

East of Eve

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 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.

“Mrrrrrggghhhhh!” 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 Two

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. "Hmmmm, 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 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, “thaaaankss!”

“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 Three

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 plain 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 Four

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 needled 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 and over 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 Five

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 the 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 Six

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.”

“Whaaaat?” 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...whooo! 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.”