blonde hair. Of course she had, it was so bright and pretty and glamorous, and she'd thought it would suit her.

"In fact," Winter continued, her smile growing. "Didn't you say you'd always wanted blonde hair? You made it sound like a real long-term desire."

"That... well... I s-suppose." More memories were filling Alex's mind. They were new, but old at the same time. They felt fresh, but they were coming from a long time ago. She had a distinct memory of her bedroom from when she'd been a lot younger, before she'd moved town with her family. Now, there was a little detail that hadn't been there before: a pinup poster of Marilyn Monroe hanging on the wall. It must have been there before, Alex reasoned. She must have just forgotten about it, but now that she was remembering it, she couldn't imagine how. She'd spent hours staring at it, in awe of Marilyn Monroe's glamour and mystique, and above all, her hair. Maybe that had been the start of it. Ever since then, for her whole adolescence, she'd been crushing on blonde girls and obsessed with blonde celebrities. Something about the way people looked at and talked about blonde hair was endlessly fascinating. It was so beautiful and feminine and sexy in all the ways Alex felt she wasn't. She'd always longed for blonde hair, but her parents hadn't allowed her to do anything about it, and

even at college, away from her mother's watchful eye, she'd been much too nervous. Until now. "Yeah, I guess you could say that." Alex felt embarrassed suddenly that Winter knew about her lifelong obsession.

"Nothing to be shy about. I understand." Winter's voice dropped into a conspiratorial tone. "Blondes have more fun, right?"

"What do you... Oh!" Alex turned bright red. "No, it's not like that..."

"Sure it is," Winter overrode her hesitation with irresistible confidence. "Hey, I'm not judging. Nothing wrong with wanting a bit more fun, or maybe even to be a little bit of a dumb blonde for a change."

Alex was so embarrassed she couldn't speak, only make strained noises. Her first response was denial but as Winter's words kept echoing in her ears, that seemed less and less plausible. How was Winter doing this? It was like she was telling Alex things about herself that even she didn't know. Her words were weaving old memories back into her mind, memories that felt foreign but were too forceful to be anything other than the truth. Alex could remember how, when she'd asked her mother if she could bleach her hair for her eighteenth birthday, her mother had chastised her by warning about stereotypes of dumb, silly, slutty blondes. Alex had pretended to be appalled, but secretly she'd been excited. She'd raced back to her room to do some frantic internet searches, and what she'd found had shocked her and aroused her in equal measure. That had kicked her blonde obsession into overdrive. Ever since then she'd been completely enthralled by not just blonde celebrities, but blonde girls her own age. She started noticing how people treated them and how they acted, especially the pretty, popular ones. They had such power, such magnetism, such confident control over their own sexuality. Most of all, they got to be dumb and silly instead of being mocked or lectured for it, they were adored. Alex could only envy them.

"See?" Winter pressed, registering the expression of dawning realization on Alex's face. "I'm right, aren't I?"

"Y-y-yes," Alex stuttered, her admission greeted by Violet's giggles.

"Well, now you finally look the part," Violet teased. "Maybe you can take yourself a little less seriously. Maybe other people will take you less seriously too."

Alex squirmed a little in her chair. Fantasies she'd harbored for so long were coming back to her all at once, brought back by Winter's words. It was all true. She'd wanted to be blonde for so long, and part of the reason was because she wanted to be the kind of dumb, slutty blonde she'd spent her whole life in awe of.

"Oh, look at the time!" Winter exclaimed suddenly. "We should probably get going."

"Right... no, wait," Alex replied. "Don't you still need to get your hair done?"

"Me? No. I only came here because you were so eager, remember? You practically begged me."

"That's... yes, I remember now. That's right." Like everything else Winter had said, that sank into Alex's mind and became her truth. Memories appeared, supporting it perfectly. Alex remembered it happening just as Winter had said, and they made her cringe with embarrassment. She remembered drunkenly begging Winter to accompany her, knowing she'd be too scared to go alone. Winter was so kind to have agreed!

"OK," Winter said, sounding amused. "Well, how about you go pay Violet so we can get out of here."

"Of course. I... oh shit." Alex paled as she patted herself down as she realized she didn't have her purse with her. She had her phone and her dorm key, but that was it. She couldn't pay. "I don't have any money on me."

As she said that, for some reason a wicked, incredibly gleeful grin spread across Winter's face. "Oh? Money? What are you talking about?"

From behind Alex, Violet started giggling, putting a hand over her mouth to suppress her mirth. "Winter, really? You're really going to do this?"

"What?" Alex asked, confused. The hairs on her body were standing on end, as if warning her.

"Alex," Winter said, sounding very pleased with herself. "I think you must have forgotten. You don't pay hairdressers with money. You pay them with... pleasure." Winter's tone of voice left Alex in no doubt about her meaning. "I mean, that's just common sense."

"The hell? What are you tal-" Alex was cut off as, like before, Winter's words started to settled across her mind. It was little delayed this time, but all the more powerful for it. The words didn't merely settle on top, bringing up new-old memories. They delved deep, interfering with everything, rewriting so much of what Alex thought she knew about the world. The effect hit her with staggering force, bringing her earlier headache back with a vengeance. For a moment, Alex had the unshakable feeling that this was wrong, that something was being done to her. But then the feeling faded, along with the headache, as new thoughts, new memories, new knowledge arose within her to support what Winter had said. She should pay Violet with sex. Of course. That was just common sense. Everyone knew that. But... why? Somehow, Alex couldn't make herself focus on the question. It was just too fuzzy. Maybe it didn't really matter. There was so many little habits, traditions and social customs that didn't really make much sense when you thought about them, but they had to have come from

somewhere. This had to be just like that, Alex rationalized. Yes, that sounded right. How had she forgotten? "Oh, yes, that's right! I'm so sorry Violet, I don't know how I got so confused. I must still be feeling a bit hazy from last night."

Neither Violet nor Winter said anything. They just looked at her wolfishly.

"Right... um..." Alex felt hesitant, although she couldn't understand why since what she was doing was completely normal. "H-how do you want me to pay you?"

Violet made a great show of considering the question, although it was clear she was trying hard not to laugh. Self-consciously, Alex glanced at herself in the mirror. Did her new hair look funny? "Hmm... I think using your mouth sounds good."

Alex nodded. Winter stood up, and started walking over to the front of the salon. "I'll make sure we're not disturbed," she said. For a reason she couldn't place that didn't seem quite right to Alex, but she dismissed the feeling.

"Um... how do you want to do this?" Alex asked uncertainly. This was normal, obviously, but she'd still never been to a hair salon before.

"It's probably best if you get on your knees," Violet suggested.

"Right." Alex slipped out of the salon chair and onto the floor, in front of Violet. Looking up at the punk girl, who was looking down at her gleefully, was bringing a blush to her face and heat to her body. She squirmed, embarrassed by her own nervousness and arousal. Something as normal as paying for getting her hair dyed shouldn't affect her like that.

Violet lifted her apron off over her head, leaving her only in her white shirt and black pants. She slowly unzipped her pants and loosened them, revealing black lace panties underneath. She pulled them aside, releasing her cock. It was already half-swollen, and Alex watched as it grew fully hard. From the look in Violet's eyes, she could see she was already turned on.

"Well?" Violet asked expectantly. Alex realized she'd just been staring motionless at Violet's cock, hanging there in front of her face.

"Oh... sorry." Brushing aside her hesitation, Alex reached out with one hand and touched it against Violet's shaft. Violet shivered and made an appreciative noise. Alex felt a little unsure of how to begin. She'd sucked Sierra's dick before, of course, and Sierra had given her lessons on how to pleasure her properly - the muscular trans girl was a very insistent instructor. But that was Sierra; Alex was used to doing things with her. Giving Violet a blowjob in the middle of a hair salon was far more embarrassing. No, that wasn't right, Alex reminded herself. There was nothing lewd about this. She was merely paying a hairdresser. It was common sense.

With that in mind, Alex bent forward and took Violet's cock into her mouth, wrapped her hand around the base of the punk girl's shaft. Violet immediately moaned, and rested her hand on the back of Alex's head to gently push her further onto her dick. No encouragement was necessary, however. In front of Winter, Alex was determined to do a good job. This was her payment to Violet, and she didn't want to seem like she was being rude or trying to give her a bad deal. Alex would use all the tips and training Sierra had given her to make sure that she'd give Violet a blowjob to remember. She didn't let herself settle down to a regular pace, instead sucking and stroking enthusiastically at all different speeds and in all different ways. She could tell Violet was surprised at her fervor and taken off guard by the pleasure; the punk girl almost stumbled as a wave of weakness hit her. Alex reached around with her free hand and grabbed Violet's ass, holding her close and eliciting a small yelp in surprise, but no objection.

Groping Violet's ass firmly, Alex started trying to deep-throat her cock. At Sierra's instruction, she'd been working on suppressing her gag reflex. Apparently, Sierra insisted that all her 'pets' had 'well-trained fuckholes'. Her vulgar phrasing made Alex blush and squirm, but she was now grateful for the training as it was letting her give Violet more-than-fair compensation for the hairdresser's efforts. She forced her face all the way down Violet's shaft and felt the tip of her cock push into her throat. It wasn't easy for Alex, but Violet's loud, appreciative moan was more than reward enough. She held Violet's cock there as long as she could, letting the punk girl enjoy the intense pleasure, before she ran out of breath and had to pull back. But even as she gasped for breath, Alex kept stroking Violet's dick with her hand, and within moments she returned to sucking it with skill and energy. For a moment, she was struck by how incredible it was that a nerd like her was giving someone such a skillful blowjob. It seemed impossibly, uncomfortably slutty, but she reminded herself that paying this way was just common sense, so there was nothing to be embarrassed about.

"Oh god... holy crap," Violet cried out, and then laughed. "Winter, what have you done to this girl?"

Alex heard Winter giggle from behind her. She didn't know what Violet was referring to - how had Winter done anything? - but she was too focused on Violet's cock to ask. She deep throat her again, and then started bobbing her head up and down on her cock rapidly. She slipped it out of her mouth and lavished her attentions on Violet's shaft, licking and sucking it up and down, making sure that every inch of the punk girl's girlcock received loving worship from her tongue. Then, she focused on the head of Violet's cock, wrapping her tongue around it and repeatedly pressing the tip of her tongue against the underside of her cock-head. That turned out to be her sensitive spot, and Violet let out a moan that was almost a scream.

"Fuck... I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" she whimpered. Just as Sierra had trained her, Alex slipped Violet's cock out of her mouth again and held it above her face, still pumping her hand on her shaft even as Violet thrust her hips just as rapidly. She saw Violet's dick throb desperately, and then Violet's cum was spilling out of it, all over her face. Alex waited patiently

as Violet shot out several, gradually weakening loads all over her, the punk girl's moans slowly fading. Alex smiled warmly, proud of herself for having done such a good job.

When she was sure Violet had finished cumming, Alex stood back up. Her face was still dripping with Violet's cum, but that didn't bother her. She just looked at Violet. "Will that cover it?"

"Wow..." Violet breathed. "Hell yeah it will. Jesus... that was something. I never thought a girl like you had it in you." Alex smiled and blushed modestly.

Winter coughed. "If we're all finished, perhaps we should get going?" she suggested.

"Oh yes, of course!" Alex replied. "Thank you for coming with me for this, I don't want to keep you any longer."

"Not at all," Winter said, smiling widely.

Winter made to leave and Alex started following her, but Violet interrupted them. "Winter, wait! You can't just leave her like that, with that in her head! That could cause all kinds of problems."

"Oh, I know," Winter replied, licking her lips. After a moment of contemplation, she begrudgingly sighed. "But you're right. Alex, look over here."

"What?" Alex was deeply confused by the whole exchange, but when she looked over at Winter, all confusion was driven from her mind as her eyes locked on to a silver watch Winter had retrieved from a chain around her neck, a watch that seemed eerily familiar. Alex found she couldn't look away as the clock somehow slowed, drawing in all her focus, all her attention, eventually coming to a stop and leaving Alex utterly blank and mindless.

When Alex came too with a start, she was standing in the middle of a hair salon. It took her a moment to remember what had happened: she'd come here with Winter to get her hair dyed blonde. Yes, that was it. She looked over at herself in the mirror and grinned. Her new blonde hair looked just as pretty as she'd always hoped. She really owed Violet for that. Wait, had she paid her? For a moment, her memories turned fuzzy, but then they cleared again. She remembered that Winter had offered to pay for her, since she didn't have her purse. She sighed gratefully. Winter was such a great friend.

"Shall we get going?" Winter asked her.

"Of course," Alex replied, and started heading for the door.

"Just one more thing," Violet put in, stopping her. Violet had a strange grin on her face. "That white lotion on your face? Remember, don't wipe it off until you get home. It'll really do wonders for your skin."

Alex nodded and smiled. She remembered Violet rubbing the lotion onto her face as a little free bonus. For a moment, she felt strangely embarrassed and self-conscious about the idea of walking all the way home with her face smeared with the white substance, but she quashed the feeling. After all, it was just common sense.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ashe sighed as she checked her phone for what felt like the hundredth time that day. Nothing. And that was exactly what she was doing - nothing. She looked around despondently. What was she doing with her life? Sitting on a bench outside a near-deserted mall on a weekday mid-morning. She felt so silly. She was tempted to go home - her apartment was just a short walk away - but she knew from experience that she'd only end up doing nothing at home as well. She badly needed a hobby. A real hobby, not sitting around outside a mall waiting for a girl who was probably never going to show up.

The day she'd ran into Alex was a day she was going to remember for a long time. Ashe had just happened to be in the mall that day, and had been unable not to take notice of the strange girl. She exuded such an odd vibe - a curious mix of confident and dorky, sexually outgoing and inhibited. There had been something mesmerizing about watching the girl go from store to store, changing from drab clothes to a bright pink, surprisingly revealing outfit and from old sneakers to daring heels. Alex's body language had shifted too, becoming more and more confident and flirtatious while retaining a certain amount of shy bashfulness. That weird mixture of things had caught Alex's eye, and watching her transformation had been nothing short of incredible. The best part was she'd been so sure Alex was checking her out, subtly encouraging her staring with the way she was walking and with the looks she threw in her direction. Ashe's gaydar was rarely wrong, and she knew when she was being flirted with. But when she'd made her move, it had all gone wrong. Whatever confidence and sexuality Alex had been projecting had utterly evaporated, and she'd scampered off like a terrified fawn. It had actually been cute, in a way, but it had left Ashe completely high and dry.

Despite that, Ashe had been hoping Alex might call. When she didn't, after about a week Ashe had decided to put the strange girl out of her mind. But she found she was simply unable to. There had just been something about Alex that had left Ashe totally infatuated. It didn't help that she didn't know many other queer girls in the local area. Embarrassingly, after a few more days of pining over her, Ashe had found herself straying over to the mall whenever she left the apartment as if hoping to run into her again purely by chance. Before she knew it, she was doing it almost every day, and then actually every day. She felt foolish doing it but she couldn't quite bring herself to stop, and she didn't really have a reason to. She wasn't busy, she reasoned, and it helped her stop cooping herself up in her apartment all week long. If she happened to meet that cute girl again, well, that was just a silver-lining. Ashe knew she was just kidding herself by thinking about it that way, but it was better than admitting she'd developed a ridiculous crush on a random girl based on just one encounter.

Ashe was just about to give up and head home for the day, when she saw something. A glint of bright pink in her peripheral vision. Her head whipped round as her heart filled with hope, but once she got a good look at the girl who seemed to be jogging in her direction, she wasn't sure it was Alex. Was it? She was about the right height, and the pink clothes were distinctly reminiscent, but Ashe was sure Alex hadn't had blonde hair before. Eventually though, she decided it was her. It was Alex. Once she reached that conclusion, Ashe was assailed with a complex mix of emotions. She was overjoyed, but also instantly anxious, especially as she realized that in none of her fantasies had she really tried to imagine in detail what she might say to Alex. She'd always imagined it would be easy, but what if it wasn't? Would Alex remember her? If she did, would she think she was just a random creep? Ashe was hit with the urge to just bow her head, hide her face and let Alex pass by without saying anything to her. But no, she couldn't. As Alex got closer, her resolve grew stronger. This was the miracle of a lifetime and she couldn't let it go to waste.

"Hey!" she called out to Alex as she approached, waving to her. It took Alex a moment to notice her, and another moment for her face to register anything other than bafflement. Now she'd gotten a little closer, Ashe could see that Alex was out jogging. Once Alex got closer still, Ashe had to fight the urge to stare. The previously shy, nervous girl had changed dramatically. She was wearing the same kind of pink clothes she'd seen her buy, but much more suited to a workout - pink leggings and a pink sports bra, and that was it. With her stomach exposed, Ashe could see that Alex was - or had become - a lot thinner and trimmer than she'd judged weeks before. Her arms and legs were distinctly muscular and there was barely any puppy fat left on her frame, and the way her sweat glistened off her burgeoning abs was bringing heat to Ashe's cheeks. The most dramatic change of all, though, was her hair. Where before she'd been a mousy brunette, her hair was now a radiant blonde. All in all, it was quite the image change.

"Oh, hey, I remember you," Alex said brightly as she pulled her headphones out of her ears. Ashe listened curiously to try and hear what kind of music she was listening to. She was expecting pop, maybe some R&B, but all she could hear were a bunch of weird, dulcet tones that were strangely entrancing.

"Hey," Ashe said, and then cringed as she remembered she'd already said that. "Um... it's wild running into you again like this."

"Yeah." Alex bent over and rested her hands on her knees, panting as her toned body heaved, slowly recovering from her exertion. Ashe realized her mouth was hanging open, and closed it.

"Well, um." Ashe decided she needed to address the elephant in the room. "I'm sorry for cornering you last time, I completely misunderstood the kind of signs you were giving off. My bad. Hope it wasn't too awkward for you."

"O-oh, no, um, just forget about it." Alex shivered and let out an oddly high-

pitched giggle. Ashe stared at her, concerned. Was she straining herself too hard? But after a moment, Alex seemed to recover her composure. "I'm sorry too. I was also pretty awkward."

"It's totally OK," Ashe said eagerly, more than happy to put past awkwardness behind them. After that, their nascent conversation hit a lull and Ashe had to rack her brain for a new topic of conversation. After a quick moment, she found one. "I love what you've done with your hair! What made you want to dye it blonde?"

Ashe was pleased when Alex straightened herself and smiled widely, one hand reaching up to absently fondle her hair. "Oh, you like it? I've actually always wanted it this way, I just never had the courage until recently. It's just so glamorous and so... so sexy, yknow?"

"Yeah!" Ashe replied, surprised. Alex hadn't really struck her as the type when they'd met before. She'd clearly changed a lot, but there was still a little of the awkward dork in the way she was flushed and faintly embarrassed at talking to Ashe while dressed as she was. It was cute.

"Well, um... oh! Are you a student at the college? How's student life going?"

"Yeah, I am, I'm... ah!" Alex abruptly squealed and bent double again. Ashe peered at her, her concern doubling, but again, after a moment Alex managed to straighten herself and carry on talking, even though it was clearly taking her great effort. "I'm a student." She giggled, and if anything her breathing was more laboured than before.

"How's it going for you?" Ashe repeated.

"It's, um, good, yeah," Alex muttered, giggling.

"It must be coming up to midterms now, right?" Ashe pressed, oblivious to Alex's embarrassment. "Studying hard?"

"I-I guess you could..." Alex let out a loud whimper and shivered again. This time, the spasms in her body didn't subside for several seconds.

"Are you OK?" Ashe asked finally, her concern overcoming her desire for a nice, friendly conversation. "Maybe you should sit down."

"No!" Alex insisted, and then giggled. "That would be... um... what was I? Oh! Um... studying is... I guess I haven't been going to class so much lately."

"Oh." Ashe couldn't think of anything better to say than that.

"It's totally OK though." Alex giggled again. "I've been, like, working out and hanging out with friends! That's way more important. I can always just catch up whenever I

need to, yknow?"

Ashe nodded, although at that point everything about Alex's words and demeanor seemed decidedly weird. She was about to start telling Alex a little about herself, hoping to become less of a stranger, when once again Alex let out a whimper that was more of a moan, and shivered. This time she slipped off her balance for a moment and stumbled. Ashe took a step towards her, concerned she was going to pass out or collapse.

"Woah there! Are you-" Alex managed to right herself in time, and Ashe froze in her tracks. When she did, she could hear something. There was a sound coming from Alex, a sound she hadn't really noticed before because it had been too quiet and she'd been slightly too far away. But now she was closer and her ears were attuned to it, she couldn't fail keep track of it. It was a low, constant buzzing, a little like a phone vibrating, but stronger, more insistent. Alex seemed to sense that Ashe had registered the noise and simply stared at her, mortified. The awkward silence continued for a long moment until Ashe said: "Is that your phone?"

"N-uh, yes, yeah I guess so." Alex's eyes shifted and she blushed deeper.

Ashe wasn't buying it for a moment. "Aren't you gonna get that, then?"

"It's..." Even though she'd stopped exercising to speak to Ashe, Alex was starting to sweat bullets. "Uh, well, that's." She giggled shrilly. "I-it's just an alarm."

"Uh huh." Ashe's eyes narrowed as she inspected Alex. The noise was coming from her body, and seemed to be coming from a few places. She didn't have any visible pockets, though. Alex noticed her looking and covered herself, embarrassed, but not before Ashe was able to make out the impressions of various shapes running underneath her clothes. Long, thin shapes running up her leg and across her breasts, to larger bulges on her nipples and between her thighs. Wires. Once Ashe made that connection, it was easy enough to realize what the sound was. She fixed Alex with a look of absolute shock. "Alex, are those... vibrators?"

Ashe expected denial, however unconvincing. What she didn't expect was for Alex to moan loudly and then, giggling, to use one hand to pull up her sports bra and the other to pull down her yoga pants. Sure enough, just as Ashe had figured out, she had three bullet vibrators connected to her body, each one held in place with a small piece of tape. Two were taped directly against her engorged nipples whilst the other was pressing against the dripping slit between her legs, and all of them were vibrating loudly. Wires, also held with tape, led around and down her body to the controls for the vibrators. Alex just waited like that, squirming in a way that made it clear she was incredibly turned on and in incredible pleasure, while Ashe stared aghast at her exposed body. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. It was like something out of porn. She couldn't imagine anyone doing it for real, outside of maybe some kind of sorority hazing ritual, and she certainly couldn't imagine why someone like Alex would do it. Despite the urge she felt to make Alex cover herself up, for a long time she couldn't bring

herself to actually say anything. There was something almost hypnotic about the sweaty, scantily-clad blonde girl in front of her, lifting her clothes and squirming erotically as if exposing herself for inspection. Ashe felt her own breathing quicken, but before long, reality reasserted itself.

"What the hell are you doing?" she cried out. "Are you crazy? Stop that!"

Mercifully, Alex hurriedly set her clothes back in position, covering herself. Immediately after, she stumbled forward to the bench Ashe had been sitting on and slumped onto it, her face a mask of uncontrollable, irresistible arousal. Utterly confused, Ashe sat down next to her and leaned in so they could talk quietly, doing her best to ignore the whine of the vibrators.

"Alex... what are you doing? What is this?"

"I'm just jogging," Alex whimpered. Clearly she'd been trying to suppress any obvious signs of arousal or pleasure, and however bad of a job she'd been doing, now that she'd given up trying her state of mind was so much more obvious. She sounded like she'd been fucked out of her wits. Her voice was indisputably sexual and her every utterance was punctuated by drunk-sounding, high-pitched giggling. To Ashe, it was like she was talking to a porn star bimbo stereotype come to life, and she was struggling to reconcile that with the impression of Alex she'd formed before.

"No you're not," Ashe replied flatly.

"I am!" Alex insisted.

"Nobody puts on a bunch of... those just to go for a job. Is this some kind of kink thing?"

"It's not!" That reply was hard to believe when moaned in such a pleasure-filled voice, but Alex seemed oddly sincere. "It's just... it's just common sense to wear vibrators when you go jogging!"

Alex words hung in the air for a long time. Ashe was totally at a loss. How did she respond to that? She didn't know whether to laugh or get mad. It was beyond absurd, but what truly elevated it to the next level of strangeness was that Ashe could detect no hint of mockery or dishonesty behind Alex's words. She genuinely seemed to believe what she was saying.

"It's... I..." she spluttered eventually. "Why would you ever think that?"

Alex looked down, embarrassed, and giggled. "It's just common sense."

"But..." Ashe had no idea how to even begin arguing. "But why the hell would that

be common sense? Why would it be common sense to put vibrators on yourself while you're jogging."

"It's just common sense," Alex repeated stubbornly.

Ashe decided to try a slightly different approach. "OK but... why would you think that? Who told you that?"

"My friend, Winter," Alex answered. Then, her brow furrowed as if she'd happened upon some kind of contradiction. "I mean... I always knew it, I guess. Everyone knows it. It's common sense. But she just reminded me of it this morning. I'm so grateful, I was being so silly before by not doing."

Ashe frowned, sensing something suspicious at work. "What about you showing me everything like that? Is that common sense? Did Winter tell you that too?"

"Mhm!" Alex flashed a lopsided, happy grin and giggled. "Yeah, she told me. Winter's always right about those kinds of things. It'd just be rude not to show you, since you figured it out."

Ashe couldn't begin to fathom that logic. "Doesn't... doesn't it bother you, though? I mean, how could it be common sense? Wearing vibrators like that has got to make it way harder to jog. It doesn't make any sense for that to be common sense."

Alex's brow furrowed again and she spoke slowly, like she was struggling to think through a thick fog. "I guess... since it makes it harder, it's better exercise?"

"No it doesn't," Ashe replied flatly. She could tell that even Alex couldn't quite believe that explanation.

Alex went silent for a while, and Ashe was starting to believe she'd gotten through to her when Alex's consternation vanished and she let out another giggle. "Well, common sense doesn't always make sense, you know? Sometimes we do things just to be polite, or because they're weird habits or traditions, I guess."

Ashe sighed in frustration. She wasn't getting anywhere, and she wasn't sure what to do. Part of her wanted to leave, but a much larger part of her was far too fascinated by Alex to even consider that. She'd been hoping for this meeting for so long, and while it wasn't what she'd expected, she couldn't quite bring herself to turn away from it. Besides, maybe she could help Alex. The poor girl clearly needed it. But how? Ashe had to admit she didn't have the faintest idea. As all those thoughts were running through her head, she noticed Alex was looking at her strangely. Hungrily. The embarrassment that she'd seen in the girl's eyes earlier was gone, replaced by an intensity of lust that made Ashe tremble.

"Hey," Alex began slowly, and Ashe could hear the same hungry lust in her voice. "Last time, you said your place is right around here, right? Let's go there. Right now."

"You want... now?" Ashe was taken aback by the sudden, forceful request. She wasn't opposed to casual hook-ups, of course. She had plenty of experience with them. But under the circumstances, it felt different. Something weird was going on with Alex, she couldn't ignore that. Nor could she ignore how dramatic the difference was between the brunette girl who'd fled from her flirtatious suggestions last month and the blonde girl shamelessly propositioning her in public now, a blonde girl who was so turned on from the vibrators she wore while jogging that she seemed to be trying to subtly touch herself over her yoga pants. "I, er..."

"Please," Alex moaned, her voice breathy with desperate need. And to Ashe's embarrassment, that was all it took. She'd been infatuated with the memory of this girl for too long to say 'no.' Already, the wheels of justification were turning in her head. Alex was a grown woman, and she wanted her. Why did anything else need to matter? Above all, she simply couldn't bring herself to refuse a cute girl pleading with her in such an erotic way. Ashe swallowed.

"Can you at least turn the vibrators off?"

Alex seemed vaguely unhappy with the request, but she nodded. "Whatever you want," she said with lascivious inflection, and reached around her body switching off the small bullet vibrators attached to her most sensitive spots. Once they were all off, a complicated expression passed over the blonde girl's face. On the one hand, she seemed relieved that her body was no longer being constantly assailed by debilitating pleasure. On the other hand, there was a glint in her eyes suggesting it was only making her more desperate. Whatever the case, she rose to her feet and beckoned for Ashe to do the same. "Come on!"

Ashe stood up and started walking at a brisk pace towards her apartment, just a short walk away. Alex trotted impatiently at her heels, clearly finding even the brief journey an agonizing delay. Ashe sensed her brighten as they reached the small apartment complex, and even more so once Ashe unlocked the door to her small, cluttered apartment and let them inside. Mercifully, they didn't run into anyone else on the way. Before she could properly show her in, Alex located the bedroom and perched herself on the edge of the bed. Not really knowing what else to do, Ashe sat a little way along the bed from her. Awkward silence prevailed between them. They both knew exactly what was going to happen, but Ashe was too confused to make the first move and a little of Alex's shyness had returned. Her need seemed to be slowly but surely getting the better of her, though. Ashe watched, enraptured, as Alex slowly shifted her position to lift one leg up onto the bed so she was half-kneeling, and then the blonde girl started slowly inching her legs open. It was so slow Ashe wasn't sure if it was deliberate or not, but then she noticed Alex's hand slowly snaking down towards her thighs. Alex started biting her lip. Ashe had never seen such a picture of lust.

"Can I..." Alex eventually whispered in a strained voice. "Turn them back on?"

Ashe didn't know why Alex was asking her for permission, but the display of submissiveness gave her a distinct thrill. She nodded. Alex flashed a grateful smile and quickly turned the bullet vibrators on again. The room was filled with the humming sound of three tiny motors, which was quickly drowned out by Alex's loud moans. She wasn't holding back with her voice anymore. Her eyes fell shut and an expression of bliss formed on her face. Ashe could see her shift her position slightly and start to gyrate her hips, subtly but noticeably grinding herself on the edge of the bed. The arousal and the pleasure seemed to be quickly draining away what remained of her inhibitions, and before long she started playing with one her tits through her bra, and slipped a few fingers down the waistband of her yoga pants. Her moaning grew louder. At first, Ashe was too focused on Alex's entrancingly pornographic performance to think about anything else, but before long the warmth building in her own body made her aware that she was becoming just as aroused as Alex seemed to be. Her clothes were starting to feel heavy and constraining and, without really being conscious of it, one of her hands had drifted down to gently massage herself between her legs, filling her body with warm, gentle waves of pleasure. When Ashe noticed what she was doing she froze, embarrassed, but Alex had noticed too and fixed her with a hungry, eager gaze.

"Can I touch you?" Alex asked, her voice full of naked lust.

Ashe nodded again, and before she knew what was happening, Alex was flying at her. She'd never seen girl move so fast. Ashe felt Alex's weight impact against her body and then she was tumbling backwards and lying flat on her back. It took her a moment to get her bearings but Alex didn't miss a beat, and was already impatiently unfastening her jeans and pulling them off so violently Ashe could practically hear the stitches straining not to rip. Alex soon got her jeans free and threw them aside, somehow managing to slip Ashe's shoes and socks off too in the process, leaving her naked from the waist down except for her panties. Alex grinned at the sight of a small spot of damp slowly spreading across them, whilst Ashe blushed and turned her face to one side.

She whimpered when Alex peeled off her plain, black panties, completely exposing her to the cool air. For a moment she feared the nymphomaniacal girl would tease her, but apparently she didn't have the patience. Alex plunged her face into Ashe's pussy, nestling her head forcefully between Ashe's thighs. Ashe couldn't hold back a moan. Alex wasn't exactly skilled or subtle, but her raw enthusiasm made up for it. She licked Ashe's pussy like she was dying of thirst and it was the last water in the world. She wasn't content to simply lap at her clit or pleasure her slit; she pressed her tongue deep inside Ashe, trying to penetrate as far inside her as she could. For Ashe, the sensation was intense. She threw her head back and used one hand to grip the bedsheets, her muscles instinctively tensing up and spasming as heat wracked her body. She wasn't used to this kind of treatment. She was a top, and she was used to dealing with pillow princess femmes she could make scream all night long. Now, the boot was on the other foot. She felt strangely powerless as Alex went to town on her, like puppet being manipulating by strings of pure ecstasy.

Through it all, she couldn't help but ask herself: why was Alex doing this? What was going on with her? This wasn't the behavior of a dorky, shy college student. It was the behavior of a wanton slut. None of it made any sense. She thought wearing vibrators while jogging was common sense. It was so absurd it had to be the result of something suspicious. She'd said someone called 'Winter' had told her. Her friend. How had she made Alex believe that? How could she have? And why? Ashe's attempts to get to grips with those questions were totally obliterated when Alex stretched up one hand and clumsily felt around for one of Ashe's tits, mauling her over her shirt. It was rough in the best possible way, and with two sources of pleasure hitting her at once, there was no way Ashe could think about anything at all. Her mind went blank.

Ashe couldn't be sure how long Alex went down on her for. There was no way for her to have any sense of time when she was feeling so good. All she knew was that she was having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. She was in heaven. She felt like a goddess being worshiped by an angel, as Alex poured all of her energy into making Ashe feel as good as possible. Now that she'd had a chance to unleash some of her pent-up enthusiasm, she was starting to slow down and vary her technique more, knowing that as Ashe was crested the wave of multiple orgasms, doing so was only prolonging her bliss. Each kiss she planted on the sensitive insides of Ashe's thighs was like a burning brand of pleasure onto her body. Each time her tongue strayed to Ashe's clit, it was like a supernova. Ashe couldn't stop cumming. She didn't want to. She'd never felt so good. There was something dream-like about the whole situation, with how she'd met up with the girl she'd been dreaming about only to find she was an eager, exhibitionist, pussy-licking slut. It was like a fantasy come to life.

Eventually, though, Ashe became aware that her pleasure was subsiding. She lifted her head and looked down. Alex was looking back at her, eyes shining. The blonde girl was a mess. Her whole body was flushed and she was panting with need, and her face was drenched with Ashe's juices. At some point she'd lifted herself to a kneeling position and was using her free hand to vigorously finger-fuck herself. Her toned, athletic ass was bobbing side to side in the air, betraying the fact that she was so desperate to be touched she couldn't keep still.

"Please," she whimpered in the most pathetic voice Ashe had ever heard.

Ashe's blissed-out grin slowly morphed into a confident smirk. This was more like her usual territory. Once enough strength had returned to her orgasm-wracked body, she levered herself into a sitting position and reached over into her beside table, and pulled out a strap-on and a connecting harness. Ashe raised herself to her knees and started to fix the harness to her body.

"Strip for me," she ordered in a slightly shaky voice as she adjusted the straps and fittings. "Give me a show."

Alex didn't even hesitate. She hopped off the bed and started rolling her hips in

slow, seductive circles, dancing to music only she could hear. Her clothes were all askew from how she'd been touching herself, and she didn't bother fixing them before she started peeling them off, taking her time to make Ashe savor every tantalizing moment of temptation as more and more of her body was revealed. The bullet vibrators were still humming, and sometimes they made her shiver from pleasure and break her rhythm, but to Ashe that only made Alex's strip-tease even sexier. At the same time, she marveled appreciatively at how toned and well-formed the blonde girl's body was. It really showed that she'd been spending a lot of time jogging and working out - as she rolled her hips back her abs were faintly visible on her stomach, and the curvature of her hips was so alluringly well-defined. The confidence and balance with which she moved her body was another sign that she'd been hitting the gym hard. Ashe had to wonder why, but she also had to appreciate the results.

Once Alex was naked and the strap-on was fixed on to Ashe's body, Alex hopped back on the bed. She knelt facing away from Ashe, propping her ass invitingly in the air with her legs apart. As Ashe watched, a little droplet of wetness dripped from her pussy and fell onto the bed. Ashe grinned. For all her earlier misgivings, seeing Alex this desperate and this turned-on was making her more aroused than she'd ever been in her life.

"Please," Alex begged again, sounding almost nervous. "What are you waiting for?"

Ashe approached her from behind and then roughly grabbed her between her legs, shoving several fingers inside her. Alex gasped and moaned and her whole body was wracked with spasms.

"You want to get fucked?" Ashe demanded. Being eaten out on her back like that was fun, but she loved being in control.

"Yes, please, please!" Alex whimpered.

"Beg for it."

"Please fuck me, please fuck me!" Alex screamed. "Please I need it, please, fuck my tight pussy, god, I-"

"This?" Ashe twisted her fingers and grabbed hard, making Alex yelp and cutting off her delirious begging. "This is your wet, slutty cunt. Say it."

"Yes," Alex hissed. "Please, fuck my tight cunt. I'm so wet. I need it. My cunt needs to get fucked."

Ashe didn't have the willpower to hold herself back any longer. She placed a firm hand on Alex's hip and used it to guide her back while thrusting her own hips forward at the same time, pushing the bullet vibrator aside and burying her strap-on to the hilt in Alex's needy

cunt in a single, smooth movement. Alex's reaction was instant. She started flailing her arms madly as she totally lost control, threatening to slip out of Ashe's grasp. Ashe wouldn't let her, though. She lent forward and used her other hand to scoop up a handful of Alex's platinum blonde hair and pulled back on it, using it to control her like a master horseman controlling the reins. Alex groaned in shock and pain as her head was yanked back, but from the way her body responded it was clear she was enjoying it too. Holding her like that, Ashe started fucking her, driving her strap-on cock in and out of Alex at a brutal, mechanically regular pace. If she was reading Alex right, she didn't want to be teased or fucked slowly and gently. She wanted to be pounded so hard her eyes rolled back into her head, and Ashe was happy to oblige.

As Ashe ploughed into Alex's sopping cunt over and over again, she was in a very different kind of heaven of her own. She didn't receive much physical pleasure from fucking with a strap-on like this, although the way it rubbed against her sensitive, throbbing clit was certainly pleasurable. No, for her, most of it was mental. The rush she got from reducing a girl to a wet, mind-fucked mess was a reward all of its own. She didn't need anything more than that. Alex's every moan, her every whimper, her every incoherent plea was music to Ashe's ears, and it was better than even the best orgasm. She loved being a top.

"Please!" Alex moaned. "So... hard... fuck, fuck, fuck so deep, oh god, you're so fucking good."

"You like that, slut?" Ashe took her hand off Alex's hip and spanked her viciously hard across one of her ass cheeks. The moan Alex made from that was her loudest yet. She half-collapsed onto the bed, Ashe's strap-on and her hand in her hair the only things holding her up. Ashe felt her cunt tighten around her strap-on, and grinned. A masochist, too. She spanked Alex again. "Move, whore."

"Y-yes." Weakly, Alex forced her sweaty, flushed, pleasure-wracked body into motion, pushing herself forward and back to impale herself deeper on Ashe's shaft. As a reward, Ashe simply spanked her again.

"Faster!"

Ashe fucked Alex like that for a very long time, keeping a furious pace and pulling on Alex's hair and spanking her to keep her moving too. She didn't care how long it took, and she didn't care how many orgasms Alex had. From the looks of it, Alex had long since lost count. Ashe kept fucking her until all her strength gave out and, exhausted, she slipped out of Alex's swollen pussy and slumped sideways onto the bed. Alex did the same, apparently sated. Ashe couldn't bring herself to say anything. She was totally out of breath, and couldn't move a muscle if she tried. The beginnings of so many thoughts popped into her head, so many things she could or should say, but they all vanished before they could fully form. Ashe could feel herself starting to slip into a light sleep, and thought about pulling Alex in tight so they could cuddle for a while. That sounded nice. But she was roused from her reverie when she sensed Alex moving around near her. Ashe eventually managed to lift her head and saw Alex diligently

picking up her clothes from the floor, re-dressing herself, and reattaching her bullet vibrators to her body as best she could.

"What are you doing?" Ashe asked in a weak voice. "Do you have to go?"

"Mhm!" Alex giggled. "I gotta finish my jog!"

With that, she switched on her vibrators, letting out a low, appreciative moan, and headed out the door. Before she could even say anything, Ashe heard the front door to her apartment open and close. That was it. She was gone. Almost immediately, Ashe found herself questioning if any of it had been real. It felt like something out of a porn movie. But no, it had really happened. Wow. Ashe realized she still didn't have Alex's number, and cursed herself. Hopefully Alex still had hers, and hopefully she'd now think to give her a call. Maybe she'd earned that with her performance. Ashe thought back to how they'd coincidentally met earlier, Alex jogging around with those vibrators attached to her body. She'd considered it common sense. That bizarre puzzle started preying on Ashe's mind again, and soon, she made a resolution. She would see Alex again. Not only because she wanted to get closer, but also, because she was determined to get to the bottom of whatever had changed her so much.

"Well?" Winter pressed eagerly. "What do you say? Will you surrender to me, Alex?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Alex's left eyelid twitched slightly with frustration as, for what felt like the hundredth time, Winter said: "Could you just show me that one more time?"

She'd never imagined she'd wind up feeling frustrated when she'd received a message from Winter, her long-time crush and new friend - thinking of her that way still gave Alex butterflies in her stomach - asking her to come visit her apartment one afternoon and give her some workout advice. Alex had jumped at the chance to meet up with Winter, especially since the goth girl had promised it would just be the two of them.

Alex had arrived at Winter's apartment about fifteen minutes early because she was so eager not to be late, but Winter was thankfully untroubled by her early arrival and had invited her in straight away. Alex had been immensely pleased to finally satisfy her curiosity about the kind of place a girl like Winter would live. She lived alone in her remarkably spacious apartment a short distance from campus, and everything about her place was clean, tasteful and expensive-looking. Winter must have rich parents, Alex figured. The decor was entirely in keeping with Winter's goth aesthetic, with incense burners, candles, morbid black-and-white paintings scattered all over the place. The living room had a huge tapestry hung on one wall, covered with dizzying array of occult-looking symbols, the meanings of which Alex couldn't fathom.

"You really need to see it again?" Alex asked, her voice slightly strained.

"If you wouldn't mind," Winter replied, sounding entirely untroubled as she sipped at her cup of tea and regarded Alex with shining eyes. Alex took a couple of deep breaths and prepared to stretch again, just as she had been doing all afternoon.

Winter had told Alex that she wanted to start working out more - which had surprised Alex, since Winter seemed to have a perfectly trim physique already - and had asked Alex to come over and teach her some basic workout routines. It made sense to ask her, Winter had said, given how much time she spent working out. Alex couldn't argue with that. She practically lived in the gym. She was there every day, morning and night, pushing herself harder and harder each time. When she wasn't there, she was out jogging. Alex had lost more than enough weight to satisfy her initial goals, but she'd found her regular workout schedule impossible to break and the practice of pushing her limits more and more to enhance her body almost addictive. It was thrilling and viscerally satisfying like nothing she'd ever felt before. It had taken over her life, she had to admit. All her meals were based around a carefully-

researched meal plan to maximize energy and muscle gain, and she'd traded coffee and wine for protein shakes and electrolyte drinks. She was making only the barest effort with her schoolwork, and was struggling to care about all the angry emails she received from her professors, piling up unread in her inbox. Alex spent more time researching exercise techniques than anything academic. Besides working out, she only had one other hobby: masturbating. Every time she left the gym, exhausted, she staggered home, collapsed on her bed and fucked herself silly. It just felt so good. Alex loved how in-tune with her body she felt, and if that manifested as a higher sex drive, that was far from the unhappiest thing she could imagine. She masturbated as many as a dozen times every day - at least, when she couldn't find someone else to scratch that particular itch for her. Sometimes it was Sierra, and sometimes it was a random stranger she ran into whilst jogging or at the gym. That had happened more than once now, and Alex had long since stopped feeling any shame about it.

Alex turned to face Winter sideways on and then extended her left leg forward and bent her knees, demonstrating a basic lunge stretch. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Winter watching her keenly, but she couldn't shake the feeling that none of this was really about teaching Winter anything. Alex had tried suggesting Winter give the exercises a shot, but the goth girl had demurred. She said she'd attempt them and let Alex appraise her efforts, but only after she felt she understood all the exercises well enough. Strangely, though, Winter wasn't dressed appropriate for exercise at all. She was wearing a long, flowing black dress and had been sipping tea out of an elegant china teacup all afternoon, and the way she'd been studying Alex had made her feel more like prize poodle on display than an exercise coach. If she hadn't known better, she would have sworn Winter was more interested in her body than in what she was doing with it. Her eyes constantly traced and re-traced the curvature of Alex's muscles as she exerted herself herself, her gaze so intent that she was practically leering at her. To an extent, Alex couldn't blame her. Her muscles were becoming increasingly large and well-defined, to the point they attracted looks and comments from passersby. But there was something else in Winter's eyes too. An eagerness and a possessiveness that reminded Alex more than anything of the way a master sculptor might appraise a half-carved piece of marble, hungry to press on with their work. It didn't strike Alex as the way someone would look at their exercise coach or their friend, or even another human being.

"May I...?" Winter asked, raising the small remote control she had in her hand.

"Oh... sure," Alex answered, blushing. Winter pressed one of the buttons on the remote and a set of vibrators attached across her body purred into life. Alex gasped, and had to fight to keep her body in proper form. She used vibrators as much as possible when she exercised, even though the constant, insistent pleasure made it hard to concentrate. How could she not use them? It was common sense, although feeling such pleasure at something so normal made her deeply embarrassed.

She was so glad Winter had told her it was common sense. She must have been making such a fool of herself at first, working out with at least one vibrator against her pussy. Winter had even been so nice as to buy her a new set, one that could be controlled remotely

and that included a small, vibrating butt plug, which was now humming away inside Alex's ass. For a while, after Ashe had questioned it, Alex had been struggling to figure out why exactly it would be common sense. Fortunately, Winter had been kind enough to remind her: vibrations running through the body, especially through sensitive areas, stimulated weight loss and muscle growth. It was obvious really, Alex realized. She couldn't imagine why she'd needed Winter to tell her. It was common sense.

Her body throbbing and thrumming with heat and pleasure, Alex struggled to make her way through the series of exercises she was meant to be teaching Winter. She was already tired from demonstrating them repeatedly; her breath was ragged and her muscles were screaming at her for relief, and every time she thought she was getting into a good rhythm, the vibrations against her pussy and her tits would seem to redouble, sending little lightning shocks of pleasure coursing through her and making her twitch and heave, threatening to send her off-balance. All the while, she was conscious of the way Winter was looking at her. She was staring at her intently, leaning forward as she sipped her tea, eyes shining.

"Wait a minute," Winter spoke up. "Could you just hold that position for me?"

Alex froze. She was mid-stretch, with her arms and legs tensed. Holding the position was almost painful, but she couldn't bring herself to do anything that might displease Winter. Winter rose to her feet and walked a languid circuit around the coffee table until she was standing right beside Alex.

"I think it'll be easier for me to understand if I just..." Without saying anything, Winter reached out and rested her fingertips on Alex's upper arm. Alex's breathing caught in her throat. Winter started moving her hand, slowly drawing her fingers up over Alex's shoulder and then down her side. Alex couldn't move, or even speak. All she could do was hold her pose, her body straining, panting hard, as Winter examined her. Somehow, Winter's touch was more powerful and felt more electric than all the vibrators on her body put together. As Winter's hand traveled across to her abs and then down over her hips to her thighs, Alex noticed that she seemed to be tracing the outlines of her muscles, applying just barely enough pressure to test their definition and firmness. Alex had to fight to suppress a moan.

"Oh yes, you're coming along wonderfully," Winter purred. Alex frowned. What did that mean? Winter removed her hand, and slowly walked back around to retake her seat. She picked up the vibrator remote and switched off the vibrators. Alex was grateful for the relief, but a little confused too. "Come, sit at here at the table with me."

"OK," Alex replied, her confusion deepening. Wasn't she supposed to be teaching Winter how to work out? She made to sit down, but then noticed that there was only one chair: the one Winter was occupying. She looked at Winter.

"Why don't you just kneel opposite me, across the table?" Winter suggested, a playful smile on her face.

Not seeing that there was any alternative, Alex approached the table and sank to her knees. She looked across the table at Winter. Now that she was kneeling, she had to crane her neck to look up at the goth girl, she easily loomed over her. Alex shivered. Her body was still weak from the exercise and the pleasure, and the way that Winter looked down at her with such easy dominance made her feel even weaker.

"Alex, be a dear and look at me very closely, won't you?" Alex looked, and found herself drawn into Winter's large, endlessly deep eyes. Winter's next word was laden with strange emphasis, as if she was casting a magic spell. "*Release.*"

For a long moment neither Winter nor Alex moved, but inside Alex's head, her thoughts were moving so fast it was overwhelming. A tidal wave of memories crashed over her, memories that didn't make any sense until they started to slot together in order. She could remember sitting motionless in front of Winter over and over again, transfixed by a pocket watch swinging on a chain, as Winter whispered things to her, filling her head with ideas and suggestions. She remembered Winter telling her that her studies didn't matter to her, that all she wanted was to go to the gym and work out. She remembered watching a strange video of a spiral Winter had sent her, whilst Winter's recorded voice told her that she wanted to go out and buy a whole new wardrobe of pink, skimpy clothes. She remembered how, at the party with Winter's friends, Winter had somehow hypnotized her to calm her down and then make do all kinds of incredibly sexual, deeply embarrassing things, and then forget about it. Most horrifically of all, Winter had made her accept everything she told her as common sense.

At the same time, it was as if a veil was being lifted from Alex's thoughts, a veil she hadn't even been aware of. Something had been clouding her mind, making it hard for her to think, hard for her to concentrate on anything except working out and getting off, and hard for her to resist anything Winter told her. For the first time in two months, Alex could think clearly again, although the deluge of information flooding her mind was so overwhelming she felt she was going to faint. The extent of what had been done to her was staggering. How had she believed that wearing vibrators during exercise was common sense? But it had seemed so simple, so convincing. She caught sight of a stray lock of hair out of the corner of her eye, and gasped. She was blonde! The memory of dyeing her hair was all twisted; she could now remember Winter manipulating her, making her believe she'd always wanted it, and then making her suck Violet's dick for payment. Winter. Alex looked up, vision swimming, to see that Winter was still looking down at her and smiling. Winter was the one who'd done this to her. Her crush, and the girl she'd come to consider a friend. Alex wanted to scream. She wanted to cry. She wanted to get up and run away. But the moment she made the slightest move to get to her feet, Winter said:

"Stay there, won't you please?"

Alex's legs froze beneath her, locking her in a subservient kneeling position. Winter slowly crossed her legs.

"Well. I'm sure you have a lot of questions."

That was an understatement. Alex's mind was buzzing with so many questions, she had no idea what she wanted to ask first. When she opened her mouth, the first thing that came out was: "H-how?"

"Hypnosis," Winter replied simply. "You'd be surprised how malleable minds are, once you learn how to manipulate them. You were particularly susceptible, I must say. Smart girls always are. Your minds are so... structured. So predictable. All it takes is a few small pushes in the right places."

Alex struggled to believe that, but given everything that had happened, it was undeniable. Her next question was equally simple. "Why?"

Winter smirked. "Because I can. Because I was bored, and you stumbled into my lap and seemed like you'd make a fun toy."

Even after all the revelations she'd just experienced, the bald-faced amorality of Winter's response was shocking. Alex's lip started to quiver. "H-how could you do that to me?"

"Do you remember what you first said to me, when you asked me out on a date that time in the library?"

Alex blinked. Her memories had been restored, but that was such a small detail from such a long time ago. "No."

"You said you'd do anything to be with me." Winter's smug, triumphant grin was wider than ever. "You said you'd change if I wanted you to. All I'm doing is taking you at your word."

"W-what?" Alex couldn't believe what she was hearing. "This isn't what I meant!"

"Perhaps it's not what you expected," Winter mused, "but it's what you said. Anything. You know who would say that? You know who would offer 'anything' for a date with someone they don't even know, who they just have a pathetic, infantile crush on? No-one. At least, no-one who actually liked themselves. Face it, Alex. Before me, you were boring. You were a mousy, wallflower nerd obsessing over a goth girl you saw at the library to distract yourself from how empty your life was."

"I... I..." Alex had been totally unprepared for Winter to throw all that at her. She hated how true it felt. "That's not-"

"But look at you now." Winter's voice dropped, becoming soft and sensual. It was

the same voice she used when she hypnotized Alex. Alex found it impossible not to listen intently to her. "Look what I've made you. Isn't this what you always wanted? Look how thin you are. How strong. How pretty. You're even popular. Can you really, truly tell me that you don't want it? None of it?"

"I don't!" Alex insisted, with as much firmness as she could muster. But Winter just kept looking at her, her penetrating gaze piercing right through Alex's veil of fake confidence. "I... I..." Her instinct to utterly reject whatever Winter said was fading and self-doubt was creeping in. Of course she hated what Winter had done to her. It was monstrous. She'd been completely violated. And yet, did she really hate it all? The more Alex asked herself that, the more uncertain she felt. She looked down at her body, at the body Winter had given her, she didn't feel sad or angry or disgusted. She felt happy. This was the body she'd always wanted. Perhaps a little more muscular, but that didn't really matter. She felt healthy and pretty and sexy like never before. She couldn't deny that without Winter's influence, however malicious, she'd never have gone to the gym even once and she'd certainly never have kept at it long enough to mold her body into the trained, slender, attractive form it now was.

There was also the sex. For years, Alex had yearned to experience that kind of raw, unfiltered, unselfconscious pleasure. She'd fantasized about girls being interested with her, about getting a chance to actually do the things she'd spent so much time reading about online, her face hot with embarrassment. Now, she had that. She thought about all the times Sierra had fucked her, and all the times Winter's friends had taken advantage of her. Maybe she hadn't exactly wanted it on those terms, but it had felt twice as good as even her wildest fantasies. There was no point denying it or pretending Winter hadn't surely noticed the way she was squirming slightly at the memory of all those things.

"You see? I can see it in your eyes. You know I'm right." Alex found herself wishing Winter would leave her alone for just one second, or at least go one minute without using that frustratingly alluring tone of voice. She could feel Winter's words slipping into her mind, coiling around her thoughts and making it impossible for her to keep things straight. "If I let you go right now, you'd go right back to being the same sad, dorky girl you always were. So why not give yourself to me instead?"

Alex didn't answer that. She didn't have a good answer. Instead, she asked another question. "W-why so much exercise? Why strength training? It's not just about losing weight anymore, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Winter explained, still grinning. "What can I say? I have a weakness for muscular girls. There's something so hot about a girl who could bench-press me or break me over her knee, and something even hotter about knowing that for all her strength, she's helplessly within my power." The arousal in Winter's voice was plain, and sent shivers down Alex's spine. "Not to mention the thrill of knowing that you're changing yourself, working so hard every day and pushing yourself to your limits, all because of me. It's just so intoxicating - the idea of warping you beyond recognition, just because I want to. I mean, just look at Sierra."

The surprise Alex felt must have been clear on her face, because Winter laughed loudly.

"Yes, she's like you. Or at least she was. Now she's all finished, and I've had my fill of her... mostly. Believe me, if you'd met the girl she was before, you'd never have believed they were one and the same. Surprised? I know how dominant she is around girls like you. I made her that way. With me, she's quite different, I assure you." Winter giggled.

Alex felt herself trembling. If what Winter was saying about Sierra was true, then there was no denying it. This was real. The changes were real, and they could be permanent. Alex's distant hope that this was all some kind of horrible nightmare was fading fast. She wanted to deny what Winter was telling her, but the more she thought about it, the more it made a terrifying amount of sense. Sierra had taken her under her wing. Helped her work out. Fucked her, and trained her to please. She could even remember Sierra mentioning Winter once or twice, drawing Alex further into her schemes.

"Is... is that..." Alex whimpered. "I-Is that what you're going to do to me?"

"Make you dominant, the way she is?" Winter laughed. "Oh no. I did that to her because it amused me. She was such a timid little thing, even more so than you. For you, I have something different in mind."

"Wha-" The penny dropped before Alex could ask the question. "M-my intelligence... my grades... you're the reason I haven't been able to think! You... you've ruined everything!"

Winter just giggled. "It's so perfect, don't you think? A smart, nerdy, studious girl like you, losing all her brains. The irony is just delicious. Once I figured that out, I decided to go all the way and make you into a stereotypical bimbo. The pink, the giggling... don't you just love it?"

Alex was speechless. Beyond speechless. What could she say in the face of such raw dominance and malice? There was no argument she could make that would persuade Winter; that was obvious. It was like she was kneeling in front of a monster, or a demon. She could sense that Winter looked at her as nothing more than her plaything, as something she could freely use for her own amusement without difficulty or consequence. Alex found her terrifying. But once again, she had to admit something horrible to herself: she found Winter irresistibly alluring too. The goth girl's every word and gesture screamed power and dominance and confidence. It was like she was born to be in control. There was no doubt or hesitation to her. Alex felt like she was in the presence of a goddess. It seemed only right that she should kneel and obey. It didn't matter that what Winter was doing to her was monstrous; a superior being like Winter should be able to do whatever she wanted with her. Alex was fighting a losing battle to convince herself that she only felt that way because of Winter's hypnosis. Perhaps it

was some kind of leftover trace that Winter had cunningly left behind. Deep down, though, she knew it wasn't true. On some level, the urge to submit had always been part of her, and she couldn't imagine a more perfect creature to submit to than Winter.

"Well?" Winter pressed eagerly. "What do you say, Alex? Will you surrender yourself? Will you give yourself to me?"

It took Alex a long moment to muster the strength to say: "No."

Winter raised an eyebrow. "No? Can you really be so sure? Let me tell you what is going to happen to you if you surrender." Winter rose elegantly to her feet and walked a slow circuit around the coffee table to behind where Alex knelt, her long black skirt swinging and bouncing as she walked. She bent down behind Alex, placing her head just beside and behind Alex's. Still bound by her command, Alex couldn't move besides turning her head as far as she could to look at Winter.

"You're going to keep going to that gym, day after day." Alex shivered at Winter's whispered voice so close to her ear, still dangerously seductive and powerful. "You're going to become so strong, so fit, so muscular. You're going to push yourself so hard, just for me." Alex gasped as Winter slid her hand around Alex's bare waist. "You're going to mold yourself into exactly what I want you to be. Stronger, faster, better, all so you can be more pleasing in my eyes. All so your body can satisfy me better."

Suddenly Alex could picture it vividly. She could imagine herself growing stronger, bigger, more muscular. She could imagine Winter inspecting her, just like she'd done earlier. She could imagine Winter throwing her down and fucking her, using her new, trained body like a sex toy for her own amusement.

"I'm going to fill your mind with sex," Winter kept whispering, "until it's all you think of. All you dream of. You'll be a needy, voracious, desperate, dripping slut your every waking moment. I'll fuck you every single day, or give you to my friends to use like a cheap whore, and even that won't be enough for you. You'll be constantly begging to be fucked. Everyone will know what you are. Alex the shameless slut."

Alex could picture that too. It would just like all the times Sierra had fucked her, or the time Marie had finger-fucked and humiliated her at the party, except every day. She'd spend her whole life drunk off of pleasure or arousal. Whenever she wasn't at the gym she'd be trying to get her pussy filled, by her own fingers or by someone else. Winter kissed the curve of Alex's neck, and it was like she could already feel that pleasure coursing through her.

"And I'm going to take away every last bit of that intelligence you worked so hard to develop." Winter's other hand was all over Alex - her tits, her stomach, her hips. Alex was completely helpless within Winter's embrace. "I'm going to make you so dumb. You'll barely be able to string a sentence together without giggling like a hapless bimbo. Won't that be nice?"

You won't have to do any of the difficult, stressful studying or thinking. No-one will expect anything like that, not from you. I promise, it'll feel so good. The more brainless you get, the better it'll feel, until everything you once knew will be gone and you'll be in constant, mindless bliss."

Alex was practically moaning at the thought. It was so vivid, so powerful, so tempting. But at that last suggestion, Winter's words caught onto some secret nest of resistance. The thought of truly losing her intelligence like that was repulsive, so repulsive it shocked Alex out of her reverie. She couldn't let that happen! She'd worked her whole life to become smart, to get to college, to ace her exams so she could really be something one day. It was the thing she was most proud of. She couldn't let that slip away, she just couldn't. Not in exchange for something as simple and crude as sexual pleasure.

"No!" Alex shouted. It took all her strength, and more besides, to shout with such conviction, but she managed it. "I'll never give myself to you!"

"Never?" Winter removed her hands from Alex's flushed, sensitive body and stood. Alex found herself missing her touch. "How amusing!"

"I mean it! I'll never let you do that to me!"

"Let me?" Winter laughed. "You silly girl, did you really think I was offering you a choice?" Winter looked down at Alex, looming over her, and Alex's conviction started to waver. "Let me be absolutely clear: this is going to happen. You can't resist me. I'm already in your head, Alex. I can already make you do whatever I want. It's so easy. No, you're going to be my cute little muscle bimbo, whether you like it or not."

"T-then why all this?" Alex asked, confused once again.

"This? This was just a test. I wanted to see if you were ready. Evidently not - not yet." As she spoke, Winter walked back to her chair and sat down in it, crossing her legs, resting her head in her palm, and fixing Alex with a cold look of raw, smoldering dominance. "I promise you, next time we have this conversation, you won't just say 'yes'. You'll beg for it."

Alex wanted to protest, but Winter's tone brooked no question or disagreement. She sounded so sure, Alex couldn't help doubting herself. Again, she was gripped by the feeling that the goth girl sitting in front of her was more like a demon or a goddess than a mere human. Her aura of power was just that strong.

"Here's what's going to happen now," Winter continued. "I'm going to snap my fingers, and you're going to wake up. You won't remember any of this, and all the little changes I've made to you over the weeks will all fall back into place as if they were never gone. But first, I think I'm going to make one little change, just to show you how powerless you are."

Winter let that threat hang in the air for a long time, until Alex' curiosity got the better of her and she blurted out: "What?"

The goth smiled cruelly. "I'm going to take your name."

Alex's eyes went wide.

"'Alex' isn't much of a name for a bimbo, don't you agree?" Winter reached a hand down the front of her dress, fishing for the end of the chain Alex could see hanging around Winter's neck. Fear settled over her. She knew what was going to happen. "Much too neutral. A bimbo should have a nice, feminine name. The kind of name that makes you sound like a stripper. 'Alex'... short for 'Alexandra', I suppose? Hmm.... Oh yes, I know."

Alex saw Winter pull something out of her dress. She knew what it was and forced her eyes shut, hoping against hope that she could somehow defend herself. But it was no use.

"Look at me, Alex." At the command, Alex's eyes flew open. Instantly, her gaze locked onto the small, silver pocket watch that Winter was holding by the end of a length of chain, dangling it in the air. The way she made it swing side to side slightly was utterly captivating, and resonated with so many memories of Alex having her mind and her will taken away.

"Good girl," Winter whispered. "You know what to do. Just stare at the watch. That's all you have to do right now. So simple, isn't it? You just can't help yourself. You know that this watch has power over you. You know that I have power over you. You can't fight the watch. You can't fight me. So just stare, and feel your mind melting, growing soft and pliant for me."

Alex found herself swaying side to side in rhythm with the watch. Her eyes followed it, unblinking, tracking the movement of the second hand around the clock face. She felt like time had slowed to crawl.

"Perfect." Winter's voice sounded far away now, but still irresistibly seductive and powerful. "Now, listen. I'm going to tell you something. Just one thing. That's all you need to think about right now. All you need to focus on. This one thing, this one truth. You're going to feel it, burning its way into your mind and your soul, growing, taking root, until it's utterly a part of you. Can you do that for me?"

Alex found herself nodding. She would do it. She'd done it before. She could remember now. She could remember how powerful Winter was.

"Good girl. Now here it is: your name is Lexi."

Alex frowned. Her mind was primed to obey, but her name was so important to

her. It was such a vital, central part of who she was. Winter's suggestion met with resistance, and she tried to stoke those fires of resistance as hard as she could. Her name was Lexi... no! That wasn't right! She could feel it wasn't right. Her name wasn't Lexi, it was... Lexi. Lexi. She kept turning it over and over in her head, but somehow, no matter what she asked herself, no matter how she tried to look at it, that was her name. She didn't have any other name. When she thought about her name, it was the only thing that came into her head. Lexi. Desperate to hold on, by some means, to the name she could only remember losing, she delved into her memories. Right before her mind's eye, she could feel them changing, warping, distorting. In all her memories of her friends and family calling out to her, all they were saying was 'Lexi', 'Lexi', 'Lexi'. Was... that her name? Was her name really Lexi? If it wasn't, why couldn't she remember any other name? Had anything really changed? She could still remember something, a faint glimmer, just enough to remind her that Winter had done something to her, but within a few moments even that was swallowed up by the deep, entranced blackness of her mind.

Her name was Lexi.

Winter snapped her fingers, and Lexi woke up.

Lexi yawned and stretched up with her arms. What had happened? Why was she kneeling on the floor? Wasn't she meant to be showing Winter how to workout?

"Lexi?" Winter called out. "Lexi, can you hear me?"

Something about the way Winter was calling out Lexi's name felt odd and foreign, but she couldn't quite place the feeling. Lexi giggled. "Yeah, of course!"

"Good. You were showing me some exercises, and then all of a sudden you said you were feeling dizzy and needed to sit down. I think you might have sort-of fainted for a moment there."

"Did I?" Lexi giggled again. She felt awfully light-headed for some reason. She couldn't remember feeling dizzy or needing to sit down, but then again, she couldn't really remember anything that had happened in the last few minutes.

"Are you sure you're OK?" Winter sounded concerned, but she didn't look concerned. If anything, the look on her face was triumphant. "Do you know who I am?"

Lexi giggled. What kind of question was that? "You're Winter."

"And do you know where you are?"

"I'm at your house."

"And do you know who you are?"

For some reason, thinking about that question gave Lexi a slight headache, and she had to pause for a moment to recover. But after that, she answered confidently: "I'm Lexi, of course!"

"Good!" Winter laughed, and Lexi found herself giggling along with her even though she didn't understand what was funny. "Well, I don't think you should do any more exercise for now. You should head home and get something to eat, and maybe get some rest too. You can finish showing me those exercises another day."

Lexi nodded. Winter always knew what was best. She rose unsteadily from her kneeling position, and Winter was there to help her to her feet. Winter was so good to her. The goth girl guided Lexi out to her front door, and made her promise she'd be able to get home safely.

"Bye!" Lexi said after promising her, stepping outside.

"Goodbye," Winter replied, and then, after a long pause and with a mysterious smile on her face. "Lexi."

CHAPTER NINE

Lexi slipped her earbuds out of her ears, the sound of the up-beat dance-pop she'd been listening to disappearing. She peered around. Was this really the place? It didn't look like it. She pulled out her phone to double-check the directions she'd been given. She'd kept needing to double-check things recently. Her head was always so fuzzy, it was so easy for her to forget things or make mistakes. Lexi giggled. She was so dumb. This time, though, it seemed like she'd done everything right. She was in the right place: the empty, unused pathway behind the secondary lecture theater on campus. Lexi had been having a normal morning of leisurely exercise and frantic masturbation when she'd received a message from Sierra, telling her to come meet her there for a workout at once. It seemed like a strange place for Sierra to want to meet her at. Lexi giggled again. She used to go to that lecture theater all the time, when she'd been all boring and studious. Before she'd got her priorities straight. She'd been so silly. Back then, her phone had been loaded up with classical music and indie rock, but when she'd tried to give it a listen the previous week, she'd found it so slow and boring. She'd ended up deleting it all, and replacing it with some pop music Winter had suggested for her. Winter was such a great friend!

What had those boring old lectures been about anyway? Lexi scrunched up her face for a moment, trying to remember, but she quickly gave up. All she could remember were a bunch of long, boring, complicated words that she knew she'd never be able to get right. Not that she'd want to. Working out and getting fucked were so much more fun, so much more rewarding, and so much easier. There was such a simple, visceral joy to wearing herself out at the gym and seeing her body grow slimmer, more shapely, and more muscular as a reward. And of course, nothing was as much fun as getting fucked. Lexi couldn't believe it had taken her so long to figure it out but now, her body had become so needy that she could barely go one day without hooking up with someone. Fortunately, with her glamorous blonde hair and toned body, that wasn't difficult. What was even better was all the ways she could combine her two passions, like wearing vibrators and stuffing herself with dildos before a workout. In fact, she'd gotten so used to it that her holes were feeling so desperate and empty without them. Sierra had told her to leave them behind for once, though, and Lexi loved doing whatever Sierra told her. She was, however, curious to see what Sierra had planned.

"Hey, do you think that's her?"

Lexi turned to see a group of four girls walking towards her from the other end of the building. Lexi blinked, surprised. None of the girls were Sierra, but as she stared, she realized she did recognize them. All four of them were from Chi Gamma Theta, the most

prestigious, most popular, and most exclusive sorority on campus. All of their members were well-known as queen bitches. Lexi had always used to avoid them like the plague. Why would four of them be here with her, behind a lecture theater?

The pack of them approached her and stopped, looking her up and down. Lexi became suddenly conscious of the fact that she was showing a lot of skin - all she was wearing was a tank top and miniskirt. Unsure what was going on, Lexi giggled nervously and said: "Hi."

One of the sorority girls, a blonde with luscious, straight, carefully maintained hair and wearing jeans and a striped tank top, sniffed and turned to address her friends, totally ignoring Lexi. "Oh yeah. She's definitely the one Sierra sent."

"Sierra?" Lexi's ears pricked up. What did Sierra have to do with these girls? "You, like, know Sierra?"

"Cordelia, are you sure?" asked another of them, a black girl with a pink top and frizzy, stylish natural hair. "This bimbo? She doesn't even know what's going on."

"Oh that's right, I forgot this is your first time, Yasmin," Cordelia replied. "That's just how it is sometimes. This is definitely the girl."

"B-but if she doesn't know, then how do we..." said the nervous-looking girl bringing up the rear of the group. A brunette with curls, she looked somewhat mousy and almost out of place amongst the other, more fashionable-looking girls, but her dress and jewelry looked distinctly expensive and classy. She spoke like a rich girl too, and carried a messenger bag at her side.

"Oh relax, pledge Ellie," Cordelia answered, emphasizing the 'pledge' as if to remind her of her place. "She just needs a little... warming up."

"Um," Lexi interrupted. She was confused, but that was a familiar feeling recently. "Do you know where Sierra is? I'm supposed to meet her."

Cordelia snorted. "See? She's a complete airhead. Definitely Sierra's girl. Sabrina, why don't you show the new girls how it's done?"

The last girl of the four stepped up in front of Lexi. She was wearing a short cut leather jacket and dark glasses that hid her eyes, and she had very long, black hair. She stared at Lexi for a long moment and while she couldn't see her eyes, Lexi got the impression of a cold, clinical, detached gaze. "Ummm," Lexi began uncertainly. "Is there, like, something you-"

Without warning, Sabrina pressed her hand flat against Lexi's chest and shoved her, hard. Lexi stumbled back and slumped against the wall behind her. Before she had any chance to recover, Sabrina was all over her. Lexi shivered as she felt Sabrina's hand trace the

chiseled lines of her abs, turning her thoughts to mush, and then moaned lightly when Sabrina used her other hand to roughly grope her tits at the same time, mauling her body with no regard or concern for her. Lexi clasped a hand over her mouth, stifling any further moans. She wanted to resist, but her body had become so sensitive that being touched that way turned her muscles jelly. She looked around to see if there any bystanders, but all she saw was Sabrina's sorority sisters closing in around her, blocking off any avenues of escape. Lexi shivered. What the hell was going on? She'd been picked up by girls before, including on her jogs, but this felt different.

"Here's how it is," said Cordelia, coming into view behind Sabrina, who was still vigorously and wordlessly groping Lexi. The blonde girl glared at Lexi with scornful eyes that were clearly accustomed to perfect obedience, and put her hands on her hips. "We're Sierra's... friends. And Sierra promised us that you'd show us a good time. You don't wanna disappoint Sierra, right?"

Lexi nodded. Physically speaking, she was catching up to Sierra despite being naturally much shorter and slighter, but that hadn't changed the fact that Sierra utterly dominated her during every moment of their interactions, ranging from barking orders like a drill sergeant during her workouts to fiercely pounding her pussy in the showers afterwards. She'd threatened to 'share' Lexi before, but Lexi had figured it was just talk. Apparently not. But she really didn't want to disappoint Sierra, and besides, it had been a while since she'd been fucked. From the way the sorority girls were circling her like a pack of wolves, it didn't seem like she had much of an option to refuse.

"So you'll be a good girl for us, won't you?" Cordelia pressed, tapping her feet.

Lexi nodded again. She was too embarrassed to speak, knowing her voice would come out as a lustful moan from the way Sabrina was touching her. She had to bite down on her fingers for a moment to stifle a moan anyway, when Sabrina bent in and bit her exposed neck.

"I'm glad you understand your place." Cordelia sighed, making a show of how frustrated she was with Lexi's slowness. "God, you really are an air-headed slut, huh? Look at you, you're a total mess from being shoved against a wall and touched up by a girl you don't even know. Isn't that pathetic?"

Lexi wanted to protest, but she couldn't. Sabrina's hands were incredibly skillful, and Cordelia's scornful, degrading words sent pink bubbles of blissful happiness cascading through her head. Being humiliated turned her on so much.

"I bet you're already completely soaked," Cordelia continued. "In fact, why don't we find out?"

She advanced menacingly towards Lexi, but paused when Yasmin called out:

"Wait, be careful! She looks kinda strong."

"Strong?" Cordelia scoffed. "Are you kidding? Just look at her, she's putty in Sabrina's hands. Just a weak slut. That body, those muscles? That's just for us to enjoy."

With Yasmin's concerns silenced, Cordelia stepped up besides Sabrina and reached her hand up under Lexi's tiny skirt. Lexi yelped as she felt the bitchy sorority girl's fingers graze against her bare pussy, which was already dripping wet from how turned on she was.

"Oh my god." Cordelia sounded disgusted, but Lexi didn't miss the gleeful sadism in her smirk or the burning arousal in her eyes. "No panties? You aren't wearing any panties? What are you, a whore?" For some reason, all the sorority girls laughed openly at that, even Sabrina. "Well, what do you have to say for yourself, slut? Why aren't you wearing panties?"

"I... forgot." Lexi managed to say, blushing deeply. It was true. Somehow recently, she'd kept forgetting to put on panties in the morning. It just kept slipping her mind. It didn't help that panties made it harder for her to touch herself when she needed to, which was all the time.

"You forgot?" Yasmin echoed, astonished, as the others laughed again. "Jesus, you really are a complete bimbo, huh?"

"I told you. She's the girl." As she spoke, Cordelia forcefully buried three of her fingers all the way into Lexi's receptive cunt. This time, Lexi couldn't stop herself moaning as raw pleasure thundered through her. Her whole body twitched and her legs gave out beneath her, and she slumped to the ground. The sorority girls closed in tighter, looming over her. Cordelia's expression was one of delighted cruelty, Sabrina's face was unreadable, and the other two girls still seemed shocked and uncertain, although both of their cheeks were slightly red with the tell-tale blush of arousal. Cordelia jammed her hand, dripping with Lexi's juices, into the muscular girl's face. "Lick," she commanded.

Lexi felt half-drunk from how overwhelming it all was, but she nonetheless opened her mouth and presented her tongue obediently, sucking on Cordelia's fingers and tasting the sweetness of her own horniness. She couldn't help herself. When she got turned on, she got light-headed and giddy in a way that made submission feel so easy and natural. Once Cordelia's hand was clean she withdrew it, and Lexi giggled. She couldn't help that either. Her light-headedness and arousal combined to leave her feeling incredibly dumb and incredibly bubbly.

"Wow, she even enjoyed that," Yasmin breathed. "Didn't you?"

"Y-yes," Lexi confessed, with another giggle. It was so embarrassing, and being embarrassed just made her even more horny and giggly.

"Slut," Cordelia spat. Then she turned to Ellie, the mousy, rich-looking girl. "Hey pledge, you've been awfully quiet so far. There's no fun to be had sitting on the sidelines, you know."

"Yes Cordelia," Ellie said nervously. And then, once she realized Cordelia was expecting more from her than that: "You're right, she's a complete slut. A filthy slut. Wow, she's making such a mess of herself."

Cordelia rolled her eyes slightly, but seemed satisfied for the moment. She glared down at Lexi. "So here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna get us all off, as much as we want. That's it."

As Lexi listened and watched, stupefied, Cordelia and Sabrina started to undress. They loosened their pants and slipped them a little way down over their hips, and Lexi immediately noticed that neither of them were wearing any panties. When Cordelia noticed that Yasmin and Ellie weren't following their lead and were instead simply shuffling anxiously. Cordelia made an irritated clicking sound with her tongue.

"Come on, girls! No point coming all this way if you're gonna pussy out now."

Both girls shrank a little as Cordelia scorned them, and then obeyed. Yasmin slipped her slacks down just as Cordelia and Sabrina had done. She was wearing panties underneath, and tentatively pulled them aside to expose her pussy. Ellie reached under her summer dress and pulled her panties all the way down, and stepped out of them. Following Cordelia's lead, they all crowded around Lexi, who, still on her knees, found herself at the perfect height to service the four sorority girls.

"Yasmin, you take her mouth first," Cordelia instructed. "You need to loosen up, and you can show the pledge how it's done."

Yasmin froze like a deer in headlights, clearly far too nervous to make the first move. Instead, after a moment, Sabrina reached out to grab a hold of Lexi's hair and, as Lexi squealed with discomfort, shoved her face between Yasmin's exposed thighs. Lexi immediately started going down on her. Not only was she determined not to let Sierra down, eating pussy had practically become a reflex for her. So many of the girls she'd hooked up with had trained her into a good pussylicking slut. Once the scent of Yasmin's body entered Lexi's nose, she was completely lost to arousal. She was so easy to turn on, and from experience there was no point fighting her own lust. She was just a slut. She couldn't control herself. By contrast, Yasmin's immediate response was to pull away, but Sabrina wouldn't let her. Once Lexi's skillful tongue was buried in her folds she started squirming, and after a moment she let out an involuntary, pleasurable moan. The sound only spurred Lexi on. She knew her place: in between a girl's legs, making her feel good. The way she could sense Yasmin's body starting to relax and lean into her as she gave in to the pleasure reinforced that perfectly.

"Hey bimbo," Cordelia called out, "there's four of us, remember? Even a girl as dumb as you should be able to multi-task."

Her face still held firmly between Yasmin's legs, Lexi felt her wrist being grabbed and her hand being forced against Cordelia's pussy. Once her lust-addled mind realized what was expected of her, Lexi started fumbling around, her fingers searching for the right places to touch. Her groping was clumsy since she couldn't see what she was doing, and after a moment Cordelia reached down and gave her a slap as a reprimand. She didn't have to say anything. Lexi redoubled her efforts, and before long she managed to get her fingers stroking along Cordelia's slit as her thumb rubbed small circles around the bitchy blonde's clit. Cordelia purred with gratification, and as mean as she had been to her, Lexi couldn't help feeling good at the thought of pleasuring someone who was being so dominant over her.

"OK, jeez Yasmin, no need to be greedy," Cordelia said after a minute or more of being pleased by Lexi. "Let Sabrina take a turn."

Lexi felt a hand in her hair, drawing her over to between Sabrina's legs. She didn't fight it. She just accepted it, and devoted herself to worshiping the new pussy that she was unceremoniously presented with. She heard Yasmin whine as the pleasure Lexi had been giving her faded away.

"Oh, you want more?" Sabrina mocked. "Then use her. She's got another hand, you know."

"Hey," Yasmin said. It sounded like her mouth was dry. "Please use, um, your other-"

"You don't have to be polite, for fuck's sake," Cordelia snarled, sounding slightly breathless from the way Lexi's hand was at work between her legs. "She's a slut, treat her like one."

"Right." Yasmin swallowed. "Hey... get your other hand in my cunt."

Cordelia let out an excited moan as Lexi reached out with her left hand back over to Yasmin. "That's more like it!"

Once she'd slipped her finger's into Yasmin's pussy, still wet from her tongue, Lexi quickly found herself overwhelmed from the way she was having to pleasure three girls at once. It was even harder to concentrate because of the way that Sabrina was riding her face with her pussy, grinding against her constantly and using her hand to keep Lexi there, preventing her from even taking a decent breath. Just as she was starting to settle into a comfortable rhythm, she found herself being yanked around yet again, as Cordelia grew impatient with Lexi's fingers. Once her face was nestled between the blonde's legs, Lexi reached out to use her now-free hand to pleasure Sabrina. She knew what was expected of her.

"Hey pledge," Cordelia's said after another minute, her authoritative voice increasingly thick with pleasure. "You're not getting in on this?"

"Oh!" Ellie blurted out, startled. "I, um, well-"

"I didn't bring you here just to be an observer," Cordelia interrupted flatly. "You might have the background, but if you want to be a full-fledged sister, you gotta know how to have some fun."

So saying, Cordelia roughly shoved Lexi towards Ellie, who had retreated a short distance away from the others. Ellie squealed as Lexi eagerly wrapped her hands around her legs and tucked her head up under her skirt, pressing her face desperately into the nervous girl's cunt. To her surprise she found that despite the rich girl's reluctance, she was soaking wet. Lexi started eating her out without hesitation. She was long since past having any inhibitions about what she was doing. Her brain was running on pure, pink lust now. All she wanted was to fuck. Ellie turned out to be far more vocal than the other girls in her appreciation of Lexi's efforts. From practically the first moment Lexi's tongue made contact with her needy pussy, Ellie started letting out full-throated moans so loud that, even through the haze of pleasure encircling her thoughts, Lexi started to worry someone might hear them. Cordelia, though, let out a delighted laugh even as she slapped Lexi again to remind her to use her hands on her and Yasmin.

Lexi spent a long time being passed around like that, pulled and shoved from girl to girl every few moments, eagerly licking the pussy of whoever was demanding service while she did her best to use her hands to service two of the others. She could sense that whichever girl wasn't receiving attention from her quickly turned to fingering themselves as they waiting for her to come back around to them. Lexi wished she could touch herself too, but she knew that Cordelia wouldn't tolerate it if she spent even a moment giving pleasure to herself instead of them. It was becoming increasingly hard to resist the temptation, though. Lexi's face was drenched with the natural wetness of each of the girls, and the scents of their arousal were all mixing together in the air around them. All of Lexi's senses were filled with pure, raw sex, and it was driving her into a frenzy. She could feel her own wetness seeping out between her legs under her tiny skirt as her pussy cried out for attention. Cordelia laughed sadistically at her when, at last, Lexi started dripping onto the ground beneath her.

"Oh my god!" Cordelia's voice easily cut through the pleasure-filled moans of the other girls. "She's getting off on this! She's actually getting off on this! What a freak!"

"Holy shit," Yasmin exclaimed as she noticed too. "You were right. She really is just a slut."

"She's so fucking pathetic," Ellie breathed. She was breathing harder and more flushed than the rest, and to Lexi it seemed like she'd already cum once, although she didn't

seem any less pleasure-hungry for more. A huge change had come over the pledge, and her eyes were alight with pleasure and glee.

"That's it, girl!" Cordelia cheered.

"Oh fuck," Sabrina interrupted with a grunt. "I'm cumming." Lexi was currently between her legs, and sure enough she felt her thighs clamp down around her head and then relax, and then she was pulled away to service Yasmin instead.

"Fuck, she's so good," Yasmin moaned as Lexi started going down on her again. "You've had a lot of practice at this, huh?"

Lexi gave as much of a nod as she could without taking her head away from the black girl's pussy, but it was Cordelia who answered: "Of course she has! Look at this lesbian slut, she's so desperate and easy, she'd eat out anyone who looked at her." Lexi wanted to make some protest, but she couldn't.

"How many girls do you think she's made cum with that tongue, huh?" Yasmin asked.

"Why don't we keep track?" Ellie replied, grinding her wet pussy on Lexi's fingers. She reached down into the messenger bag she'd been carrying and pulled out a pack of marker pens, all of different colors. She slipped a black marker out of the pack and bent at the waist, and drew two thick black lines on the inside Lexi's thigh, right next to each other. "That's one for me, and one for Sabrina."

"Ooo, good idea! Maybe I was wrong about you, pledge," Cordelia said. "Gimme one of those things, I already came once." Ellie handed out markers to all the girls, and Cordelia added a third line next to the others. Meanwhile, Yasmin inspected her marker with a slightly concerned expression on her flushed face.

"Hey, guys? These are permanent markers."

"So?" Sabrina replied.

"Yeah," Ellie echoed. "A filthy slut like her doesn't care anyway, right? Look at her, she's getting even hornier."

Lexi blushed shamefully. It was true. She was squirming and shaking at the prospect of her body being marked. She couldn't help it. Being degraded like that felt so wonderful.

"Oh... well, in that case," Yasmin said and, reaching down, wrote the word 'slut' in big letters on her chest, above her top. Lexi shivered and moaned as the pen touched her skin,

eliciting cruel laughs from above her. Just a few seconds after that, Yasmin shuddered through an orgasm, and then added another mark to the growing tally on Lexi's thigh. Not long after, Ellie crossed off the tally of five with her second orgasm.

After that, all the sorority girls descended on Lexi with their marker pens, writing terms of degradation and abuse all over her. Lexi was so utterly overwhelmed, she could barely tell what was happening to her. All her thoughts were consumed by the single, overriding impulse that had been ingrained into her: to provide pleasure. As the domineering sorority girls tossed her from side to side so they could write on her, or to force her to lick a different pussy, Lexi simply did whatever she could to lick pussy as well and as eagerly as she possibly could. It was her purpose. It was what she needed to do. She knew she stank of arousal, and the only thing she could taste was sex. Whenever she turned to eat out a different girl, she caught a glimpse of herself and saw that her skin was increasingly being covered in body writing. Words like 'slut', 'whore', 'cumdumpster' and 'fucktoy' were scrawled all over her. At some point someone had pulled up her tank top to expose her tits and written 'free use' across them in huge writing, and Cordelia had put 'worthless pussylicker' all along one of her hips. Each word, each phrase, hit Lexi like a sledgehammer, burning their way into her mind. Lexi's body was feverishly hot. She was a slut. A whore. A cumdumpster. A fucktoy. A worthless pussylicker. She accepted each one of them as true. Her brain was too addled and confused and dumb to question it. The humiliation of it set her cheeks aflame and had her heart beating double. And it was all turning her on so much.

"I can't believe she's getting off so hard this," Yasmin said, surprise and arousal both clear in her voice.

"She's so filthy," Ellie whispered, a strange, drunken smile on her face.

"Sierra's girls are always crazy." Cordelia added another tally mark to Lexi's thighs as she spoke, already completing second block of five. "I've got no idea where she finds them, but they're all totally depraved sluts, just like this airhead bimbo. All muscles, no brains." Cordelia punctuated her comment by viciously slapping one of Lexi's tits. The blow was hard enough to make Lexi yelp from the pain, but her yelp was tinged with lust and the heat in her body rose another notch. Cordelia took notice of that. "What, you even get off on being slapped around? Jesus."

Ellie clearly took the way Lexi was squirming as confirmation. Since Lexi was busy pleasuring the other three, Ellie was free to reach down and pinch one of Lexi's swollen nipples between her thumb and forefinger, while using her other hand to grab a handful of her hair and twist it cruelly. Lexi broke off from going down on Sabrina and screamed because the pain was so intense, and was rewarded with only a sharp kick from Cordelia as Ellie pushed her back into the other sorority girl's cunt.

"She's such a masochist... amazing," Ellie moaned. Clearly something about what they were doing to Lexi had awoken something in the formerly-meek girl. She seemed utterly

enthralled by the prospect of degrading and humiliating Lexi further and further. Confusingly, Lexi found she wanted her to. She didn't know why the pain and humiliation felt so good. It was like she was so turned on that she couldn't tell pain from pleasure, bad feelings from good. It all just passed through the foggy filter of her own horniness and turned into raw, pure ecstasy. When Ellie slapped her again at the same time that Yasmin bent down and started roughly fondling her tits, she felt almost like she was going to cum from the intensity of it alone.

"Tell me, bimbo," Cordelia said as she passed Lexi from Sabrina to Yasmin and as Ellie added 'pain toy' and 'masochist slut' to the words that were by now covering almost her entire body, "how does it feel, getting off to being literally whored out?"

Lexi's face must have showed confusion, because Cordelia laughed and continued: "Oh, you didn't know? You really thought we were Sierra's friends? Hardly. She didn't lend you to us as a favor. We paid her. Even to Lexi, even in her present state, that was a shock. She didn't know how to process it.

"Guess you really are a whore, huh?" Ellie asked, her voice laced with sadism.

Sabrina jerked Lexi's head back, away from Yasmin's soaked cunt. "Well, what do you say?"

"I... no..." Lexi babbled. A sudden rush of blood to her head had her giggling helplessly. "I, like, didn't even know what-

"Like that matters," Cordelia snapped. She grabbed Lexi's chin and slapped her face twice, once across each cheek. "You're a whore, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," Lexi whimpered. The pain plunged her into such depths of submissive bliss that complete obedience and acceptance was instinctual.

"Say it," ordered Ellie.

"I-I'm a whore," Lexi moaned. The rush of humiliating pleasure that accompanied that admission was almost enough to make her cum.

All the sorority girls laughed. "Good whore," Yasmin said. Cordelia pulled Lexi in to service her again, and Lexi could feel Ellie writing 'whore' on her body over and over again, while Sabrina added a fresh set of tally marks on her ass. She'd long since lost count of how many orgasms she'd caused. For a moment, Ellie pulled her back away from Cordelia so that she could write 'whore' in big, blocky writing all across Lexi's face, with her mouth taking the place of the 'o'. Then, it was back to eating out Cordelia, and then the next girl, and then the next, whilst she did her best to eagerly finger-fuck whichever of the other three girls were closest to her. Lexi completely lost track of time. Her whole world was pussy. For what felt like an eternity, she completely devoted herself to the task of pleasuring the four sorority girls, as

they laughed cruelly at how pathetic she was and hurled insult after humiliating insult at her, each one bringing her more pleasure than the last. The only way she could mark progress was by the feeling of tally mark after tally mark being added to her body - to her thighs, her ass, her tits, everywhere. Strangely, after a while Lexi started to feel her body thrum with pleasure at each mark. It was a simple, gratifying indication that she was being a good whore.

Eventually, the girls started to tire of her as they had their fill of orgasms. Yasmin tapped out first. She stepped back away from Lexi, fixed her clothes and then slumped against the wall, her legs weak from the many orgasms Lexi had given her. Sabrina was next, and then Cordelia. In turn, after Lexi made them cum one last time, each of them put a tally mark on Lexi's body, stepped back, and pulled up their jeans. Both of them, along with Yasmin, seemed thoroughly worn out and wore happy, blissful expressions. With that, Lexi was left to focus entirely on Ellie, who kept riding her face with particular energy and dominance for some time even after the others had stopped. But eventually she too was satisfied, pushing Lexi away and pulling up her panties, seemingly heedless of the long trail of wetness dripping down her leg. Lexi found herself stunned and directionless without a cunt in front of her to bury her tongue in. She blinked a few times, giggled drunkenly, and then slumped back against the wall behind her, legs splayed. Eventually, as brainless and dumb as she was, Lexi realized there was now nothing stopping her touching herself. With a happy giggle, Lexi plunged her hand into her own pussy, which was completely exposed. She came almost instantly, but she didn't stop. After what she'd just experienced, one orgasm wasn't nearly enough.

"God," Cordelia scoffed at the sight of Lexi fucking herself on the ground, still breathing hard. "What a mess. She really is just a bimbo slut. Just look at her."

Lexi imagined what she must look like to them: a muscular, blonde girl with her slutty clothes pulled aside to completely expose her, pussy juice on her face and obscene writing all over her body, who was happily plunging four of her fingers in and out of her cunt as she giggled and moaned with intense pleasure. Lexi couldn't imagine anything more degrading. She was too dumb and horny to question why that was making her cum so hard.

"W-wait," Yamin muttered with a start, after staring at her for moment. "I can't believe I only just... I know you!"

Lexi didn't respond. She was much too concerned with her own pleasure. Ellie turned to Yasmin, astonished. "You know this slut?"

"Yeah." Yasmin nodded. "It took me a while because she's, well, look at her, but yeah. She's in one of my classes. Or at least she used to be. I haven't seen her there recently. No surprise, I guess. Her name is Alex."

"Lexi," Lexi giggled.

"Holy shit," Cordelia exclaimed. "She always like this?"

"No way," Yasmin replied. "She was, like, a meek little nerd. She was always there, right at the front of Professor Sinclair's class. A regular teacher's pet. She used to have brown hair, too. I can't believe she turned into... this."

Lexi just giggled again. She couldn't believe she'd used to be so boring. She could barely remember it. All her memories were so fuzzy.

"Wow," Yasmin. "What do you think happened to her?"

"No idea," Cordelia admitted. "Sounds like she was a top student, right? Hey, uh, Lexi? How come you threw all that away to become... this."

Lexi giggled. It was funny to her how they didn't understand. It was so simple. "It's fun!"

The sorority girls crowding around her wore their disdain and disgust openly on their faces. Lexi started fucking herself harder. The humiliation was so perfect.

"Come on, girls." Cordelia said after a moment. "We got what we paid for. No need to spend any longer hanging around with this whore."

The others nodded, and followed Cordelia as she lead them down the pathway away from Lexi, and eventually around the corner and out of sight. Lexi kept finger-fucking herself to orgasm after orgasm, barely even noticing that she was now alone. She felt completely insatiable. She wanted to go home so she could use her dildo, but she couldn't wait that long. Maybe there was someone nearby who'd be willing to fuck her. Lexi giggled. She knew she was hot, and she knew she looked like a total slut. Why wouldn't someone want to fuck her? That thought made her so happy. As long as people were willing to fuck her, she was happy. What more did she need? She couldn't remember why she'd ever cared about anything else. Being there, on campus, had briefly stirred something within her - a kind of longing for the quiet, peaceful life she'd used to have. But that was gone, drowned by the storm of sex and arousal that was raging all through her mind and her body. Sex was all she needed. Lexi giggled again, and moaned. She really was just a bimbo slut.

"What the hell is... ah!" Lexi's head shot round as she realized that someone else had come up on her, discovering her in the midst of her frenzied masturbation. She flushed an even deeper shade of red as she looked up at the middle-aged woman standing over her, who, after a moment, she realized she recognized.

"Oh my goodness," the woman cried out, clearly shocked by Lexi's appearance. "I... what are you... wait, Alex, is that you?"

Despite the incredible transformation of her appearance, Lexi found herself

recognized for the second time in the space of just a few minutes, this time by her favorite lecturer, Professor Sinclair.

CHAPTER TEN

"Alex, I... well, there really are no words to describe how appalled I am," Professor Sinclair declared, rounding off the small, disjointed, scornful lecture she'd been delivering as she paced around her office.

Lexi just stared at her dumbly from her seat on the far side of Professor Sinclair's desk, in the classroom she'd dragged her to. Her body was still covered in obscene writing and dripping with her own fluids, but Professor Sinclair had given her an oversized jacket and insisted she wrap herself up in it, for modesty's sake. Professor Sinclair, by contrast, was the perfect picture of a middle-aged academic, with her suit jacket, pencil skirt, thick-rimmed glasses, and brunette hair drawn back into a severe ponytail. "Who's Alex?"

Professor Sinclair's hands tensed, and she looked like she was about to tear her own hair out. "You!"

"Oh." Lexi giggled, remembering that she'd already asked that a couple of times. "That's right! But everyone calls me Lexi."

"No! They don't! They- gah!" Professor Sinclair broke off with a frustrated grunt, before recomposing herself. "Your name is not the issue at hand. The issue at hand is the state I found you in, slumped over behind the lecture theater moaning like an animal and looking like... well, I don't want to say it."

Lexi let out a happy sigh, as she was warmed momentarily by the memory of what Cordelia and the rest of the sorority girls had done to her. It had been so good. Sure, she'd been confused at first, but in the end she'd cum so hard. She'd never been used like that before, but now she couldn't wait for it to happen again. Her head was telling her it was a bad idea, but her pussy throbbed at the prospect, and Lexi always listened to her pussy over her head. It wasn't like she was smart enough to ever really know what was best.

"I mean, for God's sake," Professor Sinclair continued, "When I first saw you, I thought anything might have happened! I was so worried, until you made it very clear that you were an enthusiastic participant in... whatever that was."

Lexi giggled and nodded.

"And now," Professor Sinclair said, touching her fingertips to her lined forehead in

frustration, "I have to decide what to do with you. According to school policy, for an issue like this I should be contacting the dean, although I haven't the faintest idea what I should tell him. You should know that I would be well within my rights to contact the police. Indecent exposure is a crime, Alex! But part of me thinks I ought to call your parents. I'm sure they'd be very disappointed in you, not to mention worried. I mean... what the hell has happened to you, Alex?"

Lexi giggled again, and twirled a lock of her blonde hair around her fingers. "What do you mean?"

"Well, your hair, for starters!" Professor Sinclair exclaimed.

Lexi frowned, momentarily confused. "Hasn't my hair, like, always been like this?"

"No! Of course not!" For a moment, Lexi tried to figure out what Professor Sinclair meant, before she gave up and let her face relax into a dumb smile again. "Your hair, that makeup, those incredibly revealing clothes I found you with, all of that is completely out of character for you! And your body - well, maybe a bit of exercise has been good for you, but those muscles are quite the change. None of that is against school regulations, precisely, but I cannot imagine that it is unrelated to the other, more troubling aspects of your behavior. I mean, Alex, you used to be one of my favorite students! You were always right there in the front row, eagerly taking notes and raising your hand to answer questions. But then your attendance starting trailing off. You stopped answering my emails. You stopped handing in assignments. Do you even know that you're on academic probation? Do you even care?"

Lexi stared at Professor Sinclair dumbly. "What's, like, academic prob-... probab... probation?"

"Jesus Christ..." Professor Sinclair look at her in horror. "Alex, just tell me, what the hell happened? Why did you stop coming to class? Why did you stop handing in any work?"

"Um..." Lexi scratched her head. When she thought really hard, it was just about possible for her to remember some of the stuff Professor Sinclair was talking about. "It was just, like, so boring."

A vein bulged in Professor Sinclair's forehead. "What?"

"Just, like, yknow. Sitting in class, all that reading, all that writing. It's just, like, soooo dull. So uncool. Why would I wanna, like, read a book, when I could be working on my body instead? And having a cute body means that, like, all kinds of girls are into me. Girls are, like, way more fun than books." Lexi trailed off into a fit of giggles. She felt so silly for explaining all that to Professor Sinclair. The professor was smart, sure, but she was so uptight.

"So," Professor Sinclair began slowly, after a long pause. "You are telling me, Alex,

that you completely threw away your promising academic record, just because you wanted to have fun?"

Lexi nodded happily. Maybe Professor Sinclair did understand.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" Professor Sinclair snapped.

Lexi blinked, taken aback. She wasn't sure she'd ever heard a professor swear like that before.

"I cannot believe - I refuse to believe - that the Alex I knew would even be so frivolous or stupid! You had goals, Alex. Priorities. How could you just abandon all that? This is the kind of behavior I'd expect from a cheerleader on a sports scholarship, not a bright girl like you."

Lexi squirmed in the uncomfortable chair, withering under the weight of Professor Sinclair's scorn. She felt ashamed and humiliated for reasons she couldn't quite remember, but at the same time, her body was starting to grow hot. She was reminded of the way that Cordelia and her friends had insulted and degraded her as they fucked her. It had been amazing, and their insults had been part of it. They'd made her feel so hot and weak and sensitive, and had driven her pleasure to new heights.

"For god's sake, right now you look like a total... a total slut! Like a regular blonde bimbo!" Lexi squirmed even more. "It's disgraceful. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Professor Sinclair sighed. "Why am I even bothering? If you don't care about your academic status here, there's no reason I should either. I'm reporting you to the dean, along with my recommendation that you be suspended. Perhaps even expelled."

"Expelled..." Lexi echoed. Despite everything, hearing that word was a shock to her system. Dropping out of school was one of her greatest fears. She remembered that now. She couldn't let that happen. Not after all the work she'd put in to get there. She'd worked so hard. Had she worked hard? Lexi wasn't sure. It was so hard to remember. Everything was so foggy. But she knew one thing for sure: she couldn't let herself get expelled. "No, please! Professor Sinclair, I'll do, like, whatever you want, I swear."

"You mean, you actually care about staying? Maybe there's still a little hope for you." The professor seemed surprised, but not displeased. Her lips pursed into a tight expression. "Very well. I just need to see a little effort. Perhaps we can sweep this... unfortunate experience under the rug, and with a little extra credit you can catch up in your classes. We just need to figure out where you left off and what you need to catch up on. Where in the course did you get to before you... got sidetracked?"

"Uh..." Lexi tried as hard as she could to think back, but it was futile. "I, like, don't know."

"Oh. Well, take a look at this textbook." Professor Sinclair picked up a thick book from her desk and handed it to Lexi. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"Um..." Lexi looked at the contents page and then flicked through some of the chapters, but none of it was familiar. There were so many pages full of long, complicated words that seemed to blur into each other endlessly. Trying to read it was giving her a headache. "I'm not sure..."

"You're not sure?" Professor Sinclair asked sharply. "How can you not be sure?"

"I'm sorry," Lexi replied, letting out a few nervous giggles.

"Let's try something even simpler." Professor Sinclair was sounding increasingly frustrated. "Alex, look at the words on the blackboard. Do you know what they mean?"

Lexi looked. Just more jargon. It was all meaningless to her. "No..."

Professor Sinclair rubbed her temples with her fingertips. "Alex, those are lecture notes from a 101 class! You covered that material months ago! You aced the class! How can you just have forgotten all that? Are you really that much of an airhead?"

"I... I..." Lexi didn't know what to say. Without realizing it, she started rubbing her legs together. Her body was starting to feel warm again.

"I'd never imagined that I would end up using the word 'stupid' to describe you, of all people," Professor Sinclair continued angrily. "And yet, here we are. You are stupid. Somehow, you, formerly an exemplary student, have become a stupid, dumb, brainless slut. I can't believe this. How can you stand yourself? You're pathetic. Depraved. Does getting fucked really make up for it? Is the sex that good? Huh? Answer me."

"Yes!" Lexi moaned. She was rubbing her legs together faster and faster, and she could feel her thighs growing slick again. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't help it. Professor Sinclair's scorn-laden insults felt so good. They made her head feel so bubbly and light. "S-so good."

Professor Sinclair's face twisted into a mask of utter disgust. "Oh my god," she exclaimed. "You're getting off on this, aren't you?"

Lexi giggled, and moaned again. It was all she could do not to touch herself. The look of disgust in Professor Sinclair's eyes felt incredible. Lexi felt so ashamed, and it felt so good to embrace that shame, instead of hiding from it as she always had.

"This... this is obscene," Professor Sinclair said, obviously flustered. "I will not

indulge this any longer, Alex. Stop... that. I will call the dean immediately. Maybe I'll even have campus security escort you back to your dorm."

Lexi realized she'd fucked up again. She was going to be expelled. As turned on and dumb as she was, she was still afraid of that prospect. She had to do something. Maybe she could do as Professor Sinclair had asked, and prove that she was smart enough and committed enough to continue as a student. Lexi stared at the blackboard again, trying to make sense of what was written on it. The long words and confusing diagrams swirled around in her head like a whirlpool, making her dizzy. Quickly, she sighed and gave up. There was no use. She was simply too dumb. That thought made her giggle, despite the seriousness of her situation. Dumb little Lexi, only good for one thing: sex. That gave her an idea. Lexi looked at Professor Sinclair carefully, a cunning smile on her face. Despite what she had said, Professor Sinclair wasn't calling the dean. Instead, she was simply staring at Lexi, as if mesmerized by the rhythmic movement of her thighs. Lexi understood that she was just a bimbo, but if there was one thing she knew about, it was when people were horny. Professor Sinclair wasn't horny, not yet, but there was a hint of blush in her cheeks, and a look in her eyes that Lexi knew well. A spark of temptation and desire. Lexi could work with that.

"I'm sorry, professor," Lexi moaned, injecting extra sensuality into her arousal-filled voice. "I can't stop. I just can't help myself." Lexi stopped rubbing her thighs together and allowed her legs to fall apart, reaching down with her hand to grind Professor Sinclair's jacket against her needy slit. The whole time she moaned loudly, putting on a perfect performance of being a wanton whore and making sure Professor Sinclair saw every bit of it. Professor Sinclair's eyes went wide with shock and she was clearly aghast at Lexi's shameless display, but she didn't look away.

"Stop that!" Professor Sinclair insisted, after a long pause that undermined the certainty in her voice.

Lexi started to draw back the hem of the jacket, exposing her thighs, still covered with degrading messages. She started stroking the insides of her thighs with her fingertips, noting the way Professor Sinclair's eyes followed. "But professor, I'm just an airhead. A slut. A silly little bimbo." Lexi giggled. "You can't expect me to control myself, can you? I only listen to my pussy."

Professor Sinclair's left eye twitched at the word 'pussy'. She seemed on the verge of both running away and running towards Lexi simultaneously.

"I need it so much," Lexi breathed. She knew that she had Professor Sinclair on the hook. She just needed to keep pushing her, bit by bit. She arched her back and used her other hand to grope her at breast, as her other hand raised the hem of the jacket higher and higher, exposing more and more of her bare skin. She let out an entirely authentic giggle, as the endorphin rush she got from the exhibitionist display she was putting on hit her brain. When she'd woken up that morning, she'd had no idea today was going to be so fun.

"I... you... t-this is outrageous," Professor Sinclair spluttered, her face turning increasingly red.

"I'm just such a naughty bimbo," Lexi moaned, pushing the lust and neediness in her voice to become even more pornographic. "Professor, don't you want to, like, teach me a lesson?"

Professor Sinclair was equal parts appalled and transfixed. Lexi could tell she couldn't look away. Slowly, dumbly, the professor nodded. Lexi slipped a couple of her fingers up underneath her jacket and shivered with pleasure as she started gently stroking her pussy. Professor Sinclair let out a light gasp.

"C'mon professor," Lexi teased. "Don't you want to, like, see a little closer?"

For a long moment, she didn't move, and Lexi started to worry she'd pushed too hard. But then, slowly, Professor Sinclair took a step forward. She moved slowly, zombie-like, almost as if her body was outside of her own control. She was mesmerized by the sight of Lexi's exposed, lewd body, and seemingly unaware of what she herself was doing. Lexi rewarded her by lifting the jacket further with each step Professor Sinclair took, showing off more and more of herself and enticing her professor closer and closer. Only once Professor Sinclair was right in front of her did Lexi unravel the belt holding the two sides of the jacket together around her body and let them fall apart, leaving her little better than naked, with her tits and her pussy completely revealed. Lexi was gratified to see Professor Sinclair's eyes go perfectly round in awe.

"Oops! Lexi giggled. "Clumsy me." She started masturbating in earnest now, eagerly thrusting her fingers inside of herself as she tugged on one of her nipples with her other hand. She'd been thoroughly used and fucked by the sorority girls not long ago, but her pussy was insatiable. Her experience seemed to have only left her more sensitive and eager for more. The pleasure filled her head with blissful pink fog, but she was still attentive enough to notice Professor Sinclair's eyes darting all over her body, reading all the obscene things the sorority girls had written on her. Each one broke her composure a little more. Lexi enjoyed the effect her writhing, undeniably sexy body was having on the middle-aged woman who had been lecturing and insulting her just moments ago. It made her feel powerful. She'd never felt powerful like that before, back when she'd been the good, mousy-haired, boring student Professor Sinclair had been droning on about. She knew she was just a bimbo, but Lexi figured she understood at least one thing Professor Sinclair didn't: being sexy was so much better than being smart.

"How... can you just..." Professor Sinclair mumbled.

"It's, like, easy!" Lexi answered. "I'm just a dumb, slutty little fucktoy!" Professor Sinclair's nostrils flared. Lexi giggled and let her tongue loll out of her mouth for a moment, and she bent forward and used a hand to press her tits together. "Don't you wanna play with me?"

Professor Sinclair didn't answer, but the look in her eyes made it plain exactly what she wanted. Lexi had never seen her professor with such a fire of raw hunger in her eyes. Professor Sinclair was obsessed with her, obsessed with what had happened to her, and that obsession, along with her disgust, was fueling her arousal. She couldn't look away. She couldn't stop herself moving closer. Lexi would exploit that as much as she could.

"Closer," Lexi moaned softly, enticingly. "Don't you want to, like, see what you can do to me?"

Professor Sinclair sank to her knees, bit by bit, until her head was level with Lexi's waist. Lexi spread her legs wider, making sure that she could see everything she wanted to see, and then she returned to pleasuring herself in earnest. One hand rubbed earnestly around the lips of her sopping cunt, whilst with the other she vigorously fucked herself with three fingers as her thumb stimulated her clit. She made sure that Professor Sinclair could see it all. Lexi felt like a stripper putting on a show, and it was turning her on so much. Her moaning and her giggling blended together, making her sound like every bit the brainless whore she knew she was. In Professor Sinclair's face, she could see every little reaction to every little thing she did with her body - every moan, every gyration and roll of her hips, each time she pleased herself with her tits or buried her hand to the hilt in her pussy. From the way Professor Sinclair was shifting her body, Lexi could tell she was incredibly aroused. Lexi badly wanted to bury her face between the professor's legs, just to see how completely she could corrupt the stuffy, middle-aged academic.

"Touch me," Lexi begged, once she judged the moment was right. "Please, Professor Sinclair, I need you to touch me. I need you to fuck me."

Slowly, the professor lifted one of her hands, gradually outstretching it towards Lexi. It was as if she was at war with herself, her willpower fighting against her last remaining vestiges of decency and professionalism. Lexi knew it was a losing battle. Professor Sinclair was out of her depth. Lexi was almost certain she'd never been so turned on, and she was probably telling herself she had already gone too far for it to be worth turning back. Lexi couldn't wait to show her how much further she had to go. It would be so easy to lead her. The complicated words written on the blackboard of the classroom no longer made any sense to her, but she'd become an expert at temptation and sex. All she had to do was keep touching herself as Professor Sinclair's fingers inched closer to her flushed skin.

When Professor Sinclair finally touched her, grazing her fingertips across her toned thigh, Lexi let out a loud gasp. It wasn't fake. As good as her own fingers felt, the touch of another was always better. Masturbation wasn't enough to sate her. She needed to be fucked. A touch - any touch - was enough to send her arousal into overdrive. Professor Sinclair almost drew back at Lexi's wanton reaction, but she stilled herself. Clearly the touch was just as intoxicating to her as it had been to Lexi. The woman started stroking along her thigh, exploring her. She was tentative at first, but her confidence, or perhaps her need, was swiftly growing.

Lexi made sure to encourage her with her moans as Professor Sinclair's touch inched higher, towards her pussy. She noticed, though, that most of all, the professor seemed enthralled by the lines of powerful musculature that covered her form, the results of so many hours dedicated training at the gym.

"Oh you like that, professor? You like your little muscle slut?" Lexi giggled. "This is, like, what I was doing all those hours I was missing your classes. Working on my body. It was, like, so much more fun."

"Slut..." Professor Sinclair whispered.

"That's right!" Lexi agreed happily. "Being strong and hot like this is, like, way more important to me than being smart! Classes were lame. But now, I look like this, and everyone wants to fuck me." Lexi giggled again. "Even you."

"You... God!" Professor Sinclair's voice was shaky and unsteady.

"Do you like muscular girls, professor?" Lexi reached out to lightly stroke Professor Sinclair's hair with a couple of her fingers. The professor didn't shrink away from her touch. "Do you wanna, like, see what I can do with this body?" She giggled. "Or what you can do with it?"

Professor Sinclair nodded.

"Or maybe," Lexi continued, "you wanna, like, punish me? Punish the naughty student." Lexi giggled. "If you're, like, strong enough, anyway."

"Shut. Up." Professor Sinclair spoke through gritted teeth. Lexi's taunts were enraging her as well as turning her on.

"You should, like, make me," Lexi teased. She stopped touching herself so vigorously, and instead used her hands to spread the lips of her pussy, offering herself to the desperately turned on professor.

Professor Sinclair didn't disappoint her. Spurred on past the point of reason, she moved her hands quickly up Lexi's thighs, stroking her muscles as she did, before arriving at her needy, throbbing cunt. Without hesitating, she thrust three of her fingers into Lexi. Lexi's back arched sharply as she let out a loud moan that was almost a scream. Professor Sinclair's fingers in her pussy felt even better than she'd imagined. She was unskilled, but the sheer taboo thrill of having one of her own professors finger-fucking her was unbelievably intoxicating. Knowing she'd been able to inspire such powerful, overriding lust was making her skin bristle with energy and warmth. Lexi was feeding on it, growing more and more confident even as her thoughts were pushed aside by bliss.

"M-more," she moaned. She wasn't performing anymore, not even a little bit. She

needed more pleasure. Lexi always needed more. She was addicted to it, and to anyone who could give it to her.

Her professor obliged, thrusting harder and falling to a quick rhythm, driving her fingers in and out of Lexi, sending pleasurable waves through her that constantly crashed over and into each other, leaving her shivering and squirming constantly. Professor Sinclair was clearly inexperienced, but she was learning quickly. She seemed to be studying Lexi's reactions to each different way her fingers turned and thrust, and making use of what she noticed to drive Lexi to even greater heights of ecstasy. Her other hand strayed up Lexi's body, lingering at her stomach to feel and trace the lines of each one of Lexi's muscular abs as the blonde bimbo twisted and turned in the chair, before reaching her tits. Professor Sinclair explored them just as thoroughly as she was Lexi's cunt. Lexi felt the sense of power she'd experienced earlier slipping away as Professor Sinclair figured out exactly how to turn her into a helpless, mewling fuckdoll. That didn't bother Lexi one bit. Control was fun, but being a submissive toy was just so much better.

"Harder, harder!" Lexi begged, through insane giggling. "P-please!"

"Yes!" Professor Sinclair answered, her voice almost equally thick with pleasure and sex. She started thrusting harder and faster, bringing forth louder moans from Lexi's full lips, but it still wasn't enough.

"More!" she moaned. "More, please, please... fuck, I need you to fuck me harder. P-please, professor, fuck me, fuck me!"

Her barely-coherent, lust-fueled begging was like a red rag to a bull. Incensed, Professor Sinclair increased her pace yet again. She was shifting closer and closer to Lexi, until she was so close Lexi could feel her warm breath on her sensitive skin. The sensation drove Lexi wild.

"Use," she grunted, "your mouth. Please. Eat out my slutty cunt. Please, professor, please, give it to me!"

It was then that Professor Sinclair took her by surprise. In a single, quick, explosive moment, she surged upwards and forwards until she was looming over Lexi and leaning against her with her body. The whole time, her hand kept working over Lexi's pussy. Lexi found herself looking up at the manic-eyed professor, and was momentarily stunned by the sudden reversal of positions that had taken place. Once again, Professor Sinclair's face was full of anger and disgust, but she was flushed and panting hard with arousal.

"You think I'd use my mouth on you, you filthy slut?" Professor Sinclair no longer sounded mesmerized. She sounded aggressive. "You think you can tell me what to do?"

"N-n-no?" Lexi replied, her addled mind struggling to adjust to whatever had just

happened.

"You. Are. A. Fucking. Student," Professor Sinclair told her, punctuating each word by plunging her fingers deep into Lexi's cunt, which was wetter and needier than ever. "I'm the professor. Do you understand? I'm in control here."

"Yes," Lexi agreed readily, but the professor slapped her sharply in the face with her free hand.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, professor!" Lexi could tell what Professor Sinclair wanted from her.

"That's better." Professor Sinclair licked her lips, and kept finger-fucking Lexi. "I was worried about you, you know? But it turns out you've turned into just another one of those brainless sluts who thinks they don't need to bother with anything except getting their cunts filled. Pathetic. At least finally I can take out my frustration on one of you."

"Mmmaahhh!" Lexi moaned. For some reason, the way Professor Sinclair had so suddenly taken control of her had made her insanely turned on. The raw disgust and hostility in the woman's voice made her shiver deliciously all over. She felt so humiliated and small, and it was so good.

"You should apologize to me," Professor Sinclair continued, her words dripping with contempt, "for ever making me waste my time and effort on you."

"I'm... s-sorry!" Lexi obeyed. She was too far gone to question or resist.

"Apologize for being such a worthless, shameless whore."

"I'm sorry!" Lexi repeated, but Professor Sinclair just slapped her again.

"For what?"

"I-I'm sorry for being..." Lexi giggled again, and was rewarded with yet another slap, which made her moan. "Such a w-worthless... shameless... whore!"

"Good." Professor Sinclair looked down, and then sniffed. "Oh my god, look at you! You're dripping all over my chair. Disgusting. I think you should apologize for that too."

"I'm s-sorry," Lexi whined, her voice distorted by her constant moaning. "I c-can't help it!"

"I suppose you can't," Professor Sinclair commented, her face twisting into a cruel

smile. "You really can't, can you? I can't believe I ever thought you were smart. You're not better than an animal. You're even marked like an animal. Look at all this... 'pain toy', 'masochist slut'. It's obscene. You need to be marked like this all the time, don't you? To make sure no-one mistakes you for anything else.

Lexi nodded vigorously. She'd never imagined Professor Sinclair had it in her to be so cruel. Lexi was loving it.

"Now... what am I going to do with you?" Professor Sinclair pondered, still clearly enjoying the way she was making Lexi squirm.

"P-please..." Lexi managed. There was only one thing on her mind at this point.

"Oh?" Professor Sinclair asked, cruel delight in her eyes. "You want something?"

"Please... I need... to cum," Lexi begged. Her whole body was longing for it.

"You want to cum?" Professor Sinclair sounded astonished. "And what on Earth makes you think I would care about helping you with that.

"P-please... I'll do... anything. Just please... I need it."

"Anything? Wow." Professor Sinclair slapped Lexi again, and then slipped her hand down Lexi's face and fastened it around her throat. "You really mean it, don't you? You'd do anything right now, in exchange for an orgasm. Don't you realize how utterly pathetic that is?"

Lexi nodded and Professor Sinclair squeezed her neck, rendering her unable to speak.

"We don't need to hear anything more out of you, do we? A brainless bimbo like you doesn't have anything important to say. You just need to shut up and take your punishment. Cum? A reward is the last thing you deserve." Despite her words, Professor Sinclair kept finger-fucking Lexi just as hard as before. Her grip on Lexi's neck grew tighter and tighter by the moment, turning Lexi's wild moans into strangled squeaks of pleasure.

"How does it feel?" Professor Sinclair scoffed. "Never mind. I can tell you're enjoying it. Of course you are. You'd enjoy anything, wouldn't you, slut? I suppose I'll just have to try and enjoy debasing you even more."

Lexi realized Professor Sinclair was gripping her throat so hard she couldn't breathe. She brought up one of her own hands to clasp Professor Sinclair's arm at the wrist, but the professor wouldn't relent, and Lexi was just so weak. The overwhelming pleasure filling her body was making her twitch and shiver constantly, sapping her strength. Without air, her head was growing lighter and emptier by the moment. Even more than usual, she couldn't focus. The

corners of her vision were going dark.

"I've heard this feels extremely good," Professor Sinclair commented, her almost-clinical tone contrasting with the crazed expression on her face. "Is this how you're going to cum, slut? With me choking the breath out of you?"

Lexi was powerless to respond. She was powerless to do anything. She was drowning in pleasure. As she felt her consciousness slip away, it grew stronger and stronger. Not just in her cunt, in her whole body. Everything was so warm. She felt so faint. She was so close.

"Fine, then," Professor Sinclair sneered. "Cum."

At that same instant, she doubled the pace of her hand against Lexi's slit. That was all it took to push her over the edge. The pleasure was incredible. Indescribable. It was like an explosion firing off in her brain. The fact that she was on the verge of blacking out made it so much better. There was no room in her mind for anything except bliss. She would have screamed, if she'd had any air left in her lungs with which to do so. Professor Sinclair kept fucking her mercilessly as she came, watching as Lexi slumped in the chair and turned this way and that, desperate for air helpless in the grasp of her own orgasm. She was still cumming when the professor finally released her throat, allowing her to breathe once more. Lexi took several long, grateful breaths, and let out a weak, high-pitched moan. When the oxygen hit her brain again, everything was thrown back into sharp relief, including the pleasure. Lexi's eyes rolled back into her head. She'd never felt so good before.

For just a few seconds, Lexi did black out. Long since overwhelmed, her mind simply short-circuited. When she returned to her senses, Professor Sinclair was no longer attending to her pussy. Instead, the professor was on her feet again, backing away from Lexi and staring at her in horror.

"W-what," Professor Sinclair spluttered. "What have I done? How could I have done that?"

Lexi giggled weakly. "Thanks for the good time, professor.

"You... you made me. You t-tempted me."

"Nope!" Lexi declared brightly. "It was just like you said, remember? You were in control."

"I..." Professor Sinclair swallowed awkwardly. "You... you're a menace. I'll see to it that you're thrown out of here so fast it'll make you're head spin. You-"

"Oh, I don't think so," Lexi interrupted. It was all coming back to her now. It had all played out just like she'd planned. Lexi felt proud of herself. She could be pretty smart

sometimes, for an airheaded bimbo. "Cause, like, professor, I don't think you want anyone finding out about this, do ya?"

The blush in Professor Sinclair's face faded, and she slowly turned white. "Alex, you wouldn't..."

"The name's Lexi." Lexi giggled. "And yeah, like, I would. So... how about you keep giving me straight As, and we, like, keep this between us, 'kay?"

"I... that's... you... my..." Professor Sinclair spluttered incoherently for a long time, before stumbling around to the other side of her desk and collapsing into her chair. Finally, she looked at Lexi, and nodded. "Fine."

"Yay! I'm glad we could come to, like, a deal." Lexi rose unsteadily to her feet and wrapped Professor Sinclair's jacket around herself again. She couldn't be bothered with her own clothes. She started heading for the door, but before she left, she turned back to the defeated-looking professor and said with a wink: "And if you ever want another fuck, just lemme know!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lexi hummed an upbeat tune as her music played in her ears and her feet pounded the pavement, as she went for her afternoon jog. The exercise and the fresh air always invigorated her. Her body was thrumming with energy, and she wanted both to hit the gym and work herself until she was exhausted and to go home and finger-fuck her needy cunt until she passed out with a happy, post-orgasmic smile on her face. Lexi giggled. Life was easy. Life was simple. Life was good. She only had simple choices to make now. Work out, or masturbate? Who did she want to fuck today? Sometimes, that second one wasn't up to her, but that was OK too. Lexi giggled again, and felt her cheeks fill with heat. She loved being Sierra's whore. No matter what, everything was easy now. She should have fucked Professor Sinclair ages ago. Now, she was getting straight As without having to go to any of those boring classes she vaguely remembered once caring about, and she wasn't getting any of those obnoxious emails about her grades and her attendance. She could just enjoy being a nice, hot, dumb, slutty, muscular bimbo. Lexi couldn't imagine any better life. She was so happy.

"Excuse me."

At the same moment, Lexi heard someone trying to get her attention and felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned, already licking her lips. Maybe it was someone looking to pick her up. She was always up for that. But when she turned around, she barely had time to take in the vaguely-familiar face in front of her before she felt a sharp blow to her head, and everything went black.

When Lexi awoke, her head felt like a ringing bell. It was twice as foggy as it had been before, and before she could shake off her confusion, a spot on one side of her head started throbbing so hard it made her groan. What the hell had happened?

"You're awake?" The feminine voice sounded strangely concerned. Lexi tried to open her eyes, but when she did the room span so much it made her nauseous.

"Wha..?" was all she could manage.

"I'm sorry about your head," said the voice, now tinged with contrition. "I hope it doesn't hurt too much. I was trying to be careful."

"W-who?" Lexi asked. The voice was familiar, just as the face had been, moments before she'd passed out. Lexi forced her eyes open, and saw a punk-looking girl with a sidecut looking down at her with a worried expression on her face.

"Wha?" Lexi repeatedly dumbly. She realized she was seated in a chair and tried to stand up, but then she realized she was bound to the chair with a complex series of ropes and knots. She pulled against them for moment. There was no give at all. There was no chance of her slipping free.

"I'm sorry!" the punk girl said again. She seemed strangely earnest, for a kidnapper. "It was just the only way. At least I think so... You'll understand! I hope..."

"Um," Lexi began uncertainly, the throbbing pain in her head beginning to subside. "Do I, like, know you?"

The punk looked sad for a moment, but then made herself smile ruefully. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised you don't remember me, after everything that's been done to you. I'm Ashe."

Lexi blinked, nonplussed.

"We met one time at the mall," Ashe supplied.

Lexi blinked again.

Ashe sighed. "We met again a few weeks ago when you were out jogging and we kinda... fucked."

"Oh!" Lexi giggled, and let out a happy sigh at the memory. "I remember now. You were good."

Ashe blushed. "Thanks," she said quietly.

"So. Um." Lexi looked pointedly down at the ropes binding her to the chair. "Is this, like, for fun? Cause I can, like, totally roll with that."

"No." Ashe suddenly turned dead serious. "Alex, I'm doing this to save you."

"Alex?" Wasn't that what Professor Sinclair had called her too? It sounded so silly, Lexi thought. It didn't suit her at all. "I'm Lexi!"

"Exactly." Ashe looked her dead in the eyes. "Alex, or Lexi or whatever, I know this situation is pretty fucked up but I really need you to listen to me right now: you're not supposed to be like this. This isn't you. You're not trashy and slutty and dumb. You're really smart! And,

well, kind of a nerd, but in a cute way. This was all done to you by someone."

Lexi blinked and tilted her head, confused. She couldn't wrap her head around that idea. "What do you mean?"

"It's Winter," Ashe explained. "I've been... keeping an eye on you. When we met up before, I noticed something was wrong. You'd changed too much. I knew there had to be something weird going on. So, I started doing a little digging, and I found out about this girl called Winter. I know she's... taken an interest in you lately. Alex, that girl is seriously bad news. I don't know exactly how she does it, but she changes people. She's done it before, and she's done it to you. I don't know exactly what it is. Some kind of hypnosis, is my guess. She's been manipulating you, pulling your strings, ruining your life, and you don't even know it."

Lexi just stared. That was so much for her to wrap her head around. Her? A nerd? It couldn't be. It sounded so fanciful. But wasn't that just what Professor Sinclair had said the other week? As absurd as it seemed, she couldn't quite dismiss it. But Winter, her friend Winter, being responsible? That seemed even more impossible. Winter was Lexi's friend. She trusted Winter implicitly. Winter had never done anything wrong to her. Lexi couldn't believe that her friend would manipulate her like that. And moreover, how the hell would that even be possible? Hypnosis? That was just silly. Still, Lexi could tell Ashe believed it wholeheartedly.

"So, I, like, dunno what you're talking about," Lexi responded eventually, "but I think you should let me go now."

"No!" Ashe cried. "Alex, please, just listen to me! Just try! Try to remember who you were!"

Lexi shifted awkwardly, as much as the ropes holding her would allow. "I, like, really dunno..."

"Come on, Alex!" Ashe bent over, leaning in close. "Focus! Can you really, honestly tell me you've always been this way? Do you really remember it clearly?"

"Um, I guess..." Truthfully, Lexi wasn't so sure. It was hard to remember. Everything was so foggy. Always so foggy.

"I can tell you don't really mean that," Ashe pressed. "You can remember it, can't you? Being smart? Being top of the class? Being a star student? Think about your grades. Think about all those hours spent in the library."

"I don't..." There was something. Lexi wasn't sure what it was, but it was something. Trying to think about it was making her head hurt.

"Think about your body," Ashe continued. "You weren't always blonde,

remember? When I first met you, you had brown hair. And you were all skinny and mousy. Look at yourself now." Ashe gestured to Lexi's exposed arms and midriff, her gaze following the lines of her chiseled abs and sculpted biceps. "It doesn't feel right, does it? I'm sure you can remember, if you really try. You can remember being different. You can remember that this isn't natural for you. You can!"

"Stop!" Lexi cried out. The dissonant clash of memories she was experiencing was making her head hurt. She didn't want to think about this anymore. "Just stop! I don't know what the hell you're talking about, weirdo. Just let me go home." She started testing the ropes again, but even her strong, well-trained body wasn't capable of breaking them.

Ashe sighed. She looked wounded by Lexi's words. "OK, I guess you're too far gone for that. That's OK. I expected that. We can try something else."

"Or how about you just, like, let me go!" Lexi snapped. "If you wanna tie me up, you gotta at least show me a good time, jeez."

"Let's make a deal," Ashe said evenly. "You go along with what I wanna do for ten, maybe fifteen minutes, and then I'll let you go. I promise. I'll let you go, and you can leave and do whatever you want. Deal?"

Lexi pouted. "Fine. Just get it over with quickly."

Ashe turned her back to Lexi for a moment, picking something up off the table behind her. She turned back around, revealing it was a pocket watch. "We're going to do some hypnosis," the punk girl announced.

Lexi rolled her eyes. Hypnosis? That was obviously fake. But she knew it would be best to just play along, so she could get of there.

"I should probably admit that I, um, don't really know what I'm doing." Ashe's serious, confident demeanor cracked a little, letting her nervousness shine through. "I've never done this before. But I've been doing a lot of research, and I think I'll be able to get the hang of it and make it work."

"What do you need me to do?" Lexi asked flatly. She had no reason to hide her impatience.

"It's simple," Ashe explained, keeping a tight rein on her anxiety and irritation. She walked around behind Lexi, standing behind the chair until Lexi couldn't really see her, even when she craned her neck. "You just need to keep staring at this pocket watch, and listen to what I'm telling you. That's all."

Reaching over the top of her head, Ashe dangled her pocket watch in front of

Lexi's face by a long chain. It was simple, bronze and un-ornamented. Lexi's eyes locked onto it instantly. It wasn't simply that she'd decided to go along with Ashe wanted her to do. Looking at the pocket watch felt almost instinctual, somehow. It was familiar. The steady rhythm of the watch hands ticking around the plain, white clock face made her mind feel calm and quiet. She still didn't believe in hypnosis, but she was struggling to feel quite as skeptical as she had done just a few moments ago. It was hard to deny that the simple sight of a pocket watch on a chain was having some kind of effect on her, and the effect grew stronger once Ashe started gently manipulating the chain in her hand to set the pocket watch slowly swinging back and forth before Lexi's eyes.

"Just watch," Ashe whispered, and the soft, gentle, melodic tone of voice she used made Lexi shiver, even though she sounded a little like she was reading from a script. "That's all you need to do for me. Just watch. Keep your eyes fixed on the center of my pocket watch, as it swings back and forth. Back and forth. Back and forth."

"This is, like.... dumb," Lexi murmured, but her voice was already sounding sleepy and slurred.

"Shh," Ashe soothed. "No talking now. Just breathe. Take a few nice deep breaths. That'll help relax you. Inhale, and let your lungs naturally fill to their fullest extent. Exhale, and let it all out, nice and slowly, nice and evenly."

Without consciously meaning too, Lexi found herself doing exactly what Ashe was telling her too. It felt so natural to obey. With her mind entirely focused on the swinging pocket watch in front of her, it was like Ashe's suggestions completely bypassed her conscious brain, controlling her body directly as if she was a puppet on strings. Lexi could feel herself weakening and relaxing. She could feel herself breathing deep in time with Ashe's words, and knew that she couldn't bring herself to stop even if she wanted to. She felt helpless. She could already feel her mind softening and melting, and her thoughts growing dim around the edges. Lexi knew she was just a dumb bimbo, but how could she be so weak to this? So susceptible?

"All you need to do is stare," Ashe continued. "You can do that, can't you? Just stare at the watch." Lexi found herself nodding slowly. "Focus on the center. Let your eyes be drawn into it. Let the ticking of the hands and the swinging of the chain keep all your attention on that one spot."

Lexi obeyed. She couldn't not obey. Everything was so rhythmic, so soothing. Ashe's voice, the tick of the watch, the way it was swinging. Lexi could sense herself being lured into rhythm with it all. Her breathing, her thinking, even her heartbeat seemed to be settling into it. She was being pulled into state where everything was numb and dull. It was irresistible.

"Count for me," Ashe urged. "Count the seconds as they tick, tock, tick, tock."

Lexi giggled, sounding even more air-headed than usual. Maths wasn't her strong

suit. Even something as simple as basic counting - she just found it so easy to get distracted. All the same, when Ashe told her too, she started counting in time with each second that the swinging pocket watch tracked. "One... two... three... four... five... six..."

Lexi felt a fingertip stroke along her arm. The touch felt so gentle, so sensual, so intimate, it made her moan. "Ah!"

"Keep counting," Ashe insisted, her voice sounding even closer than before, like she was right by Lexi's ear. The possibility of disobedience didn't even occur to Lexi. She was long past that.

"S-seven. Eight." It took Lexi a moment to remember her place, and then she had to count quicker to catch up. "Nine... Ten..." Ashe's touch returned, this time stroking along her face. "E-eleven... twelve..." Lexi wanted to look round and see what Ashe was doing, but she couldn't. Her eyes were fixed on the watch. Only on the watch.

"Good, you're doing so well," Ashe murmured. Her hand moved down over Lexi's jawline and down her neck, caressing her collarbones and the top of her chest. Involuntarily, Lexi arched her back. Her mind was so quiet that each touch felt like a bolt of lightning. It was so powerful. So hard to think about counting. Lexi wanted more.

"Um... f-fifteen?" Lexi ventured uncertainly, when she realized she'd stopped counting. She half-expected to be correcting, but the only response she got was a small, amused laugh from behind her. "Sixteen... seventeen... um..." Ashe's hand on her chest was so distracting. It kept venturing lower and lower, exploring the hem of her low-cut top and sliding down towards her cleavage. "E-eighteen... nineteen..."

"Good girl." Ashe's praise made Lexi blush. She remembered being praised like that before. Everything about this experience was so familiar. If only she could remember why. "How about... here?"

Suddenly, Ashe's hand was at Lexi's hip. The unexpected sensation made Lexi shiver, and caused her to emit another low moan. It was so hard for her to think. So hard to focus. Her mind was shrinking. She couldn't handle focusing on the watch and the way Ashe was touching her, not both at once. It was too much. But still, she had to try and count. She could hear the command echoing in her ears and through her emptying mind. "Um... er... twenty... um... t-twenty... no... seventeen?"

"Not quite," Ashe said, sounding amused. "Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three," Lexi repeated, grateful for the assistance. "Twenty-four... twent-ah!" Ashe's hand was on her thigh now, exploring her, tracing the lines of her muscles. It was maddening. Lexi's body felt so distant, yet so hot. She was craving more, even as her mind was slipping away. Even something as simple as a hand stroking her thigh felt overwhelming.

Thinking was overwhelming. "Twenty... um... twenty..."

"You've lost count?" Ashe asked. Lexi's beleaguered mind strained to remember which number she was supposed to be at, but her thoughts were so utterly scrambled by the way Ashe had been touching her. With hand still on her hip, Ashe put her other hand up Lexi's loose fitting top, feeling her way over each one of Lexi's abs. Lexi went limp. That was her limit. Along with the watch, two hands touching her so sensually was simply too much for her. Her brain short-circuited. She felt everything slipping away, her vision vanishing to the single point at the absolute center of the pocket watch. It was like she had fallen down a well. Lexi nodded, very slowly. She'd lost count.

"You can't think anymore, can you?"

Lexi shook her head.

"You're hypnotized right now," Ashe stated.

Lexi didn't react. She just kept staring blankly at the swinging pocket watch. She was numb to Ashe's touch now. She was hypnotized.

"You've been hypnotized like this before, haven't you?"

Lexi nodded. She didn't know how she knew that. She couldn't think. She couldn't remember. But she knew the answer.

"Good." Ashe let out a sigh of relief. "OK. Listen carefully. I want you to close your eyes." Lexi obeyed. "I want you to imagine your mind. I know that sounds complicated, but it's not. It's very simple. Just imagine your mind as big, round ball, floating in an empty, peaceful space."

Lexi did as Ashe said. She formed the mental image of a ball. It was pink. It was her mind.

"Now, I want you to imagine everything everyone's ever said to you while you were hypnotized. Every command, every suggestion. Imagine each one as a rope, tied around that ball that is your mind in a tight knot.

Unthinkingly, Lexi obeyed. The imagine in her mind changed in accordance with Ashe's instructions. Her mind-ball was covered in ropes. Lexi wasn't surprised. In trance, she wasn't capable of being surprised.

"When I snap my fingers," Ashe continued, "you will imagine me cutting those ropes for you. You'll imagine those knots unraveling, those ropes falling away, leaving your mind as it once was, unaltered. Are you ready?"

Lexi just nodded.

Ashe snapped her fingers. Lexi shuddered as, in an instant, all the ropes, all the suggestions and commands and brainwashing, fell away. Her mind was her own again. New memories, new realizations, new conclusions flooded her mind. It was impossible to believe. It was horrifying. It was just as overwhelming as what Ashe had done moments ago. She didn't know how to process it. The light of her new knowledge blazed like the sun, so bright that it dazzled her completely. She couldn't handle it. Her mind recoiled at the knowledge of what had been done to her. Drowned by the light, she blacked out.

By the time she awoke, her back and neck had grown stiff from the way she was slumped in the chair. She opened her eyes blearily. She half-forgot where she was, but the ropes that still bound her in place were a swift reminder.

"Alex?" came Ashe's concerned voice. "Are you OK?"

Alex... that was her name. Wasn't it? Why did it sound so unfamiliar? Then, everything that had happened, everything that had been done to her, came back to her all at once. Alex's eyes shot wide open. Winter. Sierra. The sorority girls. Professor Sinclair. The gym. School. Her hair. She remembered it all, and she understood. She started trembling.

"Are you... you again?" Ashe asked.

Alex didn't know how to answer that. "I think so," she said. Her mouth was dry.

"Oh, thank god!" Ashe clasped her hands to her face. "I was so worried I'd messed it all up. Let me get you free." Ashe produced a small flick knife, and quickly cut through the ropes holding Alex in place. Once they fell away, Alex was grateful for the ability to move again. She tried to stand, but her legs were so much weaker than she'd expected. "Careful!" Ashe said.

After a few more moments, using the hand-rest of the chair to support herself, Alex was able to make it to her feet. Once she was stable, she surged forwards, and threw herself into Ashe's arms. The punk girl's eyes went wide with surprise, but she threw her arms open and accepted Alex into her embrace. "Thank you," Alex whispered. "Thank you."

"I... of course," Ashe replied, flustered. "You're welcome."

It was a long time before either of them pulled away. Alex just wanted to be held, and the feeling of the warmth of another person helped stave off the dark thoughts she was having about her situation. But she couldn't put it off forever, she knew that.

"How are you feeling?" Ashe asked her. The punk girl was blushing.

"I don't even know how to begin answering that," Alex admitted. She looked down at herself. Her body felt totally alien to her. It wasn't the soft, shapeless, nondescript body she remembered. She was muscular. Toned. Powerful. She had to run her hand over her abs to convince herself they were real. She remembered all those hours spent in the gym well enough, though. How could she have done all that? She'd always wanted to get into working out, to improve her body, but she'd never been able to muster the willpower. Admiring her new body gave her a whole host of mixed feelings to deal with. It felt wrong, it felt like a violation, but in a way, it was what she'd always wanted. Not the muscles perhaps, but she was thin and fit and hot in a way she'd never thought possible. Would she lose this amazing body, now that it was all over? She didn't know how to feel about that, and she didn't want to admit to herself how much regret the prospect filled her with.

Then, a lock of her hair fell into her face. She was blonde now. That prompted a very different set of thoughts. Alex had never thought about going blonde before, or even about dyeing her hair at all. Mousy, dull, brown hair had always suited her, in a depressing kind of way. The change wasn't bad. It was nice to know she could change, in a way. But her new hair color really drove home the way that her identity, who she was, had been wrested away from her. Alex wasn't in control of herself anymore. And it wasn't merely her hair she'd lost control of: she'd lost control of her whole life. Her schoolwork was in tatters. Everything she'd been working towards was in jeopardy. She didn't know if it was too late to recover it.

Maybe it wasn't, thanks to her recent encounter with Professor Sinclair. Thinking about that made her think about the greatest violation of all: the sex. Before Winter, she'd been shy and inexperienced. Now, her head was filled with images of sex, memories so pornographic she could scarcely believe they were real. The fact that her body had been used for such things, against her will, filled her with disgust. But the worst thing was remembering how much she'd enjoyed it. It had felt so good. From her first exhibitionist explorations, to being toyed with at Winter's party, to being used as a whore, the pleasure had been incredible. It had felt so good to cast away all her shame and inhibition away, and just let herself do what had felt good. Two sides of Alex went to war with each other. One side insisted that it hadn't been her, not really. The other side whispered that it was her. It had been her body and her pleasure, even if not her choice. Even now, the memories she was thinking about were bringing shameful warmth to her body, warmth that was growing by the second. All of a sudden, Alex became incredibly conscious of Ashe's gaze, and even of the way the cool air in the punk girl's room felt against her skin. She'd been out jogging in a shamefully slutty, revealing outfit - a low-cut top and tight booty shorts - and that was arousing her too. Alex couldn't believe how sensitive her new body was. It was all she could do not to start panting.

"Are you OK?" Ashe asked again, concerned. "You look kind of ill, do you need to sit down?"

"No, I'm just- ah!" Alex couldn't suppress a moan when Ashe placed a hand on her

exposed shoulder. It had only been to help steady her, but to Alex, the touch had been electric. It reminded her of the way Ashe had touched her earlier, and of all the ways that all kinds of different people had touched her before that. The warmth in her body became a raging furnace. Without warning, her head became fuzzy and full of pink. She had to fight not to giggle. The moment passed, and she recovered, but she was left shaken. Apparently whatever Winter had done to her wasn't gone. Not completely.

"Was that...?" Ashe ventured.

"I think it was just my body," Alex answered, keeping her tone carefully even. "You did good, but apparently my body still has some, er, responses, after everything I've been through." Alex vividly remembered the ball and the ropes. Winter's conditioning was gone. But you couldn't spend so much time masturbating and having sex without it making a difference to your bodies needs, she figured.

"Right," Ashe said awkwardly. "We should talk about what happens next."

"Next? What next?" Alex was confused. Wasn't it over? Or was Ashe talking about between them? Alex blushed. The punk girl was cute, and clearly had feelings for her. And Alex had already experienced what she could do in bed first-hand. The heat returned for a moment, before Alex mentally pinched herself. She needed to stop thinking about sex. "Isn't it over?"

"I mean Winter," Ashe said flatly. Hearing that name made Alex shudder. "Alex, we need to do something about her. What's to stop her doing all that to you all over again? Or to someone else? We need to put a stop to it, once and for all. We need to confront her."

"Right. You're right." The thought of looking Winter in the face again was terrifying, but Alex couldn't deny the sense of Ashe's words. "But... how are we going to confront her?"

"I don't know exactly. I wasn't really thinking that far ahead," Ashe admitted. "But if the worst comes to the worst, it'll be two against one. I've got this." She slipped her knife out of her pocket again for a moment. "And you... well, all those muscles have gotta be good for something, right?"

Alex nodded. "Yeah. Yeah OK. When?"

"Tomorrow. I want to confront her as soon as we can, before she realizes anything is wrong. I've been scoping out her schedule. She doesn't usually leave her place in the morning. How about we meet there, at 10 am?"

Alex nodded again. She looked at the clock Ashe had on her wall. It was already late - 9 pm. She must have been out for a while. "Sounds good."

Suddenly, Ashe blushed. "Um... if you wanted, you could... stay here for the night."

"Oh. Oh!" Alex blushed too, when she realized what Ashe was suggesting. It was a tempting offer, and one her sex-crazed body was screaming at her to accept. But she couldn't. It wouldn't feel right. She had stuff she needed to process. "I can't. I'm sorry. I think I need to be alone for a while."

"Right. Of course. Sorry." Ashe was doing a bad job at hiding her disappointment. She looked so much like a sad puppy, it was making Alex smile.

"But... after?" Alex offered, with a hopeful smile.

Ashe looked up in surprise. A huge grin spread across her face. "After," she repeated. "You go on home now. Like you said, you need to be alone. Just remember. 10 am tomorrow morning, Winter's place. Don't forget."

Alex met Ashe's gaze. "I won't."

The next morning, Alex was sprinting down the sidewalk towards Winter's apartment as fast as her legs could carry her. She glanced at her phone. 11 am. She was late. She was so late. Alex cursed herself for how stupid and self-indulgent she'd been, and then blushed as she remembered it all. She'd gone home from Ashe's place intending to get an early night's sleep, but it hadn't panned out. She'd had a lot to think about, of course, and more than a little anxiety to cope with. But that hadn't been the real problem. No, the real problem had been that she'd been so incredibly horny. Once she was home and alone, it had gotten so much worse. It was like her body now needed sex almost as much as it needed air. The array of sex toys she seemed to have acquired only made things worse, as did all the unbelievably lewd memories she couldn't stop thinking. But Alex had resisted. Touching herself would have felt like giving in. So she'd fallen asleep tortuously slowly, feeling hot and bothered and denied, having to repeatedly stop herself unconsciously rubbing her sheets between her legs.

When she woke up in the morning, she'd already slept through the alarm she'd set for herself. But that had been the least of her problems. Her body had been on fire. She felt like she had a fever. The only thing could she think about was sex. The urge had been so overpowering it had made her feel dumb and giggly again. She'd tried to force herself out of bed, but her legs had been like jelly. In the end, she'd accepted she needed to cave. One orgasm, she'd decided. Surely that was all it would take, to take the edge off?

Ten orgasms later, Alex was left relaxed, feeling totally amazing and blissed-out, and only just clear-headed enough away to pull her hand away from her pussy. At that point it had already been after 10, but even that hadn't been enough to focus her mind. She'd been determined to get dressed and go to meet Ashe as quickly as possible, but she'd ended up

getting side-tracked when she'd taken a look in her closet and discovered that she didn't have any of her old clothes left, at least not that she could find. All she had were work-out clothes and party clothes, all of them incredibly pink and incredibly revealing. She'd started trying things on in the hope that she could craft a less slutty-looking outfit, but the only thing she managed to achieve was turning herself on at the sight of herself in the mirror - a sexy, blonde, athletic bimbo, with clothes to match. She hated thinking that way, but the heat in her body proved irresistible, and that led to another round of shameful yet intense masturbation. By the time she made it out the house, in the least revealing outfit she could find, Alex was left doubting her own ability to stand up to Winter and wishing she'd had the forethought to put Ashe's number in her phone when the punk girl had given it to her so many weeks before.

Finally, when she was over an hour late, Alex arrived at the front door of Winter's place. Just being there set her nerves on edge. She could remember the last time she was here, when Winter had taken her name away. There was no sign of Ashe. Maybe she'd given up when Alex hadn't arrived, Alex thought. Maybe she ought to go to Ashe's place and see if she could find her. But on the other hand, maybe Ashe was already in there. Maybe Ashe needed help. Fighting her fear, Alex walked up to the front door and pressed her ear against it. Inside, all was quiet. What was she supposed to do now? Knock? That seemed absurd. When she rested her weight on the door a little bit, though, it started to swing open. It was already unlocked. What did that mean?

Alex opened the door, and took a couple of steps inside. There was no sign of anyone, or of any struggle having taken place. As quietly as she could, Alex closed the door behind her, and turned back around to begin looking for Ashe.

"Hello, Lexi."

The unmistakable voice had Alex shaking with fear. It was Winter. She wheeled around to see the goth girl standing at the far end of the corridor. She was dressed as immaculately as always, in a pretty black dress with corset detailing, with her raven-black hair framing her pale face and black-painted lips. An unnerving smile was on her face.

"That's not my name," Alex retorted, keeping her voice as even as she could.

"We'll see," Winter said, smirking. "Is there something I can do for you?"

Alex balled her hands into fists. "I've come to... to stop you!"

"Stop me?" Winter feigned puzzlement. "That's funny, I seem to remember someone telling me something similar earlier this morning. She was standing exactly where you are now, too."

"Ashe?" The pit of dread on Alex's stomach was getting worse and worse. "What have you done to her?"

"Done to her? Why, Lexi, I'm offended! I assure you, she's quite alright. In fact, you could say she's never been better." Winter's sadistic grin stretched from ear to ear. "In fact, why don't you see for yourself?"

Winter snapped her fingers. For a second or two, nothing happened. Then, another person appeared in the corridor, walking in a door next to where Winter was standing. It was Ashe! At first, Alex rejoiced at the sight of her. But then, she realized that something was wrong. Very wrong. Ashe wasn't her usual self. She was walking like a zombie, her movements all slow, heavy, and uncoordinated. There was none of her usual spark and personality in her face, only a big, absent, silly grin that Alex recognized all too well. Worst of all, her eyes were huge, unfocused, and utterly, utterly blank. There could be no doubt about it. Ashe had been hypnotized.

Winter rubbed her hands together gleefully. "This is going to be so much fun."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Alex's heart pounded in her chest as she stared in horror at Ashe, slowly swaying in a deep trance. It was like the ground had opened up underneath her, leaving her falling hopelessly into despair. How could it have all gone so wrong so fast? Alex could see that Winter, standing next to Ashe, was still talking, but the blood pounding in Alex's ears was deafening. She was experiencing so many different feelings all at once. Fear. Confusion. Anger. Guilt. Despair. This was all her fault. If only she hadn't been late, Ashe wouldn't have had to face Winter alone. What she supposed to do now? Alex wanted to run, but she knew she'd never be able to forgive herself if she left Ashe in Winter's clutches. But if she stayed and fought, did she even have a chance? Ashe had succumbed to Winter's hypnotic skills, and Alex had no doubt that Ashe was stronger-willed than she was. Maybe Winter had just been toying with her, all along, like a cat playing with a captured mouse, able to sink its fangs in as deep as it liked whenever it grew bored. Maybe there was no hope.

But she had to try, Alex told herself. She wasn't going to run. She had to try and fight for Ashe, just like Ashe had fought for her. Still, that just begged the question: how? How was she supposed to fight? She and Ashe had only had one advantage going for them, the advantage of surprise, and now that was gone. After the way Winter had manipulated her for so long, Alex struggled to believe that she could outwit the cold-hearted, smirking goth girl. What did that leave? Alex looked down at herself, and then at Winter. Maybe there was a way. Maybe all these muscles Winter had made her build were good for something. Alex had never been in a fight in her life, but from all the exercise she'd done she knew her body could stand up to a reasonable amount of punishment. Compared to her, Winter looked incredibly small and fragile. Tapping into her own anger at everything Winter had done to her, Alex clenched her fists and started advancing down the corridor towards the goth girl.

"Not so fast," Winter said calmly. She took a step back, and Ashe stepped forward to place herself directly between Alex and Winter, her expression still completely blank. Alex tried to step to one side, and then the other, but Ashe carefully mirrored her movements to ensure she never had a clear shot at Winter. Alex let her fists unclench as she realized Winter had instructed Ashe to act as a bodyguard - or perhaps a human shield.

"Coward," Alex growled, her choler rising. "Why don't you fight your own battles?"

"I don't know what you mean," Winter answered smoothly. The amusement in her voice only made Alex more eager to punch her in the face. "If anyone saw us now, all they'd see is you assaulting me inside my own home, and my friend here bravely defending me."

"She's not your friend!" Alex yelled hysterically, tears of frustration welling in her eyes. "What have you done to her?"

"She and I simply had a small chat. She was so upset at first. So angry. But I managed to help her see things my way." Winter pressed her body against Ashe's back, and reached a possessive arm over her shoulder to caress the punk girl's limp, unresisting body. "Don't you think she looks happier this way?"

"Let her go!"

"Or what?" Winter rebutted immediately.

"Or I'll... I'll..." Through her near-panic, Alex thought as hard as she could to come up with some kind of credible threat. "I'll walk right out of here and I'll start telling people exactly what you are and what you've done!" It was a bluff, but Alex somehow managed to make it sound convincing.

Winter simply arched one of her eyebrows. "And you think anyone would believe you? Silly Lexi."

Alex bristled at being addressed by that name, but she resisted rising to the taunt. "I'll make them believe me." In truth, she had no idea how she could possibly hope to persuade anyone that her story was genuine, but she couldn't back down from her threat now.

"I doubt it," Winter retorted, but then the goth girl smiled. "But perhaps it doesn't need to come to that. How about we play a simple game? If you win, I'll happily let you and your friend go, and I give you my word that I will never cause you another moment's trouble."

Alex's eyes narrowed. Her first instinct was complete disbelief, but she couldn't detect any hint of dishonesty on the part of the goth girl. Her absolute confidence, however, was deeply unsettling. "And if I lose?"

"Then you will both be mine," Winter answered simply.

Filled with trepidation, Alex weighed the pros and cons. On the one hand, her gut was telling her there was no way she should go along with anything Winter was suggesting. On the other hand, she didn't see that she had any other choice. She had no leverage, and no position from which to negotiate. She couldn't fight Winter, and if Winter called her on her bluff then she'd be even more screwed. Alex didn't trust Winter, but if there was even the slightest chance that Winter was being sincere, it might be the best chance she had. At worst, it would give her more time to think. Alex sighed. "What game?"

Winter's smile widened. "I'm so glad you've decided to play. It's really very simple.

You have to try and wake Ashe here up, using only your words. No touching, only talking. If you wake her up, you win. If, however, you fall into trance first, you lose."

"First?" Alex asked, confused. "You mean, while I'm trying to wake her up, you'll be trying to hypnotize me? That's not fair!" Alex already feared what might happen if Winter whipped out the pocket watch she'd used to hypnotize her before.

"Oh no, not me." Winter's smile grew even wider. "I will simply be an innocent spectator in this little game. The one trying to hypnotize you will be Ashe."

Alex blinked. "What?" As far as she could tell, Ashe was just a mindless puppet right now. How could she possibly be capable of hypnosis?

"You heard me. I know she might seem a little slow-witted right now, but surely that's all the better for you? Unless, that is, you don't think you can win."

"I can win," Alex shot back immediately. She had to make herself believe it. She had to believe that she could reach Ashe.

"Good," Winter said approvingly. "For my part, I promise I will not interfere. I will neither attempt to hypnotize you, nor attempt to keep Ashe in trance. Do you agree to those terms?"

Alex couldn't shake the feeling she was being tricked somehow, but after a few long seconds of thought, all she ended up saying was: "Fine."

"Wonderful!" Winter clapped her hands once, excitedly. "Well then, go right ahead. I'll let you take the first shot."

Again, Winter's unshakable confidence had Alex doubting herself, but she thrust her doubts to one side in order to focus on the task at hand. She looked at Ashe. Her friend was just standing there, swaying slowly from side to side. Her arms were hanging limply at her sides, and there was no trace of personality or emotion in her face or her body language. It hurt Alex to look at her. It hurt her to know that her friend had been reduced to this, all because of her. But she knew there was no time for self-recrimination now. She needed to save her friend. How was she supposed to snap her out of trance? Alex didn't have the first idea. She was even more confused about how Ashe was supposed to try and hypnotize her. How was that possible? Alex wasn't sure Ashe could speak, let alone hypnotize anyone. There was clearly something about all this that Alex was missing. But she couldn't keep tying herself in mental knots forever. Winter was looking at her expectantly. She had to just give it her best shot.

"Ashe," Alex began uncertainly, doing her best to pretend Winter wasn't standing right behind her friend. "I'm sorry. I messed up. I shouldn't have been late. But it's OK, I'm gonna fix this. I'm gonna get us both out of this. Just like you did for me, OK? So just listen to

me. You just need to, um, focus on my voice, and... um, can you even hear me?"

"Yes," Ashe replied, taking Alex by surprise. "I can hear you."

Alex hadn't really been expecting Ashe to say anything, but what really made her falter was Ashe's tone of voice. Whenever Alex had heard the punk girl speak before, she'd always seemed a little high-strung, or a little anxious about something. Now, it was as though all that tension and stress had simply vanished. Ashe sounded more relaxed than anyone Alex had ever heard in her life. There was such blissful ease to her voice her words were almost slurring together, and she was speaking at a slightly higher pitch than normal. She sounded like she was in heaven. The worst part was, Alex could remember all the times she'd spoken in a voice like that, when she'd been under Winter's control. Hearing it again, even from another person, made her body shiver uncomfortably.

"OK. Good." Alex tried not to let her discomfort show on her face. She didn't want Winter to know she was getting to her. But what was she meant to say next? Alex tried to remember the way Ashe had talked to her when their positions had been reversed yesterday. Out of automatic concern, Alex asked: "How are you? Did she... hurt you?"

"Oh no." To Alex's horror, a broad, vacant smile spread across Ashe's face. "I feel, like, totally amazing."

Alex's blood ran cold at hearing the all-too-familiar bimbo-speak come out of her friend's mouth. After another moment, Ashe let out a silly little giggle. It filled Alex with horror and put her on edge so bad it was taking everything she had not to turn tail and run. If Winter had managed to do all this Ashe in just a single morning, what hope did Alex have against her? All of a sudden, now that Ashe was smiling, the punk girl's face didn't seem so blank and empty anymore. It was worse than that. She was wearing the same dumb, airheaded bimbo expression that Alex knew best from seeing it on her own face in the mirror. It was as though seeing it on Ashe was pulling her back. All the memories of what it had been like came back in a rush. They were horrifying, but unfortunately for Alex, they were far more than that. They were exciting, carefree, happy, and incredibly, incredibly hot. It took Alex a long moment to find herself again. She wasn't going to run. She was going to fight. She was going to save her friend. As scared as she was, she was also angry. That was something she could hold on to.

"What the fuck have you done to her?" Alex snapped at Winter.

Winter laughed, her eyes sparkling with delight. "I'm sure you know exactly what I've done to her. Do you like it? Doesn't she seem happy this way? Of course, I didn't have time to give her the same makeover I had you get, so she doesn't exactly look the part. At least, not yet."

"Fuck you," Alex spat.

"I wonder, do you think she'll look good as a blonde?" Winter's voice turned sing-song and taunting, and she reached over to idly play with a strand of Ashe's hair. "I haven't decided on her name yet. 'Ashe' is out of the question, of course. I think 'Ashley' could work, but maybe we could go sluttier."

"You can't. You can't!"

"Well, that's up to you, isn't it?" Winter stepped back away from Ashe again. "Don't you think she's the one you should be talking to?"

"Shit," Alex muttered under her breath, cursing herself for letting Winter distract her. "OK. Ashe. Listen to me. I want you to, um, just look at me, OK? Keep looking at me. Look into my eyes." She thought furiously to try and remember all the things Winter had done to her when she'd hypnotized her. She hated that she had to think that way, but this was Winter's game and she wasn't going to win unless she at least tried to think like her. "I'm going to wake you up, nice and easy. Right now, you're in trance. Your mind is at zero. I'm just going to count up from zero to five, and as I count, you'll feel your mind rising up out of trance and waking up on the number five. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Ashe said blankly, giving Alex a small gleam of hope.

"OK. Ready?" Alex took a deep breath and starting counting. "Zero. One. Feel yourself starting to take the first step towards wakefulness. Two. Your mind starting to rouse and become more active. Three. Your thoughts returning to regular rhythm. Four. Ready to wake up. And, five. Wide awake now."

Nothing happened. Ashe remained standing there, just as she had been before.

"Are you awake?" Alex asked tentatively.

"No," Ashe replied. Her voice, still flat and empty, sank Alex's hopes.

"Shit." Alex sighed.

"You didn't really think it would be that easy, did you?" Winter put in.

Alex ignored her. She still had a couple of ideas left. As sudden as she could, without warning, she screamed "Wake up!" as loudly as she dared. No reaction. Then, equally suddenly, she clapped her hands together as loud as possible. Ashe didn't even blink. Winter laughed softly.

"Why can't she wake up?" Alex asked out loud, more out of frustration than in expectation of an answer.

"Not can't. Won't," Winter replied simply.

"What?" Alex had no idea what she meant.

"Have you ever heard it said that you can't use hypnosis to make someone do anything they don't want to do?" the goth girl asked. Alex nodded. "It's not exactly true. There are all kinds of tricks you can use to make people want to do almost anything, given enough time and skill. That's what I did to you." Alex bristled, but didn't interrupt. "But there is some truth to it. Making people do things they don't want to do is an art. It's manipulation. If you're too crude, too direct, the mind can be quite resilient to suggestions against its own wishes."

Stressed and terrified as she was, Alex struggled to make sense of that. "You mean... she doesn't want to wake up?"

"Why don't you ask her yourself?" Without waiting for her to try, Winter turned to the hypnotized punk girl. "Ashe, don't you want to wake up?"

Ashe let another little bimbo giggle that sent a chill down Alex's spine. "No way."

"Why not?" Alex demanded, her sense of discomfort growing even stronger.

"It, like, feels good," Ashe answered vacantly. Alex frowned.

"How the fuck can what she's done to you feel good?" she burst out.

"Don't you see?" Ashe asked. For the first time, Ashe's eyes became focused, and Alex found herself looking straight into them. She was searching for what was left of her brainwashed friend, but all she could see was a vapid bimbo. "It's just, like, so nice. I don't have to think any more. Everything's so simple. Just gotta let Mistress do the thinking for me."

Hearing Ashe call Winter 'Mistress' made Alex want to throw up. "But this isn't you! This is just what she did to you, against your will. Don't you care?"

Ashe just kept smiling. "So, like, who am I? What's so great about me?" Alex blinked, surprised, and found herself leaning in. As much as she hated it, there was something inexplicably compelling and pleasant about Ashe's relaxed, carefree tone of voice. "You, like, barely know me. Maybe I look tough usually, but I'm like, sad and anxious all the time. It's so lame. This is way better."

"H-how can you say that?" Alex whispered, appalled. "No, no! This isn't you! This isn't the real Ashe!"

"Isn't it? Look at me." Alex looked. She looked as deeply as she could into Ashe's wide, empty eyes. "Don't you, like, see how happy I am?"

What Alex saw in Ashe's eyes silenced any retort she might have had. Ashe was happy. Her friend was happy. Alex realized she'd never seen Ashe that way before. Sure, they'd only really met a few times, but still, it was surprising. She'd seen Ashe nervous, anxious, aroused, confused, determined and worried, but never happy. She looked so incredibly happy, with that silly, vacant grin on her face. She looked like she didn't have a care in the world. Unbidden, a question popped into Alex's head: why couldn't she be that happy?

"Don't you wanna be as happy as me?" Ashe asked, reading Alex's thoughts with unnerving accuracy. "Doesn't it look nice?"

Alex found herself nodding. It did look nice. It was nice. Alex could remember how it felt. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to admit it, but under the circumstances trying to deny it just felt silly.

"Before, everything was like... so confusing," Ashe continued. Alex didn't interrupt, although she wasn't really listening anymore. She was too preoccupied staring into Alex's eyes. They were so deep. Why had she never noticed how deep they were before? "I was all, like, stressed out about every little thing." Ashe giggled. It was a pretty sound. "It sucked. Y'know?"

Alex found herself nodding again. She smiled a little smile to herself. It felt silly nodding when she didn't even know what she was agreeing with. She was too distracted with Ashe's beautiful, beautiful eyes. Maybe she should listen to Ashe instead. But no, she reminded herself. Ashe was trying to hypnotize her. Listening to Ashe was a bad thing. She should do something to distract herself instead. She should just keep staring. She didn't want to get hypnotized.

"But now, it's like... all my thoughts are super light and fluffy." Ashe giggled, and Alex gave a slight laugh along with her. It was just a natural response. "And, like, apparently I don't have to make any hard boring decisions any more."

Alex decided she could let Ashe talk as long as she wanted. Winter hadn't put any time limit on their game. There wasn't any harm in it. Alex wasn't even listening. She was just losing herself in Ashe's eyes, and thinking about what a hard time she'd had since yesterday. Ever since Ashe had freed her from Winter's control, everything had been so difficult and complicated and stressful. It was no wonder she was so tired. Alex felt completely exhausted. Unfortunately, staying awake was another thing she had to do.

"You remember, don't you Lexi?" Alex was so tired she didn't even notice that Ashe had used that name for her. "How much better it used to feel? It's totally great, right?"

Alex still wasn't listening. She was just thinking about how easy it had felt before, when she'd been a bimbo for Winter. She'd been failing at school and she'd been putting herself through a punishing exercise regimen every single day, but somehow it had all felt

completely effortless. Why was that? Maybe it was because then, it hadn't been her choice. It hadn't been up to her. That horrified her, of course, but maybe sometimes it was easier to cope with things when someone else took control away. That made sense to Alex, but it confused her at the same time. Wasn't free will meant to be good for her? It was, she told herself. It had to be. But then why had getting her free will back suddenly made everything so hard?

"Don't you want to go back, Lexi?"

Didn't she want to go back? No. No, of course she didn't! The shock of thinking about that snapped Alex out of her reverie. Going back to being a mindless bimbo was the last thing she wanted! Giving in to that temptation - why did it suddenly feel so tempting? - would betray everything about how hard Ashe had fought for her. All of a sudden, Alex became conscious of the way Ashe was influencing her, and realized how perilously close she was to falling into trance. Her whole body felt weak and heavy. Her head was growing fuzzy. Her eyelids had become so heavy she was desperate to let them fall shut. Alex needed to snap herself out of it. She realized that looking into Ashe's eyes was sapping her willpower, but when she tried to peel her gaze away, she found to her horror that she couldn't. She couldn't move. She couldn't look away. She could shut her eyes, but she somehow knew that if she did that, everything would be lost, and so she was straining with every fiber of her being to keep her eyes open. Alex felt so helpless. Was this it? Had she already lost?

Her dismay must have registered her face, because from off to her side she heard Winter's distinctive, dainty little laugh. "Oops," the goth girl said.

"You totally want to go back, right Lexi?" Ashe asked. Her voice, so calm and relaxed, felt like a siren's song.

No, Alex thought. No, she didn't want to go back. No, she never wanted to go back. She focused on that refusal as hard as she could, but her body betrayed her. She nodded her head, even though she didn't want to. She felt like a puppet on strings.

"That's right, good girl," Ashe said happily, and giggled. Alex felt an unnerving pull upwards at the corners of her mouth. It was like her face wanted to smile. When Ashe spoke again, her voice was low and hushed, like she was telling Alex a secret. Alex found it impossible not to give the hypnotized punk her full attention. "You wanna know something cool?"

Alex found herself nodding again.

"You can go back, right now," Ashe told her. "It's, like, so easy! You just gotta let all that stuff come back to you. It's still all there, you know? I know I said it was gone, but I'm, like, way too dumb to take care of all that so quickly." Ashe giggled again, but her words filled Alex with dread. Was that true? Was all Winter's bimbo brainwashing still lurking in her brain, just waiting to be reactivated. "I just let the boring old Alex out for a change. But Lexi's still in there somewhere. All you gotta do is close your eyes, and let her out!"

"No," Alex started muttering fearfully to herself under her breath. "No, no, no, no, no, no, no."

"Lemme, like, make it easy for you!" Ashe continued. "I'm gonna count, just like you did for me, but the opp... the oppi... the other way around." Ashe giggled. "Let's go, Lexi! Five. Four." The moment Ashe said the second number, it was like Alex was suddenly underwater. Everything slowed to a crawl, and she felt like a great weight was pressing down on her shoulders. "Three." The effect grew stronger. Everything was so heavy, and heaviest of all were her eyelids.

"No, no, no," Alex kept repeating, but her words were starting to slur together.

"Two." Slower and slower. "One." Heavier and heavier. Lexi giggled. Alex giggled with her. "Almost there! And... zero!"

"No!" Alex screamed. With a tremendous effort, she managed to turn her head and break eye contact. The moment she did, the spell was broken. The fuzziness in her head cleared, and her regular thoughts crashed back into her like a wave. The unnatural heaviness that had filled her body moments before vanished, but she still felt exhausted, and she slumped to the floor like a puppet who's strings had been cut. For a long moment she just rested there, on her hands and her knees, panting heavily. She'd come so close to losing everything, and she hadn't even realized what was happening to her. Alex felt more terrified than ever.

"Ooo, almost!" Winter commented. She sounded so happy. It made Alex want to throw up. "This is so much fun to watch. They should put this on TV."

"Shut. Up," Alex growled, through gritted teeth. Winter just laughed.

"I have to admit, you're doing better than I expected. Although, that's not really saying much." Alex hated how satisfied Winter sounded. "I wonder, how did it feel, knowing you were about to lose? Shameful? Scary? But maybe it felt good too. Did you start to want it?"

"No," Alex said, as convincingly as she could.

"Oh, you did! Interesting." Alex growled again, but Winter ignored her. "Ashe did well. Such a clever girl, for a silly little bimbo. If only you'd done so well when you were trying to wake her up. Still, you put on an impressive display just now. I really thought she had you."

"N-never," Alex retorted, but her voice faltered.

"Never? We'll see. I have to say, I wouldn't be at all disappointed to see this continue for another few rounds. But... perhaps there's another option."

Alex looked up at her. "What?"

"Since you've impressed me so much, I've decided to offer you a little... compromise. A deal. You could think of it as calling our little game as a draw, if you like." Alex squinted at the goth girl, trying to read her motives. "It's very simple. If you, right now, agree to surrender to me without a fight and let me put you under hypnosis, I'll let Ashe go."

Alex was stunned by the prospect. "What?" she repeated dumbly.

"As I said, a compromise," Winter continued to explain. "I only get one of you, while the other goes free. And you won't need to be troubled with the guilt of knowing poor Ashe sacrificed her mind for your sake."

Alex felt torn in half. Her instinct was to reject anything Winter suggested but despite that, she was tempted. Right now, what was hurting her worst was knowing that Ashe was brainwashed because of her. If Alex took the deal, at least Ashe would be free.

Winter took a few steps towards Alex. "Between you and me, we can call it a win-win. After all, this is what you really want, isn't it? To be mine?" Alex threw her a sharp look. "It's OK! You don't need to admit it. You can just pretend to yourself that you're doing it for Ashe's sake. But I'll know, and so will you, deep down."

Alex wanted to shout at her that she was wrong. But she was just so, so tired, and more than that, she felt a sinking pit in her stomach as Winter's words hit home. The temptation she felt to accept was more than just the desire to see Ashe go free. There was something else. A deeper and more shameful need. Ashe had ignited it in her moments ago, and now she couldn't stop thinking about it.

"You know it'll feel good," Winter continued. She was getting closer and closer, and her voice sounded teasing and seductive. "You'll feel confident again. You won't have to stress and fight anymore. And you'll have amazing sex again, to finally quench that need I can see burning inside you."

Alex looked down at herself and blushed. Somehow, she'd forgotten to wear a bra, and her nipples were so hard they were threatening to poke holes in her top. Her whole body was flushed with arousal, and beneath her pants she could feel herself becoming wet. Why was this happening to her?

"Your body wants this. Your subconscious wants this. You want this - or at least you want Ashe to be free. So why not just say yes, and be my pretty little Lexi once more?" Winter outstretched her hand, offering it to Alex.

Alex froze. She didn't know what to do. She didn't want to say 'yes' to Winter, not about anything, ever. So why did thinking about it make her body throb so pleasantly? And of

course, she wanted to save Ashe. Her guilt was pulling at her, begging her to accept Winter's offer. More than either of those things, though, was the fact that Alex had almost lost hope. The way that Ashe had almost put her under had taken all her confidence away. She could feel exactly what Ashe had described: all her former bimbo brainwashing, ready and waiting to come roaring back the moment she stop repressing it. With that stuff still lurking in the back of her head, what hope did she have? Her defeat felt inevitable. If she could save Ashe, at least that was something. Wasn't it? Alex raised her arm, hesitantly reaching up to take Winter's hand.

But then she thought about what Ashe would say, if she was in her right mind. She knew that Ashe would want her to keep fighting. She knew that Ashe would never accept Alex being Winter's mind-controlled bimbo slave. Ashe wanted them to be together, free from Winter's grasp. Alex realized she owed Ashe that same loyalty and determination. Summoning up the last vestiges of her willpower, she slapped Winter's hand aside and managed, with great effort, to stumble back to her feet. Winter retreated back behind Ashe, looking surprised.

"I'm not giving up yet," Alex spat, faking the confidence she didn't feel. "I'm going to beat you."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"I'm going to beat you," Alex spat. It was for her own benefit, as much as anything else. She had to make herself believe it if she was to stand any chance of winning this sadistic game Winter was forcing her to play.

Winter put her hand up in front of her mouth and laughed arrogantly. "And how are you going to do that?" the goth girl asked. "You're a little out of your depth, Lexi."

Alex refused to rise to the taunt of being called by the insulting bimbo name. She didn't have time to get angry or distracted. If she did, she might lose everything. She'd already almost learned that the hard way. She hadn't realized Ashe - or rather Winter, acting through Ashe - could slip into her head that easily. From now on, she needed to be even more on her guard against the slightest hint of any kind of psychological trick either of them might use to put her in trance. But at the same time, she had to figure out how she was going to break Winter's control over Ashe. What was it Winter had said? It was all about what Ashe wanted. Ashe was hypnotized, but she couldn't be made to do anything she didn't want to do. And apparently, she didn't want to wake up. Alex didn't exactly understand why, but it was clear to her that Winter had messed with Ashe's head so much that the poor hypnotized punk girl had no idea what she really wanted. In all likelihood, Winter had put her in such a state of bliss that she was completely intoxicated with pleasure, and unable to think about anything else. Alex knew how that felt; her body was tingling treacherously at all the memories of pleasure she couldn't seem to escape from. Alex wasn't sure how she was supposed to get through to Ashe in that state, but she knew her friend was still in there somewhere. She had to be. Alex needed to figure out how to convince her that she wanted to wake up.

"Ashe," Alex said, after taking a moment to calm herself. "You know that you're hypnotized right now, right?"

"Of course," Ashe answered, with an absent giggle.

"Do you remember how that happened?"

"Um... like, kinda?" The lilting, carefree way that Ashe was speaking was still completely unnerving to Alex. "I came here, and Winter let me in, and I think she, like, showed me something? It's a little fuzzy."

"OK." Alex licked her dry lips. She didn't know if it was going to work, but she had

an idea for a line of reasoning, and she figured she might as well give it a shot. "So, she didn't ask your permission to hypnotize you?"

Ashe shook her head.

"And you wouldn't have given her permission even if she'd asked, right? Before, I mean."

"No way!" Ashe answered, shaking her head vigorously. It was hard for Alex to focus when all Ashe's mannerisms were so uncharacteristically, ghoulishly upbeat and eager. It was like her friend had been reduced to nothing more than a puppet, being made to dance on strings for Winter's amusement.

"Then don't you see! That means you didn't want this!" Alex was uncomfortable with how desperate and pleading her own voice sounded, but she continued. "Winter hypnotized you against your will! There's no way you could possibly have wanted her to do this to you."

Ashe seemed puzzled, like she was having a hard time seeing where Alex's train of thought was going. "I guess."

"So... wake up?" Alex ran out of steam. "Ashe, you don't want this. You know you don't. You can't. Please, think back to yesterday. To just a few hours ago. I know you're still in there. Just remember, and wake up, and we can get out of here."

"But... like... I don't wanna," Ashe replied, after a long pause.

"Why not?" Alex asked, despairing.

Maddeningly, Ashe just shrugged.

"You can't expect her to just give you all the answers, now can you?" Winter put in from the sidelines, her voice brimming with malicious glee.

Alex ignored her. She had to think, but it was just so hard. She was under so much pressure and Winter's taunting was getting in her head more than she wanted to admit, and she was still feeling the after-effects of the almost-trance she'd experienced moments before. "You know it's wrong when people do stuff to you without your permission, right?"

"I guess." Ashe sounded completely indifferent.

"And you know you shouldn't want things that are wrong, don't you?"

"I guess," Ashe repeated hesitantly, sounding even more indifferent.

"Then... how can still want to be like this?" Alex asked, her voice cracking.

Ashe thought for a long moment. "I just, like, don't care."

"How can you not care about right and wrong?" Alex asked in despair.

"That stuff is just so.... tiring." It took Ashe a while to find the right word. "I've spent way too long thinking about stuff like that, and like, what's it ever done for me?"

Alex stared at her friend in horror. Ashe knew what was going on. She knew what Winter had done to her was wrong. And she just... didn't care? How was that possible? Alex's anxiety ratcheted up another notch. She was starting to question whether or not there was enough of Ashe left in there to save.

"Oh, Lexi!" Winter exclaimed condescendingly. "Did you really think that morality was the way to get through to her? There are other desires and urges that go much, much deeper."

"I don't believe that," Alex shot back. "Ashe is a good person!"

"A good person?" Winter mused. "Maybe. I don't intend to get philosophical with you. But as for whether or not you believe it, well, haven't you just seen the proof for yourself?"

Alex balled her hands into fists. She wished she had a good retort to offer, but she couldn't seem to come up with one. As far as ideas went, she was scraping the bottom of the barrel. The only thing keeping her going was that she wanted so badly to wipe the smug, arrogant smile off of Winter's face. She turned back to Ashe. What was it Winter had said? Deeper urges? Maybe that was some kind of clue. "What do you get from this, huh? What's making you want to stay this way so much?"

"Feels good," Ashe said, smiling a dreamy smile. "You remember, right?"

"No," Alex said, with dawning comprehension. "I mean, yeah, sure, it feels good. But there has to be something more than that. Something deeper. No-one goes through life only ever doing things because they feel good. You wouldn't be willing to contemplate throwing everything away just for that. So, what is it?"

Ashe's brow furrowed, and for the first time, her dreamy, untroubled bimbo mannerisms disappeared. She looked deep in thought for a long time, before finally answering simply: "Peace."

Alex nodded slowly. She wasn't sure what kind of answer she'd been expecting, but it resonated with her. "I understand. Like you said, you don't have to choose anymore,

right? You just obey. There's no anxiety to deal with. I... it was like that for me too." Admitting that made Alex intensely, uncomfortably vulnerable, but she felt as though opening up a little might be the only way she could get through to Ashe.

"Yeah!" Ashe's smiled returned. "Don't you wanna, like, go back?"

Alex felt the pull of her words. After the way Ashe had almost managed to hypnotize her it was all she could do not to fixate on how tempting it was to give in to that idea, to look into Ashe's deep, enthralling eyes and let them take her away. Every moment was a fight to hold on to her resolve. "But Ashe, do you really think this is the only way for you to be at peace?"

The hypnotized punk girl's brow furrowed again. "W-what do you mean?"

Alex took a step forward. She was on to something. She could sense it. "Ashe, I'm not going to pretend I know everything that was going on in your head. But if you weren't happy with the way you were before, you can change. Maybe I can even help."

"Not the way she can," Ashe said, shaking her head, but Alex could tell she wasn't as sure.

"Why not?" Alex said insistently. "Why not something else? Why does it have to be her, and not someone else? If what you really, truly need is for someone else to tell you what to do instead of having to decide everything for yourself, then why not at least someone nicer and more trustworthy? Why not... me?"

Winter snorted. "As if you could."

"I could do it," Alex growled. "I could. Maybe not right now, but I could learn. And I would, if you asked me to. If that's what you want."

"I... what?" For the first time, Ashe almost sounded like her old self. Hope surged in Alex's chest. She risked a glance at Winter, and saw that the goth girl's lips were parted in a look of open-mouthed surprise. The sense of satisfaction Alex got from that was one of the best things she'd ever felt.

"I'm saying this isn't really what you want deep down. I don't believe that." Alex spoke with growing confidence. She was on to something, she could feel it. There was no point her trying to hypnotize Ashe. She didn't know anything about hypnosis, at least not compared to Winter. But maybe she still understood something Winter didn't. "You just think you want this because no-one's ever offered you anything like this before. No-one's ever offered you this kind of peace before. But I promise you, we can find another way. A better way. We can find it - together."

"Do you really think that kind of sentimentality is going to work?" Winter scoffed, but this time her scorn rang hollow. She sounded afraid. It was tempting to taunt her and throw her former arrogance back in her face, but Alex remained completely focused on Ashe. Her friend's face was twitching strangely, and when Alex risked a glance into her eyes, they seemed troubled and confused. Ashe looked like she was on the verge of waking up.

"I... I..." Ashe was struggling to speak.

"C'mon!" Alex urged. "Ashe, you can do this! Just think! You know what Winter's put in your head doesn't make any sense. She's lying to you. The peace she offers you is a lie. This isn't the way." Alex pressed her palm to her own chest. "Choose me instead. Let me save you, the way you saved me. I know you're strong enough."

"I... don't... can't..." Ashe blinked rapidly for a few seconds, and then closer her eyes. When she opened them again they were clear and focused, and she was breathing rapidly. She looked like she'd just been jolted awake. Winter was silent. Ashe's eyes darted around the room for a moment and a look of confusion passed over her face, like it was all new to her. Then, her gaze fixed on Alex's face. "Alex?" she asked.

"Yes!" Alex cried out. She'd won! The joy she felt was overwhelming. Tears started to well up in her eyes. "Yes, it's me! It's Alex! Ashe, I'm so happy, I'm so..."

She didn't have the words for it, so instead, she broke into a sprint, running straight forward towards Ashe. Ashe's eyes went wide as Alex almost knocked her off her feet by throwing her arms around her in a huge, tight hug. After a moment, Ashe returned her embrace just as hard. Alex buried her face in Ashe's neck. She could scarcely believe it. All her worst nightmares had been avoided. She barely knew how, but she'd beaten Winter. She'd had so little hope, but she'd managed to pull through. Everything was going to be OK.

"Alex?" Ashe asked, sounding utterly perplexed by everything that was going on. "What...?"

"I-it doesn't matter," Alex replied. She was finding it hard to talk, she was so choked up with emotion. "I-I'll explain later. Just... it's fine. You - I - we're going to be fine."

"OK," Ashe said soothingly, after a moment.

"I'm sorry I was late," Alex said, unable to contain the guilt she'd been feeling. "I'm so so sorry, I'm so-"

"Shh," Ashe soothed. "It's OK. It's OK."

Ashe rested her hand on the back of Alex's hair and started gently stroking her. To Alex, the feeling was heavenly. She let herself relax into it, leaning into Ashe for support. She

was so exhausted, it was like all the strength was draining out of her body.

"Just relax," Ashe whispered. It was so kind of her, Alex thought, to be comforting her so well. "It's all over now. No need to be afraid anymore. Just breathe. Be calm."

Yes, Alex realized. She needed to calm down, so she started taking some deep breaths. They still needed to deal with Winter, and leave. That prospect seemed incredibly distant, though. All that mattered to her was that she'd saved Ashe. Ashe's embrace was so warm and soothing. It was better than any massage. Until that moment, Alex hadn't noticed how tired she was. She wanted nothing more than to drift off to a peaceful sleep in Ashe's arms. Maybe later, she could. She blushed at the thought.

"You're safe now," Ashe continued, whispering softly to Alex, still hugging her and stroking her hair. "Safe to relax. Safe to relax with me."

"Safe to relax," Alex repeated slowly. She was so happy, she was starting to feel a little giddy and light-headed. If not for Ashe propping her up, she might have been slumping to the floor. It was like each time Ashe ran her hands through Alex's hair, massaging her scalp, she became a little more relaxed and a little weaker. It felt amazing not to have to fight anymore, but the feeling was also strangely familiar. The longer their embrace stretched on, the more that familiarity started to bother Alex. Aside from anything else, she was starting to feel as though she might really fall asleep. That wasn't right. Winter was still right there. They might have won, but they weren't safe. Not yet.

"Hey, um, Ashe?" Alex asked, finding it a little disconcerting how difficult it was for her to form words. She realized that even though Ashe was still holding her in a right hug, her own body was almost completely limp. "I need to... could you just let me go for one second?"

"I'm sorry, not yet." The sudden shift in Ashe's tone of voice made all the hairs on the back of Alex's neck stick up on their ends. "It's not over yet, Lexi."

As horror dawned across Alex's sluggish thoughts, she heard an all-too familiar laugh of pleasure from elsewhere in the room. "Oh, Lexi," Winter said. "You really should have been a little more careful. Look, now you've fallen for one of the oldest tricks in the book! Such a silly bimbo."

Alex struggled against Ashe's overbearing hug - or at least, she tried to. All the muscles and physical power Winter had forced her to work so hard for were useless now. She could barely think and speak, let alone move. "You... cheated," she forced out.

"Cheated?" Winter feigned shock at the accusation. "Not at all."

Alex thought back. "You said... no touching."

"Oh, that. I did, didn't I?" Alex could hear the sadistic smile on Winter's face in her voice. "But the thing is, Lexi, Ashe didn't touch you, and neither did I. You're the one who gave her that big, warm hug you're so enjoying. I could almost accuse you of breaking the rules!"

The unfairness and cruelty of her words made Alex sick to her stomach, but she knew there was no point arguing. To her, it felt like nothing more than a cheap trick, but it wasn't like there was a referee that could intervene on her behalf. Besides, she didn't have time to argue. She still couldn't move. Ashe was still stroking her hair, and each time she did, more of her thoughts and independence were slipping away from her. Alex could feel it clearly now. It was exactly like what Winter had done to her, and it was working. She turned her attention back to her hypnotized friend, desperate to somehow get through to her. "Ashe!" she cried. "Please... don't do this. You don't have to do this."

Ashe just giggled. "Of course I don't have to. But I want to. I want to make you feel just as happy and peaceful as I do."

"No!" Alex's voice was growing faint. She didn't know what to do. She couldn't get free of Ashe, and she didn't know how to get through to her. She could sense that she was on the verge of losing everything. She couldn't hold out forever, but holding out was the only thing she had left. Each moment, each breath, each heartbeat was a battle. Alex didn't know how he was supposed to win, but no matter what, she knew she had to keep fighting. Stalemate was better than defeat. "I... won't... los-Ah!"

With one hand still cradling and stroking the back of Alex's head, Ashe had slipped her other hand around Alex's waist and down the front of her panties. The feeling of her fingertips touching against Alex's incredibly sensitive pussy was so overstimulating that it made her cry out, and completely obliterated whatever train of thought she'd been desperately holding on to.

"No!" Alex cried again, but this time her protest quickly rose to become a pleasure-filled moan. It was immediately obvious that Ashe wasn't content to merely tease her. The hypnotized girl's fingers were skillfully touching her body in all the right places to bring her sensitivity and need to fever pitch. From her previous encounter with the punk girl, Alex knew the punk girl was experienced when it came to pleasuring girls. Now, all that experience was at work trying to break Alex's mind with pleasure. Ashe was acting ditzy and dumb, but clearly Winter's hypnosis had done nothing to dull her skills. The worst part was, it was working. When it had just been Ashe massaging the back of her head, she'd been able to hold on. Now, she was being assailed in two places at once. Ashe's hand running through her hair was draining her thoughts away, and her fingers pumping in and out of Alex's pussy were drowning out the ones that were left with mind-melting pleasure.

"Relax," Ashe said, her voice breathy and tempting. "Just relax and, like, let me make you feel good."

"N-no," Alex managed to say. It was so hard to think. So hard to focus on anything at all when her body was being so overwhelmed. She felt helpless. Winter had spent so long training her body to be hypersensitive to even the slightest stimulation. It had become her Achilles' heel. "I-I don't w-want-"

"Of course you want it, silly!" Ashe giggled. "Just, like, listen to your body."

Alex was listening to her body. She couldn't help but listen. Her body was screaming at her that it wanted more. After the way she'd denied herself the previous night, the short amount of time she'd spent touching herself that morning had done little more than take the edge off her arousal. Through everything that had happened, she'd remained desperately horny. Now that Ashe was finally giving her body what it wanted, it was crying out for more. The urge was filling what was left of her over-taxed mind, making it all but impossible to think about anything else. It was growing more and more difficult to remember why she needed to keep fighting. Everything she'd cared so much about mere minutes before now seemed so distant and abstract compared with the raw need to get fucked that was devouring her last remaining rational thoughts.

"Don't you just love it when your head starts getting, like, all light and bubbly?" Ashe giggled again. "It's, like, so much fun. You should try it!"

Alex moaned. She could feel it happening, exactly as Ashe described. After all the time she'd spent brainwashed by Winter, it was a familiar feeling. Earlier, it had seemed scary. Now, it felt like a warm embrace, welcoming her back to a place where she wouldn't have to keep struggling. The prospect was growing more and more tempting by the moment. Alex tried, for the hundredth time, to focus. She couldn't. Her thoughts were so sluggish, and she had no more than a moment to try and latch on to any idea before Ashe thrust her fingers into her dripping-wet cunt again, making her mind go blank and pink with bliss. She had to hold on, she told herself, but to what?

"Just give in, Lexi," Ashe urged. Alex was too overwhelmed to even notice that she was calling her 'Lexi' again. "You know it'll feel good. What are you doing, trying to, like, fight it? You can't do that, silly! You're just a bimbo! Doesn't it just make you wanna laugh?"

Ashe giggled. Instinctively, Alex giggled too. She was feeling so light-headed that she couldn't help herself. Her mind was so full of pleasure.

"Yay!" Ashe said brightly. "Doesn't that feel good?"

"Y-yeah," Alex replied, without thinking. Her voice was high-pitched and lustful.

"Just think how much better it'll feel if you just, like, stop fighting."

"Yeah," Alex breathed, even though she didn't really know what she was agreeing

with. She was much too focused on the way Ashe was finger-fucking her cunt to pay attention to anything else. She found herself using what little strength she had left to grind her hips into Ashe's body, needy for more.

"So, like, isn't that what you really want?" Ashe asked. It took Alex several long, pleasure-filled moments to get to grips with the question. What was Ashe talking about? Giving up? Alex felt vaguely guilty for even considering it. Wasn't that the thing she was meant to resist doing, at all costs? It was hard to remember, and even harder to remember why it had felt so urgent. Any hope of figuring it out was being utterly smothered by the way Ashe was constantly rubbing her thumb against Alex's clit. Maybe just a moment of respite would have been enough for her to get everything straight, but it was clear she wasn't going to get that. She felt like she was circling around the edge of a whirlpool, barely keeping herself afloat while being inexorably drawn deeper towards the vortex at the center.

"I... don't..." She didn't know. She didn't know anything anymore. All she knew was pleasure.

"Shhh," Ashe soothed, doing nothing to quieten Alex's loud moans. "It's OK, Lexi. You don't have to make decisions like that! It's easy. Just look at me."

"O-Ok." It was a such a simple request, and it felt so nice to just do what she was told instead of fighting. Still cradling her head, Ashe pulled away from Alex a little. Alex looked up at her, straight into her eyes. They were so deep.

"Doesn't that feel better?" Ashe asked. Alex nodded. It did. It felt more peaceful now. Without leaving her unsatisfied, the overwhelming pleasure spreading out from her pussy to fill her whole body seemed to fade. It didn't disappear, but it receded into the background of her mind. Ashe had given her exactly what she'd needed: something to focus on. All she needed to do was keep staring into Ashe's eyes. It was so easy. They were a source of peace, amid her emotion and turmoil.

"Count with me," Ashe whispered. The instruction echoed through Alex's mind, and she accepted it completely. Her mind wasn't full of pleasure anymore. It was empty and blank, and ready to collapse. "Five."

"Five," Alex echoed.

"Four."

"Four."

"Three."

"Three." Alex's voice was growing quieter and emptier of feeling.

"Two." Ashe's words sounded like they were coming from a great distance away.

"Two."

"One."

"One."

"Zero."

Alex didn't echo the final number in the countdown. She couldn't. For her, time had stopped. Her mind was gone. Alex slumped to her knees. She had been hypnotized.

She had lost.

With her task complete, Ashe simply let her hands fall to her sides as she returned to the blank trance state she'd spend most of the morning in. Alex was equally motionless. After a moment, Winter approached the pair. If she'd still been capable of thinking Alex would have expected Winter to laugh or mock her, but she didn't. Instead, the goth girl just looked at her closely for a time. "So that's how it ends," Winter mused, eventually. She turned to address Ashe first. "You did well. Good girl."

Ashe said nothing, but shivered slightly as an intense orgasm wracked her whole body.

"And you," Winter continued, looking down at Alex with a smile on her face. "You're a good girl too, coming back to me like this and submitting. I promise, it's all over now. No more games. Only peace, and submission."

Alex said nothing.

"Follow me," Winter ordered, and turned to talk away. Alex rose slowly to her feet, and she and Ashe followed Winter, walking side-by-side. Winter lead them through to her bedroom, and sat herself down on the edge of her bed. "Kneel."

Alex and Ashe knelt on the floor beside each other, looking up at their new mistress.

Winter reached down and grabbed Alex by her chin, tilting her head up slightly and inspecting her closely. "You're hypnotized, and you can't wake up. That means I win. You and your friend are mine. But you're still in there, aren't you? If not fighting, then at least surviving."

"Yes," Alex replied, her voice empty of feeling. It was true. Her mind had been broken wide open, but so far all the pieces were still there.

"Then you still have a choice. Well, perhaps 'choice' is the wrong word. You can't refuse it, but you can accept it - the reason you lost."

Alex said nothing, thought nothing.

"You lost because, deep down, you wanted to lose," Winter explained. "And it's not just because being my bimbo feels good. It's more than that. Who were you, before me? No-one. What pleasure did you have in your life, before me? Nothing. You were small. Weak. Afraid. Insignificant. You had no confidence, and you certainly didn't have that incredible body I'm so looking forward to enjoying. You spent every day working hard, knowing that you'd go to bed and wake up and work just as hard all over again the next day, with no end in sight. What kind of life is that? Maybe if you'd had something more, something about yourself you loved and could remind yourself of, you could have won. But you didn't. What I've given you is your fantasy, whether or not you're willing to admit it to yourself. You shouldn't think of me as your enemy. I'm your goddess."

Alex still said nothing, but deep inside she was processing and internalizing everything Winter was saying. Her mind was too beaten-down and weary to question it or resist it.

"So," Winter continued. "Tell me honestly. Who are you?"

Alex knew she had to answer, and she knew that answering was a choice. It was like Winter had said - she could accept, even if she couldn't refuse. She thought about everything that had happened that day, and about how badly she'd lost. She thought about what Winter had just explained to her. She thought about everything Winter had done to her since that first day in the library. There was only one answer she could give. She hung her head in submission. "Lexi."

"Good girl," Winter said. She looked at both Lexi and Ashe. "Now I have two of you! That's going to be so much fun. Lexi, I need to spend some time fixing all that conditioning your friend managed to ruin. And Ashe, you're still just raw clay, waiting for me to mold you. But before that, I think I deserve a change to properly enjoy my victory." Looking down at her two hypnotized bimbo girls kneeling in front of her, Winter grinned. She reached down and lifted the hem of her dress up to her waist. She wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"Worship me," she commanded. With a happy giggle, Lexi obeyed.

EPILOGUE

Professor Beverley Sinclair smiled happily as she slumped back into her office chair, her legs splayed apart. Life was good. Not always, of course - most of the time, it was stressful and boring. But when she had two blonde, muscle-bound beauties kneeling between her thighs, life was good. Beverley reached out to rest one of her hands on each of their heads, stroking their long, golden hair. They giggled, and looked up at her with eager smiles.

"Lexi," Beverley said, addressing one of them. "You've been a very bad girl lately, don't you think?"

"I have, Professor Sinclair," Lexi replied, her voice high-pitched and simpering. The bimbo wiggled her ass invitingly. "Do you wanna, like, punish me?"

"I don't think so, not today. But your grades are slipping," Beverley admonished. "I think you're going to have to do some extra credit for me."

"I'd be, like, totally happy to, Professor," Lexi said, with a giggle.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

Lexi giggled again, and started leaning forward. Beverley had already let her miniskirt ride up to expose her panties, and Lexi now pulled those aside to completely expose her body to the open air. The blonde started kissing the professor along pale thighs, making an increasingly sensitive trail up to her pussy. That feeling alone was enough to make all Beverley's stress melt away. It was a form of stress relief she'd become accustomed to by now. After her first encounter with Lexi, Beverley had sworn never to so much as go near her again. But to her surprise, she'd been unable to stop thinking about it. It had been uncomfortable, unplanned, and potentially professionally ruinous - but it had also been the best sexual experience of her life. After a month, she'd found herself taking Lexi up on her offer of a repeat. And then again, three weeks later. And again, two weeks later. Since then, it had been slowly edging closer to becoming a weekly appointment. The fiction that Beverley was making Lexi sleep with her in exchange for good grades had become increasingly absurd - they were both in it for nothing more than their own pleasure - but it helped Beverley deal with it a little easier, and besides, she'd found a little role-play could be a lot of fun.

"And you," Beverley continued, addressing the other girl. "You're not in my class. What are you here for?"

"Sorry professor," said the other bimbo. "I just, like, can't help myself."

"That's what I thought." Beverley was struggling to keep her voice even as Lexi's tongue started lapping at the edges of her pussy. "You're just a nasty slut who's eager to be used, aren't you Ashley?"

"Yeah." Ashley giggled, her face growing flushed with arousal. "I'm, like, such a dirty girl."

"Then is there something you want?"

"Yeah!" Ashley nodded eagerly.

"Then be a good girl and beg for it." Beverley had to suppress a moan to continue to pretend to be being stern with the second bimbo.

"Please, professor!" Ashley's voice become high-pitched and whiny, taking on an absurdly heightened valley girl accent. "Please let me eat you out! I need it so bad! I promise I'll, like, totally be your good little whore."

"Hmmm." Beverley was tempted to draw things out a little more in order to have fun teasing the girl, but the idea of having both girls eating her out at once was too enticing to delay any longer. "Very well. You can join your girlfriend."

"Thank you!" Ashley said happily, and bent forward. Within moments, her face was right alongside Lexi's, and the two girls were pushing up against each other good-naturedly, jockeying for space between Beverley's legs so they could more easily lick her cunt. Beverly stopped bothering to hold back her moans, and a happy, horny grin spread across her face. Life was good.

A few weeks before, when Beverley had summoned Lexi to her office for a 'stern discussion about her grades', she'd been taken completely surprised when Lexi had brought along another girl to join in. At first she'd protested, unwilling to let anyone else find out about what she and Lexi were doing together. But on seeing that Ashley was just as much of an eager, shameless slut as Lexi was, Beverley had been easily convinced to let Ashley participate, and since then she'd been there every time. Their wanton sluttiness wasn't the only way the two girls were alike. Physically, they resembled each other greatly. They both had blonde hair, clearly dyed, they both wore incredibly skimpy pink clothes and had on whorish makeup, and both talked and acted like stereotypical bimbos. Neither of them seemed set to win any academic awards, to put it kindly, but they more than made up for it when it came to their sex skills. They were also both in incredible physical shape, their exposed bodies covered with rippling muscles. Ashley was a little less muscular than Lexi, and her hair was a little shorter. That was it. Beverley had initially taken them for sisters, but Lexi had introduced Ashley as her

girlfriend and told her they were very much in love.

The details of their relationship were a mystery to Beverley, but the college professor was more than happy to have another eager slut to toy with and be pleased by. They were both hot, eager to please, and their bodies were nothing short of incredible. They were like twin bimbo amazons. Beverley had never been particularly conscious of being attracted to muscular girls before, but she certainly was now. She'd had plenty of time to explore all the rigid contours of Lexi's body, learning how firm and strong yet sensitive she was, and appreciating all the ways that her well-defined muscles enhanced her femininity and sex appeal.

Plus, it was an incredible power trip, having two strong, young, beautiful girls so utterly devoted to serving her. Beverley spent eight hours a day, every day, plus overtime, dealing with college brats. Most of them were more interested in sports, alcohol or sex than in their education, and Beverley often felt like the biggest part of her job was chasing after poor students, hassling them about their bad grades and missed assignments. It was frustrating beyond belief. She was meant to be an educator and a respected academic, not a glorified babysitter. Now, though, she felt like a queen. She had not one, but two bimbos licking her pussy, doing whatever they could to bring her as much pleasure as possible. As Beverley moaned, Lexi reached up to grope her tits and kiss her midriff, allowing Ashley to truly bury herself in Beverley's cunt and eat her out to her heart's desire. A moment or two later, Lexi pushed Ashley aside and returned to her spot between Beverley's legs and then both of them were going at her at once, their two skilled tongues working in tandem to drive Beverley to incredible heights of pleasure. It was a treatment she could easily get used to. Increasingly, she was starting to feel as though it was what she deserved. She felt powerful. She felt good. It was exactly what she needed at the end of a long week.

"More," she moaned, even though she knew Lexi and Ashley didn't need any more encouragement. Her voice cracked. "F-faster!"

"Yes, professor!" they both replied at once, and then giggled at each other.

Beverley felt them increase their pace, licking her pussy even more eagerly. Her back arched involuntarily as electric shocks of pleasure traveled up her spine. She was already getting close. Fortunately, she was confident it would be far from the only orgasm she was going to receive that evening.

"Whichever one of you makes me cum gets to wear it on their face," Beverley moaned, her eyes closing from the overwhelming bliss filling her body. "And the loser doesn't get to cum tonight."

The girls made an eager noise at the first part of her promise, and whiny, fearful noise at the other. But much louder than either of was the unexpected, feminine voice that came from the doorway of Beverley's office. "Wow, that's quite the offer, teach."

Beverley's eyes shot open, and she almost fell out of her chair from shock. Once she saw that there was someone standing in the doorway, she rushed to sit up straight and push Lexi and Ashley away from her in a feeble attempt to hide what they had been doing. Inwardly, Beverley had turned from blissfully happy to icy and terrified. Her mind was racing to think through all the implications of what had just happened. What if she'd seen everything? What if she knew what kind of relationship Beverley had with Lexi? What if she told someone? It could ruin everything. Beverley tried desperately to think of excuses, or things she could offer this stranger in exchange for their silence, and at the same time she cursed herself for being so stupid. How had been so careless?

"I... look... this is just..." she spluttered impotently.

The girl standing in the doorway laughed. "Save the excuses. I got it all on tape."

Beverley looked, and her horror was magnified tenfold when she saw that the stranger was indeed holding a video camera, and pointing it straight in her direction. Desperately trying to calm herself, she took a moment to size up the butch-looking girl. She was very tall and even more muscle-bound than Lexi, but unlike her had tanned skin and brown hair, styled in a sidecut. She was wearing tight-fitting exercise gear, and had a distinct bulge in the front of her pants. She looked intimidating, and effortlessly confident.

While Beverley was still trying to figure out her next move, Lexi and Ashley rose to their feet. Taking the professor by surprise yet again, Lexi addressed the newcomer: "Sierra! Did we, like, do it right?"

"You did great," replied Sierra. "I got exactly what we were looking for. I'll be sure to reward you afterwards - both of you."

"Thanks." Lexi and Ashley both shivered in pleasurable anticipation.

"What... what..." Beverley was so confused she could barely form words.

"Hold that thought," Sierra said, smirking. "I need to let mistress know."

She pulled out her phone from a pocket in her shorts, and tapped the screen a couple of times. Beverley just waited. She'd stopped trying to speak. Everything that happened only made her more confused. Who was this Sierra? How did Lexi and Ashley know her? Was this planned? And who the hell was their 'mistress'? Her final question was answered just a few moments later, when yet another strange girl entered the doorway of her room. This one couldn't have contrasted with Sierra more sharply. She was thin and her hair was jet black, and she was dressed in an impressively-ornate, black and white, gothic-style dress. Her makeup was equally impressive, and was impeccable. She looked like a dark queen out of a fairytale. Beverley couldn't quite explain how, but she seemed exude an aura of authority and control.

The others seemed to sense it too; Sierra, Lexi and Ashley all bowed their heads submissively for a moment in the goth girl's direction when she entered the room. With a difficult-to-read smile on her face, she fixed her gaze on Beverley.

"Good evening, Professor Sinclair," she said. "I apologize for the interruption."

"I... um... allow me to explain," Beverley began uncertainly. "This was just... um..."

"I'm sure you have a wonderful excuse in mind," the goth girl said. "But unfortunately for you, Sierra here has a record of everything. Thank you for that, by the way. Good girl, Sierra."

The tall, athletic girl twitched abruptly, and the bulge in her pants shifted as a blissed-out expression passed over her face for a moment. Beverley blinked in surprise. Had Sierra just cum?

"But where are my manners?" the goth girl continued. "I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Winter, I'm a student here."

Winter. Beverley wasn't familiar with the name. She'd have to do some research later. For now, though, she needed to focus on defusing the immediate situation. It was obvious what Winter intended: blackmail. "What do you want?"

"I'm glad we understand each other so well," Winter said. "This footage wouldn't go down very well with the dean, would it? You know, I was very surprised when Lexi told me about all the fun you two had been having together. I thought to myself: what a waste it would be, to let someone in your position slip through my fingers! I can think of all sorts of uses for someone like you."

Yes, blackmail. Beverley swallowed awkwardly. She hated the thought of letting this girl intimidate her, but she felt completely backed into a corner. "I-I have money."

"Money? Oh no, Professor Sinclair, you misunderstand." Winter's smile grew a little wider. "I don't want money. I'll be happy to turn this footage over to you for free. All I want in exchange is for you to play a little game with me. That's all. Just a little, harmless game."

"A game?" Beverley squinted at the goth girl. It seemed like an obvious trick, but she couldn't see how. She supposed it was better than a demand for money. "Fine."

"Excellent! May I sit?" Winter didn't wait for an answer. She walked across the room and sat down in a chair on the opposite side of Beverley's desk. To Beverley's surprise, she reached a hand down the front of her own top, fishing around for something. "Let me explain how it works. It's very, very simple." Pulling her hand out, Winter retrieved what seemed to be a silver pocket watch, held around her neck by a chain. Winter held it up by the

chain in the air between them, allowing it to swing slowly side-to-side. "See the watch? See the way the second hand ticks?"

Beverley could see, and she could hear the steady tick-tock of the intricate clockwork cogs inside the watch, keeping time. "What's the game?"

"The game? It's easy. Nothing to worry about." Winter's smile grew wider still. "All you have to do is stare at the watch, and make the second hand stop."

THE END