

East of Eve, Ch. 1-18

By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

“Oh come on Jason!” laughed Eve Tudor, reaching out a hand to playfully ruffle her boyfriend’s hair, “you know that I’m just messing with you when I say that kind of stuff.” She had just brought up the fact that she had graduated from high school with a perfect 4.0, while Jason, while maintaining a respectable 3.7, was really nowhere near her. Her little tease had caught him a bit off guard, and he hadn’t been able to hide the indignation on his face. He had tried as hard as he could in school, but math had always been a sore subject — Eve, on the other hand, was just one of those people who coasted through school, acing everything seemingly without effort. In reality, Eve studied very hard.

“I—I know,” said Jason, who was smiling despite his initial reaction. He puffed up his chest and made a show of mock masculinity, flexing his impressive muscles. “Besides, if I was better than you in school, you’d have nothing to hold over me.”

“Oh, on the contrary,” said Eve, walking up and standing over him. She stared down into his eyes. “It looks to me like I’d have plenty to hold over you.” Jason looked up into his girlfriend’s pretty brown eyes. Her face was framed by gentle waves of chestnut brown hair. He had to give it to her on this one — at 6’1, Eve stood a good 5 inches taller than Jason, who at 5’8 was by no means short. It was true that such a height disparity was unusual, but the two of them had been dating for 2 years now, ever since sophomore year, and they hardly thought anything of it anymore. It helped that Jason was no slouch himself when it came to his physique: even though he was a tad shorter than average, what he lacked in height he made up for in brawn. He was an all-state wrestler in the 170-pound class.

He looked straight forward into the elegant white curve of Eve’s neck. Then he averted his eyes up slightly to her red lips, which were pursed in simulated seriousness. Jason couldn’t hold it in any longer and smiled; he looked up into Eve’s eyes again, which sparkled playfully. He loved this girl — he suddenly reached around her back, seized her in an aggressive embrace, and lifted her up off the ground.

“Ohhhh!” said Eve, caught by surprise as her boyfriend spun her around. She loved when he did this; even though Eve stood much taller than him, she liked to be reminded that he could effortlessly sling her around and do what he wanted with her physically. For the state champion wrestler, picking up Eve like this was no problem — she was quite thin, weighing only 142 pounds.

“I know you’ll always be above me, baby,” said Jason, looking up at Eve as he continued to hold her aloft. “And I’m totally cool with that — it’s only proper for a queen to sit higher than her king, after all.”

“Oh stop it,” laughed Eve as she waved her hand dismissively, “you’re so silly!” But Jason could see her blushing even as she spoke, and he warmed inside. He knew that she loved it when he talked this way — even though Eve was unquestionably progressive and forward-thinking, there was no denying that she appreciated the traditional gender roles that their relationship upheld. As she looked down at her boyfriend, and felt his strong arms around her waist, and saw the teasing confidence in his blue eyes, she felt pleasant tingles go through her body. They reverberated in her pussy: she was turned on by masculine displays like this. Even though she definitely thought of herself as a “strong independent woman,” the fact remained that what turned her on in a guy were confidence, swagger, and...well, muscles. And Jason had all of that — plus, he was super smart, although perhaps not the academic savant she was.

Jason caught her blushing. Their eyes met; their eyebrows went up. A minute later Eve was on her hands and knees, clutching onto her bedsheets as Jason penetrated her from behind. She gritted her teeth as she felt his sizable cock slide in and out of her lubricated pussy. He was thicker than average, and a few months ago Eve had made a sexy show of measuring his length. He was a little over 8 inches. Upon learning this information Eve had pushed him down onto the bed and jumped straight on his dick, riding him like a cowgirl. She didn’t usually get on top during sex (as she preferred to bottom), but receiving physical confirmation that her boyfriend’s cock was over 8 inches long had made her especially lusty.

Back in the present, Eve shut her eyes as Jason went roughly into her, then out, in, then out, in a steady and deliberate rhythm. He was holding onto her hips as he speared her from behind, and each time he went in he saw the gentle contours of her ass flesh jiggle and ripple sexily. Eve was pretty skinny...there was no doubt about that. She moved like a deer, with long thin limbs that gave her an unmistakable gracefulness and regality. Still though, ever since they graduated a few months ago, Jason had noticed Eve getting...a little bigger in certain areas. Her previous A-cup tits had gotten bigger, so much so that she had actually ascended to a B-cup. Her skinny jeans were looking a little tighter on her these days, indicating that her thighs had thickened a bit. But more than anything, it seemed that her hips had gotten fleshier, and her ass had gotten bigger. Like, noticeably bigger...more than any other part of her body. Throughout high school Eve had sported a relatively flat ass, to go along with her small tits. Her hips had always been fairly wide, but they hadn’t had a lot of extra flesh to pad them. These past few months, however, all that was beginning to change.

Jason wasn’t complaining. He bit his lip as he honed in on how each one of his thrusts sent Eve’s ass into a rhythmic dance. While he was definitely under the impression that he liked his girls thin, in recent weeks he had caught himself staring at his girlfriend’s expanding ass. He even had to shut his eyes and shake his head a few times to snap himself out of the mini-trance he would go into whenever Eve was walking in front of him and her ass cheeks jiggled up and down with each step. Aside from his obvious attraction to these new developments, Jason didn’t really think much of Eve’s growth. It was only natural for girls to fill out a little bit after high school — there was nothing odd or out of place about that. And as he looked down at her ass shaking and bouncing on his dick, he couldn’t help but chuckle to himself. What, was he going to complain that his girlfriend was getting curvier?

He gave her wobbling ass a hearty smack, eliciting an aroused moan from Eve as she backed up harder and harder into his dick. His pace became more and more feverish, and a minute or so later he ejaculated inside her, into the magnum condom he was wearing.

"You know," said Jason, a little bit later as they were basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking, "I can tell you've gotten a little thicker recently."

"Aww, you can tell?" asked Eve in a parody of disappointment. She sat up on her bed and faced her boyfriend. "Is it really that obvious?" She reached down and clutched the flesh on either side of her hips. There was enough there to fill her hands.

"I mean...kinda," said Jason. "Especially...uh, I mean...your ass is definitely bigger."

"Oh yeah?" asked Eve, turning around and looking back at it. "You're sure?"

"Oh yeah," laughed Jason, "I'm pretty damn sure, Eve. I mean, I look at it all the time — so I should know."

"You perv," teased Eve. But she looked back at herself and then turned her back to him so that her full naked ass was on display. 'Yeah,' thought Jason, 'especially from this angle, with her kneeling on the bed and everything...it's definitely bigger.' She twitched her ass cheeks up and down a little, and there was ample flesh enough for the motion to be obvious.

"You think I'm getting too big, Jason?" she asked seriously, turning her head around and looking at him.

"No way, babe," he said, smiling as he enjoyed the view. "You're just looking more and more like a woman. I actually used to think that you were too skinny, you know."

"What?" she asked, whipping around irately, "what are you talking about?"

Jason laughed, enjoying the rise he was getting out of her. "Come on babe, just a few months ago you were all skin and bones."

"Like hell I was!" said Eve animatedly. "You're just insecure because I'm bigger than you now in some areas!"

"Oh yeah?" said Jason, still smiling, "like what?"

"Like...well...I'm obviously taller than you," said Eve. She was actually curious about how this conversation was going to go, but their recent sex and Jason's playful chiding had gotten her feeling a little feisty. Besides, there was something about body comparisons that...well...turned her on a little bit. She didn't quite know why, and had never really stopped to think much about it. She bounded off the bed and stood naked in front of Jason with her hands on her hips. He regarded her nude body from his sitting position on her bed, grinning at her antics.

"Taller doesn't mean 'bigger' you know," he said, arching his eyebrow up at her.

“What’s the matter big guy?” she teased down at him, “afraid to stand up next to me? Afraid to stand in your girlfriend’s shadow?”

“Ooo you wanna play, huh?” said Jason, and he jumped up off the bed and stood before her, crossing his muscled arms across his chest. It was impossible to argue with her about the height thing, and he did notice (with a weird kind of shudder) that Eve’s head did happen to be perfectly positioned to block out her overhead light. He was indeed standing in her shadow. The top of his head was even with her eyes, and he had to look a little upward in order to see her chin. Still though, what was she talking about? He was way bigger than her.

“So what about it?” he said, his arms confidently folded across his chest as he looked up into her eyes. “Ok, so you’re taller — what else, big girl?”

Eve’s eyes sparkled a bit as her lips curled upward in a knowing smile. “My hips are bigger than yours.”

“Oh yeah right,” said Jason, immediately glancing down at her hips. They were substantially higher than his, rising up just about to his mid-torso. And as Eve flashed them playfully, he did feel that they were definitely wider than he remembered. But they definitely weren’t bigger than his, surely. He looked down at his own hips, which were firm with muscle. A doubt emerged in his head...were his hips actually bigger?

“Hmmm, yeah...I’m pretty sure mine are bigger,” persisted Eve, with even more confidence in her voice. “Come on, let’s compare in the mirror.” She walked over to the mirror that was hanging on her closed bedroom door. Jason followed her, feeling a little nervous despite himself. The mirror was body-length, and the two of them stood before it.

“Gosh, look how high my hips are on your body, Jason,” said Eve, with genuine surprise in her voice. “My legs are so much longer than yours.”

“Longer, yes,” said Jason, “but bigger —” and here he flexed his impressive quadriceps and calf muscles “—no.”

Eve giggled, shaking her head. “Well, I’d be a little worried if my legs were as big as yours. There’d be something all out whack with my hormones or something.”

“Yeah, that would be a little concerning,” agreed Jason.

“But what about hips?” asked Eve, returning to her original focus. “I think mine look wider than yours here.”

Jason had to admit that she was right. Her hips did look a little wider than his from this angle.

“Well, even if you’re a little wider,” he said, “I’m definitely thicker. Here, let’s stand the other way and see.” He pivoted himself so that the mirror reflected his body from the side. Eve did likewise. After a few moments she spoke up; her voice was raised a little in pleased uncertainty.

"Mmmm, I don't know, Jason," she chuckled, "you don't really look thicker than me from this angle."

Once again, Jason was forced to admit that Eve was right. Even from the side, it didn't really look like his hips had anything on Eve's. If anything...and he felt a little uncomfortable admitting this...hers were actually a little thicker.

"Let's get that tape measure out and see," said Eve suddenly. She gamboled over to her dresser and a moment later was turning back with the tape measure in her hand. Jason looked up at her uncertainly as she waltzed up to him and dangled it playfully in front of his face.

"Oh, what?" said Eve, teasing him as she noticed his ambivalent expression. "You afraid to see?"

"No!" said Jason, now taking his turn to respond irritably, "no, I just...it, uh...what does it matter, anyway?"

"Well if it doesn't matter," said Eve, unfurling the tape measure as she winked at him, "then why not measure and see? Come on, Jason, I'm just curious, that's all."

"Oh all right," he said reluctantly, smiling up into her face. "Here, measure me first." Eve grinned as she bent down, wrapping the tape measure around his hips. Jason definitely was in good shape, but he didn't have a lot of body fat — almost all his weight came from the muscles that he had worked hard to build for wrestling. Consequently, though, he didn't have a lot of extra padding. Eve's fingers worked delicately around him. Her touch was like electricity to his skin, and even though they had recently had sex his cock responded to her touch and started rising again.

"Sooo...we've got 34 inches," said Eve. "And...just to see," she continued, pulling the tape measure up to his waist, "your waist is...32 inches." She stood up, looking down on him. "Uh, that's pretty small, Jason."

"You're full of it," he laughed, shaking his head. "That's not small — besides, it's normal for guys to have smaller hips and shit."

"I don't know..." said Eve, inclining her head and arching her eyebrow. "That seems pretty small to me." Jason knew she was teasing him, but he still heard something in her voice, behind the play, that was serious.

"Oh whatever, let's see your measurements then," he said. "Come on, gimme here," and he snatched the tape measure out of her hand. He started to measure somewhere in between her waist and her hips.

"No, silly!" she said, reaching down and guiding his hand farther down, "that's where you measure the hips!"

"Oh forgive me if I don't know everything about how to measure for prom dresses," said Jason.

“What a jerk,” she giggled. They were both smiling for a moment, but Jason’s smile vanished when he saw the measurement.

“What’s it say?” asked Eve. Her heart was actually beating faster...for some reason this felt very exciting to her.

“Uh...it says...36...just over 36,” said Jason, not quite believing his own voice. It was true — Eve’s hips were bigger than his.

“Ha! I told you!” said Eve triumphantly, thrusting her fist high up in the air. Jason looked up at her, not quite knowing what to think.

“Aw, does that bother you?” asked Eve, genuinely feeling for her boyfriend. “Come on, Jason...I mean, it’s...it’s normal for women to have bigger hips. You said it yourself.”

“Y-yeah, that’s true,” he said uncertainly, “it’s just...I just...uh, I never really realized that you were...uh, bigger like that.”

“Well, I know I’ve grown a bit the past few months,” said Eve proudly, swiveling her hips. Then she stopped. “This...this doesn’t actually bother you, does it, Jason?”

“No!” he said, maybe a bit too heartily, “no! It’s just...a little surprising, that’s all.”

“Well, how about you measure my waist,” offered Eve, “I’m sure you’re bigger than me there.” Jason checked, and at 28 her waist was indeed smaller. He didn’t know why, but he felt some relief at this knowledge. 2 years back, when they first started dating, Jason had been insecure about Eve being substantially taller than him. Learning that her hips had grown wider than his was bringing back some of the old memories of apprehension, and Eve saw it in his face. She took his face in her hands and averted it upward so that it was looking straight into hers.

“Hey there,” she said, the arousal plain in her voice, “it’s me. It’s just me! Who cares if my hips are bigger. Jesus, who cares if my whole body got bigger than yours, Jason? I would still think you were the hottest stud on the planet.” She didn’t quite know why, but the combination of measuring with her boyfriend, comparing their bodies, and his subsequent uptight reaction really turned her on. It was a rare moment of vulnerability for Jason, and to Eve it just seemed like the cutest fucking thing. Her hunky, muscular, wrestler boyfriend all out of sorts...he was so adorable. And yet she also remembered his insecurity years ago — she saw it flicker again in his face, and she was seized with a desire to show him just how hot she found him. She turned him around and pushed him back down on the bed. His cock was rock hard again. For a split second, Eve felt a bit surprised...why was he hard right now if he was feeling insecure? But it didn’t matter, and it all passed by in a flash. His dick looked delicious, and she was going to eat it up.

Eve wasted no time in taking him in her mouth. Jason sucked in air as he threw his head back in wordless pleasure. His member was long and thick — Eve had never quite mastered the art of the blowjob, even though she had gone down on Jason plenty of times. He was just...too big for her to really get any substantial length down her throat. But in this moment, she felt raunchy and

naughty...and she was very turned on. She suddenly got it in her head to push harder than she had ever pushed before, just to see how much she could take.

"Oooo, jeez," moaned Jason as Eve bobbed up and down aggressively on his length. After a few practice thrusts of her neck, she reared back and plunged down on his engorged member. Her eyes were tightly shut and she felt her lips and cheeks stretching more and more...and more as she took him into her mouth. She felt him at the back of her throat. She gagged. Undeterred, she pushed harder. She gagged again. But she was not going to stop this time, like she had so many other times. She fought through her gag reflex and kept pushing. His dick slid into her throat. Jason looked at her down the length of his body and saw that she was impaled on his length, and that there were only a couple inches left. She strained and strained to get the last 2 inches in, but he had filled her mouth to capacity.

"Mrrrrrggghhhh!" she moaned aggressively, opening her eyes and looking straight at him. That did it — he shot his load down her throat and she gladly swallowed it with appreciative and exaggerated moans.

A few minutes later they were once again basking in the afterglow of their sex. The late afternoon sunlight peeked in through Eve's bedroom blinds.

"Well," she said, smiling at Jason, "you wanna keep packing? I helped you pack all your shit — it's only fair that you help me, you know."

"You're really something, you know that?" said Jason, grinning at his girlfriend. "You're a real piece of work."

"Work, yes. Exactly. That's what we need to be doing," she teased. "God, can you believe it? Classes start next week!"

"I can't wait," said Jason drily, reaching down to put his clothes back on. They were going to the same state college, and both of them were on scholarship (although Eve's was a bit more substantial).

Eve's phone rang suddenly. She answered it as she shimmied her underwear back up her hips.

"Hello? Oh wassup girl...yeah? Yeah? Oooo how exciting! Yeah...awww, you're too sweet! Yeah, I'm at my place. Jason's helping me pack up. Yeah...yeah I know, what a gentleman...yeah...ok, well come on over! Can't wait to see what it is! Ok, bye." She hung up and turned to Jason.

"Lauren's coming over," she said excitedly, "and she's bringing me a present!"

Chapter 2

Jason turned to Eve and sarcastically rolled his eyes at the mention of her friend.

“Oohhh Lauren’s coming over?” he asked, wincing. “What’s she want?”

“She has a present for me!” said Eve, laughing indignantly as she threw one of her socks at her boyfriend. “And besides, don’t act like you don’t love Lauren! Come on, admit it — she’s, like, the coolest girl you know.”

Jason mimed thinking as he brought his hand up to his chin. “Hmmm, well yeah, I’ll admit, Lauren’s pretty cool.”

“Duh!” exclaimed Eve, throwing her suitcase open and starting to pack her things inside.

“And I mean, if I wasn’t going out with you...ya know...” Jason persisted, and a devious smile appeared on his face. Eve threw another sock at him, hitting him in the face.

“Ass!” she laughed. “Like you’d ever have a chance with Lauren.”

“You’re right,” he said, nodding his head. “I don’t think I have enough tattoos to meet her threshold.”

“Yeah, that’s true,” agreed Eve, “and you’re also probably not submissive enough.”

“Submissive enough?” asked Jason, confused.

“Well yeah, Jason,” said Eve matter-of-factly as she folded up her shirts. “Haven’t you ever noticed that the guys she goes out with are always...um...well, to start with, a good deal smaller than her?”

“Yeah, I guess I noticed that,” he said mildly, sidling over and sitting next to her on the bed as he started to fold up her underwear.

“Wait! No, not my underwear!” she said quickly, reaching over and snatching them out of his hands.

“What? Why not?” he asked, a bit surprised.

“I...I’m just self-conscious, is all,” she said, taking the rest of her underwear pile and moving it behind her. “You know...there are...stains and whatnot.”

“Stains?” asked Jason blankly.

“Yeah, from my periods,” said Eve.

“Oh! Oh...” said Jason, nodding his head. He had always been a little weirded out by period blood, and didn’t really like having sex when Eve was on hers. The thing was, she was often quite horny when she was on her period, so it had, at one point, been a point of contention in their relationship, with Eve feeling hurt that Jason didn’t want to have sex with her when she

was menstruating and Jason feeling put-upon that Eve was expecting him to engage in sexual activity when he found her nether regions a bit...off-putting, to say the least. At one point Eve had angrily told him that a real man would embrace every aspect of her body, and wouldn't get all squeamish and repulsed just because she was menstruating. She had said that she had learned how to deal with it in sixth grade, so he should be able to deal with it when he was significantly older.

This had all happened about a year ago, and they had made up and dropped the whole issue, but even with this little aside in the conversation, both of them felt the old hurt feelings start to well up inside again. Jason felt a little twinge of irritation as he remembered Eve's angry words about him not being a "real man," and Eve felt more than just a little poke of anger as she thought back to Jason's unapologetic revulsion when he saw her bleeding that one time during sex. The immature little bastard, not being able to deal with the natural processes of a woman's body...thinking all women were just smooth little swans, perfectly fashioned for the male gaze...he didn't even know how long it took her to shave her legs every morning, to pluck her eyebrows, to get her make-up just right, to straighten her hair...and when he saw a little blood coming out of her he goes as soft as a...

But these were all just flashes of thought. In less than a couple seconds they had dissipated. Eve even felt a little guilty for the bubbling-up of those feelings from the past, and she compensated by smiling warmly at Jason. His face brightened up immediately when he saw her gorgeous smile, and he returned it in kind. She felt a bit of a sinking feeling in her gut when she saw him respond to her so instantly like that...it made her feel like she had a little more power in the exchange than she was comfortable with. She didn't like leading their exchanges as much as she liked following his lead. That was one big reason why they were going out — more than anyone else in school, Jason projected strength and confidence, and it turned Eve on to no end. But here she was, getting anxious over the tiniest little exchanges.

'I need to relax,' she told herself, and she took a couple deep breaths.

"Everything ok there?" asked Jason, looking at her curiously.

"Uh-huh," she said, nodding her head. "I just got nervous all of a sudden for some reason."

"Nervous?" asked Jason. "About what?" He looked nervous himself for a moment or two, and Eve's anxiety increased again; once again he was just following her lead without even realizing it! But she felt a wash of relief when he suddenly burst out laughing.

"Are you nervous about what Lauren's gonna bring you?" he teased.

"N-nooooo!" she said truthfully as she laughed and blushed. But she could tell from the way she was acting that she was making it appear like that was the reason, and Jason capitalized on it and persisted with his teasing.

"Oh my god, you are!" he laughed. "What, are you worried that Lauren's gonna bring you something weird? Something...you know...kind of "out there?""

"Like what?" she asked through her laughter.

"I don't know! Like some kind of big ole' sex toy or something!?" he said, smiling.

"You are just too much, you know that?" she giggled. "A sex toy!? Please."

"What, you act like that's not a distinct possibility," he said semi-seriously. "This is Lauren we're talking about. You know, Lauren, the girl who got caught blowing James Woodson behind the bass drum in the band room?"

"Oh Jesus, enough!" she laughed, throwing more of her clothes at him. "She said that was the only time that she was gonna get James alone! Plus he was always super-shy. She had to capitalize on her chance!"

"Uh-huh," said Jason sarcastically. They folded Eve's clothes for another minute or so, until Jason broke the silence again. "You know...you're right — I had never even really thought about it, but Lauren totally does only go for smaller guys."

"And not only smaller," said Eve, nodding her head, "but, like, submissive too."

"What exactly do you mean by that?" asked Jason. "You keep using that word." He had a bit of a strange feeling in his stomach when Eve was talking about these things, and he wanted to understand exactly what she was getting at. Something about it felt...worrying, or even dangerous. But he was too curious not to ask.

"Well, you know, submissive," said Eve, shrugging her shoulders. "Like, she likes to be in charge in the relationship. She likes to call the shots."

"Oh!" said Jason, chuckling. "I thought you were talking about...uh...other stuff."

"What 'other stuff?'" Eve asked, narrowing her eyes at her boyfriend as she smiled.

Jason raised his eyebrows as he took his turn to shrug and spread his arms open wide. "Like, oh, I don't know...all that weird stuff about, uh...what is it called...that acronym...BD something."

"BDSM?" ventured Eve.

"That's it," said Jason. "Yeah, BDSM. Like, isn't that what the 's' stands for..."submissive?"

"You can ask Lauren when she gets here," laughed Eve. "I'm sure she'll know."

"Yeah..." said Jason, trailing off a little. He didn't know why, but he could feel a strange energy between himself and his girlfriend when this subject was out in the open. It felt a little uncomfortable, almost like both of them wanted to keep talking about it but were too embarrassed or weirded out by the prospect. They continued folding and packing Eve's clothes in silence for another minute or so. Eve could feel the strange energy too — and it was making her feel...a bit aroused. Even hearing Jason say "BDSM" out loud made her think about what it would be like if they...ever did anything like that. She had to admit, a few times when they had

had sex, she imagined Jason being even more aggressive. He was already aggressive enough, and sometimes smacked her hard on the ass as he fucked her from behind. She loved that. But recently, she had even begun to imagine him doing more...like talking dirty to her, getting rougher with her, and even choking her with his hands or with his cock. He had only face-fucked her a couple times, and he had seemed a little turned off by the choking and gagging sounds she was making. Unlike Jason, Eve was definitely interested in exploring more...*alternative* sexual experiences.

But she hadn't really talked to him about it, and what's more, thinking about these things also made her feel dirty. She didn't really know how to voice these desires, and one big reason why she had avoided doing so was because she thought it would freak Jason out. He was already scared of her menstrual blood...he might really flip out if she asked him to choke her or "dom" her. So she had recently begun to satisfy herself by watching porn of especially masculine men, totally ripped and tatted up, having rough sex with smaller, prone, submissive women. She liked to imagine herself as one of those women, tied up, begging to be let go, to be spared, and then to have her pleas ignored as she was brutally fucked into silence. She knew what the letters in "BDSM" stood for. But she was afraid to get into it with Jason. She was afraid of him disappointing her.

"Who is Lauren seeing now, anyway?" piped up Jason a moment later.

"I think...William Langley, isn't that right?" said Eve. She suddenly found herself immensely attracted to Jason, and his innocent ignorance. He was such a hunk. And he was so into her. She pivoted around on the bed, bouncing as she turned to face him, putting her arms on her full thighs. She leaned in towards him, her lips pursed in a mocking pout. "Gee, you're mighty interested in what Lauren's got going on these days, huh?" she teased.

"What!?" he shot back, creasing his brow. "I was just curious! You're the one who said she could come over, anyway!"

"Classic misdirection!" exclaimed Eve, pointing her finger. "You're just nervous because Lauren's probably bringing me a giant dildo and you're afraid that it's gonna make you feel inadequate!"

"I...just...what!?" laughed Jason, his head spinning a little. "I...I won't even dignify that with a response!"

"Ha!" said Eve, affecting a snotty attitude as she turned her nose up in the air.

"Besides," said Jason, smiling confidently, "you were singing a different tune a few minutes ago. You didn't seem to need anything...bigger when I was inside you."

Eve had opened her mouth and was about to utter a snarky comeback when the doorbell rang.

"That'll be Lauren," she said excitedly, bounding off the bed. "No sniffing my underwear before I get back, you perv."

"Once again, no response," chuckled Jason, putting his hands up in the air. Eve went to go let Lauren in and he had a few moments of private thought. He was always a little bit nervous when Lauren was around — to start with, she was knock-out hot, and he didn't want Eve to catch him ogling at her curves. What's more, Lauren was confident...like super-confident...almost disarmingly so. If she wasn't so naturally jolly, it would definitely seem that she went through life with a chip on her shoulder. She thrived on confrontation, albeit playful, and Jason felt like he always had to be on his toes around her...otherwise, she might embarrass him and trap him in his own words, like she had done a few times before. Lauren and Eve were good friends, best friends, even, and a few times he had caught Lauren looking at him closely. Her steady, piercing blue eyes made him feel naked, and Jason sometimes got the feeling that she was scrutinizing him, as if trying to make sure that he was good enough for Eve. In these little moments, which had only happened a couple times, Jason felt nervous, defensive, and even threatened. But he had brushed them aside — he was probably overthinking the whole thing. And besides, Lauren seemed to like him fine.

He heard Eve and Lauren laughing as they approached the bedroom, Eve with her characteristic giggles, and Lauren with her usual hefty and bombastic guffaw. Eve pushed the door open and their laughter spilled out louder into the room. Jason unconsciously stood up to greet them and saw that it wasn't just the two girls. There was another guy with them...Lauren's boyfriend, William Langley. Apparently he was tagging along with her, attached at the hip. This all made sense, Jason thought. William was totally Lauren's bitch — he followed her around everywhere she went. He had a sudden flash of insight — was this what Eve was talking about? The whole domination-submission thing? William was standing a little behind Lauren, his shoulders hunched forward, looking quite small. He held a large wrapped package in his arms. At 5'6, William was only a couple inches shorter than Jason, but unlike Jason he was quite skinny. His arms and legs were little rails, especially compared to his girlfriend. Lauren stood there confidently, looking all the more powerful and vigorous next to her paltry boyfriend. She was a couple inches taller than Jason, standing at a healthy 5'10, and even though she was 3 inches shorter than Eve, she weighed a good deal more. Lauren sported a full, thick figure, with wide, substantial hips, powerful thighs, and an impressively oversized ass. So many jocks had tried and failed to go out with her. Jason was momentarily dazed by her figure, but recovered quickly, looking at Lauren and smiling.

"Well, if it isn't the man himself!" said Lauren loudly, putting her hands on her hips. "Look at that, William, you can take a page or two out of Jason's book — this is what boyfriends are good for: folding our clothes!"

"Well you know me, Lauren," rebutted Jason, "I'm the sensitive type."

Lauren cackled, appreciating Jason's quick response. "Ooo yes, the sensitive type, very good! Although I'm sorry to say, I think little William's got you beat in sensitivity here." She gestured over to her small boyfriend. "I had this guy rub my feet for a solid hour this morning. And you wanted to go even longer, didn't you?"

William shrugged and looked up at Lauren. "Well, you have awesome feet, so...yeah."

“Don’t make it sound so boring, twerp!” she teased, stepping in and giving him a little shove in the chest with her fingers. He stumbled a couple steps back with a sheepish grin on his face. Clearly, he had no problem whatsoever being addressed this way. Jason watched the interaction for a moment and made eye contact with Eve. Her eyebrow went up, as if to say ‘This is what I was talking about.’ He smiled and turned to William, feeling an odd, warm rush of confidence. Though he didn’t realize it, he felt this way because it seemed clear to him that he was the only truly masculine presence in the room.

“How’s it going, William?” he inquired.

“I’m good,” said William simply, looking at Jason and smiling. “Actually...I’m very good. It was a...a nice morning, you know?”

“Sounds like it!” said Jason, chuckling, not wanting to get too deep into the particulars. There was something about William’s openness...his quiet confidence in shamelessly following Lauren’s lead, that made Jason feel a little uncomfortable. But he brushed it off without much of a thought.

Lauren walked over and stood directly behind William. She was wearing black platform boots, which went well with her torn jeans and her tight, black, punk-rock top. Her boots put her up above 6 feet tall, to 6’2, standing a full inch taller than Eve in her bare feet. But standing behind William this way, Jason couldn’t help but think that Lauren looked...fearsome. In her boots, she rose a full half-foot taller than her boyfriend, and their clothing styles almost seemed to underline the power dynamic that was going on. William was wearing simple, oversized cargo shorts that his stick-like legs poked out of down below, and an oversized navy t-shirt that made him look, well...kind of like a middle schooler. In contrast, Lauren stood high above him in her shiny black boots, completely filling out her roomy jeans with her thick thighs, wide hips, and prodigious ass, with her upper body likewise filling out her tight black shirt. Her full arms extended down over William’s shoulders, her sharp black fingernails raking themselves over his chest, as she put her chin on top of his head and smiled devilishly.

“Any morning that he rubs my feet is a good morning,” she said sultrily, winking at Eve and Jason. She nuzzled his ear with her face, reaching out her tongue as she stuck it in his ear for a moment as she nibbled sexily on his lobe. He closed his eyes and started breathing hard. Jason wished she would stop — this was too much PDA, and he looked down at Eve’s carpet. In truth, he only felt annoyed because the two of them were obviously comfortable enough to do stuff like this in front of other people. It made him jealous.

Eve was staring at the couple, a little wide-eyed. She was used to seeing Lauren do this kind of thing with her boyfriends, but for some reason seeing it all like this, in her bedroom, made her feel instantly wet. Just the way that Lauren was effortlessly consuming him from behind...shamelessly turning him on like that in front of them. It made her feel all kinds of different conflicting things. It made her want to have sex with Jason again; it made her want him to just shove his fingers into her snatch; it made her want to stride over to him and grab his dick in front of Lauren, as if to playfully one-up her; it made her want to go over and stand over

William imposingly, sandwiching him into Lauren with her body. She looked down at her friend's shiny black boots. God they were sexy.

"Well go on, mister!" said Lauren suddenly, urging William forward towards Eve with a little push. "Give Eve her present!"

William stumbled a little, looked up at Eve, and then held out the wrapped package towards her. Jason watched the whole exchange, noticing that William's eyes only came up to Eve's shoulders. Even as she craned down to graciously accept the gift, she looked positively huge next to him. Jason swallowed a little uncomfortably. Surely...he didn't look like that next to her, right? He glanced down at his own chiseled body. No...of course not.

"What!?" said Eve in mock surprise, putting her hand to her chest. "For meeee??" William smiled as she accepted the package, looking over deviously at Lauren. "Is this a sex toy?" she asked, laughing. "Jason and I thought it might be a sex toy."

Lauren chuckled as she pulled William back over to her, putting her hands through his hair. "Well, in a manner of speaking, yes it is," she said. She glanced down at William. "I mean, for us they are, anyway."

Eve giggled. "Oh my god, Lauren — so mysterious! Well, let's see." She tore eagerly into the package. Jason felt his heart quickening. Why was he feeling like this? Why was he suddenly feeling so nervous? Eve gasped as she looked at the opened package, her eyes wide as her mouth hung open.

"What?" asked Jason, a little more desperately than he intended to sound. "What is it?"

With her eyes and mouth still open wide, Eve turned to him and showed him the package: it was a pair of shiny, black, stiletto platform boots. Jason felt himself go cold as he felt something uncomfortable twinge in his groin. His heart beat faster, and he experienced a series of unpleasant prickling sensations across his arms and down into his hands and feet.

"Well?" asked Lauren, grinning from ear to ear as she held William to her bosom. "Whaddya think, girl?"

"I...I love them," said Eve deeply, her eyes lost in the heels for a moment. She looked over at Lauren, and a huge smile appeared on her face. "I was just looking at your boots and thinking how hot they were!" she said excitedly. "It's like you just read my mind!"

"And those are a little taller, even, than mine!" said Lauren happily. "Mine are 4 inches, which is good enough, especially for little William here, but with you, well, I thought, Eve's already plenty tall — why not just go all-out and help her become a full-blown amazon?"

"Oh my god!" said Eve, blinking at the heels. "How tall are they?"

"6 inches!" said Lauren animatedly.

"6...I'll...I'll be 6'7 in these!" said Eve, wide-eyed.

"Yeah!" said Lauren. "Like I said, an amazon!" Come on, let's see you try them on! I wanna make sure they fit your feet right and everything. Otherwise I can take them back and get them in the right size. They're a women's size 11, but I don't know if that's right or not for this brand."

"Well, 11 usually fits me pretty good," said Eve, taking the heels out of the box. She looked over to Jason and laughed. He was just looking at her stupidly, not quite believing what was happening. "You ok over there, Jason?" she giggled.

"Y-yeah..." he said, blinking and trying to recover himself. "I just...uh...yeah, wow."

"Aww, you don't mind, do you?" asked Eve as she sat down on her bed and started pulling one of the heels onto her feet.

"What? No! No, of...of course not!" said Jason. But he did mind, though. The prospect of Eve towering almost a foot above him was intimidating to say the least. He looked over at Lauren. What was she playing at, anyway? She looked back at him challengingly, as if to say, 'What, you can't take it?'

"Let's see...lemme just get these on here," said Eve carefully as she pulled the heels onto her foot. "Yep! Seems to fit fine!"

"Good!" said Lauren, massaging William's little chest from behind. "Now put the other one on and stand up — we wanna see how you look!"

"Was this your idea?" asked Jason to Lauren, smiling and chuckling casually to mask the seriousness of his question.

"Of course!" said Lauren, as if it had been an obvious answer. "What, you think this was little William's idea?"

"No...no, now that I think about it, of course it was your idea," said Jason, still chuckling.

But he stopped talking, because Eve had just stood up. Lauren gasped. William's mouth fell open. Jason's stomach twisted up inside him, and Eve herself gasped as she put her hand over her mouth, stifling an incredulous smile. She looked absolutely enormous. She rose up so high above everyone else that it was almost comical. And her legs looked natural with the heels on — her limbs were already so long that the big heels harmonized, rather than clashed, with her appearance. She immediately looked down at Jason and started laughing. How could she not? The top of his head was now even with her shoulders, and he found that he was looking straight forward into her boobs. As if to emphasize the novelty of the size comparison, she walked over and stood directly in front of him, drawing herself up.

"Eve...s-stop it!" protested Jason, turning away from her. "It's...it's too much!"

"Awww, boyfriend can't take it, huh?" mocked Lauren.

"Oh knock it off, will you?" snapped Jason.

"Wowww," said Eve from high above, "this...this is incredible, Lauren. I feel like I'm...like, floating on a cloud."

"Pretty cool, huh?" agreed Lauren. "Well, you look great, girl, despite what insecure little Jason over here says."

"Hey!" exclaimed Jason. "I'm not insecure! It's just...just..."

"Just what?" asked Eve, turning over and looking down at him, smiling brightly. "Come on, Jason, don't be like that! I feel awesome in these!"

"W-well...y-yeah," said Jason, and he quickly realized that he was going to look like an asshole if he didn't pretend in a hurry that everything was ok. He took a deep breath and smiled up at her. "I mean...you do look pretty bangin' in those."

"Awww!" said Eve, "thaaaankksss!"

"That's the spirit, Jason!" said Lauren.

"Yeah, I was just...wow, yeah...just a little shocked there for a second, is all," he said, satisfied that he had made a sufficient recovery.

"Aw don't worry, baby," said Eve, bending down and engulfing him in a boob-height hug. "You're always gonna be my little stud, no matter how tall I am."

"Haha!" laughed Jason, feeling deeply uncomfortable on the inside.

"You should totally wear those to the dance in two weeks!" said Lauren, referring to the beginning-of-the-year freshman dance at their new college.

"Oh my god I totally should!" said Eve excitedly. She turned to look down at Jason. "You wouldn't mind, would you, Jason?"

"To...to the dance?" he asked.

Chapter 3

Eve looked down silently on her boyfriend for a moment. She couldn't believe how short...how small...he looked. It didn't matter that he was 170 pounds of solid muscle. She stood a full 11 inches taller than him in these heels, a staggering height difference that seemed to utterly cancel out any size advantage his arms or chest or whatever else had over her. She absolutely towered over him — the top of his head barely came up to her shoulders, her boobs were literally in his face, and she shuddered excitedly to realize that her hips were as tall as his chest. She felt the almost-dizzying reality of the size difference as she gently pivoted her hips back and forth in front of him. It was clear to everyone in the room — Eve was mesmerized by being this tall, and was flaunting herself in front of Jason, mostly due to her sheer awe of how much taller she stood than him.

But she was also playing with him a little bit...teasing him. He didn't have anything to be afraid of, after all! And yet she heard the fear in his voice when he had asked the question, and saw the fear in his face as he craned his neck and looked up past her boobs into her face. From her elevated height, she bent her head downward to meet his eyes, and felt a thrilled, cold shock slowly infiltrate through her body, spreading from her chest outward to her limbs, down to her loins, and up to her face. As she looked down at him it felt like she was slowly becoming encased in fiery ice — she would later wonder what was causing this feeling, but presently, all she did was register its gripping and enchanting power over her. She felt hot...sexy...and horny as hell. She wanted to take Jason's little face and shove it into her hot boobs — she wanted him to grin confidently up at her and grab her, and turn her around and smack her ass hard as he shoved her forward onto her bed, yanked down her panties, and penetrated her from behind with his primed member. She wanted to cum all over his dick and then spring back up and pull him onto the bed with her, holding him down with her crotch to his face as she deepthroated his cock hungrily, sucking every last bit of her pussy juices from his taut cock-skin and forcing him to shoot his hot seed down her throat, straight into her greedy belly. And she wanted him to grunt and grimace and force her down and take her from behind again...and again.

All of these impulses blazed through her mind as she looked down on him, but even as they did, her heart sank a little. His eyes were actually afraid. There's no way he could take her with that kind of attitude...he didn't think she was sexy. He didn't like her height...it made him feel too small...it brought out his old insecurities again. Eve couldn't help but feel a cut of annoyance and irritation at Jason's reaction. Was he seriously bothered by this?! Did he not realize what she wanted him to do to her?? What she wanted to do to him?? Why didn't he get his head out of his ass and realize how turned on she was by this whole spectacle?

She glanced over at Lauren, who was still towering behind William, running her black-clawed hands up and down her boyfriend's shriveled little chest as they watched the exhibition. Eve imagined herself doing the same thing to Jason, except that his chest would be bare, showing off all his impressive muscles, and he would be grinning confidently at whoever was looking at them, as if to say, 'Yeah, this piece is mine.'

Lauren raised her eyebrows at Eve. 'He can't take it, can he?' she seemed to say. Eve raised her own eyebrows in a motion of uncertainty and then looked back down at her boyfriend. He

had taken his eyes off her face, off her entire body, and was looking sideways at some random pieces of clothing on the bed. Eve couldn't believe it; he was pouting. And worse, he was waiting for her to say something next. She felt angry, but when she spoke she did her best to sound pleasant and nonchalant.

"Well yeah, Jason! To the dance." She felt a sudden urge rush through her — the urge to immediately fix the negativity she was feeling. She would do it by flirting with him. Her hips shimmied from side to side as she sent her upper body into a series of gentle wavelike motions. "C'mon!" she said in a deep sexy voice down to him. "Don't you wanna go with me, Jason?"

He didn't even look at her — he just kept his eyes fixed sideways on the clothes on the bed. He didn't know what was wrong with himself; he felt paralyzed by the situation, and for the moment at least he felt completely unable to do anything to remedy it. He felt annoyed that Eve was teasing him — this always happened when she was hanging out with Lauren. All of a sudden Eve would go from gentle and playful and deferential to something else...something more aggressive. Lauren's presence seemed to change Eve, to make her more likely to challenge him, to test him, to probe him, to see how far she could push him before he pushed back. When they were alone, that was all well and good, but when they were hanging around Lauren, Jason didn't like it at all. He felt like Eve wasn't doing it for him. Instead, he felt like she was trying to put on a show for Lauren, to show her friend that she could be one of those "liberated women" too. This kind of behavior from Eve irritated Jason for a lot of reasons, but the main reason (and the reason he was least conscious of) was that it made him feel like a second-class person in the exchange. He felt like Eve and Lauren were engaging on some kind of higher plane that he was not privy to, on some kind of mysterious "female frequency" that he could not access. And it made him feel insecure, unworthy, undeveloped...small. He hated it — and he hated that Eve could casually, carelessly, make him feel like that, seemingly with no effort on her part.

"He's not answering," said Lauren. "Guess he can't handle you at this height, Eve."

Jason turned and shot a look of unbridled malevolence at Lauren, who looked back at him with wide eyes, completely unfazed by his expression. She formed her mouth into a little "o" shape as she raised her eyebrows mockingly, as if to say: 'Oh! Did I hit a nerve there?'

"Oh sure he can!" said Eve heartily, feeling like she ought to side with her boyfriend in the exchange. Otherwise, she realized, she risked sending him into a full-scale passive-aggressive fit, which would be embarrassing for her, especially in front of the liberated kink couple in her own bedroom. Eve felt a quick flash of jealousy for Lauren and William's relationship. How did they make it look so easy? How did they just fall into those roles so naturally?

"Come on Jason," Eve persisted, attempting to lighten the mood by taking a stroll around her bedroom in the new heels. "You don't think I look sexy in these? Cause I'm gonna be honest — they make me feel pretty damn sexy."

"N-no...I mean yeah! Yeah, of course you look sexy in them," said Jason, finding his words as he looked up towards her from across the room. He found it easier to look at her, and to talk to her, when she wasn't looming over him. "I just...uh, I don't know, Eve."

“Don’t know? Don’t know what?” asked Eve, feeling the anger and resentment building in her. Was he seriously going to be like this? Was he going to stifle her just because his fragile little male ego couldn’t handle it? This was not what she wanted from him, and she was surprised, both by the fact that he was having such a hard time with the heels and by the vehemence of her internal reaction. She disguised it by speaking lightly, smiling, and twirling around as she looked at herself in the full-body mirror on the back of her bedroom door.

“Just...I don’t know if, uh...if it would be a great idea to wear those to the dance,” said Jason.

“Aww but whyyy notttt?” Eve asked as she made faces at herself in the mirror, continuing her front of flirtatious flippancy to disguise her real anger, her hurt feelings, and her disappointment.

“I mean...I just...those probably aren’t the best heels to dance in, right?” said Jason. He quickly continued his point, which was totally concocted and unrelated to anything he was thinking or feeling. But he thought it sounded believable and so he kept at it, ignorant of the fact that to Eve, and to Lauren and William, it was obvious that he was digging himself into a hole.

“And, you know, baby...I don’t want you to fall or hurt yourself or something at the dance...just because you, uh...you know, wanna look sexy. I mean, come on baby, I already think you’re sexy enough, haha! You don’t...uh, you don’t have to change yourself for me to think you’re hot! I already...already think that you’re just the hottest girl out there, ok? And, like...you know, it’s kind of like the girls who...uh...who, you know, put on all that makeup because they want other people to find them attractive, but really they’re already attractive without the makeup, and, uh...yeah, they just need to hear that...that they’re already beautiful no matter what and...and that they don’t have to...you know...have to change themselves...right?”

As Jason kept talking, he felt the color rising in his face and the heat beginning to emanate up from inside his shirt. He knew that Eve saw right through his words; he knew that everyone did. She was standing there across the room, her hands on her hips, silently watching him struggle with an expressionless look on her face. He didn’t even dare look over at Lauren and William. Why did he press on? Why did he keep talking? Why didn’t he just shut up, shrug his shoulders, and act casual, like none of this mattered? As he plodded further and further into his transparent monologue, his voice had become less and less sure of itself, to the point where he literally ended it with a feeble little question. It was like he was begging for Eve to just nod her head and give him this one. But she didn’t nod her head. She didn’t react at all. She just stood there, hands on hips, not quite believing that her confident, studly boyfriend was making such a fool out of himself.

“You wanna know what I think?” said Lauren suddenly. Jason felt hot antipathy toward Lauren once more as he turned in her direction — he had been going to cop a sarcastic, combative attitude with her. But he was too surprised to respond initially, because he hadn’t expected Lauren to be as close to him as she was...or to appear as big and as tall. As he had lumbered on with his sermon at Eve, Lauren had quietly walked around from behind William and placed herself directly behind Jason. Like Eve, she had her hands on her hips, and when she spoke, Jason had whirled around, ready to argue with her.

But he hadn't been ready to be looking straight into the underside of her neck. Lauren was not a small person by any means — she was 5'10, and in her current boots she stood at a very tall 6'2. But what was even more imposing to Jason was the actual size of her body. She was actually bigger than him in just about every way. While he was quite certain that he could have "taken her" in a wrestling match, or a contest of pure strength, it didn't change the fact that her legs, her hips, her ass, and her well-endowed chest, and even her arms were bigger and thicker than Jason's. Somewhere in his head he assured himself that muscle weighed more than fat and that he was sure that he actually weighed more than Lauren...but looking at her figure, it was pretty clear that although her body was covered with a soft and sensuous layer of feminine fat, she was solid and strong underneath. He was startled seeing all of this so unexpectedly close, and he backed up a couple paces as Lauren faced him down.

"Wh-what?" he stammered, and then recovered, adding "What do you think, Lauren?" with more of a sarcastic bite.

"I think," she said, smiling down imperiously at him, "that all of what you said is total bullshit, Jason. I think Eve intimidates you and makes you feel less like a man."

"That's...that's bullshit!" said Jason.

"And you want to reel her in," continued Lauren, leaning down at him as she looked him straight in the eye, "you want to keep her from exploring her own sexuality because it's more important to you that she indulge your insecurities."

"S-sexuality, Lauren?" asked Jason, gaping. Then he burst out laughing. This was his attempt to diffuse the situation, but it also genuinely expressed his incredulity, and his disorientation. He turned to look at Eve, palms raised. He was hoping that his body language was saying 'What on earth is she talking about, right?' but in reality it just looked like he was begging for help. Eve shifted uncomfortably, but she kept standing up tall in the heels as she brushed her hair back. With her arm raised, Jason saw that her extended elbow wasn't too far from the ceiling. He felt renewed panic.

"What are you talking about, Lauren?" he managed to say. "What's...what's this got to do with sexuality? They're just heels!"

Lauren gestured over to Eve. "Look at her, Jason," she said. "Look at how she's been carrying herself ever since she put the heels on. She feels sexy in them, Jason. They turn her on. Can't you see that?"

Jason looked up at Eve and she just looked back down at him. He suddenly was struck by how beautiful and irresistible she looked in this moment: she looked tall, regal, even queenly, but she was witnessing something unpleasant that made her feel uncomfortable, and she was experiencing a confusing conflict of emotions. For a moment she looked vulnerable, almost childlike, even as she stood at 6'7.

"Yes," said Jason genuinely, "yes, I...I can see that."

Lauren had been going to keep boring into Jason, but it looked like he was relenting and she leaned back a little, deciding to keep quiet.

“Eve...I’m...I’m sorry,” said Jason. “I just...I guess I just got a little flustered there for a minute seeing you so...so much taller than me.”

Eve was now looking down on him pityingly, and she even felt some tears forming in the corners of her eyes. He really was so sweet...

“And...and I know that it’s because of how I’ve been insecure in the past,” Jason continued, looking over to Lauren and nodding at her. He couldn’t believe it — he was going to get out of this! The feelings he expressed were genuine, and by saying them he had managed to completely turn the conversation on its head. Now he was playing the role of the flawed but understanding, compassionate, and empowering boyfriend. It was almost too perfect.

Lauren stared hard at him for a moment, her mouth slightly open, as if she could hardly believe that he had managed to pull it off...but her brows suddenly went up and she heaved a happy sigh. Apparently he got it after all. That was all she wanted him to admit.

“Aww Jason!” said Eve, and she crossed the room in three strides and engulfed him in yet another boob-height hug. Jason smelled her fresh scent and suddenly started getting hard. Her legs looked so long with these heels, almost like deer legs.

“Well!” said Lauren, chuckling as she went back over to William. “I think we should leave the happy couple to themselves, don’t you think?”

“Whatever you want to do,” said William, shrugging as he stared shamelessly at Lauren’s giant ass.

“Yes, I think our work here is done,” laughed Lauren as she gathered up the front of William’s t-shirt in her hand and started gently pulling him in her wake toward the door.

“Oh you guys!” said Eve happily, “thank you so much for the present!”

“Of course, girl,” said Lauren, winking up at her. “See you two around on campus in the next few days.” And with that, she left the room, tugging William gently behind her as he waved goodbye. There was something that stuck in Jason’s mind about William...something highly unsettling. It was like he lived such an unabashed life of sensuality, such abject and open submission, that it made him seem almost...otherworldly or something. If Jason thought too much about it, it gave him the creeps.

But he wasn’t really thinking about that right now. He was too busy craning his head up and standing on his tiptoes to make out with Eve. She was leaning far down and gripping the back of his head with her hand, and almost mauling his face with hers. The heels, and the complicated dynamics they had introduced, to say nothing of the roller coaster of emotions she had just experienced, capped off with a powerfully sweet and understanding moment from her boyfriend, were all enough to drive Eve almost up the wall with lust. Even Jason had a hard time keeping up with her wriggling tongue, her heavy breathing, and the powerful suction of her lips. After a

minute of animalistic groping and kissing she pushed him on the bed, yanked his pants down, and shoved his cock all the way into her throat. She didn't stop sucking and gagging and tightening her throat muscles against his length until he had burst in her esophagus once more. As he lay there gasping for breath, she took his limp hand and shoved it into her dripping snatch, encouraging him to help get her off. And he did, feeling like he didn't have much choice. He was happy to do it, but he felt strange throughout the whole process. She seemed to be somewhere else, totally transported. Was this really Eve? He had never seen her this horny before. With some internal discomfort, he almost felt like he wasn't even there to her...but she came and all of this seemed to pass away. They looked deeply into each other's eyes and they both knew that all was forgiven.

And they both knew, without having to say it, what Eve would be wearing on her feet to the dance.

Chapter 4

The next few days seemed to pass by in a whirlwind. Both Eve and Jason were completely preoccupied with moving into their respective dorm rooms, and neither of them got to see the other as much as they would've liked. Since the university required all first-year students to live on campus, and since the dorms at this particular university were gender-segregated, Eve and Jason had to live all the way across campus from each other. At 2 miles between their dorms, it really wasn't too far a distance, but in high school they had lived much closer, since their parents lived only a quarter mile away from each other. This newly-established distance made both of them feel a little sad and anxious, but Eve was treating it differently from Jason. Whereas he simply felt put-out at the university's puritanical insistence on single-gender dorms, Eve was trying to see it as an opportunity for both of them to grow a little independently of each other.

"I mean, what does the administration think they're preventing anyway?" Jason had complained to Eve a few days before as they sat on her bed. "What, do they think that they're actually gonna be able to keep girls and guys from mixing? Come on, this is the 21st century — what are they trying to prove?" Sitting this way, Eve was still a couple inches taller, even though the main source of her superior height lay in her long legs. Her torso, though, was still longer than Jason's.

"I don't really think they're trying to prove anything, Jason," Eve had answered. "I just think that they figured it'd probably be easiest this way, you know? The most surefire way to prevent all kinds of problems from happening."

"What problems?" asked Jason. "Do they really think they're gonna be able to stop parties from happening? Girls and guys drinking together? No way."

"Come on Jason," Eve sighed, "you know what I mean. Like I said, it's just easier this way. It sucks and it means we're gonna have to make more of an effort to see each other, but so what? We'll be fine!"

"I guess," said Jason, heaving a sigh of his own as he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just gonna miss being able to walk to your place."

"Aww, you sweet little guy," Eve said, reaching out and giving Jason a swift caress on the shoulder, "such a romantic!" She had noticed that Jason bristled a bit at her calling him "little," even though she had only meant it in an endearing way, and a flash of irritation passed over her. She wished he would just chill out about the whole "size" thing; he really needed to relax. But it passed quickly and she smiled down at him.

"Besides," she said, cocking her head down at him as she smiled, "just see it as an opportunity for us both to grow a little bit on our own, you know? To do our own stuff, to develop our own routines and everything."

"You're...you're actually happy about this whole thing?" blurted out Jason.

“Oh my god Jason, no,” said Eve, allowing her irritation to show as she rolled her eyes. “I told you, I’m just as bummed as you are that we can’t be closer, but there’s nothing we can do about it! So, instead of just pouting about it, I’m trying to look on the bright side and actually see how this can be a good thing...how this can...can help us both develop as people, you know?”

“I’m not pouting,” said Jason, “and it sounds to me like you’re saying that I’ve been, like...like, holding you back or something. Like this whole relationship has just kept you tied down against your will.”

“Well if that’s what you’re hearing,” Eve snapped, “then I don’t know what I can do for you, Jason. I think it’s a good thing that we’re being forced to live on our own a little bit, that we have to actually branch out and make friends with other people instead of just leaning on each other and becoming codependent.”

“Woah, jeez, calm down,” said Jason, putting his hands up. “You don’t have to get angry or anything — I’m just saying it sucks, is all.”

“Well, it’s a little annoying when you get like this,” said Eve, looking away from her boyfriend and out her bedroom window.

“Like what, Eve?” asked Jason. She could hear the hint of fear in his voice, and it didn’t inspire pity — it just made her feel more annoyed. She closed her eyes and sighed, irritated that she was having to even talk about this out loud. It was embarrassing — it made her feel like she was talking down to Jason. It made her feel older than him, more mature...and she didn’t like it at all.

“Like, we can’t change what’s happening,” she said, making an effort to keep her voice calm and quiet. “There’s nothing we can do about it — we have to live in these dorms across campus, and that’s that. So instead of whining about it, we should both try and see it as an opportunity. As something positive. That’s the mature thing to do.”

“I...I mean, yeah. I get it, Eve,” said Jason, looking down at her long shapely thighs. They sure were looking good these days. “I just...yeah. But...but I was, uh, just expressing frustration, is all. I’m allowed to do that, right? I’m...I’m just gonna miss you. Miss this, you know?”

“Jason!” laughed Eve, feeling her irritation dissipate. Now he was just being silly — she felt the pity return, and she put her hands on his knees and shook them. “You’re acting like we’re being forced to break up or something! Come on, we’re just gonna be a couple miles away from each other! If we’re being forced to do anything, it’s to get creative and see what we each come up with. Come on Jason — it’ll be fun! We can tell each other about all the cool stuff we get into! And we’ll kick ass at whatever it is we’re doing! Divide and conquer, right? And besides...” — and here she ran her finger down his chest towards his cock — “they say that absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

“Stop it, Eve!” said Jason, pushing her finger away even as he couldn’t help but smile. “I hear you, ok? I get it! It just sounded there for a minute like you were saying this relationship was, like, tying you down or something.”

"Tying me down doesn't sound too bad, actually," said Eve sultrily, looking slightly down at him with her dark brown eyes. Jason instantly felt himself get hard. "Although," added Eve, sitting up straighter and arching her neck proudly above her boyfriend, "I doubt you've got what it takes to make me submit."

"Ha! You don't think so?" asked Jason, and just like that they were tussling on her bed. Jason tried to grab her arms and pin them, but Eve actually managed to wrest herself free of his grip, not once but twice. They were both laughing and panting as they play-fought, but internally Jason was feeling a little worried. He had expected to pin her immediately, but Eve was turning out to be quicker and stronger than he expected. Suddenly she leaned back on her bed and wrapped him up in her legs, squeezing for all she was worth.

"Huuhhh!" Jason gasped involuntarily, feeling Eve's thighs force the air out of his lungs. She responded by laughing and sticking her tongue out at him, her eyes going wide as she squeezed and squeezed. She felt a momentary stab of hope — was she actually going to be able to beat him?! But about 30 seconds later Jason had managed to wrestle himself out of her thigh-lock and had her pinned. But he was panting and red-faced from the effort.

That had all been a few days ago. Now, they were both settled in their dorms, and in between then and now they had seen each other only once. Jason had helped Eve move into her dorm, and she had been meaning to repay the favor, but their schedules conflicted; the day that Jason moved in was the same day as both her dorm orientation and her first meeting of her campus math club. Eve was going to be taking multivariable calculus as one of her classes, and even though she had scored a "5" on the AP exam in BC Calculus in high school, she was still pretty nervous about embarking on such a class in her first semester. It was widely known as one of the most difficult courses to take at the university.

"Aww come on babe, skip math club tonight!" Jason had said in a text. "Come over and help me put my room together."

"I can't, babe, you know that!" she had answered. "Gotta be there for the first meeting!"

"You're like a genius at math. You'll be fine without all that extra stuff," he countered.

"Yeah right," she shot back, "easy for you to say, Mr. I'm Not Even Taking A Full Load."

"Well excuse me if I'm not a masochist," he replied. "I'm easing into this whole college thing, because unlike you I want to have some fun."

"Multivariable calculus is fun! And you're just trying to get into my pants tonight, you perv!"

"Nerd!"

"Degenerate!"

"Preferrer-of-calculus-over-her-boyfriend!"

"Ok, I think you're done. I'll text you when I'm out."

Eve shook her head, silencing her phone as she walked into her math club meeting. Jason sure could be silly sometimes. She had felt a little needed when he had suggested that she skip her meeting — did he not realize how much she needed this? Multivariable calculus was no joke! She sometimes wondered whether he thought that she was actually smarter than she truly was.

‘No,’ she chuckled to herself, ‘it’s not that. He doesn’t care about my math stuff — he just wants to have sex tonight. What a predictable little dude.’ Although Eve hadn’t realized it, she had started to refer to Jason as “little” in her head a lot more recently. Maybe it had something to do with that day that she had tried on the heels that Lauren had given her — before that, it had not quite hit her how much taller she was than her boyfriend. Ever since, the memory of actually looking down onto the top of his head, and seeing her hips about even with his chest, had sunk down into her subconscious.

Two hours later, a full hour past when the meeting was scheduled for, Eve walked out of the room, almost breathless, every nerve and fiber in her body quivering with energy. She had not expected the meeting to be that in-depth and engaging, that riveting, that inspiring, but it had been all those things and more. Derrick, the upperclassman who had organized the meeting, had been absolutely fantastic — he had given a little introductory speech about calculus in general, and how difficult this class was going to be, and how they could all use this club to help each other get through it. Eve felt incredibly galvanized by Derrick’s persona — he was confident and quirky — definitely nerdy and a little awkward, to be sure — but totally dedicated and passionate about the subject. And it really did seem like he was there to help them. As an advanced math major, his presence set Eve, and the rest of the room, at ease.

And everyone else was so wonderful too! Within twenty minutes, Eve found herself deep in some challenging practice problems with completely new people, and each one of them seemed as motivated and driven as she was. She particularly liked Shanna and Ben, two friends who had known each other in high school. Eve had felt initially drawn to Shanna because, quite simply, she looked about as tall as Eve. She was a pretty blond woman who looked a good deal heavier than Eve, but, since she was so tall (maybe around 6’0), her weight looked pretty good on her. Ben was normal height and gangly, with skinny, pale arms and legs, and horn-rimmed glasses. Both of them had looked cute and awkward — Eve had overcome her nerves and introduced herself to Shanna, who in turn introduced her to Ben. And soon the three of them were buried in technical discussions about limits and continuity, two of the typical operations in multivariable calculus.

“Now I think the function applies here,” said Shanna, “where f of x and y equals x squared times y over x to the fourth plus y to the third.”

“You mean y to the second,” corrected Ben.

“Uh....yeah...yeah! Y to the second,” nodded Shanna.

“And the function approaches zero whenever the point is approached along lines through the origin, when y equals k times x , right?” asked Eve.

“Right,” said Shanna, “but when the origin is approached along the parabola where y equals plus-or-minus x squared...”

“The function value has a limit of plus or minus point 5,” finished Ben. All of them nodded their heads in agreement.

“Oh I get it!” said Eve excitedly. “Since taking different paths toward the same point yields different limit values, a general limit doesn’t exist there!”

“Precisely, Eve!” said Derrick, who had been listening to the three’s conversation. Eve beamed with pride.

Over an hour and a half later, she finally tore herself away from even more intricate discussions — she had to get back to her dorm room and at least make some kind of an attempt at organizing it before classes started the next day. But she was beyond thrilled that she had joined this club. It was so incredibly exciting and invigorating to be around all these other people who were just as motivated, just as nerdy, and just as smart as she was. It was almost a little intimidating, but as the meeting had carried on, Eve had felt her confidence grow. Derrick seemed to like her and was very encouraging with his energy, and she felt like she was actually managing to keep up with Shanna and Ben, both of whom she had automatically assumed were light years ahead of her when she first heard them speak. Perhaps most encouraging to her was that, in the span of only a couple hours, she had managed to make so many new friends. It was only a minor inconvenience when she had to gently but firmly refuse a date with Stephen, one of the more awkward guys, who had blurted out his question to her as she had turned to leave. It was evident to Eve that he had been rehearsing the proposal for some time, and she had no trouble politely turning him down.

“I’ve got a boyfriend Stephen,” she said, smiling. She had seen Derrick’s head turn slightly at her words, but if he had had any reaction at all to her words, he hid it well, since he very quickly went back to helping another group with their discussion on partial derivatives. Eve suddenly had felt herself blushing...was Derrick actually interested in her? He was so much older...well, at least, he was 21 and she was 18. And he was just...just so much more adult than she was, surely! So much more put-together and confident and professional. And yet...well, she had definitely seen him perk up when she was mentioning Jason. Sure, he had tried to hide it, but she had seen it — he was actually attracted to her! As she left the room, waving goodbye to Shanna and Ben and Derrick and all her other new friends, she felt almost like she was wearing those heels again. She felt on top of the world.

‘I’ve got this,’ she said to herself with confident happiness as she walked out into the warm evening. She reached up her arms and stretched, looking up at the stars as she extended her arms as far up at the sky as she could, opening and closing her hands as she did so. It sure felt good to stretch like this, after all that time sitting down in that room, hunched over calculus equations. Eve suddenly stopped in her tracks when she noticed the building she was passing: University Aquatics Center. She walked up to the door and looked at the hours of operation. Yes! It closed at 10pm — she had an hour! And just like that, she knew what she was going to do. She had been cooped up in that room for so long, and as she emerged from it she had felt

like she was being shot out of a cannon — she felt such a mixture of pride and excitement that there was no way she was going to be able to go to sleep anytime soon. Yeah, she needed to organize her dorm, but she could do that sometime tomorrow. Right now, she had the sudden urge to go swimming. To exercise. To blow off her energy in a productive and wholesome way. Her dorm was close by — she'd just get her swimsuit and then hop in the pool and swim some laps. What an excellent way to establish a routine! Swimming after math club — perfect!

She almost skipped to her dorm room, pulled on her swimsuit, threw some light clothes over herself, and jogged back to the pool. But right before she pushed through the door, her heart stopped for a moment. Jason. She had forgotten to text Jason. She looked at her watch: it was 10:10. She felt her heart sink. He was probably mad at her right now. Or at least upset that she hadn't texted before. He had expected her to be done at 9. But almost as quickly as her heart had sunk a little, it buoyed right back up again. What did she have to apologize for? She hadn't been sneaking around, avoiding him or anything! She had been in math club the whole time! They had just gone way over time because it was actually a really good meeting!

She took out her phone. Her heart sank once more. 4 texts, 2 missed calls...all from Jason. Eve felt annoyed. Could he seriously not just let her have some time to herself?? There were plenty of new people to meet in his dorm — couldn't he hang out with some of them? Or...something. Anything other than just blowing up her phone like this. She checked her messages. "Hope math club is goin' well" at 8:38... "Must be solving some tough problems, huh?" at 9:07, "You still at math club, babe? Getting a little worried" at 9:35, and "Eve, please answer me. Come on babe, tell me everything's ok!" at 10:02. The two missed calls had been in the last ten minutes.

Eve immediately called Jason, feeling a combination of annoyance at herself for forgetting that her phone was on silent and irritation at Jason for hounding her. Because that was exactly it — she felt hounded...pestered...boxed in...she felt like she didn't have any room or time to play with before Jason flew off the handle. He was suffocating her. And she felt herself sinking further when he answered angrily.

"Where the hell have you been!?" he practically yelled from the other end. "I've been worried sick, Eve!"

"J-jason...I...it's fine! I'm fine! Why are you so worked up?" His anger caught her off guard. She had expected him to be pissy, but not full-blown angry.

"Because!" he yelled. "I thought something had happened to you, Eve! I was about to call the cops!"

"Wh...what!? The cops!?" Eve actually laughed into the phone; she couldn't help it. He was being ridiculous.

"You think this is funny!?" shouted Jason. "Girls get assaulted on campus all the time!"

"Jason," said Eve insistently, trying to calm him down, "Jason, it's ok. I'm ok! I've been in math club the whole time!" Technically, she knew that she wasn't being entirely truthful, but she shook her conscience off — it wasn't like she was malevolently misleading him or anything.

"The whole time?!" he howled. "Are you fucking serious!?"

"Y-yeah...yeah Jason, I am," she said, feeling herself get angry. "And you can stop yelling at me or I'm just going to hang up." Jason had no idea how much fun she had just had, how happy and energized the meeting had made her feel, and how pumped it had gotten her for classes tomorrow. He had no idea how much he was bringing her down. "Yes," she continued, the angry emotion bleeding through in her voice, "I was in math club the whole time. We went over because we were all having such a good time working with each other, and I actually learned a whole ton of new stuff that I hadn't even imagined before." Jason made a sound as if he was going to speak, but Eve kept going, feeling her voice rise.

"And," she said, "I met a whole bunch of new people who are awesome and nerdy just like me and who want to get better at math and we all were having such an awesome time working with each other that we lost track of time. There. Nothing to worry about."

"Well," said Jason, a little quieter but still clearly upset, "you...you could have at least texted me what you were doing."

"Why?" asked Eve with more energy than she had intended. "Why do I have to give you hourly updates on what I'm doing, Jason?"

"You...you don't! I just...I just was worried about you and...and would appreciate it if you didn't freak me out like that in the future."

"Welcome to college, Jason," said Eve, spreading her arm wide as she stood in front of the Aquatic Center. "We've already talked about this. We need to let each other establish our own routines, ok? We need to give each other some space to do our own stuff!"

"But...I don't want space," said Jason.

"Well I do!" said Eve unapologetically. "And don't even try to make this into some big dramatic 'are we going on a break?' thing. This has nothing to do with all that, Jason! You know that I completely love and adore you, but you really do need to do a better job of letting me breathe, Jason. I know you were worried about me, but when I looked down at my phone just now, and saw all your texts and missed calls, I didn't feel loved and cared for...I just felt annoyed."

"Annoyed?" came Jason's voice from the other end. It sounded small. Eve immediately regretted being so honest with him...after all, he had just been worried about her, right? She felt herself immediately start to soften.

"Just a little bit, she said, going into recovery mode. "But I also felt bad, Jason. I...I hate to think of you worrying about me like that. And...and I...I, uh...it's really sweet that I have a guy who cares that much about me. You know that, right, Jason? You know that I feel lucky to have you?"

"Well...yeah," he said on the other end. Eve felt herself sighing in relief. The worst of the exchange was over. "I just...I'm not trying to stifle you or lord myself over you or anything," continued Jason. "I was...I was just worried, that's all."

“Well, I’ll definitely try to do better on that in the future,” said Eve, smiling into the phone. She felt relieved that Jason hadn’t seemed to have registered how angry she had been. But it was all past now.

“So, you wanna come over?” asked Jason. “I put my blue lights up — it looks pretty sexy in here.”

“Oh, babe, I’d love to,” said Eve, feeling herself sink again for the third time in the conversation, “but I’ve decided to go for a swim tonight. Establishing new routines, you know? I’ve got so much energy and I just wanna work it all out.”

Jason was quiet on the other end of the phone for a couple seconds, and each second rekindled Eve’s anger. Was he really going to do this to her again?

“Well, I can think of something else that would be a workout,” he ventured after the pause.

Eve grimaced to herself. ‘God, Jason, don’t be this awkward!’ she thought. But she just laughed into the phone.

“Haha, well let’s maybe save it for later, ok babe?” she said. “I really do wanna do this tonight, alright? I’m not turning you down, but I’ve decided to just do this for myself, kay? You should do something like it too! When was the last time you lifted weights, anyway?”

“Like last week,” said Jason, not bothering to hide the hurt in his voice. “Come on Eve, seriously? Swimming?”

“Swimming is one of the healthiest ways to exercise your whole body!” said Eve brightly into her phone. She wasn’t going to entertain this kind of attitude. The conversation was going to end right now.

“But babe!” Jason started to complain, but Eve cut him off.

“I’ve made my decision, my love! Have a good night! We can talk tomorrow, ok?” And she suddenly hung up. She had never done that before. She had never actually hung up the phone on her own accord when she had been speaking to Jason. They always hung up together. But this was different...everything felt...different. Eve felt anxiety at the newness; what did it all mean? But without wasting any more time, she cleared her head and pushed open the door to the Aquatics Center and had the best 30-minute workout of her life. On her way back to her dorm she stopped by the dining hall and ate an entire second dinner. She had never felt so independent and alive. And, setting her alarm for the next morning, she ignored two texts that Jason had sent her. She just wasn’t going to deal with it — not tonight.

Chapter 5

The following day, both Jason and Eve went to their first classes, but both of them were in profoundly different moods. On one hand, Eve, fresh off the confidence-boost of her math club, her swimming workout, and her subsequent 8-hour night of sleep, had risen early, eaten a big breakfast, and met the day with a burst of optimism. She was early to her multivariable calculus class, and proceeded to arrive early to all her subsequent classes as well. By noon, she was walking out of her third and final class of the day, invigorated by her studies and hungry as a horse for lunch.

Jason, on the other hand, had had a terrible night. On top of Eve hanging up on him, she didn't even bother to respond to either of the two texts that he sent a while later. It wasn't even like they were angry texts, either! He was just checking to see if she was absolutely certain that she didn't want to come over to his dorm. "Hey just fyi, in case you change ur mind, invitations still open!" one of his texts said. When Eve hadn't responded to that one, he had sent another text that said "Ugh. This college thing sucks. Goodnight i guess." Jason halfway hated himself for even sending these texts. Somewhere in his mind he knew that he was coming off as petty, childish, and maybe even pathetic, but his desperation to get at least some kind of response from Eve trumped his own self-respect. He badly wanted her to at least text him back, assuring him that she wished that they were spending the night together.

But she hadn't texted him back. Jason at least at the consolation of knowing that Eve hadn't read his texts, since they both had "Send Read Receipts" turned on. Perhaps she had just gone home, tidied up her dorm for a bit, and then finally collapsed down on her bed exhausted, falling asleep without even setting her phone alarm.

'Hmm, maybe she's biting off more than she can chew,' thought Jason. He surprised himself with the sudden flash of hope that she had fallen asleep without setting her alarm, missed her calculus class, and decided to drop it. Almost as soon as he had this thought, he felt bad. Why was he hoping for Eve to fail? He knew why — he wanted her to get off this whole "new experiences" kick that she had been on for the last couple weeks. He wanted her to just chill the fuck out with all her talk of "independence" and "personal growth" and all that other stuff. On a surface level, Jason understood what she was getting at, but in truth her attitude annoyed him more than anything else. Jason didn't pursue the source of his annoyance, but if he had, he would have quickly discovered that her proactivity and optimism made him feel inadequate. Eve was making him feel like she was going to leave him behind, that she was graduating to bigger and better things. And the whole time she was acting all happy and bubbly, like there was nothing wrong.

As the night deepened, Jason tried to sleep, but couldn't. She hadn't even opened up his messages. Surely she hadn't forgotten to set her alarm — this was Eve, after all! She was so on top of everything. To set her alarm, she would've had to consult her phone; she would've seen that he'd texted her. And therefore she had actually made the choice not to open them. She would have seen that they were from him. And she had chosen not to read them. His heart sank in the darkness of his dorm room, even as it buzzed and quickened with anxiety. He felt like she had slapped him in the face, but he had already spent his anger shouting at her over the phone.

Now he was just consumed by worry. He had exposed himself as a petty, pathetic boyfriend who was having a bad time adjusting, and she had very appropriately smacked him down. She had hurt him...she was right...he was misunderstood...he had fucked up...the university housing administration was shitty for making them live 2 miles apart...she had seen his messages and not read them...she had rejected him...she was outgrowing him — all these thoughts swirled about in his mind, exhausting him with their contradictions. Jason didn't know what to think.

Around 4:30 am, after agonizing hours of tossing and turning, Jason suddenly leapt out of bed and went down to the communal bathroom that his entire hall shared. He was only in his underwear. In the brightly illuminated bathroom, Jason stood in front of the mirror and looked at himself...at his body. He wasn't short. He was 5'8, for god-sakes! In the spiraling vortex of his nighttime worries, his mind had alighted on a terrible thought: what if Eve wasn't attracted to him anymore because she had finally realized that she couldn't respect him as a man because she was 5 inches taller than him!? What if, after Lauren had given her those heels, Eve had finally realized how much...more she was than him!? How she could probably get any guy she wanted, and that Jason was just not up to the task of keeping her?

It was an awful thought that had been growing in his mind for longer than Jason would have cared to admit. But suddenly, at 4:30 am, it became too much. He had to do something to reassure himself. And now, as he stood in front of the mirror, he felt some degree of relief. He was pretty jacked, after all. 5'8, 170 lbs. All-state wrestling team. His mind shot unpleasantly back to the day before, when he had taken longer than he anticipated to pin Eve. She was stronger than he remembered...but it was probably just her long legs that made it tough for him. He put his arms up and flexed them. Sizable bulges of muscle jumped to attention. He flexed his arms downward, and the rivulets of his triceps solidified impressively. He flexed his pectorals at the mirror — they bounced just like he wanted them to. He turned around and put his arms up again, tightening his back muscles. They looked good. He backed up a little and flexed his legs. Even though he was more than satisfied with their musculature, he couldn't help but think about Eve's legs. They were so long...so much longer than his. Ever since high school, he had felt some insecurity around his legs. Even though they were bulging with muscle, they looked pretty short...almost stunted, in fact. He had always wished that he was just a couple inches taller, and dating the 6'1 Eve had only served to intensify this wish.

What was he worried about? He looked great! He turned sideways and flexed his butt in the mirror. Its muscles squeezed together, as if they were magnetically attracted. Eve loved his ass — she liked to trace it with her long fingers. She often commented on how sculpted it was, and how it had almost no fat on it. Who was Jason kidding, after all!? Eve loved him! She wanted to be with him! And...and she thought he was super hot.

'And...like, come on, she's got a point,' thought Jason as he continued to strike poses in the mirror. 'I look fantastic — and it's not just because. I've worked to get to this point — I worked hard for this body! So what if Eve is starting to exercise more? She's probably doing it because she's been inspired by me and wants to try and get on my level! And, just think...if Eve starts working out she's gonna look even hotter! Come on Jason, get a grip!'

He went back to bed feeling enormously reassured...smug, even. He looked at the red digits of his clock: 4:45. He had planned on getting up early to go lift weights, but it was so late...so late.

'Whatever,' he decided suddenly, 'I'll do it anyway! Gotta keep this body up! Can't let my girlfriend get ahead of me, haha!' He chuckled to himself as he proceeded to set his alarm for 6:30am, and he continued to smile to himself as he finally fell asleep. But his ambitions were poorly-planned, and he proceeded to sleep through his alarm, his planned workout, and his two morning classes.

Meanwhile, after eating a full lunch, Eve wasn't feeling the lassitude that generally set in after a meal. Her brain was still buzzing with content from the morning's classes, but she wasn't quite ready to start on her homework yet. She needed some sort of physical release. Right then, she thought of Jason. Maybe he'd want to go lift weights with her! Yeah, it was perfect! She took out her phone and saw that he hadn't texted her since the previous night. She felt a slight twinge of something like guilt or regret in her head; she hoped that he wasn't angry at her. But she quickly brushed this thought from her mind. This was a good sign — he was doing his own thing, making his own schedule, instead of just texting her every 5 minutes. And besides, wasn't he in class now, anyway? Eve couldn't exactly remember his schedule, but she knew that he had two classes in the morning and early afternoon.

"Hey there big guy," she texted. "Wanna go work out together?" For the next ten minutes or so, Eve played around on her phone, but when Jason didn't text her back, she stood up and started walking toward the Rec Center. She felt the twinge of guilt again — she really, really hoped that he wasn't ignoring her texts. She got to the Rec Center and glanced back down at her message. Jason hadn't opened it. She felt relief; even if he had been mad at her, he would've still read the message. It wouldn't be like him to just ignore her.

'Well, you did do the same thing last night,' a voice in her head reminded her. 'Maybe he's just paying it back to you, tit-for-tat.'

Eve laughed to herself as she walked into the weight room. Relationships sure were hard sometimes, but these kinds of thoughts were nothing short of ridiculous. Of course Jason wasn't that passive-aggressive. And it wasn't like she had done anything horrible the night before. She remembered the two texts he had sent later that night, that she had read with a roll of her eyes a few hours ago before she went to class. She hadn't dignified them with a response...they definitely sounded whiny. But she was going to give him the benefit of the doubt — it was a time of transition, and transitions were hard. Jason would come to grips with everything and settle down. She was sure of it. As far as she was concerned, though, she was going to grab the bull by the horns, so to speak. For the next 45 minutes, she lifted weights, delighting herself with how energetic she was and how much she was able to lift. She hadn't lifted weights in weeks, and yet she was able to pump out 3 set of 12 reps on the leg press at 135 pounds, 2 sets of 10 rep-bicep curls with 15-lb dumbbells, and more weight than she expected on the chest press, the glute press, and the back rower. She capped the whole workout off with a series of ab exercises, including the plank, medicine ball twists, and crunches. Just for fun, she even tried to see how many pull-ups she could manage, and surprised herself when she could get 3.

She left the gym breathing hard, her lithe body shining with sweat in the early afternoon sun. She had on black workout shorts that only went down to her upper thighs. Along with her ass, her thighs completely filled and even stretched the shorts a little. She was wearing a tight white t-shirt that her B-cup breasts expanded in front, and her shirt was slightly darkened by her sweat. She was wearing her white sneakers, which gave her an inch-and-a-half boost in height. Eve breathed deeply and squinted into the sunlight, putting on her sunglasses as she turned towards the dining hall. She knew that she had just eaten a big lunch a little while before, but her intense workout had made her hungry all over again. Besides, thanks to the meal plan her parents were paying for, she had unlimited access to the dining hall — she was going to take advantage of it! She set off down the sidewalk with her purse around her shoulder, her long legs taking elegant strides, as her slightly-pumped and sweaty body turned heads of men and women alike.

Halfway to the dining hall, she ran into Jason. He appeared frazzled, wide-eyed, almost manic-looking. He was wearing flip-flops, baggy workout pants, and a crumpled off-color red t-shirt, and in each hand he held one of his sneakers, with a sock stuffed into each.

“Jason!” said Eve, almost startled at his unkempt appearance.

“Eve!” he said, almost choking on his words. He was out of breath. “I — I just got your text and was coming to meet you! Wanna...wanna go...to the gym?” His words lost their energy and came out sounding small, as Jason realized from Eve’s appearance that she had already worked out.

“Already did!” she said brightly, smiling down at him as she stood up straight, showing off her glistening body. Standing this way, with the extra inch-and-a-half boost from her sneakers, Eve was a full 6-and-a-half inches taller than Jason, a fact that was not lost on either of them. From Eve’s perspective, the top of Jason’s head didn’t even reach her eyes. She was looking down at the crown of his head. His shoulders were actually under her breasts! From Jason’s perspective, Eve looked even more formidable than usual — he was looking straight into the middle of her shoulders, and he felt anxiety flood through him when he looked down and saw that her hips nearly came up to his chest! And her whole getup wasn’t helping — she just looked so...good, so adult, with her tight workout clothes and purse and wavy chestnut-brown hair and stylish sunglasses...her body looked bigger than usual. It must have been the workout pump, but Jason couldn’t help but notice that her thighs, and even her upper arms and shoulders, looked a little bigger. It must have been the added height from her shoes, surely...In any case, Jason felt utterly dwarfed, and caught-off-guard.

“I was just on the way to the dining hall!” continued Eve when Jason didn’t say anything. “I’ve already eaten lunch, but that workout got me hungry again! You wanna go work out and then we can meet up after?”

“Uh...uh, s-sure,” said Jason, still trying to wrap his head around Eve’s impressive appearance.

“Great! How were your classes this morning?” asked Eve, adjusting her purse and smiling.

"Uh...I, uh..." said Jason. He suddenly dreaded Eve's reaction to the news that he had missed them both.

"You did go to them, didn't you?!" asked Eve with more scrutiny in her voice. She peered down at him, and Jason felt the intensity of her eyes behind her sunglasses. He felt like a little child.

"I...uh...I — no," he said simply, slumping his shoulders. He felt defeated, small.

"What!? Jason!" scolded Eve, standing up straight and putting her hands on her hips. "Come on! You missed your first classes!? What kind of start is that??"

"I...I couldn't sleep!" he protested, having to crane his head up to address his girlfriend to her face. "I — I had to get some sleep, Eve!" He had been going to admit that he had slept through his alarm, but he quickly decided that Eve didn't need to know this information. He would frame it as him making the active decision to get the sleep he needed.

"And besides," he continued, gathering confidence in his position, "it doesn't matter if you miss on the first day. All they talk about is the syllabus."

"Not in my classes," said Eve. "Jason..." She was clearly disappointed in him, and she cocked her head to the side as she looked down at him.

"Come on Eve, I've got this!" he said, trying hard not to let his irritation at her spill into his voice. "I've emailed both my professors about missing, and they said it's totally fine." It was a lie, but he was feeling desperate now. After his show of insecurity and pettiness last night, he couldn't afford to sink even lower in Eve's estimation.

"They didn't mind?" asked Eve. She seemed to reconsider. "Oh, ok...ok! Well, then that's fine then. Good on you for letting them know." There was an awkward pause between the two of them. Eve shifted her stance a little as she regarded her boyfriend through her sunglasses. It looked like he had just gotten out of bed. His hair was all over the place. It was clear that he had read her text and immediately grabbed his socks and shoes and set off toward the gym, hoping to meet her in time. Privately, Eve entertained the unpleasant thought that Jason was lying to her about getting in touch with his professors. But she dismissed it from her mind; she'd take him at his word. He actually looked nice with that old shirt on...hell, he looked pretty cute all frazzled like this. She looked at the muscles in his forearms and felt her pussy start to wet itself.

"Well, how about you go work out," she said, "and I'll stuff my face again, and then...and then we could meet up at my place. You're looking pretty cute right now, you know."

"Oh yeah?" asked Jason, his face brightening. Eve saw the color come into his cheeks, and she felt a deep attraction to him. It was almost silly how much power she had to dictate his moods by talking about how hot she found him, but what did that matter? What she said was true. He was just...such a hunk.

"Yeahhhh," she said down to him sultrily. She bent down, arching her back, and brought her hand around to the back of his head, pulling it towards hers as she descended. Their lips met, and Eve tasted the sourness of Jason's mouth. He hadn't even taken the time to brush his teeth.

She felt a light wave of disenchantment, but she suddenly rallied past it and kissed harder, opening her mouth into his as her tongue invaded and probed lustily. There was something hot to Eve about how they both looked right now — she was all sweaty and tall, and pumped from her workout, and he was all discombobulated and wide-eyed, clearly taken by her appearance. It was something about his unintended innocence, and almost-child-like earnestness, that turned her on. She shoved her face into his harder, holding his head with her big hand as they blatantly made out on the sidewalk. Several people turned their heads to watch the spectacle of this tall, elegant woman making out with this much-shorter, stout guy, but Eve didn't care. Her eyes were tightly shut and she was allowing herself to be momentarily transported by lust. Jason tried his best to kiss back, but felt a little overwhelmed by her sudden onslaught, as his eyes widened in surprise. His cock immediately got hard.

After several long moments Eve pulled herself off Jason with an audible moistened pop. She sucked on his lower lip, pulling it out several inches before it finally snapped free of her suctioning mouth. Both of them were breathing hard, and Eve bent down over him, delighting in their height difference, and in the fact that his entire body was engulfed in her shadow.

"Go work out, big boy," she panted sexily down at him. "And meet me at my place in an hour." She was seized with a sudden crazy impulse, and without thinking, she reached down and grabbed his engorged dick through his pants.

"E-Eve!" stuttered Jason, his face flushing a deeper red as he glanced anxiously around. "W-what are you doing?"

"Don't even think about jerking off before," breathed Eve lustily down into his ear. She squeezed his cock and then reached down lower still, her fingers fiddling with his balls through the fabric. "I want everything in these two guys to go straight into my body one way or the other. Got it?"

"H-ha, haha of course!" said Jason, making an attempt to smile as he continued to anxiously look around. Several people were watching them, with their mouths slightly open at Eve's flagrant sexual display.

"You better not," said Eve, smiling down at him as she stood up and held up her wrist to his face, pointing to her watch with an insistent finger. "One hour."

"S-sounds...sounds like a plan!" said Jason excitedly. Eve's eyebrows went up and down suggestively as she gave him one last smile, turned, and set off down the sidewalk toward the dining hall. Jason watched her go, ignoring how small he had just felt in her presence, and ignoring how she had, for all intents and purposes, manhandled him in public. All he was focused on were her delicious long legs as they strode away, and her big thick ass that bounced and swayed playfully, teasing him 'goodbye.'

"Whoa dude, someone's lucky," came a voice close by. Jason turned and saw a couple of guys, both of them around 6'0, smiling with wide eyes at him.

“She’s a keeper!” said the other guy, and they both laughed. Jason smiled and joined in their laughter, even though he was uncomfortable with the idea that these other guys were lusting after his girlfriend.

“A little too much for you, maybe!” continued the other guy.

“Hahaha, what?” asked Jason, still smiling even though the laughter had gone out of his voice.

“Women like that...you gotta keep em’ on a short leash. Otherwise, whoop! Off they go with some other man!”

“Now wait a minute,” said Jason, getting angry, “what are you — ” but the other guy had put up his hands in a motion of innocence.

“I’m just saying dude,” he continued. “There’s a looonng waiting list for that one, haha!” Before Jason could respond, the two guys walked away, laughing to each other. Jason was so angry that he almost walked after them, but he thought better of it.

‘Buncha jerks,’ he thought furiously to himself. ‘Objectifying women and all. Disgusting...’ What was really upsetting him, however, was not the mens’ misogyny, but rather their suggestion that Eve was a hair’s breadth away from cheating on him...that she was so far out of his league that it was only a matter of time before she did. Normally, Jason would’ve taken his anger out in the gym, and he tried to for a few minutes. He just didn’t feel in the mood. He ended up doing a couple light sets of bench press (145 lbs was “light” for Jason) just to work up a little sweat, and then he left, still grumbling in his head about the two guys.

A little less than an hour later, Eve met Jason on the front steps of her dorm building. She had seen him waiting for her as she approached, and she felt herself get aroused all over again. Jason sure could be predictable, but she really did appreciate how much he loved...sex. She laughed to herself as she acknowledged the silliness of the thought. Didn’t all guys feel this way, after all? But it wasn’t quite like Jason. He didn’t just want to put his dick places — he really did enjoy...making love. And he was good at it too. Eve felt herself grinning broadly as she sauntered up to him, taking care to exaggerate the flow and curve of her hips in her final few steps. She was full from her second lunch, but this wasn’t going to slow her down. Lust was burning furiously in her loins.

“Ooooho, someone’s early,” she teased him. “If only I was one of your professors.”

“If you were my professor,” said Jason, feeling her tease bounce off him, “how the hell could I be expected to learn anything?”

“Oh I don’t know, by jerking off immediately before and after every class?”

“That would work — except, you see, this professor gave me explicit instructions not to do that.”

Jason stood up as Eve approached, and they were facing each other head-on. Eve suddenly reached out and grabbed Jason by his shirt and started pulling him into the building. Jason actually stumbled a bit, laughing as Eve practically dragged him to her room. She sure was

strong. By the time they got to her room, they were both panting with desire. Eve slammed her door and shoved Jason down on her bed, wasting now time in yanking his pants and underwear off. She was burning on the inside, and she was hoping that Jason would match, and then finally exceed, her intensity. She wanted him to take her, to force her down, to remind her how much of a hold he had over her.

“Why don’t you take off your — ooohhhhhh...” said Jason, his eyes rolling back as Eve sword-swallowed his bulging cock. She was like a rabid animal, twirling and twisting her head back and forth as her neck arched like a swan’s, her beautiful head plunging over and over in an aggressive curve, swallowing almost his entire length again and again. Within half a minute, Jason was already close to cumming.

“Ok...Ok!!!” he yelled, pushing Eve off him. “Easy, babe! Slow down!”

Eve crawled on top of him, straddling his body with hers as she looked down on him hungrily. Jason knew Eve liked sex, but he had never quite seen this look in her eyes. It was...dynamic and energetic in a way that was entirely new.

“Make me,” she said dirtily, and then suddenly shot her hand down to his engorged length and guided it into her lubricated pussy. “Oooooohhh godddddd!” she moaned, and started riding him. Jason gripped her thickened hips and tried to slow down her eager and aggressive rolls. But Eve’s eyes were shut tightly in pleasure, and her pussy was insistently squeezing and milking his cock with every thrust and roll. She was not to be denied or slowed down. Her bed squeaked and squealed, shaking powerfully with each movement of Eve’s body. Underneath her and prone, there was nothing Jason could do to control her pace. She was totally topping him. All he could do was grip her hips and try and thrust up into her as hard as he could.

“Ughhh! Oh!!” she screamed, as she timed her own thrusts to coincide with his, so as to maximize their intensity. Sweat dripped down off her open mouth into his face. Eve curved her face down and caught his neck in the suction of her mouth. She bared her teeth and bit his ear. Jason cried out a little in pained pleasure and Eve bit him again, this time holding his earlobe in between her teeth and shaking her head back and forth in short little bursts as she growled into his ear. She opened her mouth and her tongue issued forth, thrusting itself straight down his ear canal. She brought her tongue out and thrust it in again, straining to spear it deeper and deeper into his head. All the while her big ass bounced down on his smaller torso as her expansive hips roiled his midsection with their rhythm.

“I’m — I’m gonna cum!” Jason panted breathlessly after only a minute and a half of Eve’s dominant treatment.

“Do it!” she growled into his ear, feeling a wave of forceful disappointment mix with pride in her ability to squeeze her boyfriend’s cum from his body. She wanted him to go longer...harder. But right then Jason’s face screwed up as he shot his load deep into her pussy. She ground her body down on his as he came into her, squeezing him with her arms. Jason could hardly breathe from the force of Eve’s hold on him.

“C’mon, keep going!” she grunted at him. “I’m not done. I’m not stopping. C’mon, c’mon! I want more! I know you have it. Give it to me Jason. Give me all your cum. C’mon!!”

Jason couldn’t believe it — it hadn’t even been 2 minutes, and he was already exhausted. And Eve wanted more. He had to keep going. He was still hard. He kept thrusting up into her. Eve was rolling herself now, tracing fat ovals in the air with her hips. Nothing was coherent in her mind. But she was going to cum — she knew that. And if Jason wasn’t going to make her then she would use his body to do it herself.

Chapter 6

Later on, long after the sun had gone down, Jason was lying awake in his bed. He was once again suffering from the plague of insomnia — he tossed and turned in his sheets, he tried to sleep without the sheets, he tried laying on his stomach, and finally he tried sleeping in the fetal position (even though he hated it). But nothing was working. He was too aware of the obstinate thump of his own heartbeat. He started getting angry at various things that he selectively blamed for his inability to sleep. These dorm rooms were too cold...he had the jitters because it was still the first week of college...screw classes anyway...he would've been able to sleep a lot more soundly if only Eve was there, snuggling him. Eve...Eve...

Jason's thoughts started to spiral in on themselves as he fixated on his girlfriend. Deep down, he knew that this fixation on her was the true reason why he couldn't sleep. Try as he might, he couldn't stop thinking about the sex that they had had earlier that day. However, unlike the lightness and warmth of his previous private musings about their past sexual experiences, this time Jason's thoughts were anxious and troubled.

Eve had seemed different. One of the best parts of being in a relationship with her for so long was seeing how much she came to embrace her own sensuality. When Eve and Jason had started dating around two years before, Eve was quite shy about sex, having had no previous experience. Gradually, though, she became more and more comfortable with her own body, and senior year she truly blossomed, at least as far as Jason was concerned. She had developed a penchant for blowjobs, and she clearly enjoyed giving Jason pleasure, and delighted in her ability to do so. She would look at him with those big brown eyes, with his cock in her mouth, blinking slowly each time she went down on his thick shaft. And gradually, the more sex they had, Eve started to make more and more sounds. Whereas before she had been quiet and timid, now she had no qualms letting out loud pleased moans, and even occasionally screams when Jason went at it hard. By the start of senior year she had started swallowing his semen, and by the end of it Jason was fully convinced that she sometimes actually craved to eat it. Her sexual appetite metamorphosized until Jason realized that she was actually instigating sex more than he was. The shy and awkward high school sophomore had truly burgeoned into a dynamic and sensuous woman.

But now things were different — they were in uncharted territory. In the dark, Jason reached up and felt his earlobe and the side of his neck. Both had been bruised from Eve's biting...she had never done that before. In and of themselves, Jason didn't mind the bruises so much. But it was what they signified that bothered him: Eve's sexual aggression, her...dominance over him. It had been so acute, so out in the open, during their sex that afternoon, and it left him feeling empty, scared, and...small.

Over and over, in his head, he played her words: "I'm not done," she had growled down at him as he shot his load deep inside her within 2 minutes of starting. "I'm not stopping...I want more." Jason had never heard Eve talk like that...never seen her face so wild and savage, so transported by lust. And as he lay there in his bed, jostling anxiously around his mattress, he was sure that there had been something else in her face...something that worried him deeply. When he had succumbed in record time to the roll of her hips and cried out that he was going to

cum, she had snarled two words: “Do it!” On the surface, these words were sexy, and even just remembering how she had said them was enough to make Jason hard all over again.

However, there was something else behind those words — Jason was sure of it. She had spoken them in...irritation. In disappointment. Perhaps even in anger. She was upset with him for being weak and not being able to last long inside her. She was mad that he couldn't match the strength of her vigor, of her lust. Yes, there was no getting around it; he flipped again on his bed and pulled the sheets tighter over his body. Eve thought that he couldn't hang with her. She thought that she was too much for him...too virile...too advanced. Clearly, she had desires that he couldn't satisfy. As the waves of anxiety crashed over his insides in the dark, he remembered how she had continued to ride him even after he had cum. She had been gyrating her hips like crazy, going around and around on his dick as she pushed down forcefully on his bare chest with both hands. It had felt like she was trying to push him through her mattress. Jason had kept trying to thrust up into her after his orgasm, but after only about half a minute he had stopped and simply lay there exhausted, breathing heavily as Eve continued to slam herself down on his cock.

The minutes were ticking off Jason's clock as the night deepened, but his mind kept racing. This was another moment that was giving him anxiety as he pored over the encounter. After he had slowed his thrusts to a halt, Eve had kept bashing her big hips down on him for a few more moments, but then she suddenly uttered what sounded to Jason like a loud scoff. Right then, she had looked straight into his eyes and shook her head. It all happened so fast that Jason wasn't even sure it was real, that he was just imagining things in his late-night anxiety stupor. But he remembered it; he had seen it. And right after, Eve had suddenly pivoted herself around, still impaled on his dick, and proceeded to buck ride him reverse-cowgirl for the next several minutes. Jason had been treated to a delicious view of her bulbous ass bouncing and rolling and twirling around on his cock, but this view had been tempered by the awful realization that she had turned around because she was trying to make herself cum...and because looking at Jason wasn't going to help her reach her climax. In fact, it might even prevent her orgasm altogether. By turning around, she was excluding him, and worse, she was saying that he wasn't good enough, that he was inadequate to her needs.

After a few minutes of this reverse-cowgirl riding, and moaning out away from Jason into her bedroom, Eve had slid off his cock and onto the bed next to him. She was breathing heavily, and her body was dripping with sweat. Jason was breathing pretty hard too, but there was nothing close to as much sweat on his body — he had not been working nearly as hard or as vigorously. It was obvious to both of them that Eve had climbed off his cock because it had gotten too soft to ride. They lay there next to each other, panting for a few moments.

“Did you cum?” ventured Jason hesitantly after a few moments. He felt like he had to ask, just to get it out in the open. He knew that she hadn't, and the pain of his own inadequacy was already starting to smart. By asking the question, it could seem like he at least was thinking about her, and cared whether or not she came.

“I don't...I don't know,” panted Eve up at the ceiling. Jason knew that she was being nice — this is what she said when she hadn't cum but didn't want him to feel insecure. But Jason wasn't just

going to accept that this time. Her sexual ferocity and domination — and the fact that she had just truly “topped” him for the first time — had startled him and made him feel deficient in a new way. He wanted to stop his self-esteem from hemorrhaging, and the only way to do that now was to bring his girlfriend to orgasm.

“Well...uh...if you don’t know, then that means you probably didn’t,” said Jason. He hated how petty his words sounded in the air, especially in the air which had so recently been suffused and pierced by Eve’s primal moans and cries. “Here, let me eat you out,” he had said quickly, and then made a move down toward her hips. But Eve, without looking at him (as her eyes remained fixed on the ceiling) had reached over and grabbed his upper arm, in a motion of hinderance.

“No,” she said, still panting. “No, that’s...that’s ok, babe. I’m good.”

“Whaaaaat?” asked Jason in a mock high-pitched voice. “Haha, come on Eve, let me make you cum. I know you want it.”

“I don’t, actually,” she said flatly, with her eyes still on the ceiling. Jason felt those words go through him like daggers, and he drew back a little. Eve seemed to immediately recognize how her tone sounded, or how it made Jason react, and she turned over to face him in her bed. Her face was red, and her chestnut-brown hair was wild and unkempt, and matted to her cheeks. Her eyes were still burning with something of that lustful fire, but it was fast going out. She blinked slowly at him and smiled. She looked tired.

“It’s all right Jason, really...I’m fine. That was...whooh! Wow, that was some intense sex there, huh?”

“Yeah!” said Jason shakily, trying to forget the flat sound of Eve’s voice when she told him that she didn’t want him.

“Like...haha, wow! I don’t know what came over me just there!” Eve laughed. Jason felt a little warmth start to creep back into his stomach. Eve was seeming more like herself now.

“I guess it’s just cause you make me so horny,” added Eve, reaching over to Jason and rubbing her hand lovingly across his upper chest. Jason almost shuddered at her touch; her hand was so warm...so brimming with energy.

“Ha! Well...whatever you say, babe!” laughed Jason. They proceeded to cuddle and watch some Netflix, and Jason soon forgot his fears.

But now that he was back alone in his dorm room and lying awake as the night passed him by, Jason had returned to stew on all these details. The more he thought about them, the more worried he became that Eve was growing past him, getting better than him...becoming an adult quicker. And it wasn’t just their sex that was making him feel this way — it was everything else too. Eve’s whole take-the-bull-by-the-horns attitude to college really did clash with his own surly and haphazard approach to his living situation and his classes. And when he had run into her that day, after she had already gone to the gym, she had just looked so...good...so put-together.

It had totally clashed with his bedraggled appearance...enough to make those jerks watching them snicker and laugh about how Eve was out of his league.

It certainly didn't help that she was 5 inches taller than him. Their height difference just seemed to underscore everything else that was happening. Jason cringed as he remembered how Eve had loomed over him in those platform heels, at a towering 6'7, 11 whole inches taller than him. Eve was dead-set on wearing those heels to the homecoming dance, which was only a couple weeks away. The prospect of going to the dance almost an entire foot under his girlfriend filled Jason with dread. He looked over at the clock. Good grief, it was already 5 am.

Right then and there, Jason resolved to do better. He might not be able to increase his 5'8 frame, but he could get stronger. He could develop more endurance for sex. He made a pact with himself to work out harder, and more often. He resolved to get on a good schedule...to eat more...to go to his classes...to make A's. He wasn't going to let Eve pass him by. He was gonna be right there with her, kicking ass. Half an hour later he finally managed to fall asleep, with a determined scowl on his face.

The next day, he went to his morning classes and exchanged some silly texts with Eve. She had another math club meeting in the afternoon, which gave Jason the perfect time slot to go to the gym and get a good workout in. He walked in with his head held high and his chest puffed out. This was going to be good...exactly what he needed. He was gonna go for the full-body workout today: bench press, squats, deadlifts. The whole shebang. He warmed up on the bench press, doing a couple sets of 145 lbs, before he slid on two 35-lb plates onto each end.

"Woah there," said a voice behind him. "You want a spot or something?"

He turned around and saw Lauren standing there, with her hands on her hips, smirking at him. As always, she looked great. Her thick curves were squeezed into skin-tight black exercise pants that only went down to her mid-thigh, blatantly showcasing the luscious contours of her legs. She was wearing a tight black t-shirt that went well with her dyed jet-black hair. As long as Jason had known her, Lauren had been a total goth — sharp black fingernails, black lipstick (even in the gym!?), black everything. But this was the first time he had ever seen her in a gym before, and it suddenly made sense to him why Lauren was so solid and well-formed. She worked out. And looked great doing it too.

"Ahaha," chuckled Jason, recovering himself quickly. "No, I think I'm ok, actually. But you know, you can watch if you wanna learn a thing or two." He knew that Lauren liked playing games, and he would have been lying to himself if he didn't enjoy playing them with her...most of the time, at least.

"Oho!" she laughed. "Listen to the stud! Big talk for someone weaker than me."

"Yeah ok Lauren," laughed Jason, rolling his eyes as he sat down on the bench. "After I do three sets of 5 with 205 here, I'll let you throw a couple more plates on. Hell, I'll even watch you bang out the reps!"

"Oh I know you can bench more than me," laughed Lauren, putting up her hands. "No argument there. My personal best is 160."

"Really, 160?" asked Jason, despite himself. "That's actually pretty good."

"Yeah whatever, I'll get better," snapped Lauren with a roll of her eyes as she waved her hand. "But I'm talking about squats."

"Huh? Haha, oh, you mean you think your legs are stronger than mine?" laughed Jason.

"Well, they're definitely bigger," said Lauren. She walked over next to him and flexed her leg lengthwise, right in his face. Jason saw the taut firmness of her thigh swell with her flex, and he had to admit, her thigh looked pretty damn good.

"Well come on!" she chided. "Stand up to compare!"

"Haha, no way Lauren," laughed Jason, glancing down at his own leg and realizing that she was right. He had big muscular legs, but Lauren had a womanly thickness on her limbs that he could never hope to have. Plus she was a couple inches taller, and the fact that her legs were both bigger and longer seemed to accentuate the size disparity. He knew that Lauren would keep goading him, so he proceeded to lie down on the bench and bust out 5 reps with 205. He racked the bar and sat up, breathing hard as he smiled up at Lauren, who was standing there with her hips cocked to the side and her tongue sticking into the inside of her cheek.

"Hmm, impressive," she said appreciatively. "For a minute there I'd forgotten why you deserved someone like Eve."

"You know what? It makes me so happy to know that I carry the "Lauren" stamp of approval," said Jason in mock earnestness. Lauren smiled wider, and she jammed her tongue a couple times into the inside of her cheek. She loved these kinds of teasing exchanges. She was also not complaining about getting to watch a guy as strong as Jason hammer out some bench press reps with some pretty hefty weight. While it was true that Lauren was primarily a top, and most enjoyed dominating her much-smaller boyfriend William, she could still appreciate some more traditional displays of masculinity. She shamelessly watched Jason finish his bench press workout.

"Wowww, I'm a little jealous of Eve," she chuckled after Jason was finished. "I bet you two have some pretty wild sex, huh?" Jason's mind shot back unpleasantly to the day before, and anxiety swelled briefly inside him. But he shook it off with a laugh.

"If you only knew," was all he said in response.

"Pity, though, that I'm gonna beat you at squats," teased Lauren, jumping around topics like she always did. It was a technique she used to stay in control.

"Well come on then!" said Jason enthusiastically, walking over to the squat rack. "Let's have a little competition then!" Lauren's legs might have been bigger than his, but there was no way that they were actually stronger. He was going to enjoy showcasing that fact. He heard Lauren

whistle and snap her fingers. Seemingly from nowhere, her boyfriend William emerged, carrying her towel and gym bag. He looked comically overwrought as he carried the bulky bag, shuffling over to his much-larger girlfriend. Lauren impassively took the towel off his neck, wiped her face, and then hung it back around him, as if he were a towel rack. She walked over to join Jason and William followed, looking like her dutiful and subservient younger brother in the process.

Jason watched all of this with a mixture of fascination and aversion. There it was again...that discomfort he felt around William. He just looked so...measly next to Lauren. And yet, he totally seemed to own it. He looked slightly up at Jason and cracked a smile.

"Hey Jason," he said simply.

"Uh, hey!" said Jason. "Uhh...not working out today?"

"William doesn't work out," said Lauren as she stood on one foot, stretching her quad out. "His job is to carry my bags, not get stronger. Haha, as if he could lift anything with those puny limbs. Look at them!"

Jason tried to ignore Lauren's comment, but it was hard to. He looked slightly down at William (who at 5'6 was only a couple inches shorter than Jason), and William gave him another impassive smile. Jason just didn't know what to make of this dude.

"Ok, Mr. Wrestler, rack em' up!" said Lauren excitedly. "Let's see who's got the stronger legs."

Chapter 7

Jason walked around to one side of the weight rack. In doing so, he had to sidestep William, who was laden down with Lauren's big gym bag, with her exercise towel conveniently hung on her neck. William didn't make too much of an effort to move out of Jason's way, and Jason found himself getting a little irritated. What the hell was this guy's deal, anyway? He briefly remembered back to the conversation he and Eve had had a few weeks before, about how William was openly submissive to Lauren in their relationship, but as Jason sidestepped him, he couldn't help but feel a sense of revulsion at William's open and unabashed submission. He looked ridiculous in his oversized clothes that hung on his skinny body, making him look even smaller than he was. The fact that Lauren's oversize gym bag was over half as big as he was only contributed to his weak, frail, and diminutive appearance. Lauren's towel around his neck was just icing on the cake — he was basically her slave, her object to use however she saw fit.

Jason couldn't understand how a guy could possibly be ok with this kind of treatment. And not only be ok with it, but shamelessly embrace it! Didn't William know what a bitch he looked like? How weak he seemed!? It was like he was...like he was less than a man. That was it — he wasn't a man at all! He had the body, and the general disposition, of a shy, quiet, subservient early adolescent who's used to doing whatever his overbearing, domineering mother tells him to do. Except that William was acting that way towards Lauren, someone his age, who nonetheless looked and acted ten years older than him. It was almost like watching some kind of weird fucked-up incestuous mother-son relationship. All of this flashed through Jason's mind in a second or two as he maneuvered past William, making his way over to the weight rack. Jason took a quick breath in through his nostrils as he forced down his feelings of disgust and repulsion at William. He didn't want to have Lauren feel like she had a kind of leg up on him in any way. Besides, he had to focus on putting Lauren in her place! He felt the warm anticipation of victory spread through his limbs as he put his hand on the racked weights, throwing Lauren a haughty smile.

"So," he said, delighting that his casually playful voice betrayed nothing of the few moments of disgust he had just experienced, "how much do you wanna start with, Lauren? Your call."

"Hmmm, well let's both do a couple warm-up reps with 135, why don't we?" said Lauren, who met his confident smile with one of her own. "It's a bad idea to lift heavy without warming up."

"Oooo, did you hear that on an exercise video on youtube?" snickered Jason, ignoring his flash of irritation at his perception that Lauren was talking down to him.

"No, I learned it from my father, who played college football at a Division I school," said Lauren drily. Jason felt his heart rate pick up. Boy, Lauren sure did know when to be playful and when to be flat. It was so frustrating how she managed to control the cadence of the conversation.

"Oh," was all Jason could manage in response. He quickly started racking the weight bar — he was about to slide a 45-pound plate onto the end when Lauren stepped in.

"Hold up," she said, raising her hand, "I think we need to adjust the bar height. It's fine for me, but I think it's a little tall for you."

Jason looked blankly at the bar's height, which he had not bothered to pay attention to before. He quickly saw that Lauren was right. But, in a flash of action that seemed to come from some irrational, hidden place, Jason put down the plate and walked under the bar.

"Uh, n-no, no I think it's fine," he said. And as if to show, he stood on his tip-toes and was able to get the bar off the rack. He took a couple steps back, holding the empty bar on his shoulders behind his neck. "See?"

"Ahaha, no, I don't think so," laughed Lauren. "Come on Jason, what are you trying to prove? That we're the same height? I've been taller than you for years. Here, just hold the bar there while I adjust the pegs here."

Lauren walked over and made the adjustments, with Jason just standing there stupidly with the empty bar on his back. What had he been trying to prove there? He knew Lauren was 5'10, and that he was only 5'8. So why had he tried to act like they were the same? He was frustrated with himself, and irritated with Lauren for acting so cool and casual as she altered the pegs on the weight rack to fit his height.

"There," she said, stepping back and allowing him to rack the bar. "Now we can both easily take the bar." She looked slightly down on him and smiled deviously, giving him a little shake of her head, as if to say, "Sheesh, dude!"

"Ok," grumbled Jason, wanting to get on with the contest. "So 135 to start."

A few minutes later, both of them had done a set of 5 with 135 pounds. Neither seemed to be tired at all. Jason couldn't help noticing how Lauren had to bend to get the bar on her back...and he also couldn't help noticing how her thick thighs swelled impressively as she went up and down, lifting the weight effortlessly with perfect form.

"So...a bit heavier now?" asked Lauren, smiling expectantly.

"Yeah...yeah, how about we slap another 45 on each side?" proposed Jason. He wanted to end this contest quickly. William was creeping him out, just standing there, watching silently.

"Straight to 225, huh?" said Lauren, nodding her head up and down slowly, stroking her chin. "Cutting to the chase. I like it. Sets of three now!"

Jason promptly banged out his set, barely breaking a sweat. 225 was heavy, but he had no problems. Lauren watched him with a grin on her face, enjoying the power dynamics at play. She had challenged Jason, and not the other way around. And now she was getting to enjoy the effort he was making due to her challenge.

"Very nice," she said appreciatively, applauding humorously as Jason racked the weight.

"Oh thank you very much Lauren, thank you, thank you," said Jason mockingly, taking a series of bows. "It means so much."

“Now get ready, hoss,” said Lauren, ignoring Jason’s sarcasm as she walked up to the bar. “I can tell you think I can’t do this. Well, how about this?”

Without any more lead-up, Lauren accepted the weight onto her shoulders and went down slowly, until her legs were at a 90-degree angle, then up again. Jason swallowed as he watched — it didn’t look like she was making much of an effort. Her thighs were swelling sexily with feminine bulk through her skin-tight exercise shorts, and Jason found himself fixating on the tautness of her tendons. Lauren sure had great legs. She did it again, down and up. She turned to look at him, and she caught him ogling at her thighs. Too late, his eyes snapped up to hers. She smirked at him, and then, without looking away from him, she went down and up again for the third rep, her face reddening slightly from the effort as the veins in her neck became more prominent. She stepped forward, racked the weight, and turned to face him with her hands on her hips.

“Surprised, Mr. Stud?” she asked, cocking her eyebrow amusedly.

“That was...a lot of weight you just lifted,” admitted Jason, reddening a little. He hadn’t realized Lauren was so strong, although looking at her body now, he wondered why he had ever doubted her. She was super shapely, curvy...and solid. It totally made sense that the reason why she looked that way was because she lifted heavy weights.

Lauren turned and snapped her fingers. William came scurrying over, and Lauren took the towel from around his neck and wiped off the thin sheen of sweat from her face. She hung it haphazardly back around his neck as she reached into the bag for her water bottle, taking several big sips before putting it back in. Then, with a lazy wave of her hand, she shooed William away, back to the periphery. Jason noticed with distaste that William appeared to be smelling Lauren’s towel as it hung around his neck, and that he had developed an obvious erection, which tented outward in his pants. Jason couldn’t believe it — did this guy seriously have zero self-respect? And also, did he maybe realize that most people probably didn’t care to see his erect dick sticking up in his pants like that? It was gross.

Lauren noticed what Jason was looking at and gave one of her hearty laughs.

“Oho, wow Jason, don’t tell me that you’re intimidated by my boy’s erection?”

“Uh...uh, what!?” asked Jason, not quite believing that Lauren had actually gone there.

“I saw you staring at his big ol’ boner,” laughed Lauren, striding over to William and seizing his erect cock through his pants. William closed his eyes and threw his head back as he exhaled in a hiss through his teeth. Still looking at Jason, Lauren smiled widely as she started jacking off William slowly through his shorts.

“What, you see something you like?” teased Lauren.

“N-no!” said Jason, hating that he sounded wrong-footed. He glanced anxiously around the gym. There weren’t too many people there, but he did notice that a couple of bulky guys in the

corner seemed to be watching what was going on. He turned back to Lauren, who was still watching him and she jacked off William.

"Can you...can you knock that off, Lauren?" he asked, trying in vain to sound calm. "People are...are gonna be watching."

"Let them watch," said Lauren coolly, bending down to William so that her mouth was even with his ear. "I think it's wonderful that my little boy gets so hot watching me lift heavy weights, watching me get stronger." She turned to William and breathed sexily in his ear: "You like that, don't you, tiny boy?"

"Yes I do," panted William, still with his eyes closed. Lauren hummed in his ear as she picked up the pace of her hand, masturbating him faster and quicker now.

"S-stop it, Lauren!" said Jason angrily, feeling his own heart start to beat faster. He hated this shameless display between the two of them, but more than anything, he hated that he had started to get hard himself. If Lauren saw that, he would never hear the end of it. Plus she would be sure to tell Eve, and then Jason would be left having to explain to his girlfriend how he had gotten an erection watching Lauren jerking off her boyfriend in the gym. It would be too shameful to face up to.

"I'll stop," breathed Lauren into William's ear, "when my boy shoots his load. You gonna do that, little guy? You gonna cum for your big strong girlfriend?"

"Y-yes...a-ahh...yes!" squeaked William, his thin chest rising and falling rapidly. Jason kept glancing around. The other two guys in the corner seemed to have returned to their workout and were facing away. In another corner, a tall, shapely woman seemed to be working out on her own, doing lunges. Was everyone seriously not seeing this!? Or did they actually not give a shit?? Jason was at a loss — it was surreal what was happening in front of him...and yet no one else seemed to care.

"You need a little extra something to push you over the edge, huh, little guy?" breathed Lauren, tonguing the outer edges of William's ear aggressively. "You need a little extra reminder who owns this cock?"

"Y-yes!" panted William, almost in a whisper. "Yes!" Lauren's hand was almost a blur now, it was going so fast.

In response, Lauren suddenly plunged her long tongue completely into William's ear, wriggling and rolling it around deep in his ear canal. William gave a squeal and promptly climaxed, his cum darkening the crotch of his shorts as he shivered and spasmed in Lauren's hand. She continued to lick deep in his ear for several moments afterward, humming and cooing, encouraging every last drop of his orgasm from his trembling cock.

Jason watched the whole thing with his mouth open. He was completely dumbfounded. There was no way that he could feign nonchalance anymore — this was all way too crazy for him to process. Lauren looked up at him and chuckled. She had won; she had overpowered him with

her shameless and vigorously intense sexual display. William was still breathing hard with his eyes closed as Lauren stood up to her full height behind him, her head rising 4 inches above his. Jason suddenly realized with an unpleasant jolt, even though Lauren seemed to dwarf William as she stood up tall behind him, that Eve was actually taller than he was by a larger margin than Lauren was taller than William. At 6'1, Eve rose a full 5 inches above Jason. People really must notice how much taller she was, how much bigger she looked...his mind shot back to the previous day, when those two guys had made fun of him for going out with someone "out of his league." Jason's nostrils flared and he grimaced inwardly, hating that Lauren and William's dynamic was making him think of the one he had with Eve.

But it wasn't anything like theirs! He was thinking all crazy again...he was letting his mind run away from him, play tricks on him, mislead him. It was all Lauren's fault; she loved doing stuff like this. She loved fucking with guys — it was her bread and butter. She knew exactly what she was doing; she knew that jerking William off in front of him was going to make him feel a certain way...and...and Jason wasn't going to let her win.

"It looks like you wanna say something, Jason," said Lauren, bending down and putting her chin on the top of Williams head as she ran her full arms, big hands, and sharp, black-nailed fingernails up and down his shuddering chest.

"Uh..." stuttered Jason, momentarily at a loss. Then he once again forced everything down and smiled, narrowing his eyes. "You know, if I didn't know any better, Lauren, I'd think that you were trying to distract me from showing you that I'm stronger than you."

"Oh wow, what a recovery," laughed Lauren, pushing William lightly aside. Despite her relatively gentle motion, he stumbled slightly. "As if I didn't see you get all hot and bothered watching me jerk my boy's cream into his underwear."

"You're...fucking dreaming Lauren," said Jason, shaking his head. "And you're also insane, doing shit like that in a public place."

"You're a bad liar Jason," chided Lauren. "I know you wish you and Eve could just do that kind of stuff in public."

"What!?" laughed Jason as he gave a bit of a yelp. "I...don't...what? No I don't!"

"Mmmhmm," said Lauren, closing her eyes briefly as she nodded her head up and down.

"You're jealous, I can tell. You wish that you and Eve could just express yourselves to each other as naturally as me and William do." As she spoke, Lauren was walking up to Jason, and she only stopped when she had gotten quite close. Jason stood his ground, even though he disliked that he was now having to look up into Lauren's eyes. She stared down at him intently, as if studying him in the midst of her challenge.

"Yeah," she murmured, almost to herself, "we freak you out. Because you wish you guys could be like us."

“That’s crazy, Lauren!” exclaimed Jason loudly. “I don’t wanna be like William! He’s...he’s like your fucking slave! N-no...no way would I wanna be like that! It’s...it’s just weird, Lauren! And...and I don’t think it’s natural! I think it’s messed up!”

Silence passed between them now. Lauren let Jason’s words hang on the air as she flared her nostrils down at him. Jason immediately realized that he had spoken too loudly, and that William had probably heard. He glanced anxiously over at William, who was still standing there off to the side, with a blank expression on his face. He had clearly heard what Jason had said, but he didn’t seem to be at all affected by it. Jason turned back to look at Lauren, and his heart sank a little. She looked pissed.

“You shouldn’t speak like that out loud,” she said in an emotionless, deadpan voice. “You should have some respect for other people, Jason.”

“I...I’m sorry,” he said quietly, bowing his head.

“Teasing is one thing, but when you start calling other people’s relationships “unnatural” or “messed-up,” that’s when I start to have a problem.” Lauren sure knew how to twist the knife in. Jason felt the crushing weight of shame starting to weigh him down. He couldn’t just stand there like this, taking it...it was too much. He looked up at Lauren.

“Sorry,” he said again, and then took a deep breath and stepped back, clapping his hands. “Ok! Well, let’s add some more weight to the bar! We’ve gotta finish the contest!”

“Fuck the contest, we’re getting outta here,” said Lauren flatly as she turned and walked over to William. Jason felt panic rising up in him as he watched Lauren’s thick hips pivot and turn, and her big ass bouncing hugely up and down as she made her way to her small boyfriend. She stood behind him, wrapped her big hands around his shoulders, and started massaging them, bending down briefly to whisper something in his ear. William nodded slightly and laid his head gently back into Lauren’s bosom. They both looked at Jason expressionlessly.

“But before we go,” said Lauren said, “I’d like you to apologize to William for what you said.” Jason felt truly alarmed now — it sounded like Lauren was having to make a real effort to keep her voice under control.

“F-for...b-but, I...I already said I was sorry!” blurted out Jason.

Lauren shook her head. “You apologized to me. I don’t care about that. I can’t take whatever intolerant drivel comes out of your idiotic mouth. But my boy here, he’s not as emotionally strong as me. He’s sensitive...and you were kind enough to essentially shout your opinion on our relationship. I can take it, Jason. I don’t give a fuck what you think about anything. But I think you hurt William’s feelings.”

Jason felt like his feet were welded to the spot. Had he really fucked up that badly? Little pinpricks were attacking his skin all over his body as his heart buzzed and fizzed like acid. He had spoken without thinking, yes, but it was all in response to Lauren goading him! She...she was the one who suggested that he wanted to be...to be like William! Deep down somewhere

that was inaccessible in that moment, Jason knew that he had reacted that way because Lauren was playing on his latent fears that had recently been swirling around in his mind...about fears of his own inadequacy...Eve's superiority...the prospect of Eve outgrowing him...leaving him behind. Lauren seemed to be able to smell those fears on him, and take advantage of them for the sake of her own amusement and her own urge to dominate anyone who came her way.

But as the moments passed by, with Lauren standing there behind William, rubbing his shoulders, with both of them waiting, Jason realized that he really had fucked up. He had made a fool of himself. He had said something hurtful, and he needed to apologize — that's all there was to it.

"William...I'm...I'm sorry, man," said Jason genuinely, shaking his head. "I didn't mean what I said. I, uh...I kinda just lost it there for a minute, and I...I said things I shouldn't have said."

William wordlessly nodded his head, blinking his eyes blankly. For a second, Jason thought William was going to cry, but then he realized that he was likely just imagining that. It was so hard to read William's expression, since it was always so...blank. Lauren stared at him hard for a few more moments, and then shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said dismissively, "I think you *did* mean what you said, Jason, but whatever. You did as I asked and apologized, and that's all I can really expect at this point. Let's go, William."

Lauren swiftly turned foot and walked away, William following dutifully in her wake, trying to keep pace with her longer legs. Jason gawked after them, feeling an uncontrollable emptiness start to swallow him up from the inside. That was not how he wanted the exchange to end...not at all! But there was nothing he could do about it. They were gone, thanks to his big fat mouth. Why couldn't he just control himself around Lauren? Why did it always feel like she was one millimeter away from exposing his whole masculinity as some kind of fraud!?

Jason grew angry and went over to the padded wall, punching it a few times in frustration. When he turned back around, the two bulky dudes who had been in the corner were standing close by, looking at him curiously.

"You know those two freaks?" chuckled one of the guys.

"Uh...yeah...yeah I do," said Jason, straightening up.

"Haha, woowww, never seen a chick jerk off a dude like that in public!" laughed the other guy. "What is she, some kind of dominatrix!?"

"Yeah, is that skinny dude like you said...like...her slave?" asked the other guy.

"Uh...y-yeah. Yeah, something like that, I think," said Jason. He suddenly realized that he wanted to get out of this conversation, and out of this gym, as fast as he could. Lauren was definitely going to tell Eve about this whole exchange. And it wasn't going to be pretty.

"Well, just so you know, I'm with you on all that shit, dude," chuckled one of the guys. "All that freaky stuff isn't natural. It's like some kind of perversion."

“Yeah,” agreed the other guy, “it’s like what mentally ill people do to cope with being so fucked up they can’t have a real relationship.”

“I...uh...I don’t know,” was all Jason could manage in response. He suddenly felt his pocket buzz. His heart sank. He knew who it was from and what it was about. Ignoring the two muscled guys who were continuing to talk, Jason reached into his pocket and fished his phone out. A text from Eve:

“Jason, we’ve gotta talk.”

Chapter 8

A few minutes before, Eve had just been leaving her calculus club meeting when she had received a text from Lauren. She had been in the middle of an engrossing, exciting conversation with Derrick, the upperclassman leader of the club, about partial differentiation and Jacobian matrixes, when she felt her phone buzz.

“That your boyfriend?” asked Derrick, chuckling a little. He knew he was going out on a limb, even bringing up those kinds of things. But Eve was just...incredibly attractive...she had such nice legs...and her ass wasn’t small, either. To boot, she was brilliant and driven. Derrick was more than impressed with her, and his curiosity about her private life got the better of him. If there was any chance of him and Eve...but he let it rest and satisfied himself by asking the simple, innocent-enough question.

“Haha, I don’t know, maybe,” said Eve, shrugging her shoulders.

“Heh...well, uh, you wanna check it?” asked Derrick, his face reddening a little. He knew he was getting awkward, but at this point he didn’t have the social grace to stop himself.

“Eh, whatever, I’ll check it in a minute,” said Eve. Derrick wasn’t a short guy by any means; he stood at 5’10, 2 inches taller than Jason. At her normal 6’1, Eve was already taller than him by 3 inches, but today, she had actually decided to wear some stylish heels, which completed her professional-looking outfit. She was wearing a cute black skirt, a nice white blouse with a well-ironed collar, and a sleek, stylish black office blazer. Her chic black heels gave her an additional 3-inch boost, so that, despite being 5’10, Derrick found himself eye-level with Eve’s shoulders.

She noticed Derrick going a little red, which in turn made her blush. Derrick was a genius...at least, that’s what Eve thought about him. It had been his idea all along to start the calculus club in the first place, and she was finding his tutelage an immense help in her multivariable calculus class.

“Haha, I bet he texts you a lot,” laughed Derrick, now plunging in completely over his head.

“Huh?” laughed Eve, appreciating how correct Derrick actually was. Jason had been texting her a lot recently, and it was all because he had been having some real trouble adjusting to their new college routines. The change in life patterns had gelled perfectly with Eve’s ambitious and career-driven ethos, but for Jason, who seemed a little lost and adrift amidst these changes, it had all seemed to clash rather badly with his previously-confident persona. In the past few weeks, Eve had definitely noticed how perturbed and...insecure Jason seemed to be. But even though she had already had more of her fair share of moments when she mentally rolled her eyes at his behavior, she was more than willing to chalk it down to him adjusting to college life. It was totally understandable that he, and a lot of other people, were not as immediately ready to just...dive into it like she was doing. It would all come in time, surely.

“Haha, I mean, sure he texts me a lot,” said Eve, cocking her head as she grinned down at Derrick. “But I text him a lot too, you know. Lotta texting going on these days, haha.”

“Ha! Yeah, tell me about it,” said Derrick. His words trailed off as he looked awkwardly to the side. It was clear that he wanted to keep talking with Eve, but nothing was really coming to him.

‘Wow, he’s got a crush on me,’ Eve suddenly realized. It seemed like a crazy thing to admit, but the evidence was right there, clumsily grinning through blushing cheeks. She smiled brightly and stood up a little taller.

“Well, same time later on this week? Thursday?” she asked.

“Y-yes,” said Derrick, nodding his head, happy that she had taken the initiative to rescue him.

“Unless...I m-mean...unless you wanna get together sooner?” His insides plunged; he had just re-dug the hole that Eve had graciously filled in.

“Haha, well maybe,” she said warmly. “I might need a little extra help — we’ll see after I get that first quiz back!”

“Well ok then,” laughed Derrick. “You’ve got my number...you know how to reach me.”

“Sure do!” said Eve. She was beyond flattered to discover Derrick’s feelings for her, but she thought that it was probably prudent to go ahead and end the conversation now. “Thanks Derrick!”

She waved goodbye to him, and then tapped Shanna on the shoulder and said goodbye to her and Ben as well.

“See ya Eve!” said Shanna. “Oh, and, I just gotta say — I’m loving the heels today.”

“Really?” asked Eve, with appreciative color creeping into her cheeks. “I wasn’t sure if I should wear them or not. I’m already a giraffe, so, haha, you know...”

“Oh please!” said Shanna, shaking her head up at her (Shanna was 6’0, but was still 4 inches shorter with Eve wearing her heels). “Don’t call yourself that — you’re gorgeous Eve! Haha, all of us would totally kill for your legs, right Ben?”

“Uh...” said Ben, who was 5’8, just like Jason, but significantly skinnier. “Haha, uh, I don’t know, Shanna. Eve’s legs look pretty great on her, but on me I think I would look pretty wacky.”

“Oh my god, you know what I meant!” said Shanna, playfully punching him in the shoulder.

“Haha, skinny nerd on top,” said Ben, highlighting his torso, “And then hot curvy girl on the bottom,” he finished, indicating to Eve’s lower half.

“Alright you guys, enough, enough,” laughed Eve, truly blushing now. “See you in a couple days!”

After leaving the merry gathering, Eve felt high on her interactions. All her friends liked her...and they thought she was hot! And...and curvy! Eve had never really seen herself as the curvy type. She glanced down at her legs. They were looking shapelier these days, she had to admit. Plus

her hips felt thicker. It must have been the exercise, the good sleep, and all the food she was eating. She felt her stomach growl a little, right on cue.

Chuckling to herself, Eve got out her phone to check the message she had just received. It was from Lauren.

“Hey girl, I’m pissed off right now. Your boyfriend totally just called William a freak to his face. I think you’d better straighten him out.”

Eve’s face fell, and all the joy that had been buoying her deflated in an instant.

‘What the fuck Jason!?’ she thought angrily. Although Eve was definitely irritated at him for so clearly stepping out of line, she was actually finding herself more angered by his timing. She had literally just been coasting on a social and intellectual high, and then Jason had to bring her down...to just drag her back down.

“I’m so sorry!” Eve quickly texted Lauren back. “We’re going to have a conversation about it.”

She sent the texts, and then, just a few seconds later, Lauren replied back: “He’s gonna whine and moan that we made him uncomfortable. This is all getting really old, Eve. I’m starting to feel like you’ve outgrown Jason. Just my two cents, girl.”

Eve felt her heart sink. She had been shying away from these latent thoughts in her own mind for a few months, but now that Lauren had actually said it to her, the sentiments pushed to the forefront of her mind. And it was annoying. Jason was totally better than this — she knew him! She knew that all this recent, stumbling insecurity and...and inability to cope with change...just wasn’t like him. This wasn’t the Jason she knew — the Jason that had been in her head for the last two years was confident, and...and strong and big and funny and, just...in control of every social situation he was put in. What the fuck was going on with him? She was going to get to the bottom of it.

“Well, I’m gonna have a talk with him,” she texted back to Lauren. “He’s been having some trouble coping with all this college stuff, and maybe it took it out on William. If that’s what happened, it’s shitty. Sorry, again Lauren.”

Eve’s stomach rumbled again and she felt a sudden wave of increased frustration. This was screwing up her whole schedule. Now she had to sit down and have a talk with her boyfriend about treating people with respect. It was ridiculous.

“Jason, we’ve gotta talk,” she texted him swiftly as she made her way to the dining hall. She wasn’t going to immediately take time out of her routine just to go and scold her boyfriend, but after a few minutes of walking down the sidewalk, Eve realized that she was actually more upset, and far angrier, than she had initially realized. She knew that she hadn’t been filled in on the particulars of the events surrounding Jason’s rude and insulting comment, but at present, she didn’t really care. It had been bad enough for Lauren to send her a curt text, and Lauren was not the type to get easily annoyed or offended. If anything, she was far tougher than anyone else Eve knew. On top of all that, Eve trusted her judgment. She would get the details,

no doubt, from Jason, and he would present them in his own defensive, one-sided fashion. They would probably get into a fight.

'You know what?' said Eve to herself as she walked quicker down the sidewalk, spurred on by her increasing anger, 'Fine. Let's get into a fight. Maybe that's what we need to just...to just sort out all this weird shit that's been going on between us.'

A number of people turned their heads as Eve walked by. Even though, in this moment, she couldn't have cared less, she cut quite an impressive figure: a 6'4 young woman in swanky business attire, rocking heels as she walked quickly and purposefully, her shapely ass swaying noticeably with her hips. With each step, each of Eve's thighs jiggled and trembled slightly. She had definitely put on a few pounds these first couple weeks of college, but underneath, she had kept her limbs firm and strong with her routine workouts. She reached the dining hall, went inside, and proceeded to serve herself up a huge plate of chicken, rice, and beans, with a large salad to go with it, and a big glass of whole milk. Eve knew that she was probably getting too much food, but she didn't care. She had unconsciously become irritated at her own stomach growling, and, in her flurry of anger and frustration, she was going to silence it.

As she ate alone, Eve's mind kept turning. Jason hadn't texted her back, even though Eve knew that he had seen her message. His delayed reply just made her madder. What, so now he couldn't face up to the consequences of his own actions? Eve took out her phone and was about to send an incendiary, heated text his way, but then decided against it, and instead proceeded to focus on shoveling food into her mouth. A few moments later, an average-sized young man, probably another freshman, tentatively approached the table.

"Is this seat taken?" the guy asked Eve, grinning awkwardly. Eve looked up at him blankly for a moment, and then looked all the way down the long table. There was no one else sitting anywhere near her. This guy's sheepish awkwardness just added fuel to her angry fire. What was up with all these dudes just smiling at her stupidly and saying idiotic things? Why couldn't he just ask if he could sit with her? Why did he have to try to crack a dumb joke? Did he think she would appreciate it?

"Uh, no," said Eve. She gestured all the way down to the empty seats at the rest of the table. "But those seats don't look taken either."

"Oh...haha, I meant, uh...I meant," stammered the guy, but Eve had already had enough. She was not accustomed to acting this way, but she was in no mood to tolerate this dude's awkwardness.

"I know what you meant," she said, blinking her eyes up at him and smiling to soften what she felt was a harder tone than she was comfortable with. "And maybe another time, but I just want to sit alone right now, ok?"

"O-ok," said the guy. He mechanically turned and walked off with his tray, seemingly dazed. Eve watched him go, turned, and looked down at her food. Had she just been a bitch to that guy? She didn't know. She forked more food into her mouth quickly. The din of voices suddenly seemed to rise up around her; there were a lot of people in the dining hall. Eve realized that she

wanted to get out of there. She didn't want to be hit on right now; she just wanted to be left alone, but sitting by herself in the dining hall was no way to be left alone.

'No, I was polite to the guy,' she reassured herself as she ate quicker. 'And anyway, what gives him the right to my time, anyway? He just thought I was hot and wanted to chat me up. No thank you.'

Privately, even though Eve wasn't comfortable admitting these things to herself yet, in the back of her mind she had realized that the guy had looked rather bedraggled...plus he was pretty skinny...obviously not in shape, and...just, kinda plain-looking. She just hadn't been attracted to him.

She sighed unpleasantly as she continued to eat. It seemed crazy that just a few minutes before, she had been happy and excited and full of energy. Now she just felt pissed off, irritable, and drained. And it was all because of Jason. No one else in her life was a source of strife for her. Derrick was dynamic and driven, Shanna and Ben were brilliant and ambitious, Lauren was doing Lauren things in her cool sports medicine program...all the people in her advanced classes were fun and energetic. But Jason...her boyfriend...the most important relationship in her life, was just... not up to task. He kept fucking up.

Eve finished her food and stood up. A group of guys watched as she went by, and one of them may have even said something to her. But Eve didn't care. She was going to go talk to her boyfriend and get all of this sorted out. She had been in a bad mood for 20 minutes, and already it was beginning to seem like too long. She left the dining hall, and was about to hop on a bus to make a beeline for Jason's dorm when she got a text. Her heart skipped a beat as she opened it...from Jason.

"Sigh...so you're gonna jump down my throat too, huh?"

Eve felt like throwing her phone straight down into the sidewalk, but she took a deep breath and texted back.

"We just need to talk, ok? Are you at your dorm?"

A few seconds later..."Yeah."

"Well I'm coming over, ok?"

"Sure...whatever. But just know that whatever Lauren told you, she's totally exaggerating."

"Fine. We'll talk about it when I get there."

Eve didn't know what to think at this point, other than the nasty realization that she actually trusted Lauren's account more than Jason's. She knew that she wasn't giving him the benefit of the doubt, but his behavior the past few weeks had weakened her trust in him.

Less than 20 minutes later, Eve was knocking on Jason's dorm door. She heard shuffling within, and then the door opened. For a second, Eve was caught off guard by how short Jason looked.

She had forgotten that she was wearing her 3-inch heels. She now rose a full 8 inches above him, with the top of his head barely even coming up to her chin. Jason stood there in the doorway, dumbfounded for a moment. He was in his boxers and a t-shirt, with bare feet. He had not expected Eve to be so well-dressed, or to be wearing heels.

"Wh-what!?" he sputtered, narrowing his eyes up at her. "You wore heels today?!"

"Uh...y-yes...yes I did, as a matter of fact," she said, putting her hands on her hips as she stared down at him. Maybe it was just the heels, and maybe it was just the fact that she had eaten a pound and a half of food, but Jason looked...smaller to her. He was still quite large and stocky, with his big muscles stretching his normal-sized t-shirt, but in the moment, Eve saw her shadow cast over him and felt bigger.

"Oh so you got a problem with my heels?" she persisted. She was making no effort to disguise her irritation.

"Uh...no...no they're...it's whatever," said Jason, waving his hand and turning around. He walked back towards his bed and turned around, rolling his eyes as he lolled his head to the side.

"Ok, let's have it then," he said sarcastically. He held out his hand and beckoned his palm back and forth. "Come on...go on and get your spiel out of the way."

"What happened, Jason?" she asked, stepping into his room and closing the door. She took a couple steps towards him and folded her arms across her breasts.

"What happened?!" he said, his voice rising shrilly in a defensive tone. "I'll tell you what happened! Lauren totally jacked off William in the middle of the gym!!"

"What!?" asked Eve.

"Yeah! Right in front of me!" said Jason with wide eyes. "And...and it was all to, to...I don't know! Make a point to me, or something!"

"Make a...point to you? What point, Jason?"

"Fuck if I know!!" he burst out, gesturing wildly. "Lauren's crazy!"

"Lauren's not crazy, Jason," said Eve. "She and William just have a very...open relationship. You know that."

"Yeah! But she'd never jacked him off in front of me before...in a fucking public place!!"

"Well...that is pretty out there," admitted Eve. She could already feel herself softening a little in her anger, even though she wished that Jason would stop being so shrill.

"But...I don't get it," she continued, and she asked the question again. "What point was she trying to make to you?"

“That...I don’t know...that...” Jason didn’t want to say it out loud, because the reason he had blown up and said the regrettable thing about Lauren and William’s relationship (that it wasn’t natural...and that it was “messed up”) was that Lauren had been goading him, claiming that Jason was jealous of her and William’s open dynamic, and that he secretly wished that he and Eve could express themselves so freely. The truth was that, deep down, Jason was jealous of their open dynamic. He did wish that he and Eve could be more openly sexual, without some of the odd hangups that sometimes kept them apart. And, even deeper down, Lauren had hit another nerve with him. There had been something undeniably arousing about watching her just shamelessly, dominantly jack off William in public. Something about her complete and confident power over him...something about his total...what was the word...submission to her...that had made Jason’s cock harden just a little as he watched. And he was not comfortable with that feeling, whatever it was. In fact, he hated it. And that’s why he had let those words fly out of his mouth. He regretted them, but, as he had thought on them, he found that he still actually believed what he had said. It wasn’t natural...it was messed up.

All of this flashed through Jason’s mind before he finished his sentence.

“She basically said that I was jealous of their relationship,” said Jason, a little quieter, though with no less energy. He had realized that his voice had started out shrill, and he wanted to dial it back.

“Jealous?” asked Eve, creasing her brow. “Like how? What was she talking about?”

“She just...I don’t know...she said that I wished that...that we could be like them. That we could be as...as open and free as they are.”

“What? Like, me jerking you off in public?” asked Eve. As she heard her own words, her lips twitched upward in a smile. She couldn’t help it — this all sounded pretty ridiculous. Jason saw her smile and grinned back at her. Maybe it was over...maybe all the trouble had just blown over...just like that. The promise of resolution crackled in the air between them.

“Ha...I, uh...haha, I don’t know...maybe?” said Jason uncertainly. “But...Eve, listen, she was just really aggressive, and the stuff she was saying was just...really irritating me. Cause it wasn’t true...isn’t true...I don’t want to be like them, like, at all. To be honest they kind of freak me out.”

“Ok, so...ok,” said Eve, gathering herself back up as her smile faded a little from her lips. Things weren’t resolved yet. “So Lauren was irritating you and, uh...but then...yeah. Here’s the thing, Jason. She said that you called William a freak.”

“I did not!!” said Jason, his voice rising shrilly again.

“Ok, ok,” said Eve, holding out her hands. She was so close to Jason now that she actually put her hands on his shoulders to steady him. It was suddenly striking to her how low Jason’s body was compared to her’s — his shoulders were actually underneath her breasts now, so that she barely had to raise her arms up at all to rest her hands on them. She looked down into his eyes,

and he looked up into hers, and a strange couple of silent seconds passed by, during which Eve felt older than her boyfriend, and Jason felt younger. The height difference was just...striking.

"No need to yell," said Eve, breaking the silence with her attempt at a soothing voice. "So you didn't say that...but what did you say? Whatever it was, it really pissed Lauren off, to the point where she felt like she had to text me about it."

"I just..." and here Jason bowed his head in frustration and sighed. It certainly didn't help to realize that, as he bent his head several inches downward, he was looking straight into his girlfriend's breasts. It made him feel small...plus, were her breasts getting bigger? They were certainly looking bigger...but Jason hardened his mind to his task.

"I probably misspoke because...because I was irritated at Lauren," said Jason quietly. "I didn't say anything directly to William but...but I basically told Lauren that what she said wasn't true and that I didn't want to be like them because...because William is like her slave and that I don't think that it's natural and that it's messed up."

"Oh," said Eve softly, taking her hands off Jason's shoulder and taking a step back. She shook her head down at Jason, not in anger, but in rebuke. "Yeah, Jason, you shouldn't have said that."

"I know, Eve, I know!" he said desperately. "And I apologized to William, but Lauren didn't seem like she was having any of it and then they just...left."

"I don't really blame them," said Eve. "Jason, you screwed this one up."

He sighed and slumped his shoulders, standing there helplessly. Eve felt a new wave of anger pass through her, but it dissipated almost as soon as it had begun. She was just...disappointed now. For some reason, it had seemed even worse when Lauren had texted her. But now that Eve had heard Jason's side of it, she was just left feeling let down and puzzled.

"I just...I don't understand why you let her get to you," said Eve, cocking her hips to one side. "You know that Lauren's gonna needle you — that's what she does. She's just fun and flirty that way."

"Eve, there was nothing fun or flirty about what, uh...what Lauren was insinuating!" exclaimed Jason.

"So she claims something about what you want in our relationship that isn't true," countered Eve. "So what? Why do you have to let her push your buttons like that?"

"I think...I...I don't know!" lied Jason. He knew why — because Lauren was very good at dredging up his own insecurities about his relationship with Eve, particularly his latent fear that she was outgrowing him mentally and emotionally (and maybe even physically too, with her new propensity for heels).

And anyway," continued Eve, "The real issue here is that...come on Jason! You can't talk about other people's relationships like that! Especially if it's my friend's relationship!"

“But Eve!” protested Jason. “She jacked him off...in the gym...in front of me!!”

“So what!?” said Eve, suddenly aggressive as she took a step forward, now looming over her boyfriend. “What’s wrong with that? Did they hurt you? Did they force you to participate?”

“N-no...they just — ”

“No,” said Eve. She felt the color rise into her face, and she let the anger flow through her. Jason’s head was in the wrong place. “So what was the big deal, Jason? Sure, it’s not really “normal” behavior, but so what? Their relationship works just fine, and you know what? I actually admire them, Jason. It’s not easy to do what they’re doing, and they do it without making apologies to anyone. It’s pretty fucking cool if you ask me. A smaller, submissive guy and his larger, stronger girlfriend, openly being the alpha in the relationship...yeah, that’s pretty awesome. You basically see other guys and their girlfriends rolling around on the quad, basically grinding on each other...and no one bats an eye. But as soon as it’s a dominant girl and a submissive guy — oh shit! It’s unnatural!”

“Eve...Eve!” cried Jason, holding up his hands. She really was angry with him...the hope of moments before, of getting everything resolved, was completely gone.

“I’m not done, Jason,” snapped Eve, putting her hands on her hips again as she continued to loom over him. She was going to have it out with him. Now was the time. “This is just the icing on the cake for the past few weeks. You’ve been different, Jason. I know this is a time of transition, but we’re here — we’re in college now. And you need to...to get it together. I feel like what happened today was you taking out your frustrations on someone you perceived as weaker than yourself. And that’s pretty small, Jason. The fact is that Lauren and William are doing just fine in their relationship, but you and me? I don’t feel like we’ve really been on the same page. I’ve been feeling great about all my classes and my exercise and...and all of it, but you’ve been missing your classes and...and losing weight, and I come in here and — ”

Here Eve gestured to Jason’s dorm, which was already cluttered and dirty. Paper plates of half-eaten food sat on his nightstand, and his soiled laundry lay strewn in disorganized heaps all over the room. Jason felt his heart racing — this was it. His worst nightmare was coming true, spoken straight out of the mouth of his girlfriend, who was standing up imposingly before him, dwarfing him by 8 inches, with her hands on her thickened hips.

Eve turned back to her boyfriend, and she saw the panicked look on his face. Her anger immediately seemed to abate. She wasn’t trying to crush his spirit — she was just trying to rally him! To somehow spur him into action, into life!

“I’m not saying all this to be mean, Jason,” she said, noticeably softer, as she stepped forward and once again put her hands on his shoulders. “I’m saying it because I want my boyfriend back. The one with the go-get-em attitude, you know? The one who is confident and...and fearless and...has the biggest muscles in school.”

She had spoken the last words in a kind of jest, as she squeezed suggestively on Jason’s shoulders. He was still pretty muscly...she had to give him that.

"I'm...I'm sorry Eve," said Jason, bowing his head again as he felt the anger at himself rise up in his breast. "I just...I've been having a hard time recently."

"I know, I can tell," said Eve. She reached down and gently took his chin in her hand and directed his face upward. "Do you need to see someone? Are you depressed?"

"N-no...no I don't think so," said Jason, not sure whether he was or not. "I think...I just think that I've, uh...just been a little slow to transition, is all. I think I had become too comfortable in our high school routines and, uh...I just need a little time to adjust."

"That's ok, Jason," said Eve genuinely, squeezing his shoulders again. "And I want to help you adjust. But you really, really can't be lashing out at other people like you did today. Especially if it's at William or Lauren. You understand that, right?"

"Yes," said Jason, feeling very low.

"Ok, good." Eve squeezed him again earnestly, and then suddenly bent down and kissed Jason on the mouth. He opened his lips to her, and she opened hers still wider in response. In a few moments they were kissing each other passionately, breathing in and out roughly into each other's faces. It was like there was some invisible, pent-up energy that was being released through their bodies. Eve squeezed him tightly with her arms; she felt the lightness of his embrace, and she responded by squeezing tighter, tighter, and tighter still, as if by the act of squeezing him she would wake him up. She took his hand and put it on her ass. She felt him squeeze it softly, and then a sudden wave of angry sexuality overtook her. She didn't want him to touch her like that. She wanted him to smack her ass hard. She growled down into his mouth and shoved him onto his bed, yanking down his boxers as she peeled off her professional suit and kicked off her heels.

Moments later she was riding his hard cock and moaning up into the ceiling of his dorm room. He was hardly doing anything. When she looked down she saw his wide-eyed face looking up at her, in a mixture of awe and something else...fear...? His body was seemingly paralyzed by her sexual energy, but his cock was rock hard inside her. She couldn't look at him. She redoubled her pace on top of him.

SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK

The sound of her fleshy ass coming down on his muscled hips reverberated off the walls.

"Thrust into me!!" she shouted down at him. "Come on!! Give it to me!!!"

Jason gave a few thrusts up, and Eve moaned and rolled her hips around and around, bouncing her left ass cheek up, then her right, then left, then right, and then she rolled again. She was just about to start smashing down on his cock again when she glanced down again and saw Jason's red face straining, and the veins popping out of her neck. It couldn't be...they had just started!!

"I'm...I'm c-cumming..." he whispered.

Chapter 9

Eve bared her teeth as she clamped her pussy down hard on Jason's cock. She was on top of him, riding his length with a few pounds extra in her ass and hips that she had added over the first few weeks of school. And there he was, beneath her, his face a deep shade of red as he strained and struggled through the opening pangs of his orgasm. The veins were bulging out of his neck, and it was clear to Eve that he had been trying to stop himself from cumming. But her newfound aggression and...was it domination (?) during sex seemed to have taken Jason completely by surprise, and he was utterly unable to last more than a few rolls and thrusts of Eve's fleshy hips and ass.

For the first time ever in their relationship, as she looked down at his red, straining face, Eve had the sensation of Jason being...small. In that moment, it didn't matter that he had big muscles and still sported the physique of an all-state wrestler — in that snapshot of an instant, as Eve felt his cock helplessly spasm deep within the lubricated confines of her hungry pussy, she felt like her boyfriend was small...overmatched...inadequate. The pleading and penitent look in his wide eyes as he stared up at her was just the icing on the cake.

Eve stopped her grinding for a couple seconds, just looking down at him. She couldn't believe it — she couldn't believe that he had literally lasted ten seconds before he blew his load into her. She felt a tidal wave of confused emotions all burning and crackling together, a bonfire in her brain. She wasn't even exactly sure what had prompted her to instigate this most recent sexual exchange. Just a minute before, she had been gently but firmly chastising Jason for being insensitive towards her friends. And then, all of a sudden, right as Jason had bowed his head shamefully, Eve had felt a powerful lurch within her and had taken his face and latched onto it with a syrupy, dominantly-passionate kiss. And it had all just gone from there...and as had become usual, she was the one instigating everything, and Jason was the one just lying there, taking it. And as usual, he had cum quickly, leaving her unsatisfied.

Jason opened his mouth to contritely apologize:

"Eve," he began, but right then, she had already had enough. She didn't want to hear him apologize. She didn't want to hear his voice. She didn't even want to look at him. She was fiercely, precariously horny, and she already had a dick inside her...the dick that should have been doing its job, but that wasn't up to the task. But Eve wasn't going to tolerate it. She wasn't going to let him off the hook so easily.

She interrupted the start of Jason's apology with a sudden and renewed bout of cock-riding. Growling with unsatisfied desire, she pinned Jason down by his shoulders, noticing in a brief split second how her forearms and upper arms bulged with her vigorous effort. At the same time, she wrapped her legs around Jason's, taking care to clamp down extra hard with her thighs, as she proceeded to fuck him with redoubled vigor.

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK* *SMACK*

The sound of her firm flesh connecting over and over with his filled the dorm room. Eve was determined to ride Jason's cock until it wouldn't work for her anymore — no more of this

one-minute bullshit. Or ten-second bullshit, for that matter. As she vehemently slammed into him again and again, her mind was strangely clear, allowing for her to have these irritated, and even furious thoughts, while she tried to give into her aggressive lust at the same time. She wanted Jason to do something. She wanted him to suddenly reach out and grab her, flip her over, and do her dirty from behind, doggystyle. She wanted him to take his thumb, without asking, and stick it up her ass as he fucked her from behind like an animal. She wanted him to smack her ass hard and call her a filthy little slut for thinking this way...for wanting this. But as she continued to ram her pussy into his cock, he remained dead weight beneath her. He wasn't even moving...Eve stared straight ahead at the wall, becoming paradoxically more angry and more horny at the same time. She could feel his cock softening a little inside her.

"Eve — " whispered Jason again.

"Shut up!!" she burst out at him, finally taking the plunge and looking down at him with wild, livid eyes. His mouth gaped open at the energy of her reply, which only made her madder. He sounded so insipid, so weak.

"Just shut the fuck up and lie there like a little bitch!" she yelled. Her nostrils were wide and looked like they were about to spout flames. But it was her eyes that were truly burning into Jason's psyche. He had never seen her look so angry, or so horny...but a cold pit was growing in his midsection as he realized that he had never seen her look this...alive, either. And it terrified him, shocked him...but also, it made him feel something unfamiliar, something he wasn't comfortable feeling at all. She was making him feel submissive.

He had to find some way to stop this feeling, so he blinked and opened his mouth to speak again, trying to think of something offhand or witty to say that would kill the mood. But Eve was too quick for him — she had seen him gearing up to speak, and she swiftly took her right hand off his shoulder and clamped it over his mouth, pressing down with surprising strength.

"I said: shut...the...fuck...up!!" she yelled even louder, thrusting and rolling her hips violently into him with each word. "Either just lay there, or fight me! Come on Jason!! Fight me!! Make me stop!!"

Jason tried to mumble something through Eve's hand, but it came out all garbled and unintelligible. He didn't want to fight her; he felt totally bereft of energy. It didn't seem possible that any kind of erotic charge was going to originate from him in this exchange. With Eve's hand over his mouth, he looked down and saw the flesh of her hips shaking and vibrating as she fucked him. Her hips had never bounced like that before...there was just more to bounce now. God she looked good...her thighs too! They looked incredibly strong, holding him at bay, flexing around him as she clamped down even tighter. And then her ass...good lord, had it really gotten that big already!? It was quivering and flexing in a way that was unfamiliar to Jason. He suddenly became aware of her hot breath on his face...mint-scented...he tasted a drop of salty sweat from her brow and looked up into her face. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were curled in a lustful snarl.

And just then, she pushed up off him and sat straight down on his dick, impaling herself at 90 degrees, and started to roll her hips, tracing wide, fluid figure-8's with her midsection as her vice-like pussy pulled his cock along for the ride.

'Let's see if you can stay soft through this, you little bitch,' thought Eve viciously to herself. She had never ridden anyone's dick like this before, but in the impromptu fire of the moment, she amazed herself with how effortlessly and naturally she rolled and weaved her hips, taking care to squeeze her vaginal walls tightly to keep a firm hold on Jason's cock.

"Ooooooohhhhh!" she moaned in exaggeration, shaking her head back and forth as she looked up at the ceiling, as if pleading to the heavens for release. "Ohhh Ohhhh OOOOOHHHHHH!!!"

Her hips rolled and gyrated faster. Jason actually felt himself getting hard again. He didn't enjoy how aroused Eve's dominant, aggressive display was making him, but he wasn't about to make her stop. It was more like he was in a state of shock at how vigorous she was fucking him, and how helpless he felt under her onslaught, and this shock was preventing any action to the contrary. What's more, the harder he got, the more aroused he felt, and the more aroused he felt, the harder he got, and on and on and on again in a searing spiral until, not two minutes later, he was staring forward in disbelief at his rock-hard cock that peeked at him every once in a while from the frenetic and lewd circles that Eve's pussy was directing.

"YESSSS!!" cried Eve, throwing her hips and ass into an even higher gear of twerking. Jason's eyes bulged. He didn't even think it was possible for a girl to move her hips that fast. The root of his cock was boiling as Eve's pussy launched it into a tornado-rotation of 360 degrees over and over, 5 whole rotations every second. That's how fast she was going. And even as the root of his cock threatened to boil over in another explosive, helpless orgasm, Eve sucked her pussy all the way up his length, to the head of his cock, and clamped down again, throwing her hips in the same tornado rotation as she added the third dimension of going up and down, up and down, up and down.

"WwWWwwwwwwWwwaaAAAAuuughhhUUUGGHHHHHH!!!" burst out Jason in an utterly inhuman wail as he came again, even more violently, deep into Eve's pussy. Right as he came, she slammed down on him...HARD, impaling herself completely on his length. Her teeth were bared again and she was growling at him like an animal. She had driven herself into such a frenzy with her riding techniques that she hardly even knew what she was doing. But she had created a slow boil of an orgasm for herself, and as she sped up in her sexy twerks on Jason's cock, she had pushed herself to the edge. But his wail of surrender, of unrestrained shock and arousal, was what really made her cum. She only had time to feel a furious fire of a thought rip through her brain — that she wanted their roles reversed — before her mind was wiped blank with the tidal wave onset of a massive orgasm. Her whole body shook as she screamed out at the ceiling, throwing her head back as she felt every ounce of flesh quiver on her bones.

"RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUGGHHHH"!!!!

Her orgasm was a roar; she felt it in her lips; she felt it in her teeth.

It was only after minutes of silence had passed between them when Eve opened her eyes and looked down at Jason, lying there on the bed beneath her. He was looking at her like he didn't even know her...with undeniable fear in his eyes. But behind the fear was awe.

Chapter 10

The lustful fire had gone out of Eve's eyes, and she felt her body returning to a more normal rhythm. But she realized, with considerable anxiety, that the same frustration, and even anger, with Jason's submissive sexual behavior had not gone away. As she looked down on him, still sitting on his softened dick, she was only able to perceive that these feelings were intensifying. She felt a nauseating wave of guilt, and she looked away from Jason as she pivoted her hips, quickly sliding off his dick as she stood up.

"I need to go wash my face," she said mechanically, pulling her jeans up tightly over her thighs and hips. Her voice was shaking a little as it hung in the air. She quickly threw on her shirt. She hadn't even bothered herself with her panties or bra. "Where's your sink? You got a sink in here?"

"Uhh...n-no," said Jason, still lying on the bed as he stared after her. "Th-there's...there's a community bathroom down the hall...to the, uh...to the left."

"Down the hall?" asked Eve. Jason lived in the more generic dorms, but since Eve was in the Honor's Program, she got to live in the nicer dorms, which had private bathrooms attached to the rooms.

"Y-yeah, but...but — " stuttered Jason. He was still reeling from what he had just seen.

"But what Jason?" asked Eve as measuredly as she could. But there was no hiding the irritation in her voice.

"But it's...it's an all-guy's bathroom," he said in a small voice.

"Oh...haha! Oh," exclaimed Eve, laughing strangely. "I don't care about that. Just need to freshen up...if there's some dude in there he can deal with me."

She turned and walked out of Jason's dorm. As soon as she got out into the hallway, she took a deep breath, smelling in the deodorant-tinged painted cinderblock scent, which mixed with the stale carpet underneath her bare feet. She was glad to get out of there, glad to be anywhere other than on top of Jason as he stared up at her with that shocked, awe-filled expression. Her feet tested the beaten-down carpet as she made her way down the hall. It wasn't pleasant, thinking about how much she had let herself go just then. Eve felt like she had given something away, betrayed some terrible secret that had now escaped its confines forever. What the secret was...well, Eve wasn't sure. Maybe it was as simple as: she wanted Jason to be more dominant with her.

'Yeah, that's it...that's probably it,' she thought to herself as she reached the bathroom. She took a step inside and felt the slight slime of the floor slaver her feet. Eve made a face, feeling a bit disgusted. The overpowering scent of "Axe" body spray filled the bathroom, mixed with disagreeable tinges of shit and stale urine.

'Fucking gross,' she thought to herself, shaking her head. 'Guy's bathrooms...oh well, fuck it.'

She walked over to the sink and looked at herself in the mirror. Her chestnut-brown hair looked wild and unkempt, to the point where Eve actually laughed out loud a little to herself. She almost looked like a cliché of a college girl after having wild sex in her boyfriend's dorm.

'Except I did all this to myself,' she thought. 'I made myself look like this, not him.'

Her heart sank a little, both from the guilt of the thought, and from her genuine sadness at having to take the dominating role during sex against her will. It certainly didn't make her feel attractive...and yet...and yet she had to admit, the way she had been riding Jason's dick was pretty hot. Eve hadn't known that she had that kind of energy before. But she hated being the only one who brought anything to the table.

She bent down and turned the cold water on, gathering a small pool of it in her cupped hands before splashing it on her face. The chill water felt good on her hot skin; she almost felt like there was steam coming up from her face. She looked up at her reflection, with the water dripping off her face. Her brown eyes were bloodshot; she widened them, stretching out her eyelids. Despite her slightly crazed appearance, she thought she looked good — she was hot...she felt hot. None of her current negative emotions took that away. Bending down again, she splashed more water in her face...she felt like she was returning to normal.

"Uhh, does 'Men's Restroom' ring a bell?" came an obnoxious voice from the doorway. With her face dripping as she bent over the sink, Eve turned and saw that a short, skinny young man was standing in the doorway in his underwear, holding a shower caddy. Clearly, he had been about to go take a shower when his plans were thwarted by Eve's presence.

"Go take your shower, dude," said Eve nonchalantly. "I'm not in your way." She turned back to the mirror and splashed more water in her face.

"Well...well you are in my way," said the guy. "I'm not taking a shower with some girl in here."

"Ok," said Eve matter-of-factly, shooting her head up from the sink as she rose to her full height. She wasn't in any mood for this kind of shit. "I'm standing here. The showers are over there. I'm not in your way. The only thing blocking you is whatever weird shit you've got going on about women in general, which I can't control." Eve suddenly realized how small the guy was, and, without thinking, she strode up to him. He took a step back in surprise — he hadn't realized how tall she was. She walked right up to him, blocking the doorway. The top of this dude's head came up to her chin — he was staring right into the top of her breasts. What's more, his skinny limbs seemed even skinner as Eve loomed over him. She had put on a little weight since coming to college, and she was becoming undeniably thick and curvy.

She reached up and easily grasped the top frame of the doorway as she leaned in over him.

"Now I'm actually in your way," she said. "See the difference?" As she enjoyed the double meaning of her question, Eve couldn't help but realize that this kind of unapologetic forwardness was unlike her...she had just been feeling a little less restrained lately. She kept going.

"I just fucked my boyfriend and I'm freshening up in this bathroom. If you can't deal with that, come back in a few minutes and I'll be gone. For fuck's sake."

She turned and walked back to the sink, splashing more water on her face. A few seconds later she turned and saw that the guy wasn't there anymore. Eve shook her head and glared at her reflection.

'Some fucking guys,' she thought. 'Jason would never be like that.' Eve suddenly felt an outpouring of affection towards him. So what if he was going through some hard stuff recently? So what if he was having a little difficulty adjusting. He was still as good a guy as any...definitely head and shoulders above most dudes when it came to most things. She straightened up and looked around for some paper towels to dry her face off with. She found the dispenser and pumped it, but it seemed to be all out.

'Whatever,' she thought, shrugging. She turned to leave. But right then, she suddenly heard a toilet flush. Eve made a quick move to leave — she didn't want to deal with some other idiot boy. But right then she glanced again in the mirror, and saw a shaggy dark head rise up over the bathroom stall door...she could see his dark eyes looking straight down at her reflection from behind the door. A huge man was staring at her. Eve felt something catch in her throat. The stall door opened, and an enormous man emerged, dressed in immense, crumpled jeans and a hefty red and black checkerboard flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled up at the elbows.

"Sorry," said the man in a quiet voice, which nonetheless carried and vibrated on the air with a deep timbre. "I don't mean to disturb you."

"It's...it's fine!" said Eve quickly, brushing her hair back quickly behind her ear as she stared up at the man. "I was...I was just leaving."

The man chuckled as he stepped forward from the stall, walking straight up to the sink next to the one Eve had been using. Unconsciously, Eve took a step back as she continued to stare up at him. He wasn't attractive by any means...in fact, he was actually almost...beastly looking. His shaggy black hair joined up with a rough and rugged black beard, and his eyebrows were overgrown, to the extent to which they almost joined each other in the middle in a unibrow. His whole body was hairy...his exposed forearms, which were huge, muscular, and burly, were covered in a thick forest of coarse black hair.

"Like I said, you can be here — I don't care," chuckled the man, pumping soap into his hands and starting to wash them under the faucet. Eve noticed that his hands, just like the rest of him, were positively massive.

"Sorry about that dude who was bothering you," he laughed, squinting his dark eyes at her reflection in the mirror. "Jeremy's a little shit."

"It's...uh...haha, it's no big deal," said Eve, feeling her neck getting hot. What was going on!? She had just forced herself to have a huge orgasm!

"Yeah, it sounded like you didn't have any trouble with him!"

The man finished washing his hands and shook them off, wiping them dry on his shirt. He straightened up and looked curiously down at Eve, who was still frozen in place, her mouth a little open as she took stock of how big this guy really was. She was not accustomed to feeling small, but she was staring straight into this man's neck. She glanced down and saw that he too was in his bare feet. Eve quickly felt a wave of self-conscious shyness — he had overheard that she had just had sex...and now it was like she was caught in the aftermath. She gave a little halted laugh.

"Haha, sorry!" laughed the man, "I don't mean to frighten you, uhhhh — ?" He extended a massive open hand in her direction.

"Uh, E-Eve!" she said, reaching out and shaking his hand. His palm and fingers wrapped around hers and squeezed with a gentle, quiet strength.

"Nice to meet you Eve," said the man pleasantly. "I'm Benjamin...well, Ben, actually."

"H-hi Ben," breathed Eve. Her hand felt small in his...the thought came up like an ugly toad in her brain -- she felt like a woman right now.

"Like I was saying Eve, I don't mean to scare you," continued Ben, releasing the handshake. "I know I can be...a lot to take in, haha! Especially an impromptu meeting like this in the dudes' bathroom!"

"Haha!" laughed Eve. She hadn't expected a word like "impromptu" to come out of this guy's mouth so fluidly. "No! Haha, it's...it's no problem, Ben, really. Thanks for, uh...for not caring that I'm in here."

"So who's the lucky guy?" he asked, cracking a grin through his dark beard. Eve saw that he was missing a tooth towards his back molars. In any other situation like this, she would have been looking for any kind of way to put a lid on the conversation. But this guy, Ben...she felt totally safe with him. He wasn't icky.

"Uh...Jason," she said, feeling her boyfriend's name oddly butt its way into the exchange. "You know him?"

"Oh, Jason, yeah!" said Ben brightly. "Lives on down the hall in 23. Only talked to him a couple times...nice dude!"

"Yeah...yeah he's nice," said Eve. She wished that it didn't sound like she was so out of breath, but this giant guy had literally taken her breath away, and she didn't know why.

A few seconds of silence passed between them. Ben was looking down on her with those dark eyes, seeming to study her face, with an inscrutable, almost expectant smile curving behind his beard. He seemed to realize that every silent second that passed was steering them towards morally-ambiguous territory — Eve knew this too, but she didn't do anything about it.

Ben was the first to act, laughing merrily again as he turned to look at himself in the mirror, and mimed brushing a bit of his shaggy hair out of his eyes.

“Haha, well, ok! It was nice to meet you Eve,” he said, walking by her towards the bathroom entrance. He turned back to face her once he was in the doorframe, and Eve saw that he had to duck his head slightly to fit the frame’s height. His massive body seemed to almost completely fill the rest of the doorway space. He wasn’t fat — just huge.

“Maybe I’ll see you around here sometime, huh?” he asked.

“Y-yeah...yeah, I’m sure you will,” said Eve, smiling.

“Ok, well...great! I’ll look forward to it,” said Ben. And he was gone.

Chapter 11

Eve walked back to Jason's room, feeling almost dazed from her encounter with Ben in the men's restroom. She had never seen anyone that big in her entire life — Eve wasn't accustomed to feeling small, or at least short, around anyone...but she had been staring straight into this guy's neck! He had to be at least 6'7 or 6'8...and his hand when she shook it...his whole body...good lord he was huge. And hairy. Eve was barely registering that, by all conventional measures, Ben was almost animalistically unattractive. With his hairy, muscled forearms, his shaggy black beard, and his checkerboard flannel shirt, he had looked like a rough, grizzled lumberjack who had stepped out of a time machine from the 1800's.

But Eve wasn't thinking about any of that; instead, she was thinking about Ben's aura...the easy, gentle way he had held himself with her as he washed his hands. Everything about him seemed so confident, so easy, so effortless — and his gentle ease contrasted starkly with his hulking, beastly appearance. Yes, his voice had been exceptionally deep, but it had carried a softness to it that really caught Eve off-guard. She never felt like this around anyone — she was a confident person, and getting more and more confident by the day. But meeting this new man...for that was what Ben was...a man...had inspired a whole host of strange and conflicting feelings within her.

So preoccupied was she with meeting this new person that Eve almost forgot the situation she was walking back into. She pulled down on the handle to Jason's door and came back in. Jason had been lying on his back in bed, barely budging since Eve left, as he struggled to make sense of his girlfriend's newly-aggressive and insistent sexuality. As Eve came in, without even thinking, Jason struggled up into a sitting position and grabbed his phone off his nightstand. Something internal compelled him to behave this way, even though he wasn't aware of it. Subconsciously, he didn't want Eve to think that he had just been lying there in shock. But Eve had seen him struggle to sit up, and she immediately felt a stab of irritation penetrate her core.

'Oh right,' she thought, almost bitterly, 'I'm coming back into this mess.'

But she immediately chastised herself for having this thought.

'It's not a mess, Eve,' she reminded herself. 'Stop being so dramatic.'

She suddenly realized that she was in a good mood, and she decided to try and spread it.

"Haha, Jason, no need to panic, it's just me!" she laughed, mentally making the choice to ignore how he had bolted upright.

"I...I, uh...well, yeah...so you um, you washed your face and everything?" Jason ventured.

"Yep!" chirped Eve, going over to the corner of the bed and sitting down, half-facing Jason as she reached down to the floor for her discarded socks and started putting them on. She wasn't going to play the "awkward game" with him — she could hear the uncertainty in his voice, and she knew that he was hoping for some kind of lead from her, some kind of indication about how they should proceed. But she was in a good mood, and she was just going to act happy.

“Were there, uh...didja run into any guys in there?” asked Jason.

Eve suddenly realized that she didn't want to talk about meeting Ben. She was still processing it all, and she didn't want to give any indication as to how she was feeling about it. The encounter felt private. She also realized that she was already starting to feel a growing sense of guilt, around that encounter, and around their recent sex. She shouldn't be subjecting her poor boyfriend to all these strange new whims she had been having, right!? Just because she had been feeling extra horny didn't mean that he had to immediately follow suit and satisfy her, did it??

‘But there's nothing wrong with wanting to be dominated by another man,’ said a voice inside her head. ‘It's not your fault that your sexuality is outgrowing Jason's. Maybe he just doesn't have what it takes to keep up with you.’

Once again, Eve viciously chastised herself for having these thoughts. It wasn't fair to Jason — it just wasn't. She was getting way out ahead of herself, and it wasn't ok to give credence to these voices that had been growing more prominent in her mind for the last few weeks.

“Uh...haha, yeah, I actually did,” laughed Eve after a bit of a pause. “Some guy came in with a shower caddy and a towel, and uh...haha, I think I scared him off.”

“Scared him off? Just because you're a girl?” asked Jason, who was feeling internal relief at having some kind of normal conversation to participate in.

“Yep! Pretty sure,” smiled Eve, shaking her head. “He was actually...well, kind of unpleasant.”

“What?” asked Jason with growing energy as he sidled up to sit next to her on the edge of the bed. “Was he a jerk to you? What did he look like?”

“Kinda,” said Eve. She appreciated Jason's defensive instincts...really, she did. But what Jason didn't know was that if she had really needed some defending in that restroom, the man she had just met would have been more than adequate.

“But he didn't, like, threaten me or anything. Haha, not like he could've done anything to me if he wanted to. He was a small little guy...short and skinny. I could've totally taken him, easy.”

“Wait, short and skinny!? An all-around sour horse's ass?? It must have been Jeremy!” exclaimed Jason.

Eve, who already knew his name, thanks to Ben, almost nodded her head and agreed. But she caught herself — even though it wasn't necessarily so, telling Jason that she already knew Jeremy's name might compel Jason to ask how she knew, and then she would either have to make something up or tell him about meeting Ben as well. And she didn't want to do either of those things.

“Maybe so,” said Eve, shrugging. “Sharp nose, short brown hair...kind of looks like a mouse...”

“Oh yeah, that’s Jeremy,” nodded Jason, flaring his nostrils. “I’m gonna give that little pipsqueak a piece of my mind next time I see him.”

“Aww, you don’t have to do that,” said Eve appreciatively, reaching over and putting her hand on Jason’s thigh. She suddenly realized that, aside from her shoes and her professional top that went over her t-shirt, she was fully dressed, and he was still totally naked. It flashed through her mind that she liked being clothed next to his nude, muscular body. It was like she was...examining him or something...like a specimen. Her clit twinged a little as she felt a soft, pleasant coolness drip down her spine.

‘Geez, what the fuck is going on with me?’ she thought, almost laughing at the nearly-absurd increase in her sex drive recently. She also noticed how, despite Jason’s muscular definition, she rose up above him by several inches, with them sitting next to each other on the bed. The top of Jason’s head was under her eyes, right at her nose, and his eyes were just below her chin.

“I actually walked up to him and, like...loomed over him for a second,” continued Eve, chuckling. “He was being rude, so I decided to make him feel...well, a little small.”

“Oh my god, I bet his mouth was hanging open!” laughed Jason, looking up at her mirthfully. “Jeremy’s like...uh, I don’t know how tall he is. All I know is that he seems pretty short to me. So for you...haha, I bet he made you feel like a giantess.”

“Yeah, you know what? He actually did there for a minute!” said Eve, smiling. She suddenly straightened herself up, ascending tall in her sitting position as she rose up even higher above him. Jason was sitting more casually, with his back curved into a “C” shape, and his shoulders hunched, so that now, with Eve sitting up strongly, Jason realized that his eyes were just below Eve’s shoulders. She glanced down at him with a sexy side-eye as she raised her eyebrows.

“And I gotta say...I actually kind of enjoyed it,” she said matter-of-factly.

“Y-yeah? You enjoyed it?” asked Jason. He suddenly felt very small next to his girlfriend, with her sitting up all tall and proud like that, so he tried to casually straighten himself up too, without making it too obvious what he was doing. But even though he straightened his shoulders and spine as best he could, the end result was that he was still just looking into Eve’s neck. Eve, of course, knew what was happening. And because she was still strangely horny, she suddenly decided to play along with it all.

“Yeah,” she said, with a quiet huskiness in her voice. “I did. It made me feel...kinda...big and powerful.”

“Big and powerful, hmm?” replied Jason, lowering his gaze to study Eve’s breasts. Even though she had recently compelled two cumshots in a row out of his cock, Jason felt himself start hardening again. Eve’s breasts were bigger...his eyes swept over her body. Her thighs were pushing her jeans to the limit — had they always seemed so tight on her? Jason saw that a fair amount of Eve’s belly flesh was hanging over her jeans’ waistline...nothing too noticeable on

first glance of course, but now that he was looking, he could tell that she had definitely gained some weight recently. And it was good weight.

His cock surged a little...what was happening? Why was he feeling this turned-on right now? A hot wave of anxiety passed over him as he remembered Eve growling at him during their most recent sex...about being a little bitch. Those words had been spoken in the heat of passion, yes, but they had cut him to the core. But suddenly, Jason saw an opening — he wasn't going to let this hold him back. He was going to give Eve what she wanted. He was going to remind her who he was, and how strong he was.

"Well, you may be powerful enough to overcome weak little Jeremy," he said, his voice rising a little in anticipation, "But when it comes to other guys —"

And here, Jason slyly eyes Eve's midsection, and prepared to tackle her back onto the bed. Eve saw what he was planning on doing, however, and sprang into action. She leapt back onto the bed and rose up on her knees, holding her arms up in front of her in a protective stance. She was smiling widely — having a little wrestling match sure beat having an awkward conversation about what had just happened during sex.

"What?" asked Eve with challenging energy. "When it comes to other guys what?"

Jason couldn't help but notice how tall Eve looked now that she was up on her knees. He grinned as he sighed and rose up on his own knees, facing her, but even still, she was a good four-and-a-half inches taller than he was.

"Oh so you're gonna try and defend yourself, are you?" he asked wryly.

"Yeah! How do they say it? Come at me bro!" laughed Eve.

Jason sighed again exaggeratedly, turning his head to the side a little as he sized her up.

"O-kaaaaay!" he said, with a tinge of high-pitched warning in his voice. "But you only have yourself to blame."

"Ooooo, listen to the big man talk!" chided Eve, privately wondering if saying such a thing was going too far.

Jason pivoted around a little on his knees, holding his own arms up as he approached Eve on his knees.

"You really think you can beat me?" he laughed.

"I don't know — make me submit!" Eve shot back.

Jason quickly went for Eve's midsection, but she intercepted his hands with her own, both of them interlocking.

"Ha! Gotcha!" exclaimed Eve.

“Haha, you got me?” returned Jason. “I don’t think so.”

He slowly started bending Eve’s hands back, and she responded by trying to do the same to him. Jason found himself surprised by Eve’s strength. On top of just getting bigger the past few weeks, her regular workouts had certainly strengthened her body. Jason was making more of an effort than he was comfortable with, but he remained externally light-hearted.

“That’s it?” he teased her. “That’s all ya got?”

“I could...say the same about you!” replied Eve, starting to pant a little with effort. She looked down at her forearms, the muscles of which were bulging a little, and standing out more than she had seen them before. She also noticed...and a strange feeling came over her once she realized...that her hands were a little bigger than Jason’s.

‘But they’ve always been a little bigger,’ she reminded herself. ‘You’ve always had slightly bigger hands, and longer fingers, than him. It comes with being 5 inches taller.’

Eve found herself wondering why she had never really thought about this specific size difference before. Right now, as their hands jostled together, it just seemed...more obvious. But Eve was losing the hand battle nevertheless. She bared her teeth and smiled, continuing to put up her futile effort. She may have been getting stronger, but she wasn’t anywhere near as close to as strong as Jason. With pleasure, her eyes traveled across his taut nudity, admiring how the muscles were bulging impressively in his arms. She looked at her own arms again — she knew they were small compared to Jason’s, but she was definitely starting to catch up with him.

“Woah, look at my arms!” she laughed through her panted efforts. “I’ve got some muscle now! My workouts are totally paying off!”

“Yeah...I...I see that,” said Jason, doing his best to disguise his physical effort as he continued to press Eve’s hands back. “But it’s not gonna...be enough against me!”

“We’ll see,” panted Eve, but she knew she was fighting a losing battle. She suddenly decided to change tactics. She pretended to stare wide-eyed at something behind Jason. “Oh my god, what kind of insect is that?!”

“What? Where!?” asked Jason in alarm, turning around with their hands still interlocked. He was a bit of an entomophobe, and Eve knew it. Taking advantage of his momentary lapse in attention, she stretched her left leg out on the bed, right beside Jason’s body, and then dropped her entire body hard and heavy to the left, bringing her right leg up in the air at the same time. Jason was caught by surprise and went down hard on the bed along with Eve — she was amazed at how easily she had been able to pull him down. And as he fell onto her left leg, Eve brought her right leg down with determined force, pinning her boyfriend in a tight leg-scissors hold, right around his midsection.

“Hey! That’s...cheating!” cried Jason. The word “cheating” was more forced out of his mouth than actually spoken, since Eve had gathered her strength and squeezed him with both of her

legs at that exact moment. Their hands parted, and Jason began to devote his arm strength to getting out of Eve's leg hold.

"Haha, what was that?" laughed Eve triumphantly. "You sounded like a little airbag there for a second."

"Cute trick, Eve," grumbled Jason through his teeth as he tried to pry Eve's legs apart. "Funny how you have to...resort to that kind of stuff...to...to win...cheating!"

"Having a little trouble there?" teased Eve as she continued to squeeze and tighten her leg hold. "And I didn't cheat! I just outsmarted you!"

"No fair...you know I'm afraid of insects!" Jason complained as his face grew red with effort. Eve suddenly realized how big her thighs looked as she squeezed. For his size, of course, for his 5'8 frame, Jason's 170 pounds were muscled and impressive, but for the first time, Eve was seeing how big her thighs looked compared to Jason's body. Sure, she knew very well that he was stronger than her, but bigger? Of course his upper body was bigger, but Eve was really noticing how much smaller his body looked in between her legs. She knew that her lower body was bigger, if not stronger. They had measured a few weeks ago. But she had gained some pounds since then...maybe even as many as five, or thereabouts. Eve suddenly got it in her mind to weigh herself next time she went to the gym. She was curious how much she had gained.

"Hahaha! Exploiting the weaknesses of your opponent is a surefire way to victory!" Eve laughed as she continued to tease him. She could hardly believe it — she actually had her former-all-state wrestler boyfriend in a crushing thigh hold, and it didn't look like he was going to be able to get out of it.

"Hmm, good advice!" puffed Jason, and, from the vice-like prison of Eve's thighs, he reached out his hands and started tickling her stomach.

"No!!" shouted Eve as her eyes went wide, trying to parry his hands away with her own. "No!! Don't you fucking — rrrrraaauughhh!!"

She shook her head back and forth as she doubled down the pressure of her thighs, trying desperately to squeeze him into submission before he forced her to relent with his tickling. The pressure of her thighs was such that Jason's face was now bright red. Privately, he could hardly believe the force of Eve's legs — he had never really seen her as someone who was physically strong, but he was being forced to reckon with this new reality. He knew that the only way out of this was to just keep tickling her.

After a few tense moments, Eve finally gave up and relaxed her thighs, bringing her knees up to her chin to try and protect her vulnerable abdomen from Jason's fingers. Jason used his newfound freedom to pounce on Eve, grab her hands, and force himself on top of her as he pressed her arms back down into the bed.

"Give up?" he asked, grinning down on her as he panted in and out, trying to catch his breath.

Eve looked up at him, breathing hard herself, feeling the strength of his arms holding her in place as she looked up into his triumphant eyes. This was the Jason that she wanted. This was the guy who had been missing for the past few weeks. For the first time in a while, she actually felt small and overpowered in his presence.

"I give up," she breathed, blinking up at him. Jason's smile widened, and he let her go. Eve sat up, and they looked at each other for a few moments, smiling as they composed themselves.

"Haha, your face is still red!" giggled Eve. "For a minute there I had you looking like a tomato!"

"Yeah, well...haha, Eve, I gotta say, I can tell that your legs are getting stronger!"

"Haha, yeah! Look at these big meaty babies!" she exclaimed, extending out her right leg as she slapped her thigh. The firm, strong, feminine flesh jiggled in response. "I think I've really been putting on the pounds lately."

"Well don't worry about that — I think you look great," said Jason. "You're like...really getting some curves!"

"Hmmm, you like that?" purred Eve, getting up on her knees and arching her back sexily as she gyrated her hips back and forth. "You like curves on girls?"

"Uh, yeah...doesn't everyone?"

"Oh who knows with you dudes," chuckled Eve.

"Well, every dude who I've talked to...likes curves," declared Jason.

"Hmmm, well that settles it," replied Eve. "I'm gonna keep working out and eating a shit ton, and before you know it, my curves are gonna totally overpower you, sir." Eve liked teasing Jason this way, because it inspired a snappy confident reply. That's what she had been missing recently — his confidence. A flash of a thought went through her head, and she wondered whether Ben liked curvy girls.

"Well I don't know about 'overpower,'" laughed Jason. "Think you'll need to lift a lot of weights before you have a chance at that. But bigger?" He stopped himself and looked over Eve's body, before chuckling a little nervously, backpedaling. "Even still, I don't think you'll get bigger than me."

"Well I'm already bigger in some areas," responded Eve with a raise of her eyebrow. "And I am 5 inches taller than you, so...yeah, if I keep gaining weight, I'll eventually be bigger than you."

"Haha, that's assuming I don't get any bigger!" laughed Jason.

"Yes it is."

"Well, I know that I weigh like, over 170 pounds, and you weigh, what?"

"I'm not actually sure...I haven't weighed myself in weeks."

"I actually think I have a scale somewhere in here...you know, from wrestling days, when we all had to make sure our weight was exactly right." Jason bent over backwards and looked under his bed. "Yep! Here it is!" He pulled out a white electronic stepping scale. "Wanna give it a go? You know, to see how much muscle you've gained?"

"Uhhh..." said Eve. She suddenly wasn't sure that she wanted to know. The worst thing she could imagine was that she somehow weighed more than Jason — that would totally wash away any feelings of femininity that she was enjoying right now. But refusing to weigh herself would just look weird.

"Uh, sure!" she said, without really thinking. "But...but you weigh yourself first."

"Ha! All righty," said Jason, putting the scale on the floor and stepping on it. Subconsciously, both he and Eve were grateful for any kind of distraction away from talking about the sex they had just had. Eve was feeling irritated about it, but increasingly guilty and ashamed, and Jason was feeling hurt and inadequate. Neither of them really wanted to delve into these feelings at the moment.

"Huh," said Jason, his eyes narrowing a bit at the black number that had appeared on the scale.

"What's it say?" asked Eve, hopping off the bed to come over.

"It says...I weigh 167.2," came Jason's voice, a little smaller than usual.

"Hmm well looks like you dropped off a little bit, huh?" teased Eve as she walked up next to him. The scale gave Jason a 2-inch boost, but even still, he was looking straight into Eve's smirk as he turned to look at her. Even with the boost, the top of his head barely scaled her eyes.

Jason stepped off the scale, and his eyes went back down to being even with Eve's neck. He felt a little puzzled.

"Uh...guess I haven't been eating great or working out that much," he mumbled. "But no problem, I can change that."

"You're fine, Jason, don't worry about it," said Eve kindly, stepping onto the scale. Suddenly, the top of Jason's head didn't even come up to her nose. "Now let's see about me — I have been working out a lot, and I've been eating like a horse...let's see what..."

Eve's voice petered away as she looked down at the number.

155.8.

"What!?" cried Eve, her mouth dropping open. "I've gained THAT much!?"

"Hehe, well, I mean...like I said, it looks good on you!" said Jason.

"Jesus CHRIST!" exclaimed Eve, straightening up and looking down at Jason as she put her hands on her belly flesh and jiggled it. "Look at me, Jason! You sure I'm not getting fat?"

"Eve, come on — no!" laughed Jason, staring up at his girlfriend. On the scale, she was 7 inches taller than him, and as she shook her flesh in his face, he couldn't help but feel small in her presence. She was getting bigger all over, there was no doubt about it. Just a month or so before, she had been pretty skinny, but now that was all a thing of the past.

"Hmmm," pondered Eve, looking at him a little doubtfully. "You're suuuure? I mean, I guess my BMI is within the "normal" range, right? Let's see, I'm 6'1...so 155.8...let's just say 156, cause I know I'm gonna keep gaining weight, the way I'm eating...so that's...yeah, my BMI is 20.6. Totally in the normal range!"

"Wow, you did all that math in your head?"

"All that what?" laughed Eve, winking at him as she stepped off the scale.

"You math nerds," said Jason, shaking his head.

"Oh gosh! What time is it?" said Eve suddenly. "I've gotta get to work on my multivariable calculus homework!"

"My god, what a surprise," said Jason dryly. "I guess I should get to work on my homework too."

"Yes, you should!" said Eve, throwing back on her professional-looking top and putting on her 3-inch heels.

"Uh...wanna do our homework together?" offered Jason. "Like, at the library or something?"

"Haha, no Jason," said Eve, putting on her final heel and standing up before him, putting her hands on her hips as her chuckling sent little ripples through the flesh of her diaphragm. "You know that if we study together we're not gonna get any real work done!"

"Ah...uh, haha, ok," said Jason. He was still completely naked, but Eve was now fully clothed in her swanky-looking business top and professional-looking tight blue jeans, and...her heels. In these heels, Eve was 6'4, an entire 8 inches taller than Jason. His eyes were even with her shoulders. They both just stood there for a few seconds, saying nothing, absorbing the comparison between themselves. A lot of things were suddenly going through Eve's mind, but in that moment, she really didn't feel like engaging them. It was enough to just look at the comparison and take note. She gave a little chuckle.

"Ok Jason, well, talk to ya soon. Get your work done, ok!"

"All right," he said quietly, his shoulders slumping a little as she gathered up her purse and slung it over her shoulder.

"And no pouting!" Eve laughed as she walked out. She was laughing, but deep down inside, after their fun and games had run dry, she was met with the same intent feelings she had right after she finished fucking him: she had to get out of there.

Chapter 12

The beginning-of-the-year freshman dance was just a few days away, but for Jason, the days themselves seemed to crawl by. The reason why was because he wasn't really doing much of anything. Even though he and Eve had parted on nominally good terms after their most recent strange (and brief) sexual encounter, Jason began to helplessly play Eve's impassioned and vicious words back to himself, over and over, in his head:

"Just shut the fuck up and lie there like a little bitch!"

Her words kept looping and looping around his brain, as with each loop, the anxiety and pressure built from within. He deserved it — he knew he deserved it. He had cum far too quickly...what other kind of a reaction was he expecting from his girlfriend?! Lately, it just seemed like he couldn't fuck to save his life...or his relationship, more specifically. Jason didn't know what it was — maybe it was the extra weight that Eve had put on. Maybe that was it...her hips and ass had thickened noticeably, and her legs were bigger and stronger from her increased appetite and exercise. Even her arms, just...looked great. Maybe that's all there was to it; Jason just needed to get used to Eve being even hotter than he was accustomed to dealing with, and then...well, and then he would be ok.

But even though he tried to convince himself of this simple explanation and easy fix, Jason knew that it wasn't the whole story. There were other things going on: more mental and emotional than physical. Eve just wasn't growing bigger physically, she was expanding mentally and emotionally as well. Very clearly, she was no longer content with the same old routine that they had in the bedroom. Personally, Jason didn't see anything wrong with the kind of sex they'd been having — aside from the fact that he kept cumming far too soon, he thought it was great. But Eve obviously wanted more. She wanted him to...to dominate her, and not just in a light way like he was used to doing. A little smack on the ass wasn't going to cut it anymore.

No, Eve wanted him to overpower her, to overwhelm her, with his potent, aggressive, and confident sexuality. She wanted him to hold her down, pull her hair, talk dirty to her, objectify her, and make it clear who was the alpha in the relationship...or, at least, in the bedroom. Jason didn't know what was wrong with himself — all those things definitely sounded hot to him, and there was no question that he was physically stronger than her (although he had been surprised by her strength during their wrestling match). He could totally be a dominant-type guy — in high school he certainly was. After all, he was the one who, sexually speaking, introduced Eve to pretty much everything. So why did the thought of Eve's increased sexual needs and appetite leave him feeling crippled by anxiety and...terrified?

Jason didn't want to think about it, but deep in his subconscious, he knew why. It was the same fear that he had been nursing ever since he and Eve had gone to college, the same thing that those guys had pointed out, snickering, a few days before — the fear that Eve was becoming too much for him, that she was outgrowing him, that she was becoming more and more out of his league. Jason knew that all of this didn't have to be so. All he had to do was get himself back on a strict workout schedule, go to all his classes, get enough rest, and just...generally make decisions that would allow him to thrive in the college environment. He knew that if he just

did all these things, he would have no problem building up the confidence to give Eve what she wanted in bed. He totally had what it took to match her — he knew he did.

But Jason wasn't doing anything. He felt trapped...paralyzed by the speed with which everything was now moving. Just a few weeks before, he and Eve had been hanging out all the time; it had been summer, and nothing had been wrong with anything. Everything had been perfect, until they were forced to live across campus from each other. And of course Eve just had to involve herself in her stupid math club that took up so much of her time. The real truth was, Jason wasn't doing anything to rectify the situation because he had been emotionally hurt by Eve's behavior. It wasn't even her yelling at him during sex — if Jason was being honest with himself, her enormous sexual energy and vitality was an unbelievable turn-on for him, even if it made him feel small and inadequate. Rather, it was the fact that Eve had chosen to do all these other things with her time...rather than spend it with him. In Jason's mind, Eve was the most important thing in the world; everything else, including his education, was secondary. But he couldn't help but feel that it wasn't the same for Eve. Jason was beginning to get the nasty, sickening feeling that Eve didn't value their relationship as highly as he did. Why else would she be spending all this time doing "math-this" and "math-that" and "going to hang out with Shanna and Ben to do homework" and on and on and on. He was important too!

Jason knew that he was being petty and pouty. Deep down, he didn't really think that Eve was behaving badly in any way. And that's what made it worse: there was nothing wrong with the way that she was conducting herself, so Jason couldn't even get to feel righteously angry that she was hurting his feelings. Instead, all he felt was small and sullen, despondent and childish. He just wished that Eve had the same exact approach as he did to their relationship. In high school, they didn't have nearly as much agency to decide how they were going to spend their time, and now, in college, it had become quite clear that Eve didn't want to spend as much time as Jason wanted to spend with her. It was that simple. Jason knew that she meant nothing by it, and that she still loved him and cared for him, but it was a painful thing to realize.

And so, instead of brushing the pain aside and becoming active and dynamic, Jason sat on it, brooding. He still wasn't eating well, he didn't feel like working out much, and his sleep was troubled by long periods of lying awake, full of anxiety and worry, in the middle of the night. He couldn't get Eve out of his head, and what she was becoming. In a way, even, he came to realize during these long, brooding nights that Eve's increasingly thick and curvy body was a direct reflection of her inner state. Just as her body was getting stronger, and heavier, and more vibrant, her mind, and her sense of self, were likewise expanding, flourishing, and prospering. It was the exact opposite of what was happening with him. He had lost a few pounds already, and his still-impressive muscles were starting to get a little flabby. His brain constantly felt clouded by anxiety and lack of sleep, and his appetite, both for food and for intellectual stimulation, had faltered.

Jason sighed as he rolled over in his bed a few days later. It was 4am, and he still hadn't been able to sleep. He was in the midst of his usual cyclone of worry about Eve, and he had suddenly been seized with an idea. He wanted to see how much he weighed now. He knew it was going to be less...but he wanted to see by how much less. Jason pulled the scale out from under his

bed. He didn't really know why he was doing this, but he felt compelled to do it, as if pushed by some invisible hand. If he had looked further into the recesses of his mind and contemplated, he would have realized that he was going through the motions of "catastrophizing" his situation. He had worked himself up to the point where he was convinced that everything was bad, that Eve didn't actually like him anymore, and that his muscles, which she had been so attracted to in high school, were melting away. He stepped on the scale and shined his phone on the number that came up: 164.9.

Jason felt an almost-smug sense of satisfaction, and he even snickered out loud into the darkness. He was lighter than he had been since his junior year. It was all happening...everything was crashing down around him. He didn't even weigh ten pounds more than his girlfriend now, and, at the rate that she was going, she would be the same weight — no, heavier — than him before long. Jason felt a dull sickness creep up into his stomach, but he continued to smile bitterly.

"Yep, so, that's awesome," he said out loud, throwing his hands up in the air as he kicked the scale back under his bed. "Fantastic...my girlfriend's almost as heavy as I am." How was he going to manhandle Eve like she wanted when she was even bigger than he was!? She was already five inches taller than him — the last thing in the world that he needed was for her to actually weigh more than him. It was the last thing that he held over her: she was succeeding in school, making new friends, eating right, exercising, and getting good sleep...everything he wasn't doing. But she was still smaller than him. In the irrational mental gymnastics of his 4am anxiety, Jason suddenly decided that the only way that he was going to get Eve to stay with him is if he continued to weigh more than her. That was it — he would really start eating and exercising this time around. He knew that he had already promised himself multiple times that "this" was the moment when he would turn everything around, but he felt anew and desperate energy revolving around this latest attempt. As far as he was concerned, his very relationship with Eve depended on it.

For her part, Eve preferred not to think too hard about Jason for the ensuing few days. She felt like she had lost control when they were having sex, and had given away too much about how she actually felt about him. Eve felt terribly guilty about it all — she knew that it was in Jason's nature to brood a little about things, so why on earth had she let herself go far enough to yell at him and call him a bitch as she grit her teeth and squeezed another orgasm out of him with her pussy? Eve viciously chastised herself later on as she recalled his look of utter shock and...something like intimidation...in his eyes. Of course he was going to replay that over and over in his mind, and it was going to make him awkward around her for a while...to say nothing of how it was going to affect his performance in the bedroom. And it was all her fault.

But there was another side to Eve's thinking. Even as she beat herself up about the moment, she was also asking herself what else she was supposed to do. Jason had really dropped the ball recently in terms of sex — didn't she have a right to feel frustrated at him? Jason didn't used to just crumble and cum in a minute; what was going on?! He just seemed...well, like tissue paper underneath her. The last few times they had fucked, she was the one who was definitely the dominant one, leading the exchange, making all the decisions. Jason was just

lying there passively, that stupid open-mouthed look on his face, as he strained and strained, unsuccessfully, to keep from prematurely ejaculating. It certainly didn't help that Eve was feeling hornier these days than she had ever felt in her life. Maybe it was all the food she was eating...or all the exercise...or just a combination of everything just being kicked up a few notches now that she was in college. Eve didn't really know what it was, but she did know that she was feeling more vivacious and vibrant than ever...and Jason just...wasn't really keeping up with her.

Eve tried not to make too much out of it. She knew that he was having a bit of a hard time adjusting to the new college schedule, and after all, he did just want to spend more time with her, didn't he?

'Oh no, a boyfriend who actually wants to hang out!' she thought to herself with sarcastic bitterness, again scolding herself. If Jason's weakness was pouting, then Eve's was excessive self-reproach. She chastised herself for finding fault with his behavior. 'He's just having a little trouble getting used to everything,' she told herself, 'And he says a clumsy thing to William in front of Lauren and...he cums too early a few times and...I've already got it all worked out in my head that I'm outgrowing him. Come on, Eve! Lighten up a bit! Give the guy a chance!'

Eve assuaged her guilt with these thoughts, but something uneasy still remained inside her. She just couldn't shake the look on Jason's face as she had snarled down at him and ridden him hard to his second orgasm. That wide-eyed, open-mouthed face...almost like a shocked puppy dog...it made her feel sick. Disgusted, even. That wasn't the face of someone who could handle her, throw her around, dominate her. That wasn't the expression of anyone who had everything all put together. No — it was the face of someone in over their head, overwhelmed, overpowered, overcome. And Eve hated that it was seared onto her mind. It seemed to pop up at random times in her mind, like it was trying to tell her something. She kept trying to push it away, but it was like buoyant thought in her mind: no matter how often and how intensely she pushed it down, eventually, it rose to the surface again.

She tried to distract herself by staying late at math club meetings, but the end result of that was that Derrick, the club's leader, began to interpret her behavior as an invitation for him to become more upfront with his flirting. Eve didn't really mind all that much — she admired Derrick immensely as an intellect (even though she wasn't all that physically attracted to him), and she appreciated how much time and effort he had put into creating the club in the first place. And she had to admit, with the exception of his often-clumsy flirting with her, that Derrick was certainly well put-together. He absolutely had his shit together; he was on track to graduate and had hopes of joining an Ivy League graduate program. He was driven and ambitious, and Eve admired him for that.

Still, though, after a time, his advances were becoming a little too forward, and Eve thought that, instead of directly confronting him about it, she would find a more creative and enjoyable way of showing him up. It was two days before the dance, and Eve decided that she was going to get a head start learning how to walk around confidently in her new 6-inch heels that Lauren had given to her. Needless to say, Derrick's eyes (along with everyone else's) went wide when Eve showed up to discuss partial derivatives at a towering 6'7. At 5'10, Derrick was the third-tallest

person there, after Shanna's 6'0, and for a few seconds he couldn't even speak. Eve felt a pleasantly warm rush go through her body. This is exactly the reaction she had wanted. She was surprised, even, how great she felt, standing there with her hands on her hips, grinning down at this upperclassman who thought he could somehow get with her. He was put in his place now — Eve's enlarged hips were even with his chest, his eyes were below her shoulders, and the top of his head barely reached her chin.

"So...partial derivatives?" she asked humorously. Shanna and Ben (not the giant Ben Eve had met a few days before...skinny, pale, 5'7 Ben) laughed at Eve's joke, as did a few others around the table. But Derrick was still just staring up at her, moving his mouth without any words coming out.

"You ok there Derrick?" giggled Eve, taking the initiative to step closer and put her hand on his shoulder. Being naturally 6'1, Eve had fairly large hands, and she was surprised at how small Derrick's shoulder felt. His body was trembling a little under her touch, and under her playful gaze as well. This is why she had done this — it was working. "You look like a fish out of water!"

"I-I-I-I....uhh...ahhh...aha...ahahaa, h-hello Eve," was all Derrick could manage to say.

Eve took a deliberately deep breath, inflating her breasts in Derrick's face as she stood up even taller, still with her hand on his shoulder. It felt so good...amazing, actually...to flex her power like this. Recently, as she had gained a few pounds, Eve had become more conscious of how she took up space. Of course there was still a part of her that felt terrible anxiety around the prospect of gaining weight and getting fat, but this part of herself was getting fainter and fainter with each passing day. She was eating a lot and exercising a lot; of course she was going to gain some weight! And she had two choices: either whine and moan about it, or teach herself to enjoy it and use it as a confidence-booster. Eve had chosen the latter option. For the second time in a week, she was actually using her body to intimidate a shorter guy. And it felt good.

"Oh, sorry...these heels a little too much for you?" teased Eve, taking her hand off Derrick's shoulder and stepping back a little so he could see all of her.

"Uhh...n-no, no! N-not too much, no!" stuttered Derrick, turning red. "I j-just...uh...I just...th-they're very nice, Eve."

"Aww thanks!" she chirped, turning sideways and pulling her lower left leg up in a mock-pose. "I just thought I'd get some practice in wearing them, you know?"

"P-practice? For what?" blurted Derrick.

"The dance, silly! The freshman commencement dance in two days!"

"Oh...oh! Yeah...right..." said Derrick, bowing his head a little as he appreciated the meaning behind Eve's words. She wasn't just "going to the dance." She was going with her boyfriend.

"Haha, I'm going over to Jason's dorm after this to practice some dancing," Eve continued, going over to sit next to Ben and Shanna. "But I didn't tell him I was wearing these, haha! Things could get a little interesting!"

Ben and Shanna chuckled along with Eve, as did the rest of the group, but Derrick had been slightly set adrift. He wasn't able to recover his mojo for the rest of the meeting, and he actually ended up deferring to Eve on several occasions; he seemed preoccupied. Eve kept a bit of a watch over him out of the corner of her eye, tracking the progress of her plan. Derrick did seem a bit deflated, and, as the meeting wore on, Eve realized that he wasn't behaving this way just because of her reminding him (albeit indirectly) that she had a boyfriend. He was acting subdued and reserved because he had been literally shocked at how big and tall Eve looked. When she stood at 6'1, it was all well and good to pursue the girl who was slightly taller, but when she was a full 9 inches taller...well, that was an entirely different situation. And Derrick, for all his ambition and intelligence, just simply didn't have the confidence to meet her in the middle.

'Golly,' Eve found herself thinking, 'If someone as confident as Derrick can't handle me at this size, how's Jason gonna react?'

But she reminded herself that he had already seen her in those heels before, and, after some definite awkwardness in the beginning, he had quickly rallied and been ok with it all. At least, that was how it appeared. Eve put any worries to rest and finished up the meeting, said goodbye to Shanna and Ben, and made a point to kindly wish Derrick a good night as well.

"G'night," Derrick mumbled, hardly looking up. For a second, Eve felt a flash of irritation rush through her. Was Derrick pouting too?! She stood up straight and put her hands on her hips, and for a moment she seriously entertained the prospect of asking Derrick what was going on, with the eventual intention of interrogating him. Did he seriously think he had some sort of...*right* to her?! But she decided against it — she was actually excited to practice dancing with Jason, and she didn't much fancy the thought of having to lecture someone whom she otherwise greatly respected.

Twenty minutes later, Jason was opening his door to Eve. He had been true to his commitments, at least for this one day; he had gotten up early, eaten a good breakfast, worked out, showered, gone to class, and then cleaned his dorm. Eve smelled the fresh scent of citrus cleaner as she stepped into the room, sniffing pleasantly.

"Mmmm, it smells good in here Jason! Looks like you — ow!"

Eve had smacked the top of her head against Jason's doorframe, which at just below 6'7 was a little shorter than ordinary frames.

"Oh! You ok?!" asked Jason with concern.

"Haha, I'm fine!" chuckled Eve. "Wow...I, uh...I guess I gotta watch my step in here, huh? You guys have kinda low door frames in this building."

"Well, uh...I mean, it's not a problem for most people, no offense," said Jason, smiling despite the fact that his heart was beating away quicker than he would've liked. He was not at all accustomed to seeing Eve this tall, and he hadn't been expecting her to be wearing the heels.

"Like, except for Ben down the hall, the door frames aren't really a problem, haha!" he added.

“Who?” asked Eve suddenly, looking down at Jason as she paused rubbing her head.

“Oh, Ben. This really big guy who lives down the hall,” said Jason. “I think he’s like 6’8 or something.”

“6’8...wow!” said Eve, blinking. The mere mention of this other Ben brought back some sudden and confused emotions. For a moment, Eve felt a little electricity in her clit, but she ignored it.

“Anyway, I assume you’re wearing the heels so you can actually practice?” asked Jason, grinning as he closed the door. Today had been a good day for him, and he was feeling like he was getting his old confidence back.

“Precisely, sir!” giggled Eve, bending down to do a mock curtsy. Even bending down like this, she was still taller than Jason. She stood back up again and, once more, stretched 11 inches taller than him. They stepped towards each other, closing the gap rapidly until they were standing about a foot apart. Eve still hadn’t gotten used to the height difference either — it was definitely something to see the top of her boyfriend’s head only come up to her shoulders. His own shoulders only reached the middle of her stomach, and his eyes were exactly even with the top of her breasts. They each took a moment to absorb the enormity of the comparison, but this time, Jason took the initiative, reaching out for Eve’s left hand and wrapping his right arm around her waist.

“Oooooo!” she squealed in pleasure, enjoying the feeling of being “taken.”

“Shall we commence with the foxtrot?” asked Jason in a mock-genteel voice.

“A capital idea, dah-ling,” replied Eve in kind.

They spent the next half hour playfully performing a number of different dances to a variety of music, and the whole time, Eve found herself impressed by Jason’s exuberance and easy confidence. This was the Jason who had been missing for a few weeks! He had gotten his style back...his confidence. It didn’t matter that his arm definitely felt smaller around her waist (was it because she had gotten bigger or he had gotten smaller?); it didn’t matter that she had to make sure her steps weren’t too wide, so he could keep up with her; it didn’t matter that she had the general sensation of being, just...much bigger than him. Jason was doing everything like his old self: taking the lead, cracking jokes, and generally just being the fun-loving guy she knew he was.

When it came time for Eve to go back to her dorm and finish her homework, Jason didn’t even think about asking her to stay and maybe have sex. It felt like they had just done something so much better: re-establishing their connection. He waved goodbye to Eve and closed the door, pumping his fist silently after. Eve turned down the hall, feeling similarly elated, and was about to turn the corner when Ben suddenly appeared around it, like a huge, shaggy shadow. Eve stopped dead, and her heart jumped into her mouth.

“Oh! Sorry!” said Ben, putting a huge, hairy palm to his barrel chest in contrition. “My bad — I didn’t see you there Eve!”

"Y-you...you r-remember my name!?" she breathed, staring at him.

"Course I do!" he laughed genially, glancing down at her feet. "Nice heels you got there!" He stood up straight and measured his hand on the top of his head, going forward over hers.

"Haha, almost as tall as me now!"

"Y-yeah..." panted Eve. "Y-yeah...I, uh...uh...Jason said that you were...uh...that you were 6'8."

"6'8 and a half," corrected Ben, winking at her under his black bushy eyebrows.

Eve just stood there unmoving. She seemed to have temporarily lost the use of her legs. She didn't know what was happening to her — she was just staring at this gigantic man. Ben studied her for a moment, still smiling, his eyes going over her face for a brief few moments.

"Well!" he said, breaking the silence. "Nice seeing you again, Eve! You guys are going to the dance, I'm guessing."

"Ye...-uh...Yeah," said Eve.

"Well alright, me too!" said Ben, waving goodbye with a huge hand. "See ya there!"

Chapter 13

Jason woke up the day of the freshman dance feeling better than he had in weeks. For the past three days straight, he had managed to hold fast to his commitments of self-improvement. He had exercised twice, spending one day on his upper body, resting the next day, and then subsequently exhausting his lower body. The uptick of physical activity of course meant that his appetite had increased as well — Jason was quite happy to remind himself that he had eaten a full meal, three times a day, for the past three days. He rolled out of bed, pulled the scale out from under his bed with his toes, and weighed himself. 167.2.

“There we go,” he said out loud, nodding a little smugly to himself. “That’s more like it.”

He had started to gain back the weight he had lost during his weeks of floundering. And not only had he become more physically vigorous, but he had started regularly attending his classes as well, even going so far as to verbally participate in them. He had taken a quiz in his Intro to Biology class (which Eve had tested out of because of her AP scores), and even though he hadn’t quite managed an “A,” his 88 was significantly higher than the class average of 74. As icing on the academic cake, Jason had even decided to join a biology study group, which consisted of himself, Ben from down the hall, and several other people who had clearly shown, by their higher grades and eager participation in class, that they were the driven ones, the cream of the intellectual crop.

At least, that’s how Jason was choosing to see it all. In the past few days he had been almost high on the idea of rising to the occasion, meeting the challenge, stepping up to the plate, and any other vague cliché he could think of. In reality, he subconsciously knew that all of his behavior was guided by one purpose: to reassure himself that Eve was not outgrowing him, moving beyond him, or becoming too much for him. When he really thought about it, Jason was well aware that everything he was doing was purely reactionary and imitative — nothing was done because of intrinsic ambition or motivation. He was working out and eating more because he wanted to meet Eve in the middle, since that’s exactly what she was doing; he was going to class regularly, participating, and studying hard because he knew that Eve was doing the same; he had joined the biology study group because, in his mind, it served as a kind of counterbalance to all the time and effort that Eve put into her math club. So even though his behavior had the appearance of self-motivation and rigor, it was all about Eve, at its core.

But Jason just decided not to think about it that way. So what if he was doing all of this to impress Eve, to keep pace with her, to make sure that she didn’t feel like she was outgrowing him? Wasn’t it a perfectly valid thing, to want to keep her? And anyway, as his good habits formed, he would start to do all of these things for their own sake, and not to prevent the collapse of his relationship with an increasingly confident, driven, and growing young woman.

Jason’s phone buzzed on his nightstand, setting his heart aflutter. He was thrilled to see a message from Eve:

“Heya stud! Excited for the dance tonight?? Wanna get some breakfast?”

Jason felt almost too happy to receive a message like this — it showed how much things had changed, even just in the past few days. Before, it had always been Jason texting Eve, asking

to do things. And she had often been busy with homework, or math club, or exercise. But now, she was the one texting him!

Jason was about to quickly reply back with an enthusiastic “Yes!!” when he suddenly caught himself. What was he doing?! Of course he wanted to get breakfast with Eve, and maybe even spend the whole day with her before the dance later that evening, but he realized with a start that he had an opportunity right here...an opportunity to show Eve that he wasn’t just sitting there, waiting for her to text him...an opportunity to show her that he was just as busy as she was, just as preoccupied with his own ambitions and interests. Her choosing to text him was the perfect chance to nonchalantly show how engaged, how serious, how adult he was.

“Aw, babe, I’d love to,” Jason replied, feeling a strange elation as his fingers typed, “But I’ve got a biology study group to go to — big test next week! I’ll hit you up later this afternoon! <3 <3”

His finger hovered for an instant over his phone, and then he sent the message. The strange exhilaration swelled within him, even as he actively pushed down the genuine sadness he felt in denying himself time with his favorite person. A flash of uncanny guilt passed through him, its immediate freshness flaring for a moment on his conscience. He had just lied to her. It was 9 in the morning. Of course there was no biology study group at this hour...on a Saturday!? And yet, this odd feeling lasted only a moment, since Eve had replied back immediately.

“Oh wow! This early? You guys are dedicated, haha. Ok, let me know when you can hang out! Can’t wait for tonight!!”

Jason’s swagger returned. So what if there wasn’t a study group happening right now? He had already set it all in motion — he would just conjure one up on the spot. He’d actually take advantage of this opportunity to study...and in the morning on the weekend, no less.

‘Keep it up, Jason, just keep it up,’ he told himself contentedly as he walked down the hall a few minutes later. He’d just knock on Ben’s door — he was usually up early, anyway. And the two of them could have an impromptu little study session.

“Yeah?” came Ben’s deep voice a moment later, after Jason knocked. It sounded a little thick with sleep, and Jason suddenly grew worried that he had woken him up.

“H-Hey Ben, it’s me, Jason! Uhh...I hope I’m not waking you up!” Jason liked Ben a lot — he was a really smart, chill, down-to-earth guy, who, because of his immense size, didn’t really have to tolerate any shit from anyone else. Jason wasn’t afraid of him by any means, but in this moment, he suddenly became a little afraid that Ben would be irritated with him for wanting to study biology so early on the weekend. He heard some shifting behind the door, and the sound of two big feet plopping down on the floor, approaching the door. Jason took a step back, his heart suddenly beating quite fast.

The door opened, and Ben filled the space the door had previously occupied — all of it. He ducked his shaggy head down a little, so he could see Jason under the doorframe, and sleepily held his big arms up, leaning them heavily on the doorframe.

“Nah, you didn’t wake me up,” said Ben, blinking his beady eyes down at Jason and giving him an almost-pained smile. “I’ve been lying in bed awake for the past couple hours.”

“Oh! Are...are you ok?” asked Jason.

“Haha! I’m fine,” chuckled Ben, shaking his head self-deprecatingly. “Just had a bit too much to drink last night is all.”

“Oh...haha, well, I know how that is!” laughed Jason, staring up at the giant man. Ben was just over an entire foot taller than Jason, which meant that, even as Ben was leaning slightly in the doorway, he was still staring up at Ben’s shoulders; the top of Jason’s head didn’t even come up to his neck.

“So what’s up?” asked Ben, pivoting his great hairy head down slightly at Jason.

“Oh...uhh...well...haha, you’re probably gonna say no, since, well, yeah...but, uh, I was just...just wondering if you’d wanna join me for a little biology review? Since...you know...we have that test next week...?”

Jason suddenly felt foolish, and immediately felt like he was acting bizarrely. Ben blinked once down at him, as if confirming Jason’s perception. Then his bushy black eyebrows went up.

“This early?”

The question and tone were innocent enough, but Jason almost felt like he was being scrutinized...interrogated.

“Haha, well, I mean...it’s just that...well, I know we all did pretty well on that quiz...I mean, you and I and the rest of the group did, anyway...and I wanted to, you know...kind of keep that momentum going, right? Like...I’ve been really enjoying our sessions, and...and since the dance is tonight and all, I thought we’d...you know...earn the fun that we’re gonna have, if that makes any sense?”

As Jason had plowed on with his convoluted explanation, his face had grown increasingly hot and red. He felt like, just by standing there silently, Ben was somehow drawing the truth out of him, without having to say one word: that Jason’s decision to knock on his door and disturb him, that everything that was currently tumbling out of his mouth, was based on false pretenses. For an irrational moment, Jason suddenly feared that Ben knew that Jason had dragged him out of bed just to help live out a lie that Jason had concocted to impress his girlfriend.

But the moment passed, and already Ben’s behavior was making Jason feel better. His black beard shifted and scrunched a little at the corners of his mouth as he let out a little sighing laugh, shaking his head again in a self-deprecating way.

“Haha, well, I admire your drive, Jason, but I’m gonna have to sit this one out,” he chuckled. “Not sure I can focus enough right now.”

“Oh yeah! Oh no, I totally understand,” said Jason quickly, nodding vigorously as he relaxed back into his confident mode. He was getting a study group together, and it was totally fine if Ben was too hungover to participate. If anything, it just made Jason feel that much more on top of it.

“Sorry to disturb you!” he added. “I’ll let you get on back to bed so you can sleep it off.”

“Nah, that’s alright,” said Ben, taking a step back from the doorway so he could stretch his huge arms up, palming the ceiling easily, his elbows crooked. “I needed to get out of bed anyway — I was just being a lazy ass. I think I’m gonna get some breakfast...eggs and bacon, mmmmm....so, haha, thanks for getting me up, Jason.”

“Hehe, any time,” said Jason, waving goodbye. He suddenly wished that he had just joined Eve for breakfast — eggs and bacon sounded really nice right about now. But it didn’t matter. He would just go to the library and study by himself. It was all the same, anyway, right?

About half an hour later, Eve was sitting alone at a table for two in the dining hall, thoroughly immersed in her multivariable calculus textbook, when she realized that her eyes were a bit dry. She blinked a few times, and looked up. Just about that time, Ben was passing by her table holding a tray that was piled high to an almost absurd extent with all varieties of savory food. Eve froze, staring up at him, her mouth open just slightly. He was just...*so huge*! And his unkempt shagginess, his haphazard clothes, and the heavy but purposeful movement of his limbs...all of it just combined to form a picture that Eve had never seen before. She had just...never, ever been exposed to anything remotely like him in her entire life. It was like he was some kind of...animal, or something. At least, that’s how she felt, if she had thought about it. But thus far, whenever she had been around Ben, she hadn’t been doing too much thinking.

He clearly hadn’t seen her — his eyes were fixed on an empty table at the far end of the dining hall. And anyway, sitting down, she was so far beneath his line of sight that Eve wondered how he saw anything at all that was below his chest. As he passed by her, Eve unconsciously turned her head to follow him, and as a result of her doing so, her slight movement caught Ben’s eye and he glanced down. Their eyes met. Eve felt paralyzed; she couldn’t blink. Ben stopped dead in his tracks, and for half a moment neither of them moved or spoke.

But then Ben’s big bushy eyebrows went up, and his beady black eyes seemed to brighten with a slight little sheen, and a black hole was opening up in the lighter black of his beard...his mouth...and his huge gray tongue flattened out across his lower teeth as he spoke her name.

“Eve! Haha, oh wow, I didn’t even see you there!”

“Uh h-hi Ben,” said Eve, her eyes falling from his face sheepishly, coming to rest on the myriad and slapdash hills of food on his tray.

“Heh! We seem to be running into each other a lot these days, huh?” asked Ben, with casual friendliness.

“Hahaha, yes...yes we do!” agreed Eve, taking solace in the distraction of laughing. Before she even knew what she was doing, she was asking him: “You, uh...you wanna join me here?”

“Oh, I mean,” said Ben, glancing down at her big textbook, “I don’t wanna disturb your studies. That’s a pretty huge book you got there...uh, multivariable calculus! Wow — you’re taking that as a freshman! Damn!”

“Haha, thanks, I mean, uhh...no, no it’s no trouble at all! You’re not disturbing me,” said Eve, quickly closing her book shut and manhandling it back into her book bag with two hands as she gestured with her head. “Have a seat.”

"Well thanks!" said Ben brightly, pivoting his massive body over, placing his tray with uncanny care on the table with the huge mitts of his hairy hands, and then relaxing slowly down into one of the metal dining hall chairs. For a moment, Eve couldn't help but just stare shamelessly at the spectacle of his gigantic body filling up the chair. He was so big that Eve couldn't even see the chair anymore; his bulk had completely swallowed it up. As he descended into the chair, Ben let out a contented sigh as he smiled widely at Eve, and then at his food.

"Ha, wow, looks like you've, uh...got quite the breakfast there!" remarked Eve, feeling at once that her words sounded stupid and "small talky." But Ben just chuckled, shaking his head a little, as if laughing at himself.

"Heh, well, this is the only way that I'm gonna overpower this hangover I've got. Went a bit too hard last night, unfortunately."

"Oh...wow, yeah," said Eve blankly. She immediately wondered what it looked like when Ben was "going hard." An image of him raging out to the heavens next to a huge bonfire, as he ripped a thick limb off a nearby tree, suddenly popped into her mind. Her pussy was getting wet, and the oval of her labia was buzzing with electricity. How much did *this* man need to drink to "go hard?"

"But actually, it was your boyfriend who got me out of bed this morning!" laughed Ben, digging into a pile of what must have been six scrambled eggs, downing half of it in one bite. Some of the egg stuck a little in his beard as he chewed with his mouth open.

"What? Jason?" asked Eve, as if coming back from some kind of brief reverie.

"Haha, yeah! He knocked on my door just a little bit ago, when I was still in bed feeling sorry for myself. Guess what he wanted to do?"

"I...don't know," said Eve uncertainly. She *did* know the answer, though, didn't she? But she was too distracted by the mental image of Ben in his bed. Did they have to make one especially for him? Or did his feet stick way off the edge?

"He wanted to...get this...study biology! Haha, can you believe it!? On a Saturday morning?!"

Ben continued shoveling food into his mouth as he spoke. The eggs were already gone, and he was now crunching into a baklava-like tower of bacon. Eve watched him eat, mesmerized. Clearly he hadn't been taught the proper manners of how to chew, and how much to chew at once, and all the rest. His beard continued to accumulate little bits of food. But she wasn't grossed out...not in the least.

"Oh, but of course *you* can believe it!" laughed Ben, downing half a glass of milk as he pointed with a thick finger to Eve's book bag. "Here you are, on a Saturday morning, doing the same thing. Haha, you two were totally made for each other."

"Oh...yeah?" asked Eve, still almost blankly as she stared down at her book bag, then back at Ben's tray of food, then back at him.

"Don't mind me, I'm just super hungry," said Ben in a voice that was now muffled by a large muffin. "So anyway — the dance tonight! Exciting huh?"

"Yeah...yeah! Very exciting! I've been, uh...looking forward to it!" said Eve, recovering herself as she smiled at him. "I'll be wearing those heels you saw me in last time!"

"Well they sure looked nice on you," said Ben warmly, swallowing an oversized croissant. "But like I said, still a little shorter than me, haha!"

"Ha! Well you got me on that one," replied Eve. She took what she thought was a barely-perceptible deep breath. She had this. It was starting to become a normal conversation. A thought flashed in her mind, and she made a special effort to verbalize the thought as casually as she could. "So who are you going with, Ben? Who's the lucky lady?"

"Oh I'm gay," he replied instantly, digging into the pyramid of grapes and melon slices at the corner of his tray.

Eve just blinked a couple times, totally thrown. He wasn't...he couldn't...what on earth was going on with her??

"Oh! Uh, I mean, oh wow, I...heh...geez, well...I'm...oops! I didn't know!" she finished, creasing her eyebrows together as she laughed at herself, begging him for help with her eyes.

"Ha! Relax, Eve — I got you there, didn't I?" he chuckled, smirking at her through his beard.

She opened her mouth, smiling at his joke, even as she felt almost affronted that he had made her stumble around like that.

"I mean, I *have* had a couple gay experiences," Ben elaborated, returning his attention to a stack of waffles that was begging not to be left out. "And they were ok...well, one of them was more than ok, haha. But on the whole I think I generally do prefer girls...women."

"Oh ok so...you're, uh, bisexual then?" offered Eve. She had certainly not expected this angle from him.

"Well I guess technically, yes," said Ben, gesturing with a huge open palm as he bit into an apple, halving it instantly and sending a bubbly river of juice down his beard. "But if I'm being honest I think it's probably more like 80-20, you know? 80 percent girls, 20 percent guys. Haha, and, sorry if I'm being too "TMI" here —"

"Uh, n-no...oh god no!" responded Eve with energy. "It's refreshing to hear a guy, uh...be so open."

"Haha ok," said Ben, nodding appreciatively, "So I'm like 80-20, girls to guys...and, hehe, well, the guys I've done stuff with looked more like girls than guys anyway."

"Like...transgender?" asked Eve, fascinated.

"No idea," said Ben, shrugging his huge shoulders as he casually popped the other half of the apple into his mouth, core, seeds, stem, and all. "Maybe they were. But they were definitely more...effeminate, shall we say."

"You like that?" asked Eve, smiling a little flirtatiously, although she wasn't quite sure why.

"What, feminine traits?" Ben tipped a large mug of coffee into his mouth, draining it at startling speed, and then leaned back, patting his stomach and unloading a burp that caused people around them to turn and stare. A few of them looked like they had been prepared to laugh, but once they caught sight of how enormous Ben was, their smiles had vanished and they turned quickly back around.

"Umm...yes," said Eve in a voice that sounded quite small indeed compared to the sound that had just come out of Ben. It was so strange for her — ordinarily, such an uncouth display would have offended her, or at least turned her off. But Eve felt like, in the moment, she didn't even have the capacity to take offense.

"Yeah, I guess so," said Ben, leaning back in his chair as he stared at Eve. "Softer features, you know, not a ton of body hair...haha, pretty much the opposite of myself, really!"

He laughed merrily, and Eve had no choice but to laugh with him. She had the sudden perception that she was growing braver in the exchange.

"Aww, what, you don't find yourself attractive?" she chided at him, shaking her head, as if in rebuke.

"Huh! Are you kidding!?" Ben rumbled in a rolling laugh that sounded a little like thunder. He pointed to his face. "With THIS face??" He spread his mammoth hands out towards Eve, palms upward. She looked down at them with wide eyes.

"And THESE hands?!" he continued, laughing out loud. "Hahaha, oh boy...Eve, the last girl I was with...ha, well...maybe I shouldn't even say." His voice had grown quieter, and he suddenly seemed almost somber. But he quickly smiled again, saying, "God, why am I being so open with you? Heh, it must be because you seem cool. And I know Jason's cool."

"Yeah, um...I uh...thanks," said Eve. It was almost puzzling to hear Jason's name mentioned in the conversation. But quickly, Eve returned back around in her mind to what Ben had been saying, about the previous girl he had been with. She desperately wanted to know more.

"But no, no, yeah...you can keep going," said Eve, folding her hands together on the table as she leaned in a bit, perhaps a little farther than she intended. "I'm interested."

"Haha, well ok, so her name was Rose," said Ben, wiping the bits of food off his beard absentmindedly. "And...uh, she was pretty small, actually. Well, I mean not tiny, but small compared to, uh...compared to —"

"Compared to me?" Eve asked, surprising herself.

"Uh, haha, well sure, definitely small compared to you," chuckled Ben, but then backtracking almost immediately. "I mean, I'm sorry Eve, I don't mean to say —"

"Oh don't worry at all, Ben," she replied, taking great pleasure in shooing his concerns away. "I'm 6'1 in my bare feet — I know most girls are shorter than me. And anyway, ever since I've been on campus I've been exercising and gaining weight." She reached out both hands and loudly grabbed handfuls of flesh from both her hips, squeezing them tightly, and then released them, jiggling, as she reached both her hands up to her enlarged breasts, cupped them, and

bobbed them up and down, right across the table at him. It took her a couple seconds to realize what she was doing, but by that time Ben was already grinning and answering.

"Well, you look great Eve, and like I said before — Jason...lucky guy, haha — but anyway, so this girl Rose was like...uh, maybe 5'5 or so, but, you know, nice and thick. I think she was attracted to me because she literally wanted to have a guy, like...smother her."

"Smother?"

"Yeah, like, totally, completely overpower her. To an almost, like...absurd extent. I think she wanted to feel like she was being, uh...ravished by some kind of wild beast or something. Something that somehow was wilder and crazier than a human."

"Huh, interesting," said Eve, nodding her head slightly as her eyebrows went up. She hoped that her casual response was masking the turmoil that was spreading from her loins. She could feel the color creeping up her neck, and she couldn't do anything to stop it.

"And I guess, you know, because I'm a giant and have all this hair everywhere, haha...that she kind of associated me with some kind of...werewolf or something. And she thought...well, she thought that I could give her what she wanted."

Eve wanted to immediately ask if he had, but she waited a second longer, to hide her eagerness, before speaking: "And...well? Did you?"

Ben smiled, but this time it was tinged with something like wistfulness...or sadness.

"Yeah, I think I did," he said pensively. "But just because it was what she wanted doesn't mean it was...the right thing to do."

"Wow — what do you mean? What happened?" asked Eve. She couldn't hide her breathlessness now.

"Eve! What's up!?" came a sudden voice next to their table. They both turned around, startled by the intrusion, Eve especially. Shanna and (the other) Ben were standing there next to their table, smiling.

"Uh, oh! Heh — hi guys!" said Eve, feeling like she had been caught with her pants down. Her two friends just stood there, still smiling. Eve recovered herself quickly, remembering that Ben and Shanna were both a bit awkward, and took the initiative, turning back to Big Ben.

"Uh, Ben, these are my friends from math club — this is Shanna, and well, haha, this is Ben."

"Pleased to meet you both!" smiled Ben, reaching over and engulfing their hands, one after the other, in one of his massive mitts. It didn't matter that Shanna was 6'0 with larger-than-average features; her hand was totally swallowed up, and the smaller Ben's was to an absurd extent. They both had gradually realized how huge this man was, and they shook his hand, both looking a little dazed.

"It's a hell of a first name, isn't it?" joked the large Ben to the smaller one, who nodded and smiled awkwardly. He turned back to Eve, shrugging his shoulders and laughing a little, as if to say, 'Well, I can't finish the story now — maybe some other time.'

"I think I should get on going," he said out loud, wiping his beard one last time as he stood up. The metal chair groaned in relief, as Shanna and the smaller Ben gaped at his height. Without meaning to, Eve stood up along with him, keeping eye contact with him and feeling desperately disappointed.

"Oh! But — I wanna hear the rest of the story!" she blurted out. In that moment, she didn't care how she sounded.

"Maybe some other time, haha," chuckled Ben. "But until then it'll just have to wait. But I'll see you later tonight, right?"

"Oh yes...yes! At the dance!" exclaimed Eve, feeling glad of that, at least. She suddenly remembered her previous question. "And so I'll meet your girlfriend...or boyfriend...haha...later on tonight?"

"Nope," said Ben, fishing up his tray. "I'm going alone. Kinda nervous about it, to be honest, but I've gotta put myself out there, you know? See what the night brings. Ok, well anyway, nice to meet you two, and Eve — always nice to see you. See ya tonight!"

And the giant was gone. Eve felt a sinking feeling in the middle of her body as the clueless Shanna and other Ben pulled up chairs to Eve's table and immediately began chatting away about last night's homework. Eve was irritated at them, but her vicious arousal eclipsed everything else. She excused herself to the bathroom, sat down in a stall, waited until the room was empty, and rubbed herself hard until she came.

Chapter 14

Shanna and the 5'7 "nerdy" Ben had been deep in discussion about the next math club meeting when Eve returned to the table looking slightly flushed. She had tried to linger in the bathroom for a bit after her powerful, protracted orgasm, just to try and allow the hot red flush drain a little from her cheeks. Staring at herself in the bathroom mirror, she had been startled by how...*intense* she looked. Her chestnut-brown hair, which usually ran in gentle waves down each side of her face, was disheveled from masturbating. She didn't often thrash around like that when she was rubbing herself, much less in a *public bathroom stall*, but she had been so turned-on that, as she came, she had thrown her head back and forth, her mouth open in silent rapture, and her eyes shut tightly with the pleasure coursing through her.

'Geez,' she thought to herself as she looked in the mirror, 'I can't go back out into the dining hall looking like this...gotta hang back for a minute...' Her face was beet-red, and her dark brown eyes somehow looked even darker, and more penetrating. Something extraordinary had just happened, something unlike anything that had ever happened before. Ben...that giant man...that giant, 6'8-and-a-half-foot, hairy...beast of a man. Eve had gone back into the same stall, closed the door, and sat on the toilet, rubbing her hands between her legs as she tried to collect herself.

What was it? What was it about Ben that made her so unbelievably turned-on!? Was it just the simple fact that he was so tall and so big, and that Eve felt like he could *more* than handle her? Maybe that was part of it...well, yes...that was a big part of it, for sure. But the campus was full of young guys who were jacked or tall, or both, and she didn't have anything like this reaction to them. She tried to regulate her breathing in the stall as she continued thinking. It sounded strange in her mind, but...was it Ben's hairiness!? That made her feel like this?? Something about that thought she had experienced before...about him looking like some kind of beast...or animal...maybe that had something to do with it. But really, Eve thought, that didn't make much sense – she had never wanted some kind of "wild animal" male partner, and she had never been particularly attracted to body hair. Somehow on Ben, though, the normal things that would have turned her off, like his hairiness, or his slightly uncouth manners, didn't bother her in the least.

So what on earth was going on with her?? Why this repeated, breathless reaction to Ben? At this point, she hadn't even had time to feel guilty about getting off to someone other than Jason. She was too busy trying to find out what it all meant. Overwhelmingly, though, Eve found herself strongly drawn to Ben's unfinished story...about him and that girl, a previous partner...what had her name been? Rose – that was it. The one who had wanted him to "smother" her, and him feeling slightly guilty about giving her what she wanted. Eve badly wanted to hear the rest of the story, if only because this giant guy made her so curious. Almost everything he said caught her off-guard.

'That's it,' she thought to herself in the stall, 'That's why I'm so interested in him...everything about him is totally *new* to me. He's this huge guy, never seen anyone so gigantic; he's, like, totally unkempt, but that's because he doesn't really care what people think about him; that's

confidence. Like...I've never seen any guy so effortlessly...*confident*. I mean, just the way he casually threw out that he had had a couple gay experiences, and that he even *liked* them!?'

She wasn't able to avoid thinking back to that one time when Wally, a super-flamboyant guy from their high school, openly flirted with Jason, and Jason was just...kind of wigged out by the whole thing. Eve had rolled her eyes about it at the time, and thinking about it now, it was clear that Jason really hadn't taken it well. The idea of some gay guy hitting on him was somehow threatening to his masculinity. But here Ben was, casually admitting that, more than once, he had basically had *gay* sex, without a care in the world about it, totally secure in his own manhood. Eve blinked down at the floor. A sudden thought popped into her head: 'How big was Ben's dick?'

Eve stood up immediately from the toilet and went back to the sink to wash her hands again, even though she didn't need to. This was getting ridiculous – the way her mind fixated on Ben like this, and thought about him sexually. It wasn't fair to Jason; it just wasn't. He had no idea, not the merest inkling, that she had developed this strange, obsessive kind of fascination for his roommate down the hall.

'It's probably just because things have been a little weird between me and Jason,' she thought, splashing her face with cold water. 'That's why my mind is all over the place. Ben's a cool guy, and I've definitely never seen anyone that big before...his confidence is really unusual, for sure. But that's *it* – we can be friends. I'm gonna leave it at that.'

Eve left the bathroom determined to resume her "normal" college life, which, after all, was going well enough. She had made a bunch of new friends, like Shanna and "small" Ben, she had been working out, eating a lot, filling out, making good grades. And the Freshman Dance was tonight! There was plenty to be excited about. She tried to push Ben out of her mind as she returned to the table, where Both Shanna and small, skinny Ben had turned to look up at her.

"Everything good, Eve?" asked Shanna, "You were in there for a while."

"Oh, you know..." Eve replied, managing to sport a wry grin, "Some things take longer than others..."

"Gross!" Ben exclaimed, "Can we get back to multiple integrations, please?"

Eve smiled warmly down at him, appreciating how unapologetically nerdy her little friend was. And really, he wasn't all that "little" – at 5'7, and probably 130 pounds, Ben wasn't the shrimpiest guy around. But to the 6'1 Eve, who weighed more than 25 pounds more than him, he certainly looked small.

"Yes *please*!" Eve rejoined happily, and the three friends spent the next hour discussing their studies, and the social dynamics of their math club. When Eve finally got up to go study, she felt refreshingly normal. Leaving the dining hall, she whipped out her phone to text Jason, but then remembered that he was in his biology study group.

'Good on him!' she thought, smiling to herself. 'He's really taking things by the horns now, isn't he?'

She thought about scouring campus to find his biology group and surprise him, but she didn't really want to interrupt him in his work – plus she had tons to get done herself before the dance. A half-hour later she was nestled into her favorite little nook on the 6th floor of the library (where it was totally quiet), poring over her multivariable calculus homework. The strange chink in her self-control surrounding Ben seemed like nothing more than an afterthought now.

A few hours later, Eve went back to her dorm to start getting ready for the dance. She could feel her sense of excitement building – not only had she gotten a lot of solid studying done today, she was actually looking forward to showing up at the dance in those 6-inch heels Lauren had gotten her. Her little “trial run” with the heels at her math club had gone even better than she had expected. Far from making her feel self-conscious or insecure, the added height had actually made her feel stronger and more confident in herself. It certainly helped that she had been working out, eating well, and gaining some weight recently; the heels just seemed like a continuation of her overall “bigger and better” attitude that she had adopted for college. She remembered how flustered and insecure her 6’7 frame had made Derrick, the upperclassman math club head who had been trying to make a move on her.

‘The heels totally weeded him out,’ chuckled Eve to herself as she walked toward her dorm. ‘They exposed him for who he was: a little guy who just doesn’t quite have what it takes to handle me.’ She was having a light little moment with herself; she didn’t *really* look down on Derrick like that. He was a nice guy, driven, super-smart...but she couldn’t quite get that crestfallen, defeated look on his face out of her mind, when he saw how much she had dwarfed him by 9 inches in those heels. Everyone else in the group had been staring at her too, some of them flabbergasted, some nervous, and all of them intrigued – none of them had been indifferent, that was for sure.

‘Well, I better get geared up for more reactions,’ laughed Eve to herself as she walked into her dorm. Before she began to get ready, she texted Jason:

“Just got back to the dorm! About to get ready!! Aaaauugh finally, I’m so excited!!!”

She bummed around for a few minutes, expecting Jason to text her back, since he generally responded almost instantaneously. But after a few minutes passed with no response, Eve just shrugged and started prepping herself. She decided to put her makeup on before she got dressed up, since the whole process tended to be a bit messy, and Eve wasn’t exactly an expert makeup applicator. She generally wore light makeup most days, nothing too crazy – but tonight, she was going to really take the time to “glam up” a little, just for fun. She had to smile a little at herself in the mirror as she started the process.

‘Look at me,’ she chuckled in her head, ‘Getting all dolled up for a dance!’ The Eve of two years before, or even one year, would never have bothered to put herself through this rigmarole, but something in her had changed. She *enjoyed* getting spruced up like this for a special occasion! She glanced over at her mid-thigh-length white dress hanging in her closet. She hadn’t worn it in over 6 months, and it was probably a lot tighter on her now than it had been before. A part of her worried a little, and regretted not trying the dress on sooner, to make sure that it fit.

‘Oh what the hell,’ she thought suddenly, grinning at herself in the mirror, ‘If it’s a bit too small it’ll just make my new curves pop out a little more – something else for people to stare at, haha!’

And, of course, in the back of her mind she knew that the 6-inch heels would just be the cherry on top of it all.

On the other side of campus, a few minutes before, Jason had just gotten Eve’s text. He had been spacing out in his dorm, ostensibly studying but really not getting much work done. He had gone to the library earlier in the day for his “biology study group,” but after an hour or so, the facade didn’t really seem worth it anymore, so he retreated back to his dorm, still with the intention of getting some real work accomplished. But as the day dragged on, he found it increasingly hard to focus, as his mind wandered. The dance tonight...it was something that, in his head, he had every reason to look forward to. There was going to be a DJ, his whole hall was going, heck, most of the freshman class was probably going to be there. It was going to be a nice time to just decompress, relax, and have a good time.

But Jason could escape the reality that kept gnawing at the back of his brain: the honest truth was that he *wasn’t* looking forward to it. For one thing, he knew that Lauren and William would be there, and he hadn’t seen them since he had pissed Lauren off by basically calling William a “freak.” He still hadn’t quite gotten over the unfairness of that situation – he hadn’t deserved that reaction, either from Lauren or Eve. *He* was the normal one, who thought that Lauren’s fem-dom relationship with William was weird...especially when she did shit like masturbate him out in public! His mind started to ruminate on what nonsense the two of them would be up to at the dance – Lauren would probably be doing some super-dom thing to him, like walking him around on a leash or something...she’d probably be all dressed up in some leather dominatrix suit or something, with tall heels that made her loom over William like a –

Jason shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He definitely wasn’t savoring the thought of running into Lauren during the dance, but his mind had arrived at the main reason for his anxiety: Eve was going to be absolutely *towering* over him in those heels that she was so keen on wearing.

‘Another way Lauren’s infiltrated my relationship,’ he thought bitterly, ‘Just to try and make me feel small and insecure.’ He *knew* that she had given Eve the heels for that reason, he just *knew* it.

It was Eve’s bubbly, excited attitude, though, that worried Jason the most. Why was it that she seemed so dead-set on towering over him, and above everyone else, for that matter (well, maybe not Ben, haha...but no one was taller than him)? Why did she seem to get such a kick out of working out so much and, well...getting bigger!? It struck Jason as strange, and made him worry that Eve might eventually turn into some sort of “fitness freak,” or even one of those gross “muscle girls” who got off on being stronger than men.

He tried to stop this train of thought – he knew his mind was venturing into ridiculous territory. How did he go from Eve enjoying her height to worrying that she’d turn into a female bodybuilder!? Jason had to chuckle a little at himself, and the audible sound of his laughter reassured him in some small way. Everything was totally fine. It was a good thing that Eve was getting more and more comfortable with her height; and after all, what did it matter that she was

going to tower over him tonight? All it meant was that there were gonna be tons of guys looking at him jealously, wishing that they could've scored such a tall bombshell.

"I've got this!" he said to himself out loud, "I've totally got this!" The weight of all his paranoid thoughts had tired him out, though, and he decided to take a quick little nap before he started getting ready. Right before he settled down to sleep, though, he got Eve's text about getting back to her dorm, and being excited about the dance. Grinning, he replied:

"ME. TOO. Can't wait to see you, lol." And he rolled over in his bed and passed out, setting an alarm for about 30 minutes before the dance started. He didn't need much time to get ready, after all.

He was jolted awake by a sharp rap on his door. He sat up in his bed, startled and disoriented.

"Wh-who's there!?" he blurted out.

"It's ME, silly!" Eve's laughing voice from behind the door. "Open up!"

Jason staggered out of bed. He was still in his socks, t-shirt, and jeans. Glancing at his clock in a panic, he saw that it was 6:17, so 45 minutes before the dance even started! He wasn't running behind! He already started feeling defensive. Somehow he knew that, behind the door, Eve was waiting for him, in her heels and dress, looking great.

"I...uh, you know, I haven't even gotten ready yet!" he called through the door.

"Yeah I figured!" Eve chuckled on the other side, "When you didn't respond to my text a while back, saying I was coming over."

"Oh you texted...? Uh, s-sorry, I was asleep," Jason replied. He felt a little irritated that Eve had just taken it upon herself to come over. Of course, he wanted her over...but in this context, her presence had resurrected those feelings of inadequacy. *She* was on the ball, ready early; *he* was the one lagging behind.

Bummpppffffff

Jason's door gave in a little as the sound of something big and fleshy sounded out right around his chest-level. He felt an agitated, excited chill go through him. Was that...Eve's *ass*!? Pressing up against the door? As high as his chest??

"Come onnnnn, come onnnnn, let me in!" she moaned playfully. "I don't care if you're in your underwear!"

Realizing that he couldn't hold off any longer, Jason took a deep breath and opened the door, and an immense shadow fell over his whole body. He felt his heart catch in his chest when he saw the luscious, curving swoop of Eve's hips at his chest-level, squeezed tightly into her gorgeous white dress that hugged the alluring contours of her thighs. The black stilettos shined fiercely down below...Eve had her legs crossed sexily, leaning slightly inward...and when Jason's eyes slowly traveled up to her face, he saw that she was leaning her forearms on top of the door frame, her arms extended upward in a sexy, suggestive pose. He couldn't believe how huge she looked – that door frame was 6'8, and here she was, just casually leaning her arms on

it like it was nothing. A small silver necklace (a gift from Jason senior year) glittered on her neck...probably the only thing she was wearing that didn't look regal.

But more than anything else, Jason was stunned by how beautiful Eve looked. He had never seen her decked out in full makeup like that before, and the effect was astounding. Her eye shadow, liner, and mascara were all exquisitely done, accentuating the striking allure of her deep brown eyes. Her eyebrows somehow looked even fuller and more sculpted than they had before...and her lips...Eve had decided to go for something a little daring and adventurous, and had opted for a rich, deep purple lipstick that was almost black.

Standing there in his t-shirt, jeans, and socks, Jason couldn't breathe. She looked fearsomely...*intimidatingly* beautiful. And that sexy smirk on her face was the bow that tied everything together.

"Just woke up from a nap, huh?" she teased, sticking her tongue into the side of her mouth. "Niiice..."

Jason just blinked and nodded, his shoulders slumping slightly.

'She's way out of my league,' he thought helplessly, unable to stem the tide of his inadequacy before her. 'No way people will take me seriously next to her...'

Eve straightened up from leaning against the door frame and rose up to her full 6'7, putting her hands on her hips. With another jolt of aroused panic, Jason saw that she was wearing fake nails – sharp, formidable looking...and a deep, blackish purple, just like her lipstick.

"So?" she giggled, her curves shaking with her laughter as she did a 360-spin for him. His eyes popped when he saw how big her ass looked in that dress, and it jiggled arrestingly as she did her spin; the fact that the dress had become too small for her only served to bring out her curves even more. Her legs, already strong and sculpted from her workouts, looked even stronger and more solid with the augmentation of her heels. Jason felt his desperate helplessness increase. How could he possibly measure up to her when she looked like *this*!?

Eve had finished her spin and was again facing him, looming over him, hands on her thick hips, smirking playfully. The top of his head barely reached her shoulders, and he was staring straight forward into her boobs. "What do you think?"

Chapter 15

“Jason...how many times do I have to tell you?” Eve reiterated as they waited at the bus stop, “You look *really cute* right now!”

Jason sighed out, rolling his eyes, feeling that everything he did somehow dug him deeper into the hole he was already in. When his eyes came back around, they were looking straight forward into the middle of her bare shoulders, exposed in the tight white dress she was wearing that showed off her new curves. With another jolt, Jason noticed that Eve’s shoulders...and her biceps, triceps, and forearms, were actually looking pretty, well...muscular, and solid, but yet somehow still in that easy, alluring feminine way that made him feel increasingly desperate. Yes, he had weighed himself earlier that day, and was back up to 167. But, his eyes going over her body, Jason wondered whether Eve herself now weighed 160. She had gained some muscle, that was for sure...muscle and just voluptuous size in general.

“I don’t wanna look *cute*,” he sighed, instantly regretting his words as he heard how whiny they sounded. “I wanna look...I don’t know...”

He had been about to say “masculine,” but he knew that wouldn’t have worked, since Eve would instantly translate that (correctly so) as him saying he felt emasculated by his dazzling 6’1 girlfriend, all dolled-up for the freshman dance in her tight, revealing dress, her shockingly hot blackish-purple lipstick and sharp nails, and, of course, her 6-inch stiletto heels that made her a full 11 inches taller than him. The 1-inch height pump from his loafers seemed like a pitiful joke at this point. As they had walked to the bus stop, holding hands, Jason’s fears had been realized – a lot of people had been staring at them, with a few guys openly snickering as they passed. Jason was sure that Eve had been aware of all this...and...and it almost seemed to make her stand up taller. That was it; *that* was why Jason was annoyed right now. It wasn’t just that Eve was making him look like a little kid next to her – it was that she was actually enjoying it.

“Well, that’s too bad,” Eve chuckled, reaching down and ruffling her boyfriend’s hair with her hand, lovingly scratching his scalp in the process with her nails, “Because there’s not really anything you can do about it. You’re a cutie, and you’re just gonna have to live with it.”

It was amazing to Eve how much bigger her hands looked with those fake nails, and how much longer her fingers looked. Scratching Jason’s head like this, it almost seemed like she could palm the entire top of her head. But maybe that was just some kind of optical illusion, since she was already towering above him by so much. It certainly was a lot to get used to, as their walk to the bus stop had shown. For one thing, it was a bit awkward walking in these huge heels, but she was already getting used to it – in fact, now that she thought about it, it had been much easier walking to Jason’s dorm, when she had been by herself, and free to stride at her own pace. But now, holding hands with Jason, it was actually much more difficult, since she had to consciously slow her pace down to allow him to keep up. Was her stride really that much longer than his!? Or was he purposefully dragging his feet...moping like he sometimes did.

Eve chuckled again and stopped scratching Jason’s head, since it was clear that he wasn’t really enjoying it. She felt an unwelcome stab of irritation and...what was it...disappointment?

She was in a bright, buoyant, happy mood, eagerly looking forward to the dance, feeling sexy and dynamic in her dress and heels...it had been a bit of a gamble, since she had never really gotten herself this “done up” for an event, but she was thrilled with the result. For the first time in her life, she actually felt like she was manifesting her physical potential. She had never been one to strut around, showing herself off, but...what was wrong with doing that every once in a while? And anyway, it was a special occasion, so why shouldn’t she enjoy herself a little bit? Eve wanted Jason to join her in this feeling, so that they could enjoy it together. He really did look adorable in his outfit, even if maybe he was a little...”underdressed” compared to her. But so what!? Plenty of guys at the dance were gonna be dressed like that, with loafers, khakis, and a tucked-in polo shirt – it was a classic “college guy” look, after all! Nothing wrong with it! So why did Jason seem determined to stew and pout?

Deep down, Eve knew why. It was really very simple: she made Jason feel small, and he couldn’t handle it. Being this much taller than him bruised his masculinity. As much as Eve wanted to avoid this truth, there was no getting around it. And it annoyed her. She had always been taller than Jason, even in high school. Her height hadn’t been an issue then – why, all of a sudden, was it an issue now!? So she was wearing heels...so what? They were clearly an artificial inflation of her height; no one would think that she actually towered over him that much...and anyway, the heels made her feel sexy! Why couldn’t Jason just appreciate that? Why did he have to be such a bad sport about it?

All of this had been flashing through Eve’s head while she chuckled and stopped ruffling Jason’s hair. Her laugh had been more avoidant than anything else, since she didn’t want to think about any of these things right now. She just wanted to be happy, and for Jason to be happy too! Was that really too much to ask!? For her boyfriend to quit this ridiculous charade and just accept that she was always going to be taller than him, and that she didn’t care...that she wanted to be with HIM and no one else? This first month of freshman year had already been so transformative for her; she felt this exciting, energizing wave of momentum, catapulting her toward adulthood, and she just wanted Jason to join her on that wave. She knew it had been a bit of a difficult adjustment for him, but he had it in him to roll with the punches...she just *knew* he did.

“Hey so I bet you’re looking forward to the slow dances, huh?” Eve quipped, as she decided to quit thinking about all this stuff and just enjoy the night out.

“Oh...yeah?” Jason asked, blinking and looking up at her searchingly. Eve just couldn’t get over how dazed he looked...how out of his element. ‘Geez,’ she thought, ‘Is he...actually intimidated by me right now!?’

“Yeah!” she laughed, again forcing the thought out of her head. She didn’t *want* him to be intimidated; she wanted him to be confident! She straightened her back, standing up to her full 6’7, and stuck out her chest, her B-cups audibly straining her dress (which had comfortably accommodated her A-cups before). “Because you know that you’ll be resting your chin on *these* big babies right here!”

Jason opened his mouth, and then cracked a grin as both he and Eve started laughing. Her self-deprecating humor had been just the salve for the tension between them.

"Well...you know," Jason laughed, feeling a renewed sense of levity as he relaxed a little, "They *have* gotten bigger since you wore that dress to prom in the spring."

"God, I know!" Eve laughed, rolling her eyes as she stuck her finger into her bodice in a playful attempt to give her breasts a little breathing room. "All those upper-body workouts might have something to do with it, haha...or, actually, probably all the stuffing my face *after* the workouts."

"Well...you sure are looking good these days," Jason observed. He was already feeling his confidence coming back. *This* is how he did it, giving her compliments and building her up...it felt good, like he wasn't trying to swim against the current. And, in any case, the compliments themselves were genuine and easy to give. Eve looked *hot*.

"Aww you're too sweet," Eve giggled at him, feeling very feminine and warmed by his words. It was easy for him to get her going when he started acting confident like this. It was the real Jason...the Jason she was dating. "You don't think I'm looking too big?" she added, in a rare moment of self-consciousness. She enjoyed being able to be vulnerable like this with him, and she realized that it had been a while since she could actually lean into this feeling. "I mean, I'm pretty sure I weigh close to 160 now."

"Oh...really?" Jason asked blankly. "You're pretty sure?" The confidence he had been feeling began rapidly retreating; if Eve was 160, then that meant that she weighed only 7 pounds less than he did...and she had only just started working out.

"I mean...I haven't actually weighed myself," Eve replied, lifting up her arms and flexing them, "But...like, last week I weighed 155, right? And all that bench pressing and squatting since then...heh, plus a ton of food...yeah, I bet I'm pretty close to 160 now."

"A lot of benching, huh?" Jason grinned, suddenly seeing an opening. "Whatcha benching now?"

Eve turned to smirk down at him, raising her eyebrow. "Oh...you're gonna lay into me for not benching as much as you?" she chuckled. "And my record is only 125 now...not even up to a big plate on either side."

"Huh...not bad, Eve...really!" Jason nodded genuinely, before continuing, trying not to sound defensive as he grinned. "And I'm not *laying into* you. Just...you know...charting your progress."

"Ooooh I've got my own personal trainer over here," Eve giped. "I didn't realize you had taken such an interest!"

"Well...I mean, Lauren told me that her personal best is 160," Jason heard himself saying. "So...you know...I just don't want my girlfriend to get shown up by someone who's smaller than she is."

"Oh my god, Lauren is NOT smaller than me!" laughed Eve. "Like, she's a little shorter, sure...but smaller!? No way...Lauren is *thick*! Like, "strong-thick," you know? Ugh, if only I could look like that..."

"You're well on your way," Jason declared, quite truthfully. "Yeah, Lauren's thick and all, but I think you're catching up to her."

"You think so?" Eve asked hopefully, flexing her arms one last time before letting them down. "That's the look I'm going for...like, womanly and curvy, right? But also...like, I could beat you up if I wanted to."

"Guess I'd better get my ass back to the gym," Jason joked. "Or else you're gonna make me the beta in the relationship."

"That's right!" laughed Eve, feeling a strange sense of awkwardness coming from Jason all of a sudden. An ugly little voice raised its voice in her brain. What was he talking about? Like...*she* sure wasn't the beta in the relationship. If anyone was the "beta," it was *him*. But Eve shoved the voice down, ignoring it, determined to enjoy the exchange. "You better watch it," she continued, her eyes going wide as she put her hands on her hips and loomed over her boyfriend, "Or else I'm gonna make you...uhh...uhhh..."

"Yeah?" cracked Jason, grinning up at her with his own hands on his hips, even as he truly felt intimidated by her height. He could disguise this feeling in his humor, though. "What're you gonna make me do?"

"I...I'll..." stuttered Eve, purposefully drawing out her response to be silly. It felt much better playing around like this...better than indulging that ugly little voice in her head. "I'll make you carry my books to class!"

Jason put his hand to his chest, miming horror. "Eve...you wouldn't!" he intoned, shaking his head. "Those calculus books...that's just hitting below the belt."

The two of them laughed, just as the bus pulled up. Seizing the initiative as he rode the wave of his recent humorous success, Jason grabbed Eve's hand and stepped up into the bus, turning with exaggerated "gentlemanly" charm.

"A little help for the young lady?" he asked, doing his best British accent.

"Ah! Thank you, my dear!" Eve replied in kind, squinting her eyes at him affectionately. She couldn't help but realize, though, before she stepped up into the bus, that she was *still* taller than him, even though he was standing way up on the bus platform. She didn't even know how she felt about it – on one hand, it was just amazing, how much taller she was than him...and on the other, well...Eve didn't really even know how to describe it. It was a kind of emotional rush, a sudden liquid thrill of excitement, knowing that she was *that much* taller than him. What was this feeling?! It was so strange to realize that she really did get this...this special kick out of towering over Jason...and in public, too! As they boarded the bus, more people were staring at them, and Eve caught the sound of a couple more snickers from a few dudes who obviously couldn't handle the size difference. She felt Jason's hand tighten against hers as he led her to a couple open seats, and she squeezed his hand back, feeling almost sad. It had never been her intention to make him uncomfortable, or to show him up...was that what was happening right now? Had it been a mistake to go to the dance like this, all done-up, and in these huge heels? The last thing she wanted was for Jason to feel small or overshadowed by her. It's just that she

thought...she hoped...that he would be able to deal with it, to handle it with his customary self-confidence that had attracted her to him years before. Her size was never, and had never been, a threat to him. She didn't need a bigger man to dominate her and sweep her off her feet – she just needed...someone who could handle her being tall, being sexy, without feeling emasculated.

As they sat down, Ben suddenly popped into her head. Now *that* was a guy...heh...who could *never* be emasculated. No way. And it wasn't even just because of his gigantic size. Well, yes, that was part of it. But really, it was his attitude. His easy, carefree, casual attitude...about everything. He had nothing to prove, to her or anyone else. Why was she thinking about Ben!? Sure, he was going to be at the dance...so what? They were just friends...he was just a cool guy she had met recently. Eve privately chastised herself, willing her mind to quit thinking about Ben, about his big hands, his huge, hairy arms, hell, the way he had eaten his breakfast...and, of course, about what he had told her, about that former girlfriend, Rose...

"A little nervous?" Jason chuckled at her.

"Huh?" Eve asked, blinking as she turned to him. "No...why?"

"Well..." he grinned. "You're kinda squeezing the hell out of my hand."

Chapter 16

"Oh my god!" cried Eve, her cheeks flushed crimson from the vigorous dancing as she stared down at Jason in wide-eyed excitement, "He's playing my song!" Arching her elegant figure backward, she used both hands to sweep back the unkempt waves of her chestnut-brown hair, and Jason could only look up in astonishment at her newly-curvy figure, squeezed tightly into the white dress that hugged her thick thighs. They had only been on the dance floor for twenty minutes or so, but Eve had already worked up a sweat, bouncing and swaying to the songs the DJ was playing. Jason had been caught off-guard by her energy and enthusiasm – as soon as they had arrived at the convention room being used for the freshmen social, she had bounded straight up onto the dance floor and "gotten down" to the first lively hit song the DJ had pumped out. Jason couldn't help but think that this wasn't anything like the Eve from high school, the Eve who had been a shy wallflower at homecoming and prom, who felt self-conscious about dancing in public. Clearly something had changed. She was more vibrant, more vivacious, more...sexy...than anyone else in the room, and her energy and enthusiasm was infectious. A crowd of people, mostly girls but a few guys as well, had gathered around her, feeding off her vigor as they bobbed and swayed to the music.

Jason was caught up in the middle of all this, and was trying his best to play it cool. But it was obvious that he and Eve were on two different planes of existence here. He was nodding his head to the beat, often with his hands in his pockets, in an attempt to appear casual and nonchalant, but next to Eve's 6'7 voluptuous curves, swaying and weaving with unrestrained confidence and exuberance, he felt completely inadequate and outshined. It certainly didn't help that she had decided to keep her 6-inch heels on, which led to her towering over him, with his eyes staring straight into the shoulder straps of her dress. The more time Eve spent in those heels, the more comfortable she appeared to be, and she had already earned several plaudits from the girls around her, commending her for her dancing skills despite the difficulty of navigating the heels.

"For real..." one of the young women had laughed up at Eve, "You are, like...*goals*! My boyfriend gets insecure when I wear heels around him, just because it makes us the same height! And, I mean...look at you and *him*!" She had finished, pointing straight at Jason.

"You hear that?" Eve had chuckled, reaching down to playfully ruffle his hair, "You're the measuring stick for boyfriends now, Jason!"

"Ha, totally!" laughed the other girl, who was around Jason's 5'8 in her heels, "I think it's awesome. Most dudes would be too embarrassed to show up to a social with their girlfriend, like, towering over them like this. Oh my god...she, like, totally dwarfs you!"

"Heh...heh, yeah..." grinned Jason, feeling a familiar and desperate sinking sensation in his stomach upon hearing these words. But the next moment, it was even worse, because Eve had grabbed his shoulders from behind and held him in place as she leaned down over him, playfully resting her chin on the top of his head as her C-cup breasts squished out on both sides of his neck.

“Juuuust a little bit!” she had laughed, but just then, her favorite song had come on, and she decoupled from Jason, launching back into her rhythmic, lively dancing, leading the rest of the group with her energy and leaving Jason to step back from the fray, partially emasculated and partially just dazzled by how sexy she was. He wanted to match her energy...he really did. But he just couldn't. He had never really been much of a dancer, and in any case, he could feel his confidence plummeting the longer he stood next to Eve, stupidly bobbing his head while she owned the dance floor. He didn't want to go too far, though – despite wanting to join the awkward single guys leaning against the wall on the far side of the room, he knew that Eve would essentially interpret this behavior as “pouting,” and...well...maybe it was, in a way. He could feel prickles of annoyance in his mind as he began to imagine Eve castigating him after the dance for not having enough fun, and for being a wet blanket spoil-sport who couldn't relax and have a good time with her. He wasn't going to give her that satisfaction...no way. And so he tried to content himself with hanging out a bit apart from the central crowd on the dance floor, pretending to enjoy himself while he kept an eye on Eve to make sure that some ambitious studs didn't try and make a move on her. He had seen several guys – football players by the look of them, and much bigger and taller than him – sizing up Eve, looking like they were about to ask her for a dance. Jason wasn't exactly sure what he would do if that actually happened, but he liked to think that he'd have no trouble going up and telling the guy, in no uncertain terms, that Eve was *his* girlfriend. In reality, though, the idea of doing such a thing was nerve-wracking. Some of those football guys were huge...like 6'5, even 6'6. They'd probably just stare down at him, grinning, and say ‘...really!? *This* is your boyfriend!?’

Jason was stirred from these unpleasant thoughts by the sight of Eve rising up above everyone, in the middle of the dance floor, looking straight at him as she swayed her hips, pointing and winking. He smiled, feeling warmed by her at least making the effort to acknowledge him, a feeling that was quickly dampened by her earnestly gesturing for him to join her. He put up his hand apologetically, shaking it a little, indicating, ‘No, no, I'm good...you do your thing, I'll just hang out here,’ and Eve dropped her shoulders a little, pouting playfully at him before shrugging and resuming her fluid movements. When the song finally ended, Jason inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. The more Eve seemed to be enjoying herself, the lamer he felt. He couldn't wait until she tired herself out and they could go sit at one of the tables and just...chill until the social was over.

And, just like that, a slow song came on. Jason felt a wave of anxiety as two or three different guys, all built and well over 6'0, began converging on Eve, but he was heartened when she completely ignored them and made a beeline straight for him, her arms outspread.

“Haha finally!” she laughed, reaching Jason and throwing her arms around his shoulders (they felt heavier than usual, probably because of all that time in the gym she had been spending), “I needed a breather. I'm totally not in dancing shape!”

“Heh w-well you...you coulda fooled me!” chuckled Jason, suddenly distracted by the fact that he was nearly eye-level with the top of Eve's cleavage. “You look like you're in pretty good shape to me!”

“Aw, you’re too sweet,” she smiled, pulling him closer and taking the lead in the “slow dance” rhythm. “I mean, I’ve definitely gotten stronger recently...but that’s not really cardio, is it?”

“You could always, like...I don’t know, go for bike rides or something,” Jason suggested, not understanding why this dumb shit was coming out of his mouth. He desperately wanted to keep the conversation going – the idea of just standing there, swaying with Eve’s arms around him, as she towered over him by 11 inches, was not attractive. Conversation was his best hope at appearing casual.

“Psssh no, I’m just gonna go out dancing more often!” laughed Eve. “I had forgotten how much I enjoy this!”

“Oh...really?” asked Jason, a bit confused. “Did you use to dance a lot or something? Ever since I’ve known you, you’ve been...heh, how to say it...not the dancing type. I mean, unless your dance partner was like an algebra textbook or something...”

“Oh quit it, you,” chuckled Eve, letting Jason’s bad joke slide as she playfully wrangled his neck in between her forearms. Subconsciously, she couldn’t help but register how small his neck and head looked in between them. Her arms had gotten a little bigger, yes, a little more muscular...but surely it was just an optical illusion because of how tall she was in these heels. Surely he wasn’t *that* much smaller than her.

“And yes, I’ve always loved dancing,” she continued. “I would dance in my room all the time, but when I got to middle school and grew like a foot I just got so self-conscious and...I don’t know...I never really was confident enough to do it in high school.”

“Well you’ve obviously gotten over all that!” Jason laughed, “I mean...damn. You were going a little crazy there.”

“Oh...I was?” asked Eve, a bit concerned as she briefly stopped swaying, looking down at him. “What’d you mean?”

“Nothing...uh, nothing really,” he replied, reddening a little. Why had he even said it like that? All he had meant to say was that she clearly didn’t have any confidence issues anymore. But really, the way it came out, he had given voice to his underlying irritations with her...that she was inadvertently showing him up, that she wasn’t considering how he felt because she was too busy enjoying herself and feeling all sexy...leaving him behind.

“Jason, come on, what’re you talking about?” Eve persisted, turning her head slightly as she scrutinized him. Now it was her turn to get annoyed, and the feeling came on with a suddenness and strength that caught her off guard. If she was being honest, ever since he had opened his dorm room door to her a few hours before, Jason had been a real downer. His whole attitude to this social had been crap. She didn’t even mind the fact that he hadn’t dressed up like her, or that he didn’t want to break it down on the dance floor like she had. All that was totally fine – she could live with that. She could even live with the fact that it was obvious he was insecure about the dramatic height difference between them – she wished he didn’t feel this way, but she could understand it. What was super-irritating was that his way of dealing with this insecurity was to try and knock her down a peg, to make her feel insecure like him, to make her

question herself. She knew that there hadn't been anything wrong with what she had been doing. She had been *dancing*! She had been having *fun*! And his response had been to passive-aggressively call her out on it, almost like a little needle he was sticking into her as revenge for...something. For making him feel small. Well...he *was* small. And more to the point, he was *acting* small.

"Just...forget it, okay?" Jason chuckled, feeling his hands loosen a bit around Eve's hips before attempting to grasp them tightly again. But he had no confidence in his touch, and he just loosely interlocked his fingers above the curve of her butt. He could tell that Eve was annoyed with him; he wasn't even looking up at her. Instead, he had started scanning the convention room, desperately trying to find something that could redirect the conversation. His eyes were drawn to a huge, shadowy figure leaning against the wall...it was Ben, along with a few of his other hallmates. They were actually really dressed up...in suits and everything. It was at least something to talk about.

"I see a few of my friends over there," Jason said, indicating with his head. "Haha...looks like they actually dressed for the occasion...even though they're just leaning against the wall."

Eve turned to look, feeling like it was better to bury her annoyance and just keep on having a good time. Jason choosing to quickly move on maybe was some kind of tacit admission that he had misspoke; if he could move on so could she. She looked in the direction he was looking, and her eyes snapped onto Ben's figure, towering over all the others. Even though it was dark in the room, she could still make out his shaggy hair and black beard. His suit looked rumpled and unquestionably too small...and yet she still felt a kind of throb inside of her when she looked at him, and she had to avert her eyes. It was that same feeling again, that sensation of excitement, of giddiness. Whenever she looked at him, she felt like a little girl again, and she knew that it was dangerous to entertain such thoughts. There was no doubt at this point that Ben turned her on sexually, but why exactly, she couldn't say. In any case, Jason had no idea about any of this; it wasn't fair to him to dwell on it. And so she briefly scanned her eyes back to Ben, experiencing a sudden wave of pity for him leaning there against the wall, before turning her eyes back down to Jason. He was still staring back at his friends, and a big smile was splayed across his face.

"What's so funny?" Eve asked, allowing herself to feel light again. Jason really did have such a nice smile...he could be insecure sometimes, yes, maybe even a lot of the time these days, but he really did have a good heart. And when he smiled like this, he was so cute.

"Oh just...the guys," chuckled Jason, nodding over at them. "They look a little ridiculous just, like...leaning against the wall. Haha, it kinda reminds me of high school, you know? All the awkward guys just sorta hanging out, hoping some girl will come up and talk to them."

Eve felt her heart sink; now Jason's cute smile took on an ugly tinge. Was he serious!? It wasn't like him to just...go after people like that. Especially his friends! Was this really his way of trying to sweep his own missteps under the rug? In this moment, for the first time maybe ever, Eve felt completely unattracted to Jason. She stopped doing the "slow dance sway" and simply stood there, her arms still around his shoulders, staring down at him incredulously. And

apparently, Jason was completely oblivious, because he just kept digging himself deeper into the hole he was already in.

"You see that giant guy over there?" he grinned, inclining his head toward Ben. Eve nodded, not knowing what to say, afraid of what she would actually say if she opened her mouth.

"That's Ben, one of my hallmates," Jason chuckled, shaking his head. "He's over 6'9! Really nice guy and all...but it kinda sucks for him, you know?"

"How so?" asked Eve. She was becoming increasingly annoyed that Jason was viewing this conversation as a successful escape route from his screw-up earlier. He hadn't even realized that she had stopped swaying, and was still swaying back and forth himself, his hands loosely interlocked around her waist, as he continued to jabber away.

"Well, you know...trying to find a girlfriend and all," Jason smiled, arching his eyebrow up at Eve, as if expecting her to understand what he was talking about. "I mean...just look at him! Haha, like I said, cool dude...but he's a bit intimidating, don't you think?"

"No," Eve said flatly, looking straight down at Jason. "Not really. He's actually not much taller than I am right now."

"Pssh, well yeah..." Jason laughed, "Because you've got those giant heels on."

"And anyway, Ben and I have actually met before," Eve continued. "And he had a girlfriend before college."

"Oh! You guys met?" Jason asked, a bit surprised, blinking up at Eve.

"Yeah," Eve replied, her eyes not leaving Jason's face. "And he told me he used to date someone."

"Huh..." Jason mused, nodding slowly as he looked back at Ben, before chuckling, "Well alright then! How about that? Good for Ben!"

Eve had to bite down to keep from making a face. Jason's whole tone was so patronizing...so insulting...even though she knew he didn't mean to sound that way at all. From his perspective, he was being encouraging to the big, awkward, ungainly guy on his hallway, but Eve knew better. Jason really did see himself as better than Ben...as someone who was seasoned and experienced. For a second, she considered mentioning that Ben had had gay experiences too, but she quickly shot that thought down in her mind. There wasn't any point in getting into any of that. The main issue was that Jason was vastly misjudging the entire situation, and making himself look terrible in the process.

"Heh...wonder how tall his girlfriend was?" Jason grinned up at Eve. "I should ask him."

"She was 5'5," Eve said automatically.

"Wow you guys really did have a conversation, then!" laughed Jason. Her playfully dug his thumbs into the top of Eve's butt, and her mouth twitched. His movements were so careless, so presumptive...

"Guess I should have a serious talk with Big Ben about chatting up my girlfriend, huh?" Jason continued, his grin widening. It was clear that he was completely kidding, and thought that the whole situation was rather funny...the reason being that it would never, ever occur to him that Eve would find Ben attractive. The irony was that the longer he went along in this vein, the less Eve found HIM attractive. She suddenly slid her arms off his shoulders and just stood there, looking down at Jason, who still had his hands around her waist. She couldn't hide the look of irritation and, yes...disappointment...on her face.

"What?" asked Jason, blinking up at her again. The fact that he had no idea what was bothering her made it even worse.

"I don't think you should talk like that about your friends," she blurted out. "Calling them 'awkward' and stuff."

"Haha aww come on Eve," Jason replied, rolling his eyes even as he felt a bit of panic spark up inside him. He couldn't help but think 'oh god, what is it this time?'

"It's just all in good fun!" he smiled, tapping her waist with his hands. "And anyway, they ARE kinda awkward...you know, still finding their way. No problem with that!"

"And I suppose *you've* 'found your way,' huh?" Eve shot back. She felt actual anger inside her now, and she would have kept going if not for the DJ playing a new fast-paced, bass-heavy song. Jason just gaped up at her, having no idea what to say. His hands had fallen away from her waist, and Eve suddenly put her hands on her hips, standing up to her full height, looming 11 inches over him, her eyes going over him as she frowned. In this moment, she suddenly felt how...small he was. Many times in the past, she had registered that he was shorter than her, and even recently that she was catching up to him in actual size as well. But this feeling was different. It wasn't just that she was taller than him. She felt BIGGER than him...more mature, more grown-up, less petty. On one hand, she couldn't believe how stark the difference between them felt, and was unpleasantly caught off-guard. On the other hand, though, back in her subconscious, she felt like this kind of a moment had been coming for some time now. But why did it have to be in the middle of a dance, when she was all dressed up and trying to have a good time?

"Eve...wh-what are you even talking about?" Jason asked, stuttering, spreading his hands open. She knew that she could have a fight with him then and there, on the dance floor, but that wasn't a good idea. No, she was going to push all of this out of her mind. She was going to keep having a good time. She dreaded the thought of more slow dances...but she'd just cross that bridge when she came to it. So, taking the situation by the horns, she leaned way down, putting a hand on Jason's shoulder as she spoke into his ear over the loud music:

"Look, never mind, okay? I'm gonna go back to dancing."

And she straightened back up, managed a half-smile at Jason, then turned back into the crowd, immediately going to the middle as she danced energetically to the new song. Jason was dazed, not understanding what had just happened. He stood there stupidly for a few more seconds, before making his way off the dance floor towards Ben and the others against the wall.

"Pretty nice turn-out, huh?" Ben smiled down at Jason, who nodded. "You and Eve looked great together, by the way."

"Thanks..." replied Jason, looking out at Eve, who was continuing to break it down on the dance floor. "I, uh...I hadn't realized you two had actually met before."

"Oh yeah?" laughed Ben, "She tell you about that? It was pretty funny."

"Uhm...no, no what happened?" asked Jason, interested as he looked way up at Ben, who, despite his crumpled suit, still looked quite impressive, considering that he was absolutely huge, and over 6'10 in his loafers.

"Heh, so I was taking a shit in our hallway bathroom, right?" Ben chuckled, "And then Eve comes walking straight in, and I hear Jeremy giving her shit about coming into the 'boys room' and all, hahaha..."

"That little shit..." Jason replied, grinding his teeth, "I'm gonna have to have words with him about –"

"Don't bother," laughed Ben, "Eve totally told him off. Like, in a really cool way too. Just straight-up told him that she had finished having sex with you and was freshening up in the only bathroom on the hall. That shut him straight up!"

"Oh...damn..." Jason said, his eyes going slightly wide as he looked up at Ben, then back to Eve. "She really said that?"

"Yep!" smiled Ben, "And then I came out of the stall and startled her a bit, but introduced myself and then I actually ran into her again in the dining hall earlier today. Had an interesting little talk."

"Nice, nice," nodded Jason, still staring out at Eve. He didn't know why, but he felt like he had to keep the conversation going. If he had thought harder about it, he would have remembered that Eve had been freshening up from the vigorous sex when she had ridden on top of him, totally dominating him, telling him to just lie there "like a little bitch."

"Haha, yeah," he chuckled uneasily, "We've been having, uhm...lots of...lots of sex recently."

"Lucky bastard!" cut in another one of his hallmates. This reply made it easier for Jason to smile and shrug, spreading his hands as he leaned into the 'sorry boys, I can't help it that I'm lucky' charade.

"Well she seems super-chill, anyway," Ben continued. "Heh...and she was studying calculus in the dining hall when I saw her this morning...just like you were all holed-up in the library! I told her you two were obviously made for each other."

"Ah...haha...yes," Jason chuckled, remembering his dishonest ruse earlier in the day. He was getting a little distracted, though, by the sight of more guys taking evident interest in Eve. She was dancing in the middle of everyone, and well over half those around her were guys, tall, built, athletic...the same he had noticed before. He remembered that she was upset with him for some odd reason, and suddenly, he realized that if another slow song were to come on, one of

those other big guys would absolutely be asking her for a dance...and at this point, Eve might actually say "yes." Jason felt a twinge of annoyance – it really would be just like her, to get back at him like that. But beyond the annoyance, he felt real fear. What if she was dancing with another guy and realized she was more attracted to him than she was to Jason!? What if some 6'5 football player nabbed her, said all the right things, and ended up basically convincing her to leave him!? The worst part about it was that Jason had to use the restroom...the feeling had been building for a while, but now that he was really starting to worry, the urgency to pee increased dramatically. And he just *knew* that, as soon as he left the room, a slow song would come on, and that he'd come back to Eve being sweet-talked by some dude who could easily bench press him for reps.

"Those guys are getting kinda close to your girlfriend, Jason," chuckled one of his friends. "Just a heads-up."

"Yeah..." muttered Jason, his heart starting to beat fast as he looked out helplessly, "Yeah..." He didn't feel like he was able to deal with the situation at all. Eve was mad at him for some random reason, guys were starting to hit on her, the current song was ending, and he really needed to pee. And, just like that, the DJ's booming voice cut through the end of the song:

"Thaaaaat's the end of that, folks, and boom! Another slow one here for ya! Mix it up! Dance with someone different! How about some old-time crooning to get you going?"

A sappy Bing Crosby song came on, and Jason noticed multiple guys immediately converging on Eve. Suddenly, an idea popped into his head – an idea so brilliant that he could hardly believe it.

"Hey, Ben!" he exclaimed, grabbing his arm. "I've reeeally gotta go pee, but...could you go out there and dance with Eve?"

"Haha...what?" Ben chuckled, bending down a little, his dark eyes searching Jason's face.

"You two know each other," Jason continued, speaking fast in a pleading tone, "So it won't be weird. Just gotta stave off those other dudes around her...please Ben...do it for me. As a favor. I'll make it up to you somehow."

Ben looked hard at Jason, then back up at Eve. She was giggling, shaking her head down at a 6'5 guy who was obviously trying to get her to dance. Another tall guy, 6'3 by the looks of him, looked like he was waiting in the wings for his chance. Ben stared at her for a second, then back down at Jason. He arched an eyebrow as he turned his head slightly to the side.

"You sure?"

"Yes! Yes, I 'm sure!" Jason exclaimed, nodding vigorously, "Come on, Ben...please..."

"Well..." sighed Ben, his eyebrows going up as he pushed himself up to his full height away from the wall, "Alright then."

Chapter 17

Eve hadn't expected another slow song to come on so soon, so she was a bit caught off-guard when three or four tall, chiseled guys were suddenly surrounding her on the dance floor, clearly intent on asking her to dance. The first one, a dashing, confident blond who was obviously an athlete, had proposed to her in no uncertain terms:

"Come on, one dance with me?" he had asked, point-blank. "Let you take a turn with someone your own size, huh?"

"Well...I...I think I've got you beat!" Eve smiled, faltering a little before standing up to her full 6'7 and putting her hands on her hips.

"Yeah, in those heels, maybe," chuckled the blond, "But I meant compared to that midget you were dancing with before."

"You mean...my boyfriend?" Eve laughed, even as she felt the color rising up in her cheeks. The nerve of some dudes!

"Oh, that was your boyfriend?" grinned the blond, raising an eyebrow. "Well, gimme a chance, and we'll see how things end up."

He was handsome, there was no denying that. But Eve knew his type: hot jock, maybe even one of those honors students, never been told "no" in his life. She felt herself smirking slightly down at him. For once, she felt like handling this kind of blatant male confidence would be easy.

"No, that's okay," she chuckled, putting up her hands and shaking her head. "I'll pass." In a sudden burst of inspiration, she drew a line from the top of her head straight over the guy's head. "If you're not my boyfriend, you've gotta be this tall to ride...sorry man, you just don't measure up."

She was only able to enjoy his blank, blinking look of befuddlement before another guy had stepped up to her. This guy was slightly shorter than the first, maybe 6'4, but even more muscled. He had a shaved head, and his dark brown skin contrasted strikingly with his pale blue eyes. In every sense, this guy was remarkably attractive. Eve couldn't help but think that he looked like a wrestler...a wrestler who could have put Jason in a chokehold in two seconds. And behind him, two more tall, hot, muscular guys were staring up at her, eager for a try. It suddenly struck her how new this experience was, being the object of attention for *these* kinds of guys. Eve had never even considered that people who looked like this would ever be interested in her. She felt a twinge of annoyance, knowing that all the attention was probably because of how she towered over everyone in her heels, and because of the curves she was sporting as a result of her recent weight gain. But at the same time...she had to admit that it felt a little exciting to be hit on by guys like this.

"How about me, gorgeous?" intoned the 6'4 guy in a confident drawl, standing up as tall as he could as he reached out his hands toward her waist. "I'll show you how to dance."

"Noooo, no, that's okay," laughed Eve, pivoting out of the way of his hand.

"Aw come on, what don't you like about me, babe?" the guy chuckled, looking himself up and down, "My looks?!"

"No you look great," replied Eve honestly, and then, not able to think of anything else, she went with her earlier scheme and added, "Just...a bit too short for me, I'm afraid."

"Haha oh come on," laughed the guy, putting his hands on his hips, "You were dancing with that little guy just a couple minutes ago!"

"Yeah...my *boyfriend*," Eve smiled, mocking his stance by putting her hands on her hips as well. Even though she was enjoying the banter, she was already starting to get a little tired of the audacity.

"No way that pipsqueak was your boyfriend," the guy stated flat-out, shaking his head.

"Well he was...*is*," Eve replied, red color now flushing into her face as she saw the guy raise his eyebrow and grin. She could feel herself getting angry now, not only because he had made her jumble her words a bit, but also because he was just so smug, so presumptive. She wasn't at all used to dealing with this kind of boldness, and she didn't like it...she didn't like it at all. The guy wasn't going away. And Eve felt others behind her, all around her, converging. She had a moment of panic, feeling surrounded, and cast her eyes over towards the wall where Jason had been before. Was he still there, moping against the wall? She assumed that, after their strange little tiff, he wasn't interested in dancing, and was apparently content to let her be surrounded by all these would-be suitors.

But the next moment, everything changed, because Eve saw a colossal, tall shadow moving straight towards her...with a shaggy head and beard...Ben. Her mouth opened slightly; she was aware that the 6'4 guy was saying something to her, or arguing with another guy, but her brain wasn't registering what they were saying. Ben wasn't moving his legs quickly, but he was so big that his massive strides made it seem like he was gliding across the room, onto the dance floor. He emerged from the shadow into the bright lights, and Eve saw, to her relief, that all the eager guys around her seemed to move back uncertainly, as if in fear of this incoming giant. Eve saw the details of his crumpled suit, which was oversized but still somehow too small in the thighs, upper arms, and shoulders, and...her heart skipped a beat – he even had a big pink carnation pinned to the left breast of his suit. She made eye contact with him, raising her eyes slightly upward, with her mouth still slightly open, as he strode directly up to her, spreading his huge hands as he cracked a grin. In that moment, she felt so happy to see him, and blinked, her mouth blossoming into a wide smile.

"Can I have this dance, little lady?" he asked, his deep voice tinged with humor, as he bent his body into a slight bow so that his eyes were even with hers. For a moment, Eve couldn't answer. Ben's huge size, his dark eyes glinting at her from under those black, bushy brows, his short hair barely tidied up from its usual unkemptness, the immensity of his hand on his chest in that faux-formal bow, the funny way that his suit fit him, how his loafers looked shiny and out-of-place, and the hint of a smile from beneath that big black beard...all of it combined to give Eve such a powerful instant impression of HIM, that she was left momentarily speechless. In

that instant, it seemed to her the craziest thing in the world that she hadn't been thinking of him before, leaning back there in the shadows against the wall.

Ben blinked and wavered for a moment, straightening back up, abandoning all semblance of his previous light humor as his face became serious and respectful.

"I'm sorry Eve," he said genuinely, "I didn't mean to spring that on you – no worries, I'll leave you alone."

He turned to walk away, and Eve suddenly felt a very different kind of panic than she had been feeling before: the panic of an imminent missed opportunity.

"No!" she exclaimed, louder than she meant to, and, stepping forward, she actually surprised herself by reaching out and grabbing his left forearm. She felt the sizable bulk of the muscle, even underneath his suit sleeves, and she had an abrupt vision of a huge, muscled forearm, tanned and hairy like the rest of him, with an intimidating-looking black tattoo. Recoiling slightly, letting go of his arm out of embarrassment rather than repulsion, she quickly recovered and again surprised herself by taking his hand in hers...his huge, warm hand.

"Heh...I mean...no, sorry, Ben!" Eve laughed, backing onto the dance floor and pulling him in tow. "I kinda froze up there for a second – of course you can have this dance!"

"All right," he smiled, obviously amused that she was "leading" him, "I thought I might'a overstepped there for a second."

"Oh my god, not at *all*," Eve responded with energy, glancing around, almost smugly, at the host of big, tall athlete-types who were slouching away dejectedly in Ben's wake. 'None of them are "man" enough to challenge *him*,' Eve chuckled to herself, 'Even though they probably think they're sooooo much hotter.'

"I had sorta gotten myself into a pickle there," she added out loud, looking slightly up into his eyes.

"Nothing you did," Ben replied, shrugging, "Except just looking the way you do, heh."

He paused, and once again, Eve caught that same hint of a look on his face, the look of someone who was trying hard not to go too far. But didn't he understand!? He *couldn't* go too far...at least, not like...well...she knew how she felt. And rather than parse her way through her own muddled (yet somehow crystal-clear) thoughts, Eve decided to just put her instincts into action. Reaching up around Ben, she laced her arms around his neck, feeling delightfully feminine as she did so. A light of surprise flashed briefly across Ben's face, and Eve found herself biting her lower lip to keep from smiling too hard. She got the sense that he didn't get surprised like that very often, and she felt strangely...mischievous...and girly...to make him feel like that now.

"Come on!" she laughed up at him. "Put your hands around my waist!"

Ben had quickly recovered from his surprise, and was smiling now. Arching an eyebrow, he reached down and slid both of his huge hands around Eve's waist, lacing them together right above her butt. Eve felt her heart immediately start beating faster; the weight of Ben's

arms...and his hands...it really was something else. But nothing about him was clumsy...nothing. The touch of his hands was courteous, and yet, something about the way he had just wrapped them around her waist, stepping into her embrace, accepting her forward invitation...it was just so easy and confident. Eve couldn't help but flash back in her mind to a few minutes before, when she had felt Jason's little hands around her waist, timidly touching her, not quite knowing what to do. Ben knew what to do.

"Oh look at that," Ben remarked mildly, glancing around them as they began to slowly tilt back and forth in the "slow dance" rhythm, "All those dudes just vanished. What happened?"

"You scared them," Eve giggled, glancing back over her shoulder. Once again, she was struck by how oddly smug she felt. It wasn't like her to feel like this, surely. But one second she had been on the ropes with that one guy, not really knowing what to do...and then the next, Ben had just calmly swooped in and saved her. And right now, she was finding it difficult not to enjoy herself. She just felt so...safe with him.

"You didn't even need to say anything," Eve quickly added. "One look at you and they just...haha...they scattered."

"Yeah, I can have that effect on people," Ben sighed, shaking his head, feigning wistfulness for a moment before regaining his smile. "But you didn't run away!"

"Of course not!" Eve exclaimed incredulously. "Why would I?"

Ben shrugged, not answering, before casually looking around the room as the two of them continued to dance. Eve got the sense that he was trying to be extra-polite, and cognizant of the fact that Jason was watching...oh right...Jason...and Eve was unhappy to discover that, as soon as her boyfriend came up in her mind, she felt her heart sinking a little. He had really made a little ass out of himself, hadn't he? Eve hadn't noticed that kind of streak in him before, just, like...casually, cavalierly putting people down. And his friends, at that! And now her heart was sinking even more as she realized that he was probably watching them from the shadows, getting sour, getting jealous...the whole shebang. She certainly was not looking forward to later, when he'd probably start complaining, asking why she had slow-danced with Ben. But she didn't need to explain herself! She could dance with whoever she wanted to! And, if it really came to it, Ben was the one who had come in to rescue her from that muscled douchebag. She felt herself squirming unpleasantly inside, realizing that Jason probably hadn't stepped in because he was too intimidated.

"Well anyway, thanks for rescuing me," chuckled Eve, resolving to quit ruminating on all this stuff and just enjoy her few minutes here with Ben.

"Don't mention it," Ben replied, shaking his head kindly. "But I should say that Jason asked me to, you know."

"He...what?" Eve asked, unable to hide her surprise. Ben laughed softly, and Eve felt the reverberations of his laughter through his body.

"Heheh...it's kind of funny," Ben began, "Not that I'm laughing at Jason's expense or anything...it was just kind of a funny situation. So we were standing there against the wall, and

apparently he really, really has to pee, hehe...and then another slow song comes on and of course you get surrounded, looking like...*this*."

His eyes traveled down her figure once, in a short, sweet, and totally harmless communication that he thought she looked good. Eve felt herself blushing. She was deeply flattered by Ben's compliment, almost feeling a little silly for how much it affected her. But she was also annoyed at Jason for...whatever it was that he had done, "setting her up" with Ben. Why on earth would he have wanted to do that, knowing how she...

But Eve had to stop herself right there – of course Jason had no idea how she felt about Ben. Nobody did. In fact, if she was being honest, even SHE didn't really know how she felt about Ben...except that he was very nice, very relaxed, almost...uncannily mature...and very attractive.

"And then, the next thing I know," Ben continued, "Jason's begging me to go dance with you."

"But...why?" asked Eve, confused.

"Oh well I had mentioned that we had met and had a couple nice conversations," Ben replied, "So...heh, Jason thought he could use me to help stave off all the thirsty dudes while he went to the bathroom."

Eve was stunned. She had been totally wrong – Ben hadn't taken it upon himself to ask her to dance. It had been Jason's "plan" all along. And she was surprised when her first emotion was disappointment...that Ben hadn't asked her to dance on his own accord. But quickly following up this initial emotion was irritation...and even anger, at Jason. Because Eve understood it all now. In his desperation to have her not dance with someone else, Jason had asked Ben to "fill in," and the reason why he had asked him was because he had no idea how she felt about Ben. He thought Ben was awkward, plodding, and unattractive, and wouldn't for a second have dreamed that she would have thought otherwise. She couldn't hide her anger now, and her face twisted up in a sour expression.

"Yeah, sorry Eve," Ben smiled gently, "Didn't mean to play a part in the conspiracy. But to be fair, he did seem pretty desperate, and I would have felt like an asshole if I hadn't...you know, helped him out."

"No it's...it's not you," Eve replied, shaking her head before looking up into his eyes again.

"You're...you're *fine*, Ben. If I look miffed it's...ugh, don't worry about it. It's just my boyfriend."

"Well, again, to be fair," Ben mused calmly, evidently enjoying the conversation, "His plan worked, didn't it? I mean, you're not getting hounded by that little hotshot anymore, right?"

"Little!?" exclaimed Eve, grinning. "What? That guy was huge!"

"Didn't seem that big to me," Ben shrugged with a twinkle in his eye, "And anyway, you're a few inches taller than him in those heels...speaking of which...I gotta say, *great* choice. I always love to see taller women rocking heels."

"Aw thaaaanks," Eve beamed. She felt her negative emotions blown away like smoke in the wind. Why did she have to focus on the irritating stuff? It was so much better just enjoying this

interaction. "I've gotta give my friend Lauren the credit – she gave them to me a couple weeks ago."

"Oh really?" inquired Ben curiously. "Just out of the blue?"

"Yeah!" nodded Eve, smiling. "She's...she's just like that. Sometimes she just gives me stuff."

"Sounds like a great friend to have," Ben remarked. But just then, Eve had started giggling to herself.

"What?" asked Ben, cracking a grin himself to see the usually-composed Eve in a fit of giggles, "What's so funny?"

"I was actually just remembering," Eve explained, shaking slightly from her laughter, "That she had told me she had a present for me over the phone, and then I expected it to be a sex toy."

"Ohhhh so she's like that, huh?" Ben chuckled. "If I had known her a few months ago I could've hooked her up."

"What...what do you mean?" asked Eve, very interested.

"Well I actually worked in a sex shop over the summer," laughed Ben.

"You...wow...!" was all Eve could say. Ben just got more and more fascinating – beneath that easy, calm, carefree exterior, Eve felt like she could only begin to imagine what secrets he was hiding. She found herself wondering about what he and Rose, his ex-girlfriend, had been like together...what they had done together, why they had split up...and then her mind was almost tumbling in on itself as she imagined what Ben's gay experiences must have been like, and what it had been like working in a sex shop, and on and on and on. She wanted to ask him so many questions about so many different things that she ended up not being able to say anything at all. All she could do was look up at him, smiling, as her eyes searched over his face, trying to understand him.

"Yeah it was...it was an interesting experience, to say the least," Ben grinned, having met her eyes for a few seconds before looking tactfully away. Eve understood that he was making an effort not to get too intimate with her, and she appreciated that. But she *wanted* that connection.

"Maybe, uh...maybe I can tell you some stories about it sometime," Ben continued, "If you'd be interested."

"Oh god, yes," Eve nodded emphatically, "I'd love to hear about it all. That and...and everything else. I uh, heh, I feel like we got cut off at lunch earlier today, right when everything was getting interesting!"

"Riiight, right," Ben nodded appreciatively. He paused for a moment, looking out across the dance floor, and then glanced back down at Eve, arching his eyebrow as he studied her face. "You know, Eve," he said slowly, a slight smile detectable under his bushy beard, "I'm actually kind of a private guy..."

Eve blinked and stopped her “slow-dance” movement as an ice-cold shot of fear went through her. Oh no...had she gone too far? Had she been pushing him too hard about his personal life?

“Oh Ben...I’m...I’m so sorry!” she began, but then, she suddenly felt warm, firm pressure on her lower back. It was Ben’s hands, tightening ever so slightly around her waist, as he gently shook her with the slightest of movements. But it was enough to reassure her...well, that and the bright, genial expression on his face, which told her that she was in the clear.

“Nooo, no don’t worry,” he smiled reassuringly down at her, “I was just going to say that I’m a pretty private person, but somehow when we’re talking I just feel...I don’t know...super-relaxed.”

“I feel the same way!” replied Eve, an immense wave of relief and gladness passing over her.

“So I think that’s why I’ve been able to talk about all that stuff,” Ben continued. “It’s not like I go around talking about it all the time to everyone, but with you, heh...it just seems natural.”

“Well that’s...that’s great!” Eve laughed, now visibly blushing. Goodness, was she really getting all hot and bothered because of a simple compliment!? “I...uh...that’s what I want to hear. I really like talking with you and would love to do it more often.”

“Same,” Ben replied, nodding pleasantly. “I don’t know...what time do you usually eat at the dining hall?”

“Okay so, let’s see...” Eve began, tightening her hands around his neck as she stepped a little closer to him, loving how easy all this was. “Monday, Wednesday, Friday...I’ve got back-to-back classes that go from 10 to 2, so I kinda just eat a snack in between...”

“Oh damn!” Ben remarked, “That’s a hefty chunk of class – and three times a week!”

“And all that’s after Abstract Algebra early in the morning,” Eve giggled.

“Wow...abstract algebra...” Ben mused, his eyebrows going up. “I didn’t even know that existed. I thought there was only one kind of algebra: the one I barely passed in high school.”

“Psssh...come on,” Eve chuckled, but then got a little more serious. “I mean...I’m sure it wasn’t that hard for you!”

“No, it was!” laughed Ben, his deep mirth seeming to course through Eve’s body, “I mean, I guess part of the problem was that I only went to class like half the time, but –”

“What!?” exclaimed Eve, “You didn’t go to class??”

“Heheh...not much,” chuckled Ben, once again seeming to enjoy Eve’s reactions, “At least, not much the first two years. Junior year I kinda had a...I don’t know...”

Eve blinked up at him, smiling, waiting patiently as he searched for his words. It was so interesting to her how Ben talked – even now, when he wasn’t quite sure how to put something, his tone and demeanor were slow and deliberate...calm...and just seemed to radiate this quiet confidence. She was deeply fascinated by him.

"Let's just say I had a series of wake-up calls," he finished, winking down at her, "That set me on some semblance of a stable path."

"You certainly seem stable to me," Eve observed.

"Well yeah, I definitely feel that way now," Ben agreed. "But the first two years of high school..." – and here he intoned in a low whistle – "Whheeeewww...I was kind of a hellraiser."

As had become the norm with Eve when she was around this man, her mind was almost falling over itself, wondering about the possibilities. Hellraiser!? What did he mean by that? Did he get into trouble with, like...the law? Had he been arrested before?? How tall had he been as a high school freshman? What were those "wake-up calls" that he had experienced? There were so many questions that, once again, Eve was reduced to silence. She was finally able to manage something, albeit in a distant, almost dreamy kind of tone:

"I've gotta hear about all this..." before adding, in a clearer voice as she looked up into his eyes, "Has anyone ever told you that you're absolutely fascinating?"

"No!" he laughed, his whole body shaking with amusement, "They haven't!"

"Well...you are," Eve said, almost defiantly. She had no idea if it was true or not, but she suddenly felt the realization that Ben hadn't had a lot of support in his life, and that maybe his easygoing self-esteem had been hard-won, rather than endowed to him by his family...like hers had been. She felt pity for him, but that was easily overshadowed by another, far more powerful and simple emotion. She tightened her hands around his neck again, and stepped a bit closer once more, so that their bodies were almost touching.

"I *like* you, Ben," she declared simply, looking him straight in the eye. She wasn't smiling, or giggling, or being girlish now. She was just stating a fact that she wanted him to hear: the easiest and most natural thing she had said in months. Ben met her gaze, not blinking, and his eyes seemed to search hers for a moment before his big, bushy eyebrows went up, and his beard creased upward in another one of his big grins.

"I like you too!" he replied, the cheery warmth and amusement in his voice notwithstanding the sincerity of his response. She felt his hands squeeze her sides slightly, before respectfully relenting. He knew just how to touch her...without it being awkward or weird. Eve sighed, smiling up at him before looking out at the array of couples on the dance floor. They all seemed far, far below her and Ben...because they were. The tallest people were at least a few inches shorter than her, and most people were a good foot or so beneath her. It was just her and Ben, way up above everyone together...and it was nice.

"Aaaaaaall right everyone," came the sudden, loud sound of the DJ's voice as the song came to an end, "Let's hear it for the tallest couple in the history of our social! See? Everyone finds their someone!"

Both Eve and Ben quickly parted, embarrassed, though Eve's arm was still hanging on Ben's shoulder, and his right hand was still around her waist. All around them, people broke out into applause, smiling up at the towering couple, and both of them, after sharing a humorous look, just stood there, looking around, enjoying the adulation. Normally, Eve would have been deeply

embarrassed to be called out like this for her height, with the attention of an entire packed hall directed at her. But somehow, standing there with Ben, with all those people far down below, she didn't mind. She felt safe.

"Hahaha ooooo, finally!" came a small voice from far down below. Eve felt her mood change instantly. Looking down, her hand sliding heavily off Ben's shoulder, she saw Jason standing there, staring up at them, a big grin on his face.

"Bathroom line took for-fucking-EVER!" he laughed, shaking his head, "But wow, Ben...my man...thanks for coming in as a sub for me, heheh!"

Eve recoiled slightly at Jason's tone. It seemed out of place, and, even though she usually didn't mind bad language, his use of it just now annoyed her. And then she felt her insides writhe uncomfortably as she saw Jason hold his fist up to Ben, clearly expecting him to fist-bump him...like he had just done his 'bro duty.' In that moment, for the second time that night, it hit Eve just how physically small her boyfriend was. She had always seen him as big and muscular, and...well, he was...kinda. But standing 11 inches below her now, and standing next to Ben...there didn't seem to be anything big about him. And his behavior certainly wasn't helping.

"Eheh..." chuckled Ben, reaching out, ignoring the offered fist bump, and giving Jason a friendly pat on the back (which shook Jason's whole body), "Happy to fill in, Jason."

"I hope that wasn't too painful!" Jason laughed, turning to Eve and looking up at her.

"...What?" she asked blankly. There was no way he could be saying what she thought he was saying.

"I mean...slow dancing with Ben here!" Jason grinned, stepping aside and giving Ben a more energetic slap on the back (and Eve noticed that Ben's body didn't move an iota in response). "It was just for a few minutes, Eve...just to chase those other guys away."

Eve blinked down at her boyfriend, stunned. He really meant it. He really thought he was THAT far above Ben, in terms of attractiveness, in terms of...everything! And he was just making an exhibition of himself, right there in front of Ben, in the most embarrassing, cringiest way possible. Eve had been blushing with pleasure less than a minute before, but now the color in her cheeks was from anger. In a flash, she decided that she didn't need to take this kind of behavior. She just had to...to get away. Turning calmly to Ben, she met his eyes and gave him a big, warm smile.

"How about lunch in the dining hall on Tuesday?" she asked. "Would that work for you?"

Ben, who had been handling Jason's behavior with his characteristic easy grace, smiled back at her. Eve registered that, with the two of them talking like this, it was almost like Jason didn't exist. He was just physically so far below them

"Okay," he nodded, "That sounds great Eve. I'll look forward to it."

Eve gave him another affectionate smile, and she almost stepped forward to give him a big hug. But she surmised, correctly, that this would have put Ben in an awkward situation, more

awkward than he was already in, and so she just stared at him for a couple more seconds before tearing herself away with a quick “See you then!” and strode straight past Jason, her heels clacking against the dance floor.

“Hey!” Jason called after her, “Where’re you going?”

After a few strides, Eve whipped around, facing Jason down. He had been following her and was taken aback by her sudden movement. She was positively looming over him, and she did not look happy.

“I’ve had all the fun I’m gonna have here tonight, Jason,” she declared, putting a big hand on her hip while she took out her phone. “And now, I’m leaving.”

Jason blinked up at her, bewildered, before sputtering:

“B-But...I...I mean...all right, I guess...you seem kinda pissed all of a sudden...was it...oh man, it wasn’t something Ben said, was it?”

“No!” Eve exclaimed, not believing her boyfriend could be so clueless. “It wasn’t anything Ben said! I...I just need some time alone, okay?”

And she turned on her heel and strode away, leaving Jason there with his hands outspread, wondering what had gone wrong. A moment later, Eve was outside, breathing in the cool night air, staring up at the cloud-flecked stars as she listened to the dial tone on her phone.

“I saw you, girl,” Lauren’s amused voice echoed out on the other end. “Dancing with that guy...”

“Yeah...about that...” Eve began, but then stopped, not knowing what to say. She sidestepped two guys who were ogling her, trying to say something up at her. But she didn’t hear them; they were easy to tune out, so far below her.

“I thought you might call me later,” Lauren said. “Where are you now?”

“Outside on the steps,” Eve replied.

“Okay, I’ll come meet you there,” Lauren chuckled. “Look, I know you aren’t really a party girl...yet...heh...but I’ve got a fifth of Wild Turkey back at my dorm...wanna get drunk?”

Eve felt so thankful for Lauren that she almost started crying. She had only been drunk twice in her life, and right now, that sounded like exactly what she needed.

“Lauren...” she said into her phone, “Oh my god...that sounds...perfect. I hope you’re ready because, I’ve...yeah...we’ve got a lot to talk about.”

Chapter 18

"Whoa...take it easy there!" chuckled Lauren, taking the bottle of whiskey from Eve, who had just gulped down a huge swig and was now coughing and sputtering as she sat cross-legged on Lauren's bed. "I thought you said you had, like...zero alcohol tolerance."

"That's right, zero," Eve coughed, shaking her head as her eyes teared up from the whiskey. "I just...ugghhhhh...I *really* just wanna be drunk right now."

"Okay then, let's get drunk!" laughed Lauren, taking a slower, longer swig, without any of the ensuing coughing afterward, "But I'm gonna make you pace yourself, okay? There's "good drunk," and then there's "sloppy drunk," and trust me, "sloppy drunk" is hardly ever worth it."

"Sloppy drunk sounds *nice*," Eve sighed, allowing herself a moment of child-like impatience as she smacked her knees with her hands. She was still wearing her gorgeous, sparkling white dress, but had taken off her heels, which sat in the corner next to the impressive collection of Lauren's tall boots.

"No, it doesn't," Lauren countered, holding the bottle back as Eve stretched out her arm out for it again, grasping cartoonishly with her fingers, "Although, I gotta admit...I sorta enjoy seeing you like this."

"You enjoy seeing me miserable?" Eve whined, privately enjoying that she was comfortable letting loose like this with Lauren. She felt completely safe with her friend.

"Not miserable," Lauren replied, "It's just that you're always so straightlaced...and you've been like that as long as I've known you. Getting straight A's, never getting into trouble, never going out..."

"Hey! I...I went out some in high school!" Eve protested, making another playful grasp at the whiskey bottle, which Lauren kept away from her.

"I mean, aside from going out with Jason to the Steak and Shake every couple weeks?" Lauren smirked, raising an eyebrow. Eve opened her mouth to reply, but then closed it, letting her shoulders sink as she lowered her gaze to Lauren's bed. The mention of Jason's name had wrested her back into the unpleasant reality of her situation, and reminded her again why she was at Lauren's to begin with, and not at the dance.

"I'm just saying," Lauren continued, her voice softening a bit as she saw Eve's disposition change, "That it's nice seeing you cut loose a little. I think you could use some nights like these, where you just kinda let yourself go. It's good for the brain, you know."

"Chugging whiskey is good for the brain?" Eve remarked dryly, glancing at Lauren sardonically.

"Hey, our brains are complicated," Lauren replied, shrugging, "So who's to say? Anyway, forget the chugging whiskey part, it's still important to – hey!"

Eve had caught Lauren by surprise, shooting her arm out and grasping the whiskey bottle with her big hand. Lauren was quite strong, stronger than Eve, and heavier, but Eve had bigger hands and longer fingers...and...actually, as both of them now realized, Lauren wasn't actually

stronger by much. Lauren was holding onto the top of the bottle, and Eve was grasping the lower, thicker part, and for a few seconds, the two of them engaged in a playful tug-of-war. In the process, Lauren's eyes flitted over Eve's outstretched arm, and her eyebrows creased together.

"Dammmn, girl!" she exclaimed.

"What?" Eve asked, pausing her tugging motion.

"Your arm!" Lauren said, nodding down. "You've been working out!"

"Huh? Oh...yeah, I have," Eve replied, glancing down at her forearm. For a few seconds she just stared, blinking at the comparison between her arm and Lauren's. Aside from the developing effects of the alcohol, her brain felt like it was catching up to something. Eve had always thought of Lauren as an amazon, a big, powerfully-built girl who intimidated most guys with her size, strength, and confidence. Somewhere in her own mind, Eve was still a rather mousy young woman, taller than her 5'10 friend, yes, but much smaller, and definitely weaker. But as she stared down at their arms lined up next to each other, the difference in size wasn't immediately clear.

"I mean, I had noticed before, of course," Lauren said, staring down at the comparison as well, "But when you flex your forearm like that...here, do it again..."

Eve did, and Lauren's eyebrows went up.

"Fuck...I think your arm's just about as big as mine!" she laughed, relenting and letting Eve have the bottle.

"I don't, uh...I don't know," Eve said absently, adjusting her legs in her cross-legged position as she took another swig from the bottle. "Maybe...I mean, uhm...I have gained some weight recently."

"Mhm, and it looks GOOD," Lauren declared, nodding. "REAL good."

"Thanks," Eve sighed, handing Lauren the bottle back as she stared at the wall. "Like, if I'm being honest, I'm pretty happy with how I've been looking recently. All that working out, and all that food...heh, it makes me feel great."

"That's your body thanking you," Lauren said. "We're not supposed to be starving ourselves. College is a time to grow into ourselves, to become *women*, to get THICK."

Eve glanced up at Lauren, and both of them shared a laugh.

"I weighed myself just the other day," Eve said, looking down and playing with her glittering white dress. "I'm up to 160 now."

"160! Nice!" smiled Lauren encouragingly. "Just a few more months of heavy squats and pull-ups and whatnot...and a fuck ton of food...and you'll be neck and neck with me!"

"How much do you weigh again?" Eve asked, her eyes going over her friend's solid voluptuous frame.

“183 this morning,” Lauren replied proudly, sticking out her chest, “Although that was before all the food I shoveled in, so probably more like 185 now. Actually here, I got a scale in the bathroom, lemme check.”

Lauren hopped off the bed and bounced off into the bathroom, while Eve used the opportunity to snag the bottle and have another healthy swig. Lauren came back a moment later with the scale and set it down on the floor, letting it toggle before she stepped on it.

“Alright Eve, seriously, I’m cutting you off – no more whiskey for thirty minutes,” she said, “And here, drink that glass of water I got you by the table. You’ll thank me in the morning.”

“Ugh, fiine,” Eve sighed, rolling her eyes as she did what Lauren said.

“Maybe we can even order some food later,” Lauren continued, looking down at the scale.

“Eating a nice, big, fatty meal helps with the hangovers too.”

“Oh my god yes pleeeeeease,” Eve assented. “Mac and cheese...no wait, loaded crazy fries from Darento’s...no wait, a double cheeseburger!”

“Why not all three?” grinned Lauren, stepping off the scale and patting her belly (she was wearing a tight blue dress, and looked pretty good herself), “And anyway, I’ve been trying to get up to 190, and so this might be the night. I already weigh 187, apparently.”

“Wow, really?” Eve asked, feeling strangely excited to hear that Lauren weighed a bit more than expected. “It looks great on you...here, lemme see what I weigh now.”

She bounded off the bed and stepped on the scale while Lauren tilted around and collapsed back onto her bed. Eve was appreciating all the distractions – she had already vented to Lauren about how rude Jason had been to Ben, and how shocked Eve had been by his behavior, and how it fit into an unfortunate pattern that she had been noticing the past few weeks. But even though she was enjoying the diversion right now, she knew that the two of them would have to go back to talking about Jason, even though she didn’t really want to. She was disconcerted and confused by his behavior...but even more confusingly for Eve were the deluge of feelings that she was having, and had been having, about Ben. His huge, shaggy, smiling face rose up in her mind, a couple inches taller than her, even when she towered over everyone else at 6’7 in those heels...she could feel his huge hands around her waist, strong and confident...they fit her curves perfectly, like they were puzzle pieces that went together. And their conversation was so natural, so effortless, so interesting, so...

But Eve had to force all of it out of her mind. They hadn’t talked about Ben yet, but she knew that they would – Lauren was going to bring it up. SHE had seen the two of them slow-dancing. But, for the moment, Eve didn’t want to think about it while she was this sober. The reason was simple: she knew that she was strongly attracted to Ben, and that she had already developed feelings for this gigantic man...but she loved Jason and it made her upset to even consider that this was happening.

“What’s it say?” asked Lauren, snapping Eve out of her gloomy reverie. She glanced down at the scale, her vision popping slightly as her brain adjusted to the inflowing flush of alcohol, and was surprised to see the number glowing back up at her in gentle blue.

"It...uh...wow," Eve replied, her eyebrows going up before looking up at Lauren. "163.6."

"Mmmm that's it," Lauren declared, clapping her hands and rubbing them together, "We're ordering from Darento's tonight. We gotta get you up to 165, at least!"

Eve laughed and bounded back onto the bed next to Lauren, feeling oddly elated that she weighed this much now. She looked down at her hips and suddenly smacked her hands down on them, getting two big handfuls of flesh as she jiggled herself playfully.

"So let's see...you're 5'10, 187," Eve mused aloud, as Lauren started ordering a bunch of food on her phone, "So that means that your BMI is, uh...hold up...26.8."

Lauren paused in the middle of the order and looked up, arching an eyebrow at Eve.

"I forgot you were a freak," she stated, causing Eve to smirk playfully. She could feel the alcohol saturating her brain, and it felt good. She wanted to laugh, to show off...to forget.

"Jesus, how do you even do that shit in your head?" Lauren persisted. "So two large mac and cheeses, two large loaded crazy fries, and two double cheeseburgers with all the works?"

Eve nodded eagerly, clasping her hands in front of herself as she kept on:

"Sounds sooooo good...and I don't know, I've always just been able to do math in my head like, super-fast...no idea why...so I'm 6'1, 163, which means my BMI is...21.5. Huh, getting up there!"

"Getting up there...please!" Lauren scoffed playfully. "You've got a ways to go before you catch up to the big mama here, baby!"

"Well, like you said," Eve said, smiling, "We're in college now, so it's time to get thick!"

"Mhm!" nodded Lauren. "Okay, order placed. Food should be here in like 45 minutes."

"Yessss!" Eve sighed, rolling her eyes. "Oh my god, I'm just tipsy now and I already can't wait."

"But yeah," Lauren continued, "Being thick rules. Seriously. Every movement, every step you take, you can really just FEEL the weight moving around. So many girls have been trained to hate that feeling, but they're just missing out. Really, Eve, you've always had a big frame – I bet if you kept working out and eating a bunch, you could get up to 200 by next year."

"200!" Eve laughed. "Oh geez...I don't know if I'd want that..."

"Oh my god, you wouldn't be able to keep the dudes off you!" Lauren exclaimed. "A 6'1 bombshell? Sporting over 200 pounds of curves and muscle!? Pssssh, yeah, it'd be game over."

Eve couldn't help but realize that her mind had instantly gone to Ben when Lauren had mentioned "keeping the dudes off her." If she was dating Ben, THAT would "keep the dudes off her" for sure – who on earth would go up against Ben!? But what came out of her mouth was:

"Jason wouldn't like it...he got insecure the other day, when he realized that he was only like 7 pounds heavier than me."

"Heh, well...by the end of tonight, you might have him beat!" chuckled Lauren, raising up her arms and striking an impressive double biceps pose. Eve smiled back at her friend, but then there was a spell of silence that deepened into something more serious as the two of them, together, thought back to the real reason Eve was over at Lauren's in the first place.

"What should I do, Lauren?" Eve murmured, allowing herself the freedom to sound lost. Lauren looked at her friend hard for a few seconds, blinked, and then stared down sideways at her bed, shrugging her shoulders as she let out a sigh.

"I don't know," Lauren replied softly, before looking back up at Eve, studying her. It was clear to Eve that Lauren had a lot of things on her mind that she was thinking about saying, but wasn't saying because she knew that Eve cared a lot about Jason. On one hand, Eve was grateful for this, but on the other hand, she felt slightly irritated. Eve's more unfettered self, which was becoming more and more pronounced as she got drunker, wanted the hard, unsparing side of Lauren to come out right now. She wanted to hear Lauren finally give her full two cents on her boyfriend...two cents that Eve could guess with a reasonable level of certainty. But she still wanted to hear Lauren say it.

"Come on," Eve said suddenly, making Lauren's eyes snap up to her face, "Just give it to me, Lauren. I'm not going to mind...really, I'm not. You're not gonna hurt my feelings. Tell me what you're thinking."

Lauren was chewing on her tongue with her mouth closed, as her eyes flitted back and forth, scrutinizing her friend's face. There was a slight hint of a smile on Lauren's lips, a smile that perhaps indicated that she was glad this moment had finally come, but she was very far from gloating about anything. She knew that this was a serious night, and a serious moment, for Eve, for a number of different reasons.

"Well," Lauren sighed, staring straight at Eve as she replied, quite bluntly, "I don't think it's gonna shock you how I feel about Jason."

Eve sat there listening, her heart beating a lot quicker than she felt comfortable with right now. This was just Lauren's opinion, after all...so why did it feel like she was passing some kind of overarching, definitive judgement on the situation...the relationship? Yes, Eve trusted Lauren's judgement, but it wasn't like she was deferring some kind of a momentous decision to her friend. So why did it feel that way?

"I know you love him," continued Lauren, "And...you know, I think he loves you too. Yeah, no real doubt there from me."

"But...?" asked Eve.

"But...since you asked me," Lauren persisted, betraying a slight hint of discomfort for the first time, "I'm just gonna say, Eve – I don't think he's on your level."

For a few seconds, neither of them spoke. They just sat there on Lauren's bed, staring at each other. It had been a simple thing that Lauren had said, a sentiment that Eve wasn't at all surprised to hear. But somehow, it felt crucial, pivotal...like it had cracked open a door to some forbidden room that would never be closed again.

"You don't?" Eve asked quietly, disliking the sound of her own timid voice. The truth was that she wanted Lauren to keep going, to keep talking, to keep validating her fears...and she felt a bit disgusted with herself for wanting all this. Simultaneously, though, she felt strangely excited, almost elated, to be hearing these things. It felt like a heavy weight on her mind, which she had only recently acknowledged was even there, was slowly beginning to lighten.

"No Eve," replied Lauren, raising her eyebrows and shaking her head seriously, "I don't. Look, I'm not trying to upset you, or –"

"You're not," said Eve quickly, "You're not...really. I asked your honest opinion. I want to hear it."

"And I'm not trying to tell you what to do, or how to live your life," Lauren continued, "But I've just...I don't know...for a while now it's just been pretty clear to me. And I'm not even talking about that one incident in the gym, you know."

"Oh god..." moaned Eve, rolling her eyes, "I'd forgotten about that..."

"Yeah that was...well, we know what that was," Lauren said shortly, her jaw hardening slightly, "But again, I'm not even talking about that. I just mean in general, over a long period of time. From senior year to now...and ESPECIALLY these last few months, once we came to college."

"So what do you, uhm...what do you *mean* exactly?" Eve asked, staring down at Lauren's comforter and absently playing with it, "When you say he's...you know, not on my level?"

"What do I mean?" Lauren repeated, almost like she was barely able to hold herself back. She took a deep breath. "Where to even start...? Look, this is just what I see, okay? But you asked, so I'm giving it to you straight. I think you're more mature than him. I think you're smarter than him...WAY smarter. I think you work harder than him. I think you're stronger than him."

"Stronger!?" Eve laughed, her voice sounding odd in her own ears. She was trying to make light of something that she knew was very serious, something that was happening right now.

"I mean figuratively," Lauren snapped, her eyes going over Eve's body as she seemed to reconsider, "Though actually...maybe even literally too at this point, who knows? The point is that I think you're just...a stronger person in general. Your ego isn't fragile like his. I've never seen you mope about anything...except for maybe right now, but you have a right to be a little mokey tonight."

"Thanks," Eve chuckled, though she really didn't feel like laughing right now. She was just thankful that she had unleashed Lauren. This is exactly what she had wanted, even though it didn't make her feel very good.

"But Jason," Lauren kept on, "He mopes all the time. ALL the time. And about the stupidest shit too!" She gestured over to Eve's heels in the corner, eliciting a knowing, morose nod from her friend. Eve had forgotten about how Jason had pitched such a fit about her wearing those heels to that dance...or, more accurately, she *hadn't* forgotten. She had just pushed it out of her mind, because contemplating the frailty of her boyfriend's ego wasn't pleasant.

“And when I say you’re stronger,” Lauren continued, “I mean...look – college is a big change for us all, right? It’s not easy. These kinds of situations bring things out in people. What has Jason done here? Moped around, skipped class all the time, whined at you every day, made you feel insecure about your height, insulted William, insulted Ben, made an ass out of himself at the dance...I could go on.”

“But maybe he’s just...I don’t know...he’s having a hard time,” said Eve quietly, feeling like she had to stick up for her boyfriend, even as her heart sank further. “Maybe it’s just, like, an adjustment period.”

“And what have *you* been doing?” asked Lauren, ignoring what Eve had just said, “Crushing the academics, basically running math club, even though you’re just a freshman, killing it in the gym, getting strong and fit...”

“Thick,” blurted out Eve, frowning at the bed.

“Getting thick,” nodded Lauren, “Meeting a whole bunch of new friends, you know, just...okay look, Eve, I’m not just saying this because I’m your friend, but – you’re literally *glowing*, girl. I can see it. You were always super-smart and nice in high school, but here in college you’re just...I don’t know...you’ve really come out of your shell, and you’re just *thriving*. I can see it in your eyes, Eve...I can see it! And I’m really, really happy for you!”

Lauren had taken both of Eve’s hands in her own and was squeezing them, shaking them, emphasizing how much she was trying to get through to her. Eve’s hands and arms shook limply in Lauren’s grasp, as she glanced slightly down at her friend, managing a hint of an appreciative smile. It really did feel good for Lauren to be acknowledging her like this. But behind it all was the upsetting corollary of Jason’s experience compared to her own, and it didn’t make her feel good.

“I don’t want to dump him,” Eve heard herself say, and for the first time, she felt her lower lip beginning to quiver. She bit it, hard. Now was not the time to turn into a blubbering mess. “I think that he’s...that he’s just having a really hard time, and...I don’t know. I think maybe he needs me now more than ever.”

Lauren’s hands relaxed, letting Eve’s go, and Eve couldn’t help but feel like Lauren had done this out of frustration, like this was not what she wanted to hear. If Eve was being honest with herself, these weren’t the words she wanted to hear herself say, either. The thought of nursing and coaxing Jason through college life, holding his hand as she tiptoed around his ego, was not pleasant to contemplate at all. The sight of his little face, so far down below her, idiotically blurting out, ‘I hope that wasn’t too painful...slow dancing with Ben there!’ with that stupid little grin on his face...no, it wasn’t just that he had “idiotically” said that. It was beyond idiocy. Jason really did think that he was more attractive, more desirable...BETTER...than Ben. It was just gross...so gross...and as she dwelled on what he had said, Eve felt her guilt and sadness melting away, increasingly replaced by a vigorous and energetic disgust.

“But I just...I can’t believe he said that shit tonight,” Eve said, continuing her thoughts out loud after a long pause, “About Ben.”

"See, that's just the thing, though," Lauren replied, tilting her head slightly to the side as she looked her friend dead in the eye. "I CAN believe it. Don't get me wrong, it's not a total mystery to me why you've dated him. He can be smart, quick, witty, funny...and he's cute too...nice muscles and all. But Eve...the shit that came out of his mouth tonight...to me, that's not really the exception. It's the rule. Your boyfriend is...kind of a tool. With a big ego. Maybe he could back it up in high school. But that time has passed."

Eve felt an internal push to stick up for Jason again, like she had done a couple times already during the conversation, but she just couldn't bring herself to do it anymore. She was done going through the charade, with Lauren spitting the truth and her trying to save face by halfheartedly arguing against it. That wasn't going to work anymore...not tonight, anyway.

"But...I care about him," she sighed, staring very hard at a corner of Lauren's bed. "I love him."

"I didn't say you didn't," Lauren said simply, shrugging. "I know you're in a tough place right now, Eve...and I'm not pretending like there's some easy choice for you to make. But...you asked for my opinion, so..."

"No, no I know I did," Eve said quickly, seizing Lauren's hands in her own and squeezing them as she stared into her eyes, "And...THANK you, Lauren...okay? Thanks for giving it to me straight. It's...it's what I wanted. I'm not gonna say it was nice to hear but...I think I, you know...kinda needed to hear it."

"Mhm," nodded Lauren seriously, looking her friend up and down, "I think you did too."

Several seconds of silence passed, and the two friends looked at each other, letting the night deepen around them. Eve could feel herself getting rather tipsy, and part of her wanted to just point-blank ask Lauren if she should break up with Jason. But she didn't ask this, first, because she already knew what Lauren would say, and second, because...well...she really had no idea what she was going to do, and it didn't feel right to ask Lauren – who didn't love Jason – what to do. Lauren seemed to sense this conflict in Eve, and said:

"Look, no use stressing too hard about any of this right now – you're already drunk, so –"

"Not *drunnnnnk*," Eve countered, a bit unconvincingly, as she rolled her eyes, "Just *tipssssy*."

"Uh-huh," chuckled Lauren, "Well either way, I was just gonna say, you've got alcohol in your system, so it's not gonna be a good idea to make any big decisions tonight, okay?"

"Mhm yes...thanks for saying that," Eve nodded, squeezing Lauren's hands. "I...yeah, I think I needed to hear that too. That makes me feel...a bit more relaxed."

"Doesn't it?" grinned Lauren, letting Eve's hands drop back onto the bed as she reached over and grabbed a big pillow to hug on her lap. Eve took the time to take another healthy swig from the whiskey bottle, coughing some more as her eyes teared up from the alcohol's intensity. She pushed the depressing, distressing thoughts about Jason back down into her mind, not ignoring them, but just putting them away for now. Lauren's words a moment before had been enormously helpful. Before, Eve had been feeling pressure, totally subconsciously, to make

some kind of decision about her relationship with Jason. To be reminded that she didn't have to that night was liberating, to say the least.

"Uhhh, my phone," Eve mumbled suddenly, moving to reach over for her purse, which was on Lauren's nightstand.

"Whoa, whoa, what're you doing?" Lauren asked, seizing her arm, once again pausing to admire its size.

"Jason's probably been text-bombing me," Eve sighed, feeling like she had everything back under control. "I should reply and let him know that...uhh...that....what?"

Lauren had been shaking her head slowly at Eve, a knowing grin on her face.

"See, this is what I'm talking about," Lauren chuckled. "I know EXACTLY what just happened in your head. When you realized that you didn't have to do anything drastic tonight, you mentally relaxed back into your old routine, which...translation...is babying and indulging your boyfriend's fucking ego!"

Eve just sat there, a bit stunned by Lauren's bluntness.

"He pissed you off tonight!" Lauren continued energetically, reaching over and shoving Eve in the chest. "Big time! And you handled it perfectly! You didn't make a big scene – you just left the dance, and now you're getting drunk with me!"

"The perfect response," remarked Eve dryly.

"Yes, the perfect response!" repeated Lauren. "Now look, are you seriously telling me you WANT to read all the pathetic shit that Jason's probably texted you tonight!?"

"No," said Eve quietly, her shoulders slumping slightly.

"No!" exclaimed Lauren. "So why should you!? What's he done to earn your attention? If you indulge his shit tonight, it's just encouraging him to act like this in the future!"

"What've *you* done to earn my attention?" Eve shot back, even though she was unable to stifle the grin on her own face. She loved having Lauren as a friend. She didn't let anything slide. In response, Lauren simply held up the whiskey bottle and shook it in Eve's face, making Eve take an abrupt swipe at it, which missed, since Lauren pulled it back out of her reach. They were back to tussling for the bottle again.

"How about," Lauren offered, a minute later, after ruefully watching Eve take yet another swig, "You forget your stupid phone for tonight, hmmm?"

"Okay...**hick**...fine," said Eve, hiccuping in between her words. The truth was, she was perfectly happy to not look at her phone. The fact that she had automatically reached for it, after sorting out everything in her head, was a real wake-up call. She really DID baby Jason, didn't she?

"Oh boy, not the hiccups," Lauren laughed. "C'mon...bottle...gimme. No more for you until the food gets here. Seriously. And drink that water! Anyway, like I was saying...how about you

forget your phone...” – and here, she leaned in closer to Eve, gripping her huge pillow in her lap, as she stared straight up into her friend’s face – “And tell me aaaaall about Ben.”