

Upstairoids



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By Isaac Byrne

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Chapter One — Self-Medicating

Alexis slammed the cover on yet another textbook, her eyes and mind fatigued beyond exhaustion. The thud echoed through the medical library, but it was Thanksgiving weekend and nobody else was around except one international student moonlighting as a librarian. She was asleep behind the desk, and didn't wake up.

Finals were two weeks away. Presently she was preparing for her introductory anatomy class and was trying to learn the carpal system, but she was nowhere close to where she needed to be. "Some Lovers Try Positions That They Cannot Handle," she murmured to herself for the fiftieth time. "So that's scaphoid, lunate, triquetrum, pisiform... pisiform..." She moaned in despair, again unable to retain the next terms. And that was just the names! Forget their function, common disorders, diagnostic techniques...

It was inevitable; she had begun to accept this. She was going to flunk out of med school, forced to retreat back home and live with her mom and step-dad, Carl. She didn't even know what then. Her mother had been a high-school dropout, but a beauty; that had been enough to find her a steady stream of men to help her keep food on the table. Alexis was a mousy little thing, flat-chested, befreckled, with frizzy hair and glasses. She couldn't even find guys willing to study with her, much less anything more intimate.

She had increasingly come to realize she just didn't have the brains to make it through college. Pre-med was a demanding major, of course, but Alexis was getting C's or worse in all of her classes. High school had been easy—she'd just had to work hard, every night, study her butt off, and she'd made straight A's. No problem. College classes, though... it was like her teachers had said. It was hard. Soon her grades would cost her her scholarships, and she couldn't afford it without them. Lord knew her mom and Carl couldn't. She'd go home, and wind up a secretary or assistant night shift manager at Wendy's.

"Scaphoid, lunate... triquetrum... um, pisiform... DAMNIT!" she wailed, pounding a fist on the table.

"Trapezium, trapezoid, capitate, hamate," said a woman's voice over her shoulder.

Alexis spun around, blinking back her tears of despair. Standing behind her was a woman she wouldn't describe as beautiful, though she was; everything about her, however, screamed of raw sex appeal. She had long golden blonde hair, flawless skin, perfectly sculpted dimples framing a million-watt smile, and, currently right about Alexis' eye level, more breast meat than a KFC. They were barely concealed behind a fashionable square-neck sweater that was just south of slutty.

"Oh, sorry—I didn't realize anyone else was in here," she apologized, sniffing.

“Heavens no—I was just out and about seeing what other bibliophiles might be haunting these hallowed halls by night.”

“Bibli... what was that?” Alexis frowned.

“Bibliophiles,” the woman replied. Her voice was a deep, rich purr of a thing; she’d clean up as a phone sex operator. And be the first one to look as good as she sounded. “It means lovers of books. Greek roots, you know.”

Alexis nodded, inwardly wondering if this new word would kick out the ones she’d been studying. “Oh, yeah, that makes sense. But look, I’m in the middle of studying, so if you don’t mind...”

“Mind? I’d think you’d be the one who minded—not meaning to be intrusive, but you seem to be having a difficult time of it.”

Alexis glared at her stack of books. “There’s an understatement for you.”

“I used to have the same problem. I have surface dyslexia, actually —terrible time reading my whole life. Until recently, anyway—I was offered a way out, and ever since then I read all the time, as much as I can.” She sat down on the table; her skirt was tight over her perfectly curved hips, brushing up against Alexis’ arm. She blushed a little at the casual contact.

“A cure? Ma’am, I know I’m not a doctor yet, but I’m pretty sure they haven’t cured dyslexia,” she said, nervous about being wrong. This woman seemed so confident, it was difficult to contradict her.

“Well, it’s not really widely disseminated as yet, nor is the cure specific to that particular neurological disorder,” the woman explained patiently, not without a little condescension. “It’s actually just a simple treatment that helps the brain actualize its dormant potential.”

Alexis’ eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Wait. You’re not talking about...”

“Atroneurinol,” the woman supplied.

“You mean... upstairoids?” Alexis asked.

The woman laughed. “Yes, I’ve heard them referred to by that street name. Clever, in a rather juvenile fashion, the embedded pun.”

“I heard those are really bad for you. Aren’t they dangerous?”

The woman folded her arms across her prodigious chest, the picture of an adult who would brook no nonsense from a child, though she hardly looked much older than Alexis. “Now Alexis, do I look like the sort of person who’s strung out on dangerous drugs?”

Alexis looked at her; her gorgeous looks aside, she indeed seemed very in control of herself. But wait... “How did you know my name?”

“It’s written on the cover of your notebook, and I have high visual acuity. Now answer my question.”

Alexis shook her head. “That’s right,” the woman continued, “I don’t. This simple pill has made me into a new woman, revitalized and invigorated in mind, body and spirit.”

The girl lowered her voice, afraid to be caught talking about drugs even if no one was around to overhear. “So it works as good as they say?”

The woman smiled. “Would you care for a demonstration? Better than the simple assurances of a stranger, no doubt.” She picked up one of Alexis’ textbooks and opened it to a random page, perusing for mere seconds before handing it over to Alexis, open to the same page.

“The third full paragraph down reads...” and the woman recited it, flawlessly. It was a lengthy paragraph full of a bunch of medical jargon about causes of inflammation in the spine, and she didn’t miss a single word. She didn’t even stumble over pronunciations.

“Holy shit!” Alexis marveled as she finished. “That was... that can’t be possible!”

The woman shrugged. “Not even difficult, really, though I feel obliged to share with you that I memorized that in a few minutes before walking over here, carried it over behind my back and set it with your books. You didn’t notice? I thought not.”

Alexis tried let it show on her face how stupid she felt falling for the ruse. “Wow. Well still, that’s not easy to memorize. And a good trick, too—I never would’ve noticed.”

“Not easy for some; for someone whose brain is augmented by atroneurinol, relatively simple. Besides, when I found myself struggling to begin the next sentence, I just read it backwards off the reflection in your glasses,” she said blithely.

“You... but... that’s...” Alexis sputtered, trying to keep up.

The woman went on talking right over her, ignoring Alexis’ sputtering. “Which is not to say that atroneurinol possesses no side effects, either, but I find them not to interfere with my day-to-day, and in many ways they even enhance the experience.”

“Side effects? Like what?” Alexis asked.

The woman sighed, looking offended at having to explain things to a simpleton. “It might have somehow escaped your notice that this is a sales pitch, Alexis. A sales pitch for an illegal controlled substance. And you’re asking the person peddling it to you to outline possible negative consequences? Surely a girl as smart as yourself would prefer to do her own research?” It was phrased as a question, but clearly wasn’t. Still, Alexis mumbled something to the effect of seeing the sense of it.

Alexis stared goggle-eyed as the woman reached down into the vast canyon of her cleavage and produced a tiny scrap of paper. On it was only the name Kendra and a phone number, and nothing else. “Well you pursue your studies, Alexis, do some independent research, and then, if your interest in what I’m offering persists, contact me.”

Alexis said she'd think about it. But deep in her subconscious, her mind was already made up.

Atroneurinol, street name upstairoids, Alexis read, perusing the lengthy article on the FDA's website. She was back in her dorm room, which she had to herself while her roommate Jana was home for break. She took notes out of a habit formed from copious research. It had a photo of the pill and listed a typical dosage in milligrams, a drawing of a man with a pronouncedly large cranium writing complex formulae on a whiteboard.

While the site didn't have conclusive information on the drug's addictiveness, it did note that it seemed to have addictive properties. *Some users continue to abuse the drug despite negative physical and social effects. Upstairoid users spend significant amounts of time and money to acquire additional doses, and some users report withdrawal symptoms.* Nothing damning, to Alexis' mind; after all, some people reported those same kinds of problems with lots of fairly innocuous drugs.

She scrolled down to the section on how it worked. It wasn't written in laymen's terms, but whatever her inadequacies—for now, that is—she could follow it pretty well. It delivered a chemical to the brain that affects different parts of the cerebellum. It causes substantial growth in the frontal lobe, allowing for much greater ability to take in information and building up the brain's powers to pass information from the working memory to the long-term memory areas, as well as helping to recall long-term memories more readily. It also affected the hypothalamus and the attached pituitary gland, producing some of the physical symptoms noted below. Alexis poured over it, intrigued at the prospect of how much more powerful her mind could become.

She read to the end of that section, following several of the supplementary links in the process, and got to the section labeled Side Effects. They were significant, it warned, and she supposed it was unsurprising. Since the brain controlled the entire body, introducing chemicals that targeted the nervous system was bound to have some unintended consequences.

Some of the side effects associated with abuse of atroneurinol include:

- *epidermic and follicular alterations*
- *diminished paranoia*
- *tissue enlargement and reduction*
- *mood swings*
- *voice raising in pitch*
- *submissive behavior*
- *loss of body hair*
- *elevated sex drive*

She frowned at it, wishing they went into more details. What the heck did “diminished paranoia” mean? Was it somehow bad to walk around *not* thinking

everyone was out to get you? Many of these side-effects seemed non-threatening. As for the ones that were a little more troubling, she tried to think if any of them were more frightening than flunking out of college. With a finality, she decided none of these sounded as bad as that, and picked up the phone.

Less than an hour later, she was waiting at the rendezvous spot behind the medical school library. Alexis' scrawny body was wrapped up tight in a heavy coat as she waited, nervous that this could all be some sort of set-up by a scholarship committee to catch her in a misdeed. *Where's the diminished paranoia when you need it?* Her heart was hammering in her chest as she saw Kendra's lithe, sexy body sauntering down the way at an idle pace, clearly unfazed by the clandestine nature of their meet-up. Not only wasn't she wearing a coat, she was dressed like this forty-something degree day was a summer heat wave. Her legs were bared to the point that Alexis had no doubt that if she looked at her from behind she'd see her ass cheeks hanging out of the short shorts she was wearing. Beyond that, nothing but a white tank top with spaghetti straps (and no bra straps to speak of beneath). Her nipples pointed proudly through the thin fabric, and Alexis was incredulous that anyone's breasts could be so large and still defy gravity the way they did.

Clearly, she thought, the woman had put her drug-peddling income into a boob job. As if the rest of her weren't already flawless.

Alexis waved as she got close. "Aren't you freezing?"

Kendra waved a hand dismissively. "I'm perfectly comfortable. I'm parked nearby, and my car has heated seats. Besides, there are Zen techniques I've mastered for controlling my body's response to atmospheric stimuli."

"Oh," Alexis said dumbly, unsure how to respond to that.

"But on to the business at hand. You've decided to improve yourself, Alexis? Very bold of you—and very smart. Not as smart as you'll be soon, but smart."

"Not so fast," Alexis said. "I have some questions."

"By all means, ask them," Kendra offered patiently.

"First off, how do I know what you're offering me is the real thing? No offense, but I don't even know you."

The top-heavy blonde nodded. "Of course. Clearly we lack the sort of equipment, and you likely lack the necessary background in chemistry, to run analytics on my product that would satisfy you. So to the end of building up trust, why don't you just buy a small dosage now and, if you find it to your satisfaction, you contact me again and we'll continue our relationship from there."

Alexis considered a moment, decided it was reasonable enough and agreed. "Next, and I guess pretty important... how much does it cost? I, um, don't have a lot of money."

Kendra frowned slightly. It looked odd on her angelic face. “Well. The smallest quantity of atroneurinol I deal in is a two-week supply. That’s fourteen pills at \$40 per pill.” She tired of watching Alexis attempt the mental math in a few second. “\$700.”

Alexis tried not to let it show on her face that that sum represented most of the money she had to last her through the end of the semester. She certainly couldn’t afford to keep buying more at that rate. Her heart sank. “I can’t swing that much. I wish I could, but... I just don’t have enough. Sorry to have wasted your time.”

As she turned to shuffle away, Kendra put a restraining hand on her shoulder. “Hold on now, Alexis. That price is for the premium, top-of-the-line 0% impurity version of the drug. That’s the one I take. But it’s not the only one. I certainly recommend the best, but... well, a Mercedes isn’t the automobile for every budget. I also deal in another variety... it’s not as pure so the effects won’t be as immediate, but it’s still a substantial improvement over none at all.”

Alexis turned back to look at her, hope returning. “How much is that one?”

“Two-week supply, \$300. I usually charge a bit more, but perhaps a discount is in order for a product not so highly recommended, to a new client whose trust I’ve yet to earn.”

The desperate girl clapped her hands gleefully at the news, and hurriedly fished the money out of her purse, handing it over without reservation. The only thought in her head was of a triumphant finals week. Kendra fished a hand into her interior jacket pocket and brought out a ziploc baggy of little pink pills. They didn’t look like they had on the website, but then, Alexis just figured that was the purer brand.

Kendra smiled. “Now remember, just one pill a day. This is a psychotropic chemical, so it may take three to four weeks before results are noticeable. Be patient.”

Alexis started. “Three to four weeks! By then, finals will be over! I need the boost now!”

“Not my problem, Alexis.” Kendra shrugged disinterestedly and turned to leave, calling back over her shoulder. “You want more, you give me a call.”

Alexis swallowed the first pill the minute she got home, though she was still fuming. Minutes ticked by, but she felt nothing. Obviously. This was so unfair! She needed results *right now*. She paced back and forth angrily, though she didn’t know at what or who. It wasn’t Kendra’s fault she hadn’t asked before she’d paid. It wasn’t the drug manufacturer’s fault it didn’t act more quickly. There was no one to be mad at, which just made her madder.

It was at least an hour before she calmed down enough to start thinking it through, and from there, it was only a few minutes of deliberation before she swallowed another pill. Then another, just to be sure. Would four really be so bad? If it took four weeks and she wanted to feel it in one... what the hell. She popped another.

To establish a baseline, she found an online memory test that seemed serviceable enough; it randomized words and asked her to repeat them in order after a delay, rating test-takers on their speed and accuracy. She scored a 103, whatever that meant; a spreadsheet was quickly prepared to record the data as days passed. Overnight nothing terrible happened from the pills, so the hopeful girl did the same thing the next day, and again the day after. Her scores went up slightly to a 105 Saturday and 106 Sunday, though she was pretty sure that was just from repetition of the task. Still, it gave her some hope.

Jana returned home late Sunday night. They exchanged superficial chit-chat about how their Thanksgiving weekends had gone, then turned in for the night. They weren't very close, and had been matched as roommates randomly. Jana was attractive, a bit striking, really; her parents had emigrated from somewhere in eastern Europe, and she had just enough of an accent to pass for exotic while still seeming white enough to not be categorized as Other). They had no overlap in social circles. Jana would be pledging a sorority and her friends were like-minded stereotypical college party-girls; Alexis hadn't been invited to anything as exotic as a coffee hour, and didn't have time in her study schedule for parties anyway.

"What's with these?" Jana asked, inspecting the small handful of remaining pills in the baggy.

Alexis started in surprise. How could she have been so careless as to leave them lying out? "They're, uh, they're..." she stalled, mind racing, trying to think of what she might need pills for. "They're for acne," she lied. Jana was forever encouraging her to do something about her complexion. And come to think of it, it had cleared up nicely over the weekend. "I have a friend who works in the dermatology school—it's the latest thing, not even on the market yet."

Jana looked surprised, though if Alexis were guessing, more at the mention of Alexis having a friend than at the secret acne super-drug. "Oh, wow. For a second, I thought you were doing molly or something." She laughed at the very idea of her mousy roommate doing illegal drugs, then stepped up closer and inspected Alexis more closely. "You know, I thought you looked better when I walked in. I couldn't put my finger on it until you said that, but... you look great, Lex."

Alexis bristled inwardly at being called Lex. She *hated* cutesie nicknames. Outwardly though, she smiled. After all, it was a rare compliment on her looks, and it felt good to be a girl and not just a brain with a female body for once.

Monday was another day of frantic note-taking, her hand racing to keep up with her professor's words. It was the second-to-last week before "dead week," when almost all of her classes were canceled to allow students time to prepare for finals and work on final projects. Alexis couldn't be sure, but it felt like there might be some small

difference. She felt like she had a sense of what was important and what could be safely ignored. She felt efficient.

But maybe that was just because she was having a great day. Her hair was normally a frizzy mess that was impossible to tame, but this morning it was lying nice and neat, straighter than she remembered seeing it without a trip to the stylist. Glossier even, maybe. And Jana was right—her skin looked positively divine. She was still freckly of course, but otherwise smooth as a baby’s bottom, nose to toes. She couldn’t help but smile; Jana even offered to let her use her makeup to “ride the high.” Condescending, but it was a good suggestion, so she went ahead and put some on. At one point during her chemistry lecture, she caught a nerdy boy seated near her looking at her! She was momentarily paranoid that she had lipstick on her teeth, but he smiled and blushed when he saw her looking back in a way that clearly communicated his interest. She smiled back; it felt good to be noticed, so it was smart to be encouraging.

Could these be the “epidermic and follicular alterations” the site had mentioned? How could anyone consider it a negative to have great skin and hair?

Still, she did have a bigger problem. At the rate she was taking these pills, she’d run through all fourteen pills already, and that had even been with shortening today’s dosage to a pitiful two. She waited until Jana was out at dinner, then called Kendra.

“Kendra? Hi, it’s Alexis. Look, I was wondering if I could maybe, um, get, um...”

“Nobody’s listening. You want more pills. But I gave you two weeks worth only four days ago—did you lose them?”

Alexis had already prepared her story. “No, but... well, I told my roommate about them and she wants some too. I didn’t think you’d appreciate me sharing your contact information, so I just told her I’d talk to my source.”

“Jana wants some? She didn’t strike me as the type.”

Alexis’ jaw dropped. “What? How did you... you know her? How is that possible?”

Kendra chuckled reprovngly. “You have her listed online as your roommate and you keep your privacy settings too low. I do such inquiries into anyone I do business with. Now I ask again. Jana wanted pills for herself?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. I was worried you’d been overdosing to accelerate the onset and wanted to have me enable you to continue as such.”

How the hell does she...? “No no, nothing like that.”

“Good. Because the impurities endemic to the product I sold you are already prone to more severe manifestations of side effects, and overdosing compounds that effect significantly. You understand what I’m saying, Alexis?”

Alexis glared sulkily. “I understand, but that’s not what’s happening, honest.”

They arranged another meet-up, again behind the medical library. This time Kendra was wearing spandex shorts and a sports bra—in November—and insisted she’d

been at the gym, and some more bullshit about her supposed Zen mastery. The group of young men who'd been obviously following behind her to stare at her bubble butt almost bowled into her when she stopped to talk to Alexis, glowering at the girl for taking away their scenery.

This time, she took out every nickel she thought she could spare, insisting Jana was likewise interested in longevity of the product and wasn't going to quibble over side effects. Even with her current dosage, this should last her through finals. As soon as Kendra had sauntered out of sight, hips swaying like she was being paid by the jiggle, she popped two more pills on the spot with a bottle of water she'd brought with her for the occasion, then one more just to make up for lost time.

Tuesday morning, she noticed two changes bright and early. The first was that her test score was now up to a 115. Already an improvement of nearly 12%! Wait, had she just done that math in her head? She was terrible with math—born and raised with calculators, she was usually helpless without them. It was working!

The second thing she didn't notice until she went to change out of her PJs, and that was that suddenly, her bra didn't fit. She'd worn an A cup ever since her mother had insisted that she start wearing one (unnecessarily, Alexis had thought at the time). Today though... she hadn't even noticed when she'd taken her nightshirt off—really, who checks out their breasts in the mirror every morning?—but as she stripped off the too-tight garment, then a second one just in case the first had just shrunk, she stopped to examine herself in a mirror.

Alexis... had boobs.

Well, there's the "tissue enlargement." Not just the usual two little bumps she called breasts that barely distinguished her from a skinny boy. No, these were boobs. They were nothing to brag about, certainly, but now they stood out from her chest, twin tear drops just big enough to obstruct sight of her toes, as long as she stood straight up. She cupped them gently, surprised to learn they weren't sore like she would have expected. Actually...

It only took a few minutes of playing with them before she was good and wet. They felt incredible—not that she had a lot of experience feeling girls' boobs (no experience at all, really), but just like with her face, her boobs had the same flawlessly smooth baby-soft quality. Her nipples, dark brown bee-stings, stood out large and proud, digging deliciously into her palms as she toyed. She kneaded and groped at her fresh new tit-flesh, imagining that soon—once she had time, when finals were over—she might even be able to find a boy to do this to her. That would be amazing.

For the first time her life, Alexis wished she had a vibrator. She hardly ever masturbated, since it distracted her from her work, and thus had never really had a need for one. Right now though, she was just goddamn horny and wanted a good cum.

Playing with her clit with one hand was a good start, leaving her other free to keep taking advantage of her new boobs, but it wasn't enough.

Jana! Jana had a vibrator—she'd seen it once when she'd left it in her shower caddy. Was it wrong? Was it unclean? Well, to the latter, it took only a quick polishing with hand sanitizer followed by a thorough rinse. The thought came to her instantly—was it the upstairoids? No matter. For the former conundrum, however, she could think of no ethical principle violated by temporarily appropriating her roommate's possession when the object would come to no harm. It might run down the battery a bit, but she decided she'd just buy a new battery for it later and the problem was solved.

The vibrator, a ten-inch blue item Jana had comically written "Papa Smurf" on with a marker, turned on with a soft buzz, and slid into her sopping pussy easily. Her eyes flew open. How could she have been missing out on this? This was incredible! She teased Papa Smurf in and out of herself with one hand while the other mauled her new boobs with a vigor. Occasionally she pulled it out and rubbed it softly against her clit. Nerve endings she didn't know she had fired, jolting straight from her cunt to her dopamine production center.

Every single fucking thing felt so goddamn good.

Alexis had known she'd been moaning, only dimly aware she wasn't being silent, but hadn't registered how much noise she was making until she heard a few cheers coming from the room next door. "You go girl!" came a girl's voice muffled only slightly by the thin wall. And Alexis did—that was a good suggestion. Pleasuring her pussy felt good, harmed no one, and was therefore a logical and intelligent use of one's time. Once she felt herself start cumming, she rode Papa Smurf right through two more orgasms before she lay slack.

She cleaned off Jana's vibrator and replaced it, then popped four more pills. Those wonderful, beautiful little pink pills!

She wrapped a towel around herself and made for the shower. Her next-door neighbor's door was open, and she saw Terri grinning knowingly at her as she went by. "Alexis? I thought sure that was Jana."

Alexis stopped, blushing bright red. "Sorry about that. I don't know what came over me."

"Hey, I've always thought you should unwind a little. Seriously, it's good for you to cut loose a bit, enjoy yourself."

Alexis considered that advice. *I should unwind a little. Cut loose a bit. Enjoy myself.* It made sense. Her brain was beginning to function better, and so with her time likely to be more impactful to the goal at hand, she had more available time to have some fun. She realized, then, how easily Terri's offhand remark had sunk into her mind, and worried for a moment—could this lead somewhere bad?

Meh.

She filed away Terri's advice, and with another apology, got cleaned up.

She didn't wind up wearing a bra that day. Hers were now too small and Jana's were too big (even if they were the sort of roommates who shared clothes). With the help of a pair of scissors and a how-to video on youtube, she cut one of her t-shirts to show off her new-found cleavage, and put on the tightest jeans she owned. (Are these a little snug in the hips?)

And it felt good, cutting loose a little. She enjoyed it.

Chapter Two — Side Effects Include Diminished Paranoia...

Classes that day went outstandingly. Alexis found herself making connections between the lectures and previous information she hadn't even known she'd retained. One of her professors complimented her on her contributions—he had to ask her name, as she'd never so much as raised her hand before except to ask them to explain something more slowly. In another class, one she had a B+ in already, she challenged herself to take her notes in Spanish—she hadn't studied it in over a year, but today, she was remembering it with uncanny clarity. It was far from perfect, but it was passable, and that she could even attempt it was encouraging.

Moreover, the upstairoids seemed to be manifesting social benefits as well! She had taken Terri's advice and gone to class sporting her newfound cleavage and rocking a pair of skinny jeans, and was enjoying the attention they got her tremendously. The atroneurinol's side effects included elevated sex drive; usually this would have been an unwelcome diversion, but she was retaining information with such comparative ease that today it was no bother at all. The nerdy boy who had been taking notice of her on Monday was now positively distracted. Alexis had no trouble paying attention to the professor while she checked her makeup with her phone's camera and applied a fresh layer of lip gloss, puckering and making alluring faces into it to tease him.

After class, the boy approached her—a boy! He wasn't the cutest, medium height and rather scrawny, neither handsome nor ugly and not well-dressed. Still, he was interested in her, and for now that was more than enough. The morning's frenzied masturbation had just gotten her pilot lit, and now just feet away from a life-support system for a penis, her nipples hardened like daggers beneath her top just looking at him.

“Hey—Alexis, right?” the skinny boy asked.

He knows my name! “Yeah, and you're...”

“Greg. Say, would you maybe want to get together and study some for the final?”

It was strange to be simultaneously disappointed and flattered that he was interested in her brain; the itch in her vagina rumbled irritably at the thought it might not get scratched even as her brain purred at the implied compliment. But... maybe she could satisfy both? “Sure, that sounds great. How about tonight? Your place?”

“Oh, um, sure.” He sounded surprised at the aggressive time table. “Eight o'clock?”

“It's a date,” she said. The nerd blushed at her phrasing as he wrote down his address for her.

As she made her way back to her dorm that afternoon, she got a little thrill as she heard someone wolf whistle behind her. She turned to see some smug frat guy smirking at her. “Shake your money maker, baby!”

Alexis rolled her eyes at the neanderthal's crudeness; still, it wasn't a bad suggestion as she thought about it. She was horny—there was no sense denying it. Maybe it was the drug, or maybe just the by-product of her boring sexless college lifestyle, but she was. If she wanted to do anything about it, she needed to learn how to attract men. She didn't have Kendra's Barbie-body, or Jana's combination of good looks and sexual worldliness. With a little effort, Alexis practiced walking like she'd seen women do in movies, one foot in front of the other. Even in her tight jeans, her trim butt was bouncing like it was going through its own mini-earthquake. She took two laps around campus to practice until she was satisfied with the results and that she could keep it up at length.

An increasing number of her peers were emboldened to voice their appreciation, which gave her yet another chance to experiment whether winks, blowing kisses, high-pitched giggles, or a feigned look of outrage worked best to encourage them. Really, all of them seemed to result in about the same level of male attention.

She had a couple hours back home at the dorm before her date; she buried her nose in the study materials for the final so she wouldn't need to waste as much of the study session in actual studying. (If Greg wound up under-prepared, that was his problem.) She took her daily online test; her score was up to a nice even 125, up ten points just from yesterday! Taking the upstairoids was the best plan she'd ever had. She whistled and pranced her way down to the shower.

Beneath the jets of hot water, all her hair beneath the neck rinsed off.

She'd been planning on shaving her legs, as it had been months since she'd done so, but it was one more gift from the miracle of upstairoids! She'd hardly had any hair on her arms anyway, but on her pussy... she hadn't had a hairless cat since she'd first grown pubes in fifth grade. Down the drain it went. She spent some time touching the area—it felt smooth, and even if it maybe looked a little too innocent, it would at least send the message that she was someone who was spending time tending to her thatch, which a girl would logically only do if she intended it to be seen. This would tell Greg she was intrigued by the prospect of sex with him, she hoped. The touching made her even more aroused, but she decided she'd wait to see if she could convince her date to take care of it. If not, she could always take another shower after and have a good hard cum.

Jana was home by the time she got back, idly texting in her bed, only barely acknowledging her roommate's return. That is, until Alexis dropped her towel and started looking for something to wear. "Holy... Alexis, your... you're... you look... damn, girl!"

Alexis stopped to look at herself in the mirror. Small wonder Jana was so stunned—she was, in all honesty, somewhat stunning, at least in comparison to the reflection that usually greeted her. Her wet hair hung down her back, and she was sure now that her hunch was right—it had grown several inches in the past few days, and was

no longer the thin, limp mess it had been. Her skin had not only been cleared of blemishes, but even her freckles were diminished to the point of being barely noticeable. Her cheekbones looked more pronounced—an illusion from the skin alterations? or could atroneurinol be altering bone structure?—and her once-nonexistent dimples now stood out as beacons of adorableness.

And of course, there were her breasts and behind. She had the quintessential girl-next-door body, petite but unmistakably sexy. Had she always looked so cute but just never noticed it until the drug gave her a little confidence boost, or was she really so changed? Either way, she owed full credit to the little pink pills.

She tore her eyes away from the vision in the mirror and smiled gratefully at her roommate. “Thanks!” she chirped, digging through her underwear drawer for a cute pair of panties.

“Seriously. You look so... amazing. Is that all from those pills?” She sounded incredulous. Preposterous, Alexis thought, as Jana was already one of the most attractive girls in their hall. She felt good about the changes in herself, but she didn’t for a moment think she was the equal of her roomie.

“Maybe? I’ve been on a new diet, too,” she lied evasively.

“Well it’s amazing. I mean, even your, um, chest looks bigger” she said as Alexis struggled to squeeze a pair of lacey pink boy-cut panties onto a butt that no longer wanted to fit into the inelastic garment. “So, you got a big date tonight?”

Alexis grinned and told her about Greg and how he’d asked her out after class. It felt superficial to be gossiping about boys, the sort of thing she associated with girls of lesser seriousness of academic purpose, but perhaps it would broaden her horizons to a college experience that had thus far eluded her.

“Nervous?” Jana asked.

“Well,” Alexis admitted bashfully, “yeah, I guess. It’s... been a while. Any hot tips?” Jana went out with lots of boys; she was a good source of information for this kind of thing.

“Well, what do you want out of the date? You want to see if he’s relationship material, looking for a good time, just out for a free meal and a movie...?”

Alexis blushed. “Um, the second one, I guess. Maybe the first? But... the second one, mostly.”

“Hon, no need to feel embarrassed. Let me tell you some things about sex,” she said. Alexis focused. She was getting expert testimony here; it was important to take this in. “Sex is great, and there’s nothing wrong with seeking it when you want it. This is 2015, not 1915. Women can and should feel free to get some when they feel like it without needing to apologize for the instinct. It’s natural and healthy and you should listen to your pussy when it speaks up. It wants you to be happy.”

Sex is great. I should get some when I want it. No apologies. Listen to my pussy. Be happy. Alexis took in every word like it was scripture. “Yeah, you’re right. But, like, how do I... you know, get him interested?”

Jana laughed. “He’s a guy and you have a vagina; it shouldn’t be hard. Still, I guess a few pointers can’t hurt. First, it’s always good to show some skin. You got that flat tummy and cute little tush—capitalize on them.” She grabbed a shirt from her closet and urged Alexis to try it on; it was short enough to show part of her midriff and though it was loose-fitting, one shoulder hung down around her elbow. “Here—you wear this, he won’t be able to stop hoping it’ll slip down enough to show some boobage. Trust me, it’s always a good idea to have guys straining to see you naked.”

Show skin. Tummy, tush, boobage. Good for guys to try to see me naked. “Uh, you forgot a bra hon,” Jana said as she saw her roomie intended to go out like that.

“Yeah, I thought I’d go without,” she said, not having a good explanation for why none of her bras fit any more. “Does that make me a slut?”

“Hey, nothing wrong with dressing slutty if you want to trip a guy into bed,” Jana said as Alexis put on her jeans from earlier in the day. They felt like they fit better without her leg and pubic hair, somehow. “Now, if all you want is some sex, the easiest way is just to smile, agree with him, ask him questions and don’t challenge them on stuff. Let him feel charming, let him feel like he’s smarter than you. I know it’s not the feminist thing to say, and if you wanted more of a relationship I’d never recommend it, but for an easy lay, that’s the way to go. Talk dirty, initiate contact, and voila—nature takes its course. Then once things get going, act like he’s the god of porn stars, and he’ll perform like it.”

Dress slutty to get guys in bed. Smile, agree, flatter him, act stupid. Talk slutty, touch him. Make him feel like a sex god. The woman was a genius! “Thanks, Jana.” Fully dressed, she hugged her roommate; it was the most intimate moment they’d ever shared.

“Knock ‘em dead, Tiger,” Jana said as she hugged back.

Alexis thanked Jana again in her head as Greg’s eyes popped out when he answered the door. He lived in an off-campus studio apartment, just a short bus-ride from her dorm. “Wow! Wow, Alexis, you look... amazing. Sorry, come on in before we let the cat out.” He ushered her inside quickly, and indeed a little orange feline was lurking just inside the door.

“Thanks, Greg. You look great, too. And I love your apartment,” she gushed. Alexis in fact did not love his apartment. It was cramped; the carpets needed shampooing and the walls painting; his cheap posters could be found in the living spaces of half the boys in college. It certainly smelled like a cat lived in it.

But it was a studio, so his bed was conveniently placed for her purpose. Whatever designs she’d had on getting some studying in had evaporated. She wanted sex, and she

was going to get it and not apologize. “Well, I’d give you the dime tour, but basically, you’re looking at it. This is the living room/dining room/bedroom; the kitchen and bathroom are right through there.”

“It’s cozy. I’m so glad we decided to do this.” She took his hand and lead him over to the couch, not letting go once they sat down. It obviously made him self-conscious, but a subtle movement of her arm made the loose shoulder droop down further, the top half of her petite breast on display. The poor geek tried not to stare, but Jana’s brilliant advice made him helpless to do otherwise.

“I am too,” he said. She laughed like he’d make a joke, and he didn’t even notice that it made no sense for her to do so. Maybe guys really were the morons Jana portrayed them as. In fact, for the next hour or so, she made small talk and asked him all sorts of inane questions about himself and he never seemed to realize the gulf between the interest she was showing and how interesting he actually was. He blathered on about his mom, his major, his career plans, his crappy website (which he dragged her through click by tedious click). Through it all, she oohed and aahed and giggled and twirled her hair and always seemed eager for more.

Finally, JP wriggled his way out of her web of insincere flattery and tried to get to work. “So, did you wanna hit the books? What did you want to go over first? I have some flash cards for the limbic system.”

She smiled. “Why rush into the studying?” *Other than because the final is two weeks away and you just spent ten minutes blathering on about how unprepared you are, during which I was drilling myself on formulae and pretending to listen.* “I was having fun just... hanging out.” She leaned forward until the broad neckline of her top fell forward; he did a double-take as he immediately saw there was indeed no bra. She doubted he appreciated the extra effort of her double entendre.

He stared hard for a moment before he realized it and resumed at least intermittent eye contact. Alexis tried to imagine how much more effective she would be at seduction if they continued to grow. When he responded, his voice actually broke like a pre-teen, he was so nervous. She couldn’t decide if it was cute or pathetic or both. “Um, are you... flirting with me?”

No, I’m seducing you, you simpleton. Just fuck me already. “Maaaaaybe,” she said coyly. “I saw you checking me out in class. I thought it was REALLY sweet.”

Greg was clearly embarrassed, but her forward manner kept him smiling. “I’ve noticed you all semester. I guess I just didn’t want to miss the chance to talk to you, in case we didn’t have any classes next semester.”

“That’s soooooo sweet!” she exclaimed, giggling. “I’m glad you did. I’ve noticed you too.”

The possibility that she was lying through her teeth didn’t even seem to occur to him; his expression was purely pleased as he leaned in. “Can I, um, kiss you?”

You could've kissed me the second I walked in, you idiot. Rather than respond, she climbed into his lap, wriggling her butt into his lap. She'd have to work on that move; she didn't think she could manage it nearly so well as some of the lap dancers she'd seen on TV. She kissed him, forcing her tongue into his mouth when the timid geek started with a lame closed-mouth attempt. He made an undignified squeaking noise as she did, but soon, he was reciprocating, their tongues caressing one another in an enthused-but-amateur frenzy.

"You're such a good kisser!" she managed between breaths once they paused for a moment. Alexis wondered how many cheesy compliments she could give him before he noticed he was being manipulated. If he ever did. From the way his cock twitched against her butt through their pants, this one seemed to have gone over well.

His response was to just resume kissing; his hands were frustratingly inert, so she took one and put it on her breast. After a nervous moment, he squeezed down on it and she encouraged him with a moan that was actually mostly sincere. Along with gaining a cup size, the pleasure centers in her nipples was immensely heightened, like two extra clits on her chest almost, and once she guided him up her shirt so he could more easily find it, she was finally in heaven.

"My pussy is so fucking wet for you, Greg," she purred. This was true. In fact, it was the truest thing she'd said since she entered his apartment. Her vagina (she hated the word pussy, though Jana was wise to advise dirty talk for practical purposes) was indeed so damp it was practically dripping into her panties.

"Oh God, can this really be happening?" Greg asked himself.

"I'm sorry, I just can't help myself!" she murmured as she kissed up and down his skinny neck. Also mostly true, despite her overall lack of interest in this particular boy. She was listening to her pussy, and right now, it was positively screaming to be stuffed.

Over the next few minutes, she helped him out of his clothes, then stood to do her best strip tease with her own, throwing her clothes wildly across the room as they came off (except her glasses, which she folded gently on the coffee table). She made sure to wiggle her butt right in his face; he couldn't possibly miss the dark spot in her panties from where her slit was gushing. She took control of his hands and used them to hook the waistband down and tug them off. At the sight of her bare pussy, his eyes went so wide she would have worried they would fall out, had she been a girl more prone to figurative language.

With a look to his cat, which sat sedately on the back of the couch watching them, she giggled. "I thought you might be a fan of pussies..." *Ugh. Such an over-used reference, despite the fact that nobody's called a cat by that name unironically in fifty years.* Still, talking dirty was a good strategy. Jana had said so.

With it just inches from his face, he planted a few kisses on the smooth white skin of her pelvis. "I love 'em. Do you, um, want me to...?"

“God yes, Greg, do whatever you want to me!” Not that she wanted to be the testing lab in this geek’s sexual experimentation, but she figured only a complete dolt could misread her intent as anything other than putting his dick in her.

It turned out, the boy was a complete dolt. His kisses migrated down to where her bare lips were puffing out slightly, and then his tongue, with the same level of awkwardness from his kissing, snaked out to engage her swollen clit. The barest touch hit her like a bolt of lightning.

Mmm, what a sweet dolt, she thought as she planted hands on his shoulders to steady herself. And not a moment too soon—she’d just thought the upstairoids were making her nipples into a second and third clit on her chest, yet they didn’t compare with the heightened sensitivity in her clit. She’d never really done a thorough inspection of her lady parts before, but if she had, she might have noticed that her clit was now nearly twice the size it had been this time a week ago, a little red raspberry at the crest of her pussy. Her fingers dug into his shoulders like talons, but Greg was a good sport about it and didn’t let up. Her howls of pleasure echoed out into the parking lot and into his neighbors’ apartments; nervously, he paused to suggest she keep it down a little but he only got the first two words out before Alexis grabbed the back of his head and pressed his mouth back to her needy cunt.

Remembering Jana’s sage advice, she spurred him on throughout. “Lick my fucking clit, baby!” “Oh please don’t stop! Your tongue is fucking magic, Greggy!” “No one’s ever made me feel this good before!” That last one was true, though she credited it more to the atroneurinol’s heightened sensitivity than any particular skill on his part.

Regardless, soon she was cumming, and it hit her so hard her knees simply gave out and she tumbled forward on top of him, moans of ecstasy giving way to giddy laughter. Greg smiled down at her, clearly feeling every bit the manful manly-man she’d been building him up to feel like. She put his hand back down to her lips and enjoyed a few lingering aftershocks.

Still, the geek was indeed a man, and his cock was pointing to the ceiling and twitching with his heartbeat as he watched her come down from her high (partially, anyway; she was still horny). He was evidently worried she wasn’t going to reciprocate, and ventured in a tremulous voice brimming with feigned confidence, “so, after the guy down down on her, isn’t the girl supposed to, um, return the favor?”

Return the favor. That makes sense. She had only ever given one blowjob before; a boy she’d gone to a dance with in high school who had pressured her into it. She hadn’t liked it—the smell, the taste, the lack of chemistry between them... she’d decided it wasn’t for her. But Greg was making a valid point, so she dutifully slid down to her knees in front of the couch.

“Of course, Greggy baby,” she cooed, licking once up each side. “You were so good to me, I can’t wait to get your fat cock in my warm,” she kissed the base, “wet,” another

kiss near the middle, “mouth,” a long sloppy kiss at the tip, which gave way to her sliding it into her centimeter by rigid centimeter. Alexis didn’t think of herself as a selfish person; truly, once she’d committed to the blowjob, she intended to give it her best. *If nothing else*, she reasoned, *if I can get him off once and get him hard again, the sex will last a lot longer. I at least know that much about penises.*

For his part, Greg seemed to be of that variety of male who became chatty during oral sex, and her own dirty talk seemed to have signaled to him that this was something she would enjoy. It wasn’t, really, but she was inexperienced and as yet didn’t possess the knowledge or expertise to silence him by amping up the pleasure until he was panting too hard to speak. It began generically, even experimentally, she thought, as if to see if she might like him being vocal. “Oh fuck yes,” and “that’s it, right like that,” and a bolder “yeah, suck my dick, Alexis.” It was fairly pedestrian dirty-talk, and didn’t distract. Jana had said to make him feel like a sex god, so although she thought it was somewhat silly, she batted her eyelashes fetchingly, moaned at his praise like it mattered to her efforts.

Picking up that she seemed—seemed—to be enjoying it, he became braver. “God, you’re one amazing cock-sucker, Alexis,” he said, running fingers through her shining waves of auburn hair, observing her warily to see if he’d pushed it too far. *I am an amazing cock-sucker.* She intensified her efforts; it was beneath her to give a lackluster blowjob.

“Fuck, you love sucking that dick, don’t you.” She wondered if he meant *his* dick specifically, or if “that dick” was a general reference to all dicks. Probably the former? After all, she did love sucking his dick; this was a fact immediately burned into her memory alongside information like the Pythagorean theorem and her parents’ phone number.

As she attempted her first ever deep throat, rationalizing that this was a much-touted skill in blowjobcraft, he moaned and held her head there, temporarily suffocating her. She squealed in alarm, which he seemed to mistake for delight. “Goddamn, Alexis, you just can’t get enough cock in your mouth, can you?”

Clearly he wasn’t being literal—trying to jam four cocks in her mouth was just ridiculous logistically—but in a one-at-a-time model, it was a good point. She loved sucking Greg off, she now realized, but there were so many others. For an amazing cock-sucker like her, it was hard to guess how many it would be before she’d had enough. An endless series of images of cute boys stuffing her mouth full of their cocks paraded through her imagination.

Greg’s eyes rolled back into his head as she self-taught herself the art of oral sex. It was a study, as she saw it, and made mental notes as she did so for future use. Pushing harder against his shaft with her tongue made him moan louder, but also tired the muscle out much faster. Bobbing her head rhythmically was a useful technique as it

required minimal attention and let her apply more dexterity when she caressed his thighs or gently cupped his balls. Eye contact seemed to stimulate him further, though she used it sparingly; she loved sucking his dick so much she almost didn't want him to finish.

In the end, she didn't have much say in the matter. Not yet knowing the tell-tale signs of an impending orgasm, she was surprised when his trembling became a blast of cum in her mouth, a massive blast of salty ooze. Spurt after spurt jetted between her lips, and she worried she wouldn't have room for it all. As she let him slide out of her mouth, cheeks bulging, she looked around for a trash can or some tissues to spit into, keeping her head tilted back so it didn't spill on her.

"You should just swallow it," he said. "Faster, cleaner, easier. Full of protein, so it's good for you!" he chuckled.

With a gulp, she did just that (then another gulp to finish off the huge quantity). *Swallow cum. Efficient. Good for me.* She batted her eyelashes at him. "Wow, Gregg, you really had a lot saved up for me, didn't you?"

"Yeah, guess I needed to flush out the ol' pipes, didn't I." He grinned self-consciously.

"I really loved sucking you off... do you think I could maybe try it again?"

He nodded emphatically. "Yes, we'll definitely need to get together again. Soon."

Alexis made herself giggle. "No, silly boy, I meant..." she leaned forward and lapped up and down his semi-flacid shaft, cleaning off the few spots she'd left some nourishing protein on before.

He blinked. "Right now...?!" She nodded, then took him into her mouth without waiting for permission, and began a study of how best to reimpose a turgid state on a post-orgasmic penis. No amount of blowjobs would satisfy her, so it was important to begin developing the skills to improve a man's recovery time. Besides, she just loved it.

By the time she left the next morning, she had given him five more blowjobs. (One of them he'd slept through, but she just couldn't seem to get enough.) They never did have sex, but it was hard to justify taking him in her pussy when her mouth was so damn insatiable. And sex was great, healthy, made her happy, but she *loved* sucking Greg's dick. She teased her own clit to orgasm as she fellated him, gradually getting the hang of timing their orgasms to coincide.

He was still passed out when she got up and downed her four daily pills, thanking them each as they passed down her gullet. She almost went to five, but reasoned that although the side effects were admittedly pleasant, they were objectively rather substantial and it wasn't smart to risk more of them than she already was.

In fact, she reflected as she strutted back to the bus stop (ass jiggling, braless boobs bobbling), maybe she should lay off? *After all, I just spent a whole night blowing a guy on their first date, and her body already looked like it had been photoshopped by*

a photographer desperate for a good yelp review. Maybe I'm making a mistake with these pills, and they're changing me without my even realizing it? I'm obviously already turning into kind of a slut, and all these great suggestions people give me are sinking right into my subconscious. Is what I'm doing dangerous? Should I quit?

Can I quit?

With an apathetic shrug, she dismissed these silly worries and hopped on the bus, squeezing unnecessarily close to a halfway-decent-looking boy, smiling encouragingly as he tried to see her breasts down her loose neckline (successfully, she hoped; she should make boys want to try to see her naked). She put a hand on his thigh and smiled—it was important to initiate contact.

Meanwhile, Jana was grateful for the first night she'd had alone in their dorm room all semester. Alexis was a fanatical studier and would go into the dark hours of the morning if her sleep-deprived roommate didn't eventually nag her into bed. She might have worried she didn't check in if not for how obviously Alexis had wanted to get laid. This must be quite a guy—or the girl must be quite desperate for a good drilling. Either way, it was some glorious privacy.

She did still manage to lose a little sleep on account of her roommate though, trying to puzzle out just how she'd managed the physical transformation she had in such a short time. Jana had never felt threatened by her mousy roommate—they were competing in the same way a Mercedes was competition for a Schwinn. But last night... she had to admit, the girl had some definite appeal hidden behind the thick glasses. The transformation in her normally acne-riddled skin, her usually straight stringy hair, somehow even her barely-existent breasts... it was amazing.

It all coincided with those pills she mentioned; whatever bullshit the ninety-some-pound girl had made up about this supposed diet, there could be no other explanation. If Jana could get her hands on some...

Evidently though, she'd either hidden them diabolically well or taken them with her; Jana couldn't find them anywhere. She was just about to give up when she thought to check the trash can, just in case. In it, there were no pills, but there was a suspicious card—it had a name, "Kendra," and a phone number. A proper business card would have a title, business name and so on. Could this be Alexis' source? If not, she could always just claim a wrong number. She dialed it, a little nervous.

"Kendra?" she asked when a woman's voice answered.

"This is."

"Hi, I... I wondered if maybe you were in touch with my roommate, Alexis?" The woman remained silent. "About some, um, medication she's been taking?" Still nothing. Which was good; drug dealers probably wouldn't admit it to strangers on the phone, after all. She pressed on; other than a guy in high school who'd sold her pot once, she'd never solicited drugs before. "I was wondering, you know, if maybe, you, um..."

“I’ll meet you in one hour.”

Chapter Three — Bulking Up

Jana did a double-take as she saw the wiggly sex-bomb approaching her. In spite of the forty degree weather, she was dressed like it was a summer day. At a whorehouse. Her Daisy Duke shorts had a good three inches of her pockets showing beneath the cut-off point, and worse, were no more than four or five inches from top to bottom. The waist was so low it showed the top of her pubic mound, an expanse of bared skin that went all the way up to immediately beneath her breasts, straining angrily at the feeble clutch of the buttons on her midriff-baring checked blouse. There were only two buttons, but still the valley of her cleavage was easily visible between those stupendous tits with their impossible combination of volume and perkiness. In the cold air, it was apparent from a hundred yards she wasn't wearing a bra.

Nearby, a passing freshman turned his neck to watch her as she passed him, staring so hard he walked face-first into a street lamp, falling down and clutching his face in pain. The woman didn't turn around.

"Jana," the woman said as she stopped in front of her. Up close, she was staggeringly beautiful.

"Yeah, that's me... you're Kendra?"

"Clearly. Tell me what you want, dear."

Jana swallowed past a nervous lump in her throat. "My roommate, Alexis, she, well, she told me about those pills she bought from you. And she's just... well, they're doing miracles for her. Her skin, her hair, her... well, everything."

Kendra arched one perfectly thin eyebrow. "Alexis told you what these pills are?"

"Not by name. She just said they were to help her with her skin."

Kendra folded her arms across her chest. (It gave those poor straining buttons a moment's relief.) "Those pills are called atroneurinol. They're to help her with her studies; they improve the brain's ability to retain and recall new information. But they also can produce the effects you noted."

Jana risked a glance downwards. She almost wished she were a lesbian, to be able to enjoy the full effect. "Is... is that how...?"

Kendra smiled, but barely. "I stick to a strict diet and exercise regimen, but suffice to say I can also vouch for the veracity of the claims on my product."

Jana reached for her wallet. "Well if that's what I can look forward to... you sold me. Whatever she's taking, hook me up. And maybe I can ace my finals while I'm at it."

Kendra snatched a wad of cash, then retrieved a baggy of pills from her back pocket. "Good luck with that."

Alexis' day passed in a blur. She didn't even go back home to change, already running late for class after her flirtations with a boy on the bus became a long sloppy blowjob in the back row of seats, her identity protected by the covering of his jacket. It

was easier than she'd thought it'd be to talk him into it; she just smiled at him, showed some cleavage, doled out a few compliments... by the time she'd batted her eyelashes and asked if he tasted as good as he felt in her hand, he'd just stared as she went to work.

She'd spent her first lecture splitting her attention between the material and sketching out ideas for other ways to get some more cock in her mouth. She'd eaten nothing but cum for more than half a day, and she still wasn't hungry; still, it hadn't been enough. It was hard to imagine it being enough if she sucked cock all day. Every day.

After class, she cornered an acceptably-attractive-but-still-desperate-enough-looking-to-make-it-easy boy. "OMG like half that stuff was SO over my head!" she whined, even though it had actually been pretty easy to understand. Within moments, he was offering to help her, blushing at her gratitude, gaping at her offer of paying him back, and moaning as she blew him in the men's room. He ran out before she finished freshening her lipstick; she got two blowjobs in from other lucky right-place-right-timers before a custodian came in and told her she needed to get out. (She offered, but he firmly declined. She wondered if he was gay, or just had a girlfriend who was as amazing a cocksucker as her.)

She noticed in a detached sort of way that she was becoming a regular cock-sucking slut in a hurry. It didn't seem like something to worry about—pretty much nothing seemed worth worrying about. Still, her knees and jaw were getting sore, and with the lack of sleep and proper nutrition (to say nothing of the distraction), it was going to get in the way of her studies. She focused through the second and final lecture of the day heedless of all the dry penises around her, and took some great notes to help her review for the final.

After her last class, she remembered Terri's advice to cut loose and enjoy herself more often, and blew five more guys around campus.

When she finally got back to her dorm room around five, she collapsed in bed and slept like the dead. Jana was good enough not to wake her, and was still asleep when Lexi finally woke up the next morning. She helped herself to a long hot shower, jilling herself off until her hand was so pruny it began to get uncomfortable.

Her roommate was up when she got back. "Wow, you're still alive?"

Alexis laughed. "Yeah, guess your advice went pretty well as it turned out."

"Really? What happened? C'mon, tell me everything!" She clapped her hands together.

Alexis really hadn't wanted to tell anyone; it was a little embarrassing to admit. Still, maybe Jana's suggestion was a good one; it would be nice to have a confidante. She went through the whole tale—using Jana's advice, making out, him licking her pussy,

her going down on him. How much she loved his cock—the taste, the smell, how every little bump and vein felt on her lips and tongue, the crazy volume of spunk...

“Wow, Alexis, that’s... yikes,” her roommate interjected, blushing hard. “So what happened after? Did you seal the deal?”

“No! Ugh, I’m so goddamn horny I could scream. All I’ve wanted for days is to get fucked—I’m wet *all the time*.” Jana was looking decidedly uncomfortable at the TMI, but she had asked to be told everything, so... “But I just loved blowing him so much I couldn’t stop myself. Really, I just... Whew. I gave almost another dozen guys blowjobs before I got home today. Just can’t suck enough cock.”

Jana blinked. “Ten guys? Are you nuts? That’s too many for a year, much less a day! Listen to me hon—I know you’re feeling nice and sexified from those pills, but you don’t need to be a blowjob queen. You have a lot of other things to offer.”

Well that’s a good perspective. I mean, I could never give enough blowjobs, but it’s not like I have to keep trying to. Except for Greg. I love sucking his dick.

“Thanks, Jana. That’s really sweet of you to say.”

“I mean it. Besides, you got two weeks to finals. You worked too hard for this to blow it in the home stretch with a fit of post-adolescent sexuality.”

Alexis conceded Jana was right, again, and she said as much. The two went about getting ready for their Fridays as usual (Alexis’ score was up to 133!), though Jana took an unusual interest in her when she got around to taking her pills.

“Four? That seems like a lot, doesn’t it?”

Alexis whipped her head around after swallowing. “No—no no, you just have to, um, crank up the dosage early on, then once your skin’s hit a steady level, you ease back. I’m actually already *down* to four, if you must know.”

Jana eyed her askance, then nodded. When Alexis left, just to be safe, she got out her own stash and started herself out with six. That woman hadn’t specified a dosage, and Alexis was pre-med—she wouldn’t be wrong about something like this.

Her day was going well until her class with Greg. Everywhere around here there had been cocks she could have been sucking, guys she was sure she could manipulate into letting her. It really was easy. Still, she had finals to think about, and it wasn’t like if every guy in campus got in a line to squirt their cum down her throat she’d actually feel like she was satisfied, so why bother.

Then Greg came in. She’d known she would see him today, and had prepared accordingly. She’d hung out down the hall from her dorm room until Jana had left for her day, then snuck back in and changed her outfit completely. Showing skin was important, so she’d gotten out a pair of her summer shorts that had been buried at the bottom of a drawer. They weren’t as short as she wished they were, but she was filling them out better than ever before; they clung to her rear like a second skin.

For a top, she picked out an old t-shirt that had been tight on her before. It showcased her breasts like it was painted on. *Are they bigger today? Awesome!* She snapped a few topless pictures from various angles for clinical purposes over the days to come.

She bounced over to Greg when she saw him, pleased to see his eyes divert down to her freely jiggling chest. “Greggy!” She genuinely couldn’t tell if her voice was raising in pitch, or she was just getting better at playing the airhead.

“Alexis, hi! Wow, you look... Wow!”

She preened. “Thanks! You look... mmm, yummy,” she said, throwing her lips into a nice long kiss. Nearby students looked away uncomfortably. (A few stared enviously.) He smiled, looking a little smug; perhaps her efforts to make him feel like a sex god had been too successful. Still, if he let her blow him again, he could look as smug as he liked.

The lecture soon began; for her, it was a test in her ability to tease Greg while still not missing anything their professor was saying. No doubt he thought she was oblivious to it all, even going so far as to chide her to pay attention the first time he caught her doodling a picture of a curvaceous girl on her knees sucking a cock as big as her forearm. She waggled her eyebrows suggestively as he looked at it and blushed.

Class mercifully ended with a reminder about next week’s review session; she barely let the prof finish his sentence before she was kissing Greg again, leaning in to whisper in his ear. “So how soon can I get you in my mouth again?”

Greg smiled at her, still astonished by his streak of luck at landing a date with this nerdy nymphomaniac. “Um, I’m free tomorrow, actually, if you wanted to get together.”

She made a pouty face. “I was thinking maybe a little sooner... wanna go down the hall, find an empty stall?”

“Wait, you want to give me a blowjob, right here in the building? In the men’s room?” he probed, clearly perturbed. Alexis nodded agreeably. “Do you think we should slow things down a little, take our time with this?”

She grinned impishly, and snaked a hand down into his trousers as other students filed on by; only the position of her body kept it from being visible to the whole class. “You put that monster in my mouth, stud, and I’ll take as long as you like. Come on, let’s go somewhere, have a good time.”

He looked conflicted. *I can’t believe he’s practically making me beg for it. What an asshole.* Alexis worked harder at stroking his penis, feeling his resolve soften as his cock hardened. “Well, we can go back to my place this afternoon I guess, but I still have another class this afternoon...”

She sucked on his earlobe a moment, stopping to murmur into his ear. “Pleeeeeeeeeease, Greggy baby? Widdle Lexi needs your big hard cock sooooooo badwy!”

she whined. Two stragglers turned agog at hearing her, then were swept on as some unspoken Guy Code bid them not to interfere.

“Lexi? That’s a really cute nickname. It suits you perfectly,” he said. *Lexi is the perfect nickname for me.*

Twenty minutes later, Lexi was throwing Greg down on his bed, his cat scrambling out of the way to avoid being crushed. She tore his pants off and had his delicious cock in her mouth in moments, purring happily around it. Good to her word (and worried that he’d run out of juice if she kept at him like last night), she dragged it out, employing slow, languid movements in her neck, slathering it lazily but lovingly with her tongue. He was quiet for the moment, content to just enjoy her ministrations.

Having noted the time when she began, she saw it was thirty-six minutes before he first interrupted her. “Alexis?”

She slid off with a pop. “Lexi.”

He stroked her hair affectionately; she made herself smile rather than wince as his rough touch tugged at her roots. “Lexi, do you want me to...?” He glanced meaningfully towards her own sopping wet crotch. He couldn’t see it from his angle, but since she’d been stroking herself through her clothes, she had soaked through not just her panties but her shorts as well.

“Only if you promise to let me finish you off after—I’m not done with your yummy nummy cock, not by a long shot!” she gushed in a high-pitched vapid tone. *God I sound stupid. How could he believe I’m in college and still this vapid?*

“Did you mean finishing the blowjob, or... sex?” he said shyly.

YES. Holy SHIT yes. Not that I don’t love sucking you off, but I’m so horny I could explode! “You want to have sex with me?” She batted her eyelashes innocently, as if she were flattered beyond reason that a boy as wonderful as him would take an interest in her lowly vagina’s well-being.

“You’re kidding right?” She giggled. “You’re so totally hot—I mean, I had my eye on you all semester, but you’re so much hotter than I’d thought you were. Lexi, a body likes yours... you were made for sex.”

I was made for sex. “Well then, it would be a shame not to take advantage of it, wouldn’t it?” She sat up—reluctantly, with Greg’s wonderful dick sitting there incomprehensibly unsucked—and stripped off her shirt. She pinched her nipples to titillate him a bit (then a little more, because it felt really, really good), and then got to work on her shorts. Greg, evidently unaware she was well past the point of ready for him—she was made for sex, after all—pulled her in and started making out with her.

Time and again, she guided his hand to her drenched slit to demonstrate to him that she was more than ready to accept his penis, but he didn’t seem to be taking the hint. Just as she was ready to throw him onto his back and force him inside her, he

started flapping his stupid mouth again. But it was important to listen and make him feel important and sexy.

“Hey, before we... I just wanted to check on something. I know I was doing some, um, dirty talk last night. I don’t normally do that, but you seemed... I dunno, I guess I just got carried away, but... did you, uh, like it?”

You can say whatever the hell you want if you just fuck me, you idiot! “Oh Greggy, I thought it was super hot. I’ve never been with a guy who talked like that—I was really surprised how much it turned me on!” She tried not to sound sarcastic. It wasn’t easy.

He grinned, looking every bit as flattered as she’d tried to make him feel. “You’re amazing, Alexis.”

“Lexi,” she corrected. “I hate when people call me Alexis.”

“Sorry. So, how do you want to do it?”

She grinned, legitimately too horny to care. It was happening! “However you want, bae.” Another word she hated, but it seemed fitting with the part she was playing.

“Well then... on your back, Lexi.” She rolled over in a flash, her legs spreading as wide as she could get them to go. *Holy crap, I never used to be this flexible!*

The skinny geek positioned himself over her, his tip resting right up against her vaginal lips. With a little guidance from her, she got him pointed where he needed her to be and finally, FINALLY... she was getting fucked.

It was transcendent.

Lexi wasn’t a virgin, so she had some frame of reference to know what she felt wasn’t normal. It was like the world entered slow motion. She could feel every microscopic motion around her—the soft twitches in Greg’s cock in time with his heartbeat, the tickling of his pubes on her hairless labia, his breath brushing almost imperceptibly through a stray lock of her hair. The smell of cat hair. A wrinkle in the sheets beneath her butt. A chip in one of his teeth. A cobweb in the corner. Every single divine firing of nerve endings as the bumps and irregularities of his shaft rubbed against the ripples and folds inside of her.

Her brain went into a hypercognitive state, like she could manage six trains of thought at once. She reviewed the material for each of her classes, pulling up the study guides like they were blueprints stored in her mind. She did it again with two classes simultaneously, then again with all of them. She developed probable test questions, formulated essay answers. She thought about her classes next semester, developing ties between the information she already knew and the topics she would be studying.

Unfortunately, she had just given Greg carte blanche on dirty talk, and since she began cumming over and over and over the moment his cock was inside her, he was emboldened to use it. Some of it was benign expressions of admiration and enjoyment, but that was only some of it.

Right as he started: “You love that don’t you? Getting fucked? You love getting fucked.” *I do. I love getting fucked.*

With an nervous expression that faded when she moaned a loud “fuck-yes-baby”: “You’re such a hot little slut, Lexi.” *What a hot little slut I am.*

Observationally: “Damn Lexi, you cum the second a guy gets into you, and you don’t stop until he’s done.” *As soon as a guy is in me, I cum.*

In response to her crying out for him to fuck her harder: “You got such a dirty gutterslut mouth on you, don’t you slut.” *I talk dirty, like a gutterslut.*

As she moved onto her hands and knees: “Little bitch likes getting fucked like a little bitch.” *Yes. I enjoy being fucked doggy style. Or any other way someone would fuck a bitch.*

Somewhat incredulously, after he accidentally almost put it in her ass and she encouraged him to go through with it: “Holy shit, Lexi, you don’t have any limits on what you’ll let a guy do to you!” *Do anything you want to me. You’re a guy. There’s nothing I wouldn’t let a guy do to me if he wanted.*

Her hyperactive brain began to actually consider he might soon say something that could fuck her up for life, but... that was paranoid. Sure, she talked dirty enough for a bus-load of hookers, but if he wanted to do the same, why not. Besides, he liked it, and she didn’t want to stop a guy from dirty talking to her if that was what he wanted, and it was important to make him feel sexy. Which was easy right now, quaking uncontrollably in perpetual orgasm. (She did have a cock in her, after all.)

Finally, even after half-dozen plus blowjobs in the past twenty-four hours, the limits on his stamina were surpassed. They hadn’t discussed birth control, so at the last moment he pulled out and shot his scant remaining load all over her cute round ass.

With his cock no longer inside her, she finally stopped spasming in orgasm and collapsed on her chest, her thoughts returning to real-time. She was aware that she would’ve been annoyed at being jizzed on before, but now... she was glad he’d done what he wanted to her. She was made for sex, after all—it was only natural that she’d make men cum every which way. After a long moment of catching his breath, he grabbed a dirty shirt from the floor and wiped off her ass. He seemed to enjoy it, and kept groping her ass even after he’d finished.

Lexi smiled back at him, spreading her legs so he could finger-fuck her tender cunt. There’s a word she’d always hated. She giggled at the realization that Greg had turned her into a foul-mouthed little slut and decided to let him enjoy it. “Oh yeah, Greggy baby, finger-bang your easy little fuck toy!”

He laughed good-naturedly as he pumped three fingers in and out of her. “So you’re a fuck toy, huh. Well you sure make for a really good one.” *I sure do.*

She was most of the way to another orgasm (though she’d faked two already to boost Greg’s self-esteem) when the doorbell rang. A voice came from the other side.

“Open up, doucher!” It was in that tone guys have when they talk like assholes to one another in a friendly fashion.

“Shit,” Greg muttered, glancing annoyed at the door. “That’s my friend Drew. We were supposed to hang out tonight. Just keep it down and he’ll go away.”

Apparently he’d said it a little too loudly, however, as Drew pounded again. “Open the goddamn door, shit face! I can see you moving in there through the fuckin’ peephole.”

Greg sighed. “Cover up—let me go get rid of him.” As he tugged on his pants, Lexi half-heartedly complied with the letter of his request, if not the spirit, pulling his sheets so they covered her lower half. As it was a studio apartment, Drew would have a good look at her sweet little titties—*geez, why did I ever want to call these amazing things “breasts”*—and maybe want to fuck her greedy little snatch. Lexi was made for sex. Lexi loved it. Lexi was a slutty fuck toy who loved getting fucked like a bitch.

Greg opened the door only a foot or so. On the far side was another college-age guy, this one probably twice his size, a bit shorter and pudgy. “Bout time, fuckstick—fuckin’ cold out there.”

But he didn’t move aside. “Sorry man, something came up...” Drew then caught sight of the topless girl in bed, waving sweetly.

“What the... you got a fucking hooker? Damn, dude—bitch is hot!”

Greg scowled. “She’s not a hooker. She’s in my bio-chem class.”

“Oho,” Drew said with a mocking laugh at his friend, his eyes never leaving Lexi’s tits. “So you were just ‘tutoring’ her, eh?”

“Nope! He was fucking my brains out!” she called to him, affecting a idiotic giggle to establish her persona early.

Greg gave her a shocked look as Drew muttered “sounds like it didn’t take much.” Lexi just smiled, sitting up and letting the edge of the sheet slip down between her thighs, clearly exposing her bald pussy and one smooth white thigh.

Greg and Lexi spoke up at the same time. “Anyway we’re I’m in the middle of something here” and “The more the merrier—come on in!”

Drew chose to hear the latter one, all but pushing aside his smaller friend as he strode in. “Sup babe, I’m Drew.” He leered.

“I’m Lexi,” she cooed. “Nice to meet you, Drew.”

Greg hastily found her clothes from where she’d thrown them earlier and thrust them at her, obviously not keen on having his slam piece ogled so readily by his horny friend. Confident the seed was planted and that she could get them off again without much hassle, she grudgingly donned them. She started with the shorts, turning around and bending at the waist as she slid them up her thighs to show off her full-moon ass at the guys, then taking her time tugging it into exactly the right place before slowly getting

the t-shirt back on. Drew stared unabashedly the whole time, ignoring Greg's sour glares.

"So, you're in bio-chem with Greg, huh? That's a hard class, I hear."

Lexi nodded. "Yeah, it's super hard! All the big words and fancy little chemmy-doodles," she whined, making a face. As she said it, she was rehearsing mentally mapping the method by which alkaptonuria broke down the homogentisic acid excreted from tyrosin.

"Well, lucky for you you landed the G-man here, eh? He knows that shit backwards and forwards." She wanted to point out that she'd seen his mid-term on his desk and that he'd scored 8% lower than her, but obviously this guy didn't want to dick her for her brains.

"Greggy's so smart!" She gushed, and kissed him. She took her time about it, used a lot of tongue, and winked at Drew over Greg's shoulder in the middle of it. She could almost hear his dick hardening. "How about you, Drew? What do you study?" Greg tried to catch his breath from the toe-curling kiss.

"Err, math. I'm a math major." He put an arm across his lap to conceal his erection.

"Math! That's so cool! I always had a super hard time with it in high school." It had actually been her best subject (even though she had still only gotten a sad 570 math SAT), but she could see his head swelling with her praise. Meanwhile, her clit was swelling with the thought of being sandwiched between the two cocks in the room.

"Well, maybe I could tutor you in that," he offered her chest gallantly.

"I told you," Greg interjected, "I'm not her tutor. We were going to be study partners."

"Going to be?" Drew chuckled.

"Yeah, instead we wound up fuck buddies! I just started kissing him, then he licked my pussy, then I sucked his cock and I just LOVED it so much I couldn't get enough, then when I saw him in class today I practically jumped his bones right there in the auditorium, but he let me drag him back here to suck his cock some more and then that turned into fucking! And boy, did we ever fuck!"

The two boys just stared at her, Greg in horror, Drew in lust. *Serves him right. He's the one who told me I was a dirty slut who talked like a whore*, she reasoned. "I love sex. We fucked with Greg on top, then he flipped me over and fucked me like the little bitch I am, then he came all over my ass but he kept finger-fucking me anyway." She batted her eyelashes adoringly at him.

Greg listened to her with increasing disgust. "Damn, Lexi, you're like a cheap whore," he said, edging away from her.

"She sure should be, all right," Drew said, inching closer. "I'd pay for her."

I should be a cheap whore. Men should pay me a modest rate for sexual favors. It made perfect sense. She was built for sex, and she knew a lot of things about how to get her slutty cunt fucked, which she loved. It would be a good line of work for her—she'd let men do anything they wanted to her while she came and came around their cocks.

She could use the money to finish her degree.

“How much?” she asked, leaning in to Drew. Greg was already nearly forgotten—if he wanted to be a prude, fuck him. Or don't fuck him. Whatever.

Drew laughed, then saw her still watching him for an answer. “Uh, well, I've never actually...”

Show some skin, Jana's voice whispered to her. She lifted her shirt up to show off her tits again. “Come on—you haven't been able to take your eyes off my boobies since you came in. Wanna fuck 'em”

“That's it!” Greg roared suddenly. Drew jumped, startled; Lexi had seen his explosion inevitably coming and was just glad she could use this opportunity to get Drew alone so she could get another dicking. “I can't believe I was into such a slut! Get the fuck out, Lexi, and never come back! You too, Drew!”

With her shirt still lifted up over her chest, she stood up and guided Drew to the door by his belt. Greg followed behind hurling insults until they were outside, then slammed the door shut behind them. She could hear the wimpy little loser start to bawl not a second later. *Ugh, the fucking dork was probably developing feelings for me. Gross.* It was good to have a clean break. And especially good not to have to endure painful study sessions with lesser minds.

Besides, she had a new cock to fuck.

The bare-chested coed had to ask Drew three times to take her to his car, as he was ogling her too intently to hear her the first couple requests. Not that she would say no if he wanted her to blow him here on the front steps or bend over and give him a shot at her freshly fucked cunt if that's what he wanted. And if he had a few bucks. Still, it was chilly out, and objectively somewhat humiliating.

Not that anyone who knew her would connect Lexi to the dowdy bookworm once called Alexis if they saw.

Drew dove face-first into her tits the moment they were in the car. She didn't stop him—guys could do whatever they wanted to her—but she did take a moment to inform him of her rates. She didn't have much to go on (the closest she'd ever come to a prostitute was watching *Pretty Woman*) but she had her newly adopted values to guide her. She liked fucking. She couldn't give enough blowjobs. She was cheap. And really, if push came to shove, she'd let guys do whatever they wanted anyway, so no sense inducing them to call her bluff.

“Tits are forty bucks, my mouth is sixty, my pussy is eighty and my ass is a hundred,” she politely interjected. Strangely, what she might ordinarily describe as the mind-numbing pleasure of having her nipples sucked on actually served to focus her thinking.

“How much for the whole package, rent you for the night?” he asked as he transitioned to the other brown nipple, its hard nub instantly lashed repeatedly with his tongue.

She considered the matter. *Should I add everything together? Do a bundled rate at a discount, or mark it up for the all-inclusive package*

It was her constant, insatiable horniness that decided it for her. “Two hundred,” she said. He mumbled something agreeable-sounding without breaking from her tits; she helped herself to his wallet, reached around his bulky torso to pluck it from his back pocket. He didn’t have the cash on him, so she just started a mental tab.

Luckily for Lexi, unlike his friend, Drew did little more with his mouth than lick, suck and occasionally moan or bark out cries of ecstasy as she made him cum again and again and again through the night. As he increasingly realized she was up for absolutely anything, he took advantage of her pliability.

She sucked him off as he drove back to his apartment, a studio no more impressive in size and a good deal dirtier than Greg’s. He bent her over the arms of his couch and fucked her while a three-month old tortilla chip put an indentation in her cheek. For all his bulk, Drew was still in good enough shape to lift her by the ass and fuck her against the wall of his kitchen. The pervert opened the blinds in his living room so the neighborhood could watch him fuck her up the ass with her swelling titties pressed lewdly against the glass, squashing up and down with his thrusts. He came in her cunt, in her ass, in her mouth, and twice he pulled back to blow his load all over her face.

She loved every second of it. And better yet, the stream of orgasms from her hypersensitive pleasure centers gave her time and focus to organize every stray tidbit of information she could conceivably have wanted to know for her finals. She could have aced them right then and there without a minute more of studying. Not everything stayed when her mind went back to normal after he pulled his dick out of her, but a lot of it did.

She had had her brains fucked *in*.

When Drew finally passed out somewhere in the middle of the night, she used his computer to electronically transfer the funds to her bank account, adding a generous tip since he couldn’t exactly complain to the authorities about it. She was cheap, not generous or stupid. With that done, she took a bus back to campus and passed out. Jana wasn’t in, but it was pretty normal for her to spend a Friday night getting drunk and

passing out at a girlfriend's house, so Lexi didn't worry. She took a long hot shower to wash the jizz stains out of her hair and tickle her clitty into a few good-night orgasms.

The exhausted girl took a look in the mirror before she settled into bed. The image that confronted her was that of a complete stranger. She no longer even looked like merely an idealized version of Alexis. Alexis was plain (ugly, really). Her voice was flat and nasal. She had bad skin, bad hair, a flat chest, no butt, too much body hair in too many places.

Lexi, however, wasn't just pretty; she was fucking hot. A gorgeous face, long lashes over big dreamy eyes, waves of shining perfect hair that looked like she was starring in a shampoo commercial, a lilting voice that cut through men's defenses like a hot knife through butter. She didn't even know what cup size she was now; after experimenting, she noted Jana's C-cups weren't quite doing the trick to contain her new tits. Her butt was a perky, bubbly thing that existed to create a dilemma over whether to spank it or take a big juicy bite out of it. Her legs and pussy were so baby smooth that anyone looking would zero in on her dripping wet cunt in a heartbeat.

"I'm a smoking hot piece of ass," the reflection said, and beamed.

And all this didn't compare to the changes on the inside. While she was prostituting herself to Drew, she'd seen what was happening, really became cognizant of it. She realized now how vulnerable the drug had made her, how easily even off-handed comments had sunk into her subconscious. Before, she had been a nerd, a bookish prig obsessed with her studies to the exclusion of even a modicum of a social life. Now, she was hard-wired to be a slut, a sexual plaything for any man who showed a willingness, ready and eager to sell any part of herself and to keep her rates competitive. She had an instinct now for sucking cock, for massaging one with the walls of her pussy, for talking like a bitch in heat to drag the men in like fish in her net.

It was degrading, she knew that. Humiliating and low and fraught with risks. Still, whatever the source of her new ideals, they were a part of her. Like an addict who knew their drug was killing them, but craved it nonetheless.

Like a religious convert who had had an epiphany on a mountaintop, and knew their realizations to be true no matter how illogical.

All night, she processed it in a series of lucid dreams—something she'd been told how to do once in a psychology class, and had realized earlier tonight (while Drew was sawing in and out of her asshole) would be useful in gaining additional hours in her day. Something she'd been too stupid to do before. She pondered and plotted and reflected and role-played and analyzed it through to completion.

The first thing Lexi did when she awoke was to swallow four more pills.

Chapter Four — Void Rage

The second thing Lexi did was to hit the books.

She was a slut now. Not just a slut, but the sort of girl-slut men fantasized about—a hot, easy piece of fuck meat who would pleasure them any way they wanted on command, who would cum with a hair trigger, never get enough, never say no. She was that.

However, she was also a student, and thanks to her new-found addiction, a bright one. The entire purpose of taking the upstairs was to get an edge in her academics, and if they ceased to do that, she would stop taking it forthwith. Today would be the trial. Today, Saturday, she would cloister herself in her dorm room and study until she retained every scrap of information, made every connection, mastered every skill and data set she might face on her bio-chem final. The test was nine days away; Lexi had to be sure she could maintain her capacity to prepare for it even in the face of immense distraction.

That was how she chose to think of it. Sex was great, and she craved it constantly now. Her big tits—and they were big now, at least a D cup—and her dripping cunt and her fuckable face and slutty butt were distractions from her real goal. When that goal was achieved, she could lose herself in the frenzy of debauchery she now craved, but not before.

Still, they were one hell of a distraction. Her roommate was out somewhere—she didn't know where, or much care—so she sat around in a sports bra that still barely fit, boobies bulging out everywhere but technically covered, and a pair of panties that used to be big saggy granny panties but now barely contained her swollen assets, clinging to her camel toe. She reasoned that then she would be free to fondle and tease herself with one hand while she turned pages and worked her highlighter with the other.

This proved too much for her. Two hours in, she had cum seven times and gotten through only four pages of notes.

So she made a bargain with herself. No touching until she finished a chapter or unit, and then she could give herself one little orgasm, then back to the books again. Then she found herself racing through texts, hampering memory retention in her haste, just to get back to masturbating, which she dragged out as best she was able. (Luckily, she came much more quickly now, so “as long as possible” was shorter than it used to be.)

Finally, she resorted to using a timer. Then there was still a definite end in sight when she could get some relief, but she couldn't jeopardize her studies in the rush to get there. To her immense relief, this system seemed to do the trick. (For a while there, Lexi had worried she'd been turned into such a sexpot she was no longer capable of full

rational thought! But nope, half an hour of quality studying later, she had time for a nice loud orgasm.)

She had a bit of food on hand, and so didn't need to risk leaving the room for anything more serious than to head to the restroom occasionally. Going out for meals was too risky—too much of a chance she'd meet a guy, and let his sloppy come-ons turn into a six-hour fuckathon. She could use the money, but the opportunity cost of squandering her education was hardly worth it.

Saturday passed in a blur of finger-fucking herself silly and then buckling down to study. By day's end, she was already looking at the mistakes she'd made on her mid-terms with a sense of disgust at what a fucking moron "Alexis" had been to miss such simple questions. Some of them were no more complex than mastering Greek and Latin roots, for crying out loud, but Alexis the idiot had had no goddamn clue about such simple techniques.

It had been a productive day. She'd probably taught herself more in that one day than she'd learned in a month of her old studying. It wasn't easy, not yet, especially since her fingers were all poor substitutes for a man sticking his cock in her every which way he pleased (as was her hair brush handle, an empty coke bottle, a cucumber, and Jana's vibrator). But it was still much easier. She began to feel confident.

She supposed she should be more worried about Jana; she'd not seen the girl in almost two days, but since not-worrying was a side effect of the upstairoids, it was hard to think of why she should care. Hell, even if the girl were raped and murdered and left in a ditch somewhere, not like a text from her roommate would have stopped any of it. Still, she knew Jana would appreciate the concern and perhaps give her grief if she didn't reach out, and sent a worried-sounding text before tucking herself into bed.

Sunday passed much the same. After taking her pills, she resumed yesterday's routine: frigging herself into a stupor, buckling down, repeat. With still no sign of Jana, she just let herself sit around naked, using her laptop to block her fingers from sneaking into her dripping cunt whenever she stopped concentrating on stopping them. Objectively, Lexi knew her snatch should have been sore as hell from the abuse she'd put it through, but apparently the skin improvements she'd been enjoying elsewhere extended to that as well.

God, I'm one perfectly fuckable piece of genius ass.

Food reserves were beginning to run low—after all, it was a dorm room, not a real apartment—but she would be able to ration it through the day, get another subject ready to ace. Which she would have done, if someone hadn't rudely interrupted.

"Alexis!" her neighbor Terri yelled as she threw the door open.

"Lexi," she corrected irritably, reaching for her bathrobe (ill-fitting now, but adequate) as Terri averted her eyes from where the newly-minted slut was pounding her pussy with the slender neck of a shampoo bottle.

“Jesus, sorry—I should’ve knocked. Just... get dressed. We found Jana, and she’s... just come quick, OK?”

Lexi was robed in moments, and with a regretful look at the shampoo bottle and a mental promise to her snatch to finish it off soon, she followed Terri, who lead her right into the bathroom and into one of the shower stalls.

There, on the floor, was what had become of Jana.

Lexi was barely recognizable as Alexis after her days of using atroneurinol. Jana was easily identified as such, but only because she’d already been so comely to begin with. The girl on the shower floor, however, looked like a parody of the college student, the sort of woman only a horny pubescent teenage boy could imagine into existence. Her tits were so enormous against her petite frame—definitely thinner at the waist than what she had been—that they seemed to have been borrowed from another woman’s body. Beneath that slender waist her body flared out again to a pair of hips nearly as wide as the girl’s shoulders, complemented with thighs and an ass that were just line after line of sensual curves. Like Lexi, her pussy was utterly smooth and beautifully sculpted.

At least so far as she could tell with Jana’s whole hand pumping in and out of it. Her face was a vapid smile, doll-like eyes staring off at nothing, not even shifting to register the arrival of Terri and Lexi. She was lying on the floor spread eagle, the streams of hot water pouring down onto her preposterously over-sexualized body.

Terri spoke in a low voice to the girl’s roommate, who listened with interest. “I came in to take a shower and thought I saw someone lying on the ground, you know, under the stall door. I’m no creeper or anything—I only peeked just to make sure someone wasn’t like passed out or dead or something, you know? But she didn’t respond to me, so I just sort of climbed under and opened the door, then ran to get you. I didn’t know what to do.”

Terri’s tone was frightened. She wasn’t close with Jana—only enough so to recognize her and exchange pleasantries in passing—and so she may not be so keenly aware of what had happened to her body. Lexi, however, began making deductions instantly.

“Oh yeah,” she said calmly, “Jana told me when we moved in together about her seizure disorder. I guess that’s what happened.”

Terri glanced down again, obviously feeling awkward about watching Jana more or less fist-fuck herself, then looked back to Lexi. “A seizure? I don’t think seizures make you do... that.” She made a face.

Lexi just nodded as if she agreed with the logic of her statement, then responded in a tone that made sense of it all. “Yeah, my cousin is epileptic. I mean, I never saw *this* specifically, but I know once the actual seizing ended, he’d always act really weird for a little while as his brain flushed out all the excess chemicals and everything that triggered

it. So it's weird, but normal weird, understand? Come on, we should help her back to our room."

Terri was an art education major; the only biology class she'd ever taken had netted her a C-, five years earlier as a freshman in high school. She took her pre-med bookworm neighbor's word as gospel—especially if it got her out of this extremely uncomfortable situation faster.

Lexi knelt down, caressed Jana's face gently. The girl's vacant stare shifted to look in her general direction, though seemed to be looking through her rather than at her. "Jana?"

Jana smiled and spoke softly, like she was dreaming. "Fuck me?" Her voice was at least an octave above what it had been, girlish and silly-sounding.

Lexi shook her head and shifted her enunciation to try to distort what had been said. "Fuck me' is right, hon—you had a nasty spill. Keep quiet now, everything's fine. Terri and I are gonna get you back home."

Jana just nodded, but from the look on her face she might as well have been nodding at being told she was on her way back from a mission to Neptune. Terri and Lexi each took a pruny hand (Lexi nobly taking the one that had been palm-deep in her cunt) and helped her to her feet. Jana didn't really help, but she didn't resist and kept to her feet once she was up. Seeing no towel or robe nearby, Terri wrapped the girl in the one she'd brought for herself, which barely fit around the titanic titties Jana now sported. They lead her in dainty, shuffling steps back toward their room.

They laid her in bed and covered her with her sheets, Terri taking her towel back but looking at it like it was something the conquistadors had used to give smallpox to the natives. "Is she going to be OK?" she asked nervously.

"Yeah, she'll be fine. I'll stay in tonight and keep an eye on her."

Terri frowned. "All right. If you need anything, just come get me, OK?"

Lexi nodded, smiling appreciatively. "I will. Thanks Terri—you did awesome. We owe you one."

Sufficiently flattered, Terri's smile returned and she let herself back out. Lexi locked the door, then came and sat next to her roommate.

"Well, what happened to you, I wonder," she said dryly.

"Fuck me?" Jana asked again, a note of hope in her lilting voice.

"Later," Lexi said wryly. Even open to suggestion and lacking in paranoia as she knew she was, her wits were about her enough not to take anything this brain-damaged bimbo said seriously.

"Mmm, fuck me later," Jana cooed as her hand snaked down and resumed pumping into herself. It honestly looked painful more than pleasurable, but just as Lexi had noted her own cunt's elastic enhancement and stamina increase, the girl didn't seem to mind it.

A few other cursory attempts at dialogue produced identical results (though one time Jana added a “please” into the script). Lexi was left to puzzle out how exactly this had happened. The side effects, the timing, all this was far too similar to her own side effects from the upstairoids to be coincidence. Still, Lexi hadn’t progressed nearly this far (if one could call it progress—Lexi was glad for her fucktastic new bod, but there was surely a line of taste somewhere).

It seemed unthinkable that Jana just happened to have begun before Lexi herself had, independently, yet counting her pills, she was certain her stash hadn’t been touched. How had this happened? And more chilling, would it happen to her? (Not that it wouldn’t be as easy or maybe even easier getting her holes stuffed with dicks looking like Jana, but obviously being a brainless collection of fuck-slots would ruin her chances of passing her finals.)

After securely hiding her pills in case Jana snapped out of it and went looking for more, she went into research mode. Her masturbation having been interrupted by Terri, she was already at the point where she was so horny it was tricky to concentrate. Still, she would rise to meet this challenge.

She searched for “atroneurinol allergy,” “atroneurinol horny” (and then lost some time clicking through the pictures that popped up, fingering herself halfway back to orgasm before she noticed), but it was when she tried “atroneurinol overdose” that she finally hit pay dirt. It was an FAQ on a reputable-looking site for and by drug users, and she scanned the page until she found the relevant inquiry.

Q: Can I overdose on upstairoids?

A: You sure can. As a compound that has serious mental and physical side effects, atroneurinol should only be used in moderation or at the recommendation of your physician (if you live in a country where it has not yet been outlawed). Doses in excess of 1000mg daily can lead to irreversible physical alterations.

As Lexi herself had been taking nearly twice that, she was simultaneously relieved she hadn’t turned herself into Jana, while also being relieved to know her body wouldn’t revert if she stopped using—Alexis would have had such a harder time getting her cunny stuffed with dick compared to Lexi. She skimmed through the warnings until she found what she’d been looking for.

As a banned Schedule I substance, many users of atroneurinol may encounter so-called street variants, in which suppliers have diluted ingredients, added pollutants, or failed to adequately control for purity during production in order to reduce costs. The street variants vary significantly, but a common thread among them is failing to use true aluminum nitrate to eliminate tetrahydroparanax impurities, as this is one of the more costly aspects of production.

In practice, this amplifies the psychological side effects of the drug, resulting in pronounced suggestibility that in extreme cases (upwards of 3000mg) may become

permanent, as well as greatly heightening libido. In the 1980's, a trend circulated in which users would deliberately overdose on upstairoids containing the heightened tetrahydroparanax levels to induce states of extreme arousal, lasting hours or sometimes days. During this period users enter a low-brain-function state driven only to seek sexual gratification to the exclusion of all other activities. This state was commonly referred to as 'void rage' in reference to the fixated, mindless behavior. Soon, the danger inherent in this state drove state and eventually federal legislatures to ban the use of atroneurinol in the United States, imposing felony-level penalties on those found distributing it.

“Well, I guess Kendra wasn't kidding about the impurities. I wonder how the hell much Jana had to take to wind up like this?” She studied her contentedly-masturbating roomie a while; her only movement aside from breathing was the steady pumping of her hand.

Lexi had never really explored the possibility of bisexuality—she'd had a hard enough time getting boys to consider venturing down the lonelier-seeming road of lesbianism. Still, with this porno-made-flesh in front of her, and it having been over two hours since she'd let herself cum (which was Jana's fault anyway, she reasoned)...

She could call it an experiment.

“Jana, do you want to get fucked?”

Jana tilted her head to look at Lexi, hand never slowing. “I want to get fucked,” she said in her new pixie-like voice.

“If I said I would fuck you, would you do me a favor and stand up?”

“I want to get fucked,” Jana repeated informatively. Her smile brightened.

Why the hell am I wasting breath asking this imbecile questions? “Jana, if you do everything I tell you to do, like a good girl, I'll fuck you. OK?”

“OK,” Jana said. “I want to get fucked.”

“Stand up,” Lexi said. *Here goes nothing.*

Jana stood up, having a little difficulty as she continued her masturbation while doing so. She looked at Lexi hopefully.

“Stop playing with yourself.” Lexi was feeling her own pussy ache just from watching it. Jana stopped, though her fingers fidgeted at her hips as if trying to reach out and graze her pussy in desperation. “Do you like eating pussy?”

“I like fucking,” Jana said unhelpfully. “Fuck me?”

“You love eating pussy,” Lexi said. A handful of stray suggestions had turned her into a foul-mouthed insatiable nymphomaniac whore; surely Jana was even more biddable still.

And sure enough, the girl nearly echoed her words back to her. “I love eating pussy,” she said. Her eyes looked down to Lexi's crotch and she licked her lips without even a hint of vagueness.

“You love eating your roommate’s pussy better than any other,” she said, and again, Jana repeated it back. Emboldened, maddeningly horny, and eager for a bit of turnabout after being made into a prostitute and a fuck toy, the commands kept tumbling out of her mouth. Jana repeated each of them, unhesitatingly.

“If Lexi tells you to do something, you obey instantly.”

“Only Lexi can get you fucked, so you won’t listen to anyone else’s commands.”

“Nothing is better than fucking and sucking Lexi.”

“You obey Lexi.”

“Lexi controls you.”

“You enjoy obeying Lexi.”

“Lexi owns you.”

“You belong to Lexi.”

“You will do everything you can to aid and protect Lexi in any way you can.”

“You are Lexi’s slave.”

As “I am Lexi’s slave” tumbled from Jana’s lips, Lexi figured she’d done her work. She’d never hated Jana, not really, but envy had always tainted their relationship. Jana was much prettier than she had been, had more money, more friends, more luck and experience with guys. Hell, she was probably smarter than Alexis was—she got the same grades with a fraction of the effort. Now... the tables were turned.

“Take my robe off, bitch, and hang it up neatly.” Jana smiled and complied, undoing the simple knot on the belt sliding off her roommate’s shoulders, then hung it on the hook it usually hung from.

“Lie down,” Lexi commanded. Jana dropped to the floor quickly, and she wondered if the girl was eager to get to the fucking, or just took to her new obedience with such urgency. “On the bed, moron,” she corrected, annoyed. Jana hopped back up and flopped down on her bed, staring vacantly at the ceiling.

“You ready, tits for brains?”

“I love fucking. Fuck me, please.”

“Jesus, I can’t handle hearing another goddamn word,” Lexi grumbled as she hopped over Jana’s enormous tits and ground her pussy into the girl’s mouth.

A moment later, Lexi learned she was bi. For a time, she’d worried it would feel strange or uncomfortable being intimate with another woman, but the second Jana’s slender pink tongue started lapping at her tender nether folds, Lexi sunk her talons into the sheets and fought not to screech like a banshee. (Not that she gave a shit about her neighbor’s peace and quiet, but the last thing she needed was Terri’s nosey ass coming back and finding Jana being suffocated by her crotch.)

With no incentive to be gentle, she ground and humped herself on her roommate’s face, tilting, twisting and spinning this way and that to see what worked. She eventually found a place where, if she was careful, she could rub her clitty on Jana’s

nose while her tongue was still in position to tend to her slit. She tried riding her sideways, where the girl's tongue could more easily glide across the full length of her slit. Lexi flopped on her back and ordered Jana to crawl into position, amiably smacking her swollen ass to get her moving. The heavily-padded thing jiggled like it was stuffed with pudding.

She came and came and came, and Jana never slowed down. Lexi's mind entered hyperactivity again, but this time, all she could think about was all the girls she should have been doing this with all her life.

It was nearly three hours later when a knock at the door interrupted Lexi's fun. "Lexi? Jana? It's me, Terri."

Lexi scowled and grudgingly rolled off her roommate, who was still smiling even with her face liberally coated in girl cum. "Close your eyes, stupid," she whispered.

"I'm stupid," Jana parroted back. "Want to keep fucking me?"

But her eyes closed, so Lexi just told her to keep quiet as she tossed the sheets over her. She then donned her robe and shut out her desk lamp, leaving the room in darkness, and opened the door, feigning a tired yawn and bleary eyes.

Terri peered in, seeing only a dimly lit silhouette of Jana lying still in her bed. "Hey—sorry if I woke you. I just wanted to make sure she was OK."

"Yeah, she's good. We did our pilates tonight and everything. Wore her right out."

Their neighbor nodded. "Ah, so that's what that noise was."

"Yep. Pilates. I'm heading to bed myself now—thanks again, Ter."

The door shut before the end of Terri's clipped "good night" got out of her mouth.

Realizing how much time she'd lost, Lexi looked at her books defeatedly. To get back on track with her regimen, she'd be up half the night—and no more cum breaks! It was horrible to think of studying the old fashioned way, with nothing ever going into her cunt. Then again, she unhappily conceded that by now she was too exhausted for quality studying anyway.

Still, she had an idea to get back on track.

Jana's wits had returned by morning. She woke up groggily sometime shortly after sun-up, rubbing a sore jaw and grunting at feeling her tongue as fatigued as if it had run a half marathon. Had it? Her recollections of the past couple days were so jumbled. She had flashes of eating out a girl—Alexis?—at considerable length.

She sure hoped it was Alexis, at least. Jana was as straight as they came. She'd broken up with a boyfriend of ten months once just for suggesting the idea of a two-girl threesome. Strangely, the idea of being with a girl now wasn't quite as bad—it was wrong, and immoral, and disgusting, but she *did* love to eat pussy. Especially Lexi's pussy. There was nothing better than sucking and fucking it.

Then Jana sat up and started to realize just how incredibly wrong things were. Her breasts were... they were cartoonish. Not freakish, quite, though waking up to them

without warning certainly gave that impression of them. They were proud, high, outward-jutting mammoth tits, the sort she'd never have believed weren't the result of surgery if she weren't sure she hadn't had one. She darted to the mirror, wailing in panic as the full picture sunk in. Her hips, her ass, her waist, her skin, her hair... she looked like the kind of mega-whore porn stars wished they could look like. She was so dismayed by it all she didn't even notice her face encrusted in Lexi's cum.

The noise awakened Lexi, who took a look at her panicking roommate and just growled a tired-sounding "shut up and go back to bed."

Jana turned to look at her, a hundred desires warring in her. Panic, despair, puzzlement, anxiety, lust, curiosity, anger... but the one that won out was obedience.

She closed her mouth and silenced her wailing with an effort, then returned to bed, fidgeting in terror as quietly as possible.

Lexi herself woke up around ten that Monday. It was now officially "dead week," when classes were by and large canceled to give students time to study for exams and complete final projects and papers. A couple professors were holding study sessions later in the week, but otherwise, her time was her own.

Jana was in bed, staring at the ceiling with wide eyes. *Ugh, I'll have to deal with that sooner or later, won't I.* First, she went through her new morning routine. Pop four pills, take her memory test, record observations in her journal.

She was realizing the memory test was a poor metric for intelligence enhancement, but still, she could find something more suitable to use next semester. For now, she was up to a 155. The changes in her body were becoming more subtle now, perhaps even leveling off. Her hips had widened over two centimeters in circumference, her waist diminished by one. She didn't have a means of testing cup size handily, but they looked to be about the same as yesterday, and she compared her reflection to yesterday's photo. About the same. Huge, awesome, jaw-droppingly fuckable tits, now with most of a centimeter more around. Once she finished studying, these puppies were her ticket to the parade of hard cocks she'd been fantasizing about non-stop since she'd become a complete whore a few days back.

Murmuring aloud as she wrote down her notes, she noticed her voice had significantly increased in pitch; she wished she'd thought to collect data on that earlier. But then, Alexis had been a fucking moron compared to Lexi, and it wasn't fair to berate the poor simpleton for not thinking of everything. After all, at least she'd hadn't been as fucking stupid as her roommate and turned herself into someone's sex slave.

(Not that Lexi wasn't an eager fuck toy for any man who wanted to nail her, but at least she could make some cash off of it.)

Speaking of her roommate, once she completed her morning routine, she turned her attention on Jana. Well, her life was probably ruined. Short of surgically modifying herself back to normal, she now had the body of an over-ambitious porn star and a

libido to match. Atroneurinol deprivation might reduce the latter, but the former... her body had changed, and even quitting cold turkey wouldn't send her back to normal any more than it would repair a meth head's rotted teeth.

She considered it had been well over half a day since she'd been found in the shower. "Do you need to use the restroom?"

Jana nodded.

"Go ahead. Take care of your morning stuff while you're down there."

Jana stood, still not speaking, and grabbed her shower caddy and make-up kit. Then, completely nude, she headed out the door. Lexi almost stopped her, but... meh.

She returned some twenty minutes later, dripping wet (having not brought a towel). Another girl on the floor walked by as she opened the door, eyeing Jana with incredulity and envy, then seeing Lexi, just as naked and nearly as hot, looking back. The girl hurried away.

"Let's talk, hon," said Lexi.

The floodgates opened. "Holy shit, Alexis, I don't know what happened but I woke up this morning with my boobs all swollen and my butt and my hips and just everything looks wrong! and I can't remember things and I think I blacked out and I knew I shouldn't have taken so much but I didn't think it was dangerous and—"

"Shhh," Lexi interjected, and Jana immediately fell silent. "OK, now what I meant was, how about you answer some questions for me, and otherwise don't talk unless I tell you to. Can you do that for me?" Jana nodded. "All right, good. Why don't you start by telling me about the atroneurinol you took."

"You mean the upstairoids? Well, when I saw how much better you'd started looking, I got curious about those pills you said you'd gotten from the dermitologist or whatever. Then I found that woman Kendra's business card in your trash can, and guessed maybe that was it?"

"So I called and we talked and then we met and she told me what she was selling and it sounded good, so I bought some. A lot. And you said you'd been taking a lot of them, 'down to four' you said, so I started myself with six, and I didn't know if it was once a day or what so I took a couple more that night, then six more the next morning and..."

"Somewhere along the way I kind of lost myself? It's all really blurry. I remember getting really horny, and just wandering around begging guys to have sex with me, feeling really great about it, popping more pills at random, until I wound up somewhere where I didn't know where my purse or my clothes were. For days, maybe? I didn't even know what day it was until I asked someone in the bathroom just now, so yeah, for days I guess. A lot of guys took me up on it, I think. I don't even know how I got back here to be honest. I think once everyone was done with me they just wanted to get rid of me

somewhere, and I told them where I lived? I don't know for sure. Then last night... well, I guess you know what happened."

"Terri found you fist-fucking yourself on the bathroom floor. I brought you back to the room and tried to fix you."

Jana nodded. "Yeah. You... said some things to me, right? I feel different. About us, I guess."

"What's different?" If the commands hadn't held, at least hopefully this stupid piece of ass had been too drugged out of her mind to remember it.

"You're... my owner? Right? And I'm your slave. I obey you. You control me," Jana said, uncertainly.

"Are you saying you remember me saying those things, or that's what your feeling right now?"

"Feelings."

"Would you do something if I told you to do it?"

"I think so," Jana said. "It feels like the right thing to do."

"Kneel," Lexi ordered.

Jana dropped to her knees in the puddle of water that had been dripping off her whore-proportioned body.

"Lick me."

Lexi planted a leg on Jana's bed as the girl crawled across the cold tile floor, stopped at her feet to sit upright and start licking her pussy. She wasn't great at it—only Lexi's frantically firing nerve endings made seem as if she were—but Lexi simply adjusted her technique verbally each time she recognized room for improvement.

"Don't just lick—suck softly on my clit."

"You have hands for a reason, dumb-dumb—use them."

"Make your tongue go deeper."

"Moan a little—don't make it seem like such a chore, bitch."

"Whoa, go easy on my butt—the pinky is plenty."

When Lexi finally released the vice grip her thighs had siezed on Jana's face, the girl fell backwards gasping for air, nearly having suffocated in the process of pleasuring her owner. Lexi just sighed contentedly, then looked to her desk.

"Well done, Jana." Jana smiled in relief. Alexis—Lexi now, she'd been corrected with a half-dozen hard spansks on the ass, apologizing after each for being such a stupid bitch—had insulted her and mocked her so many times, she'd worried she wasn't doing a good enough job. Maybe even *couldn't* do a good enough job.

"Now, I'm going to study for the rest of the day."

Jana's words came with difficulty given her achingly sore jaw, worn out from the hours and hours of pussy-eating. "Yeah, me too. I lost a ton of time this weekend." Her tongue was so sore it felt like someone had stepped on it.

“No you’re not. You’re going to help me study, actually.”

“Oh,” Jana said simply. That was inconvenient, and she was sure she didn’t know the first thing about any of the stuff Lexi was studying. Still, she wanted to help her any way she could.

Lexi smiled at her roommate, patting her still-damp hair softly. “Thanks to the upstairsoids, my mind becomes more receptive when I’m cumming. So your job, until I tell you to stop, is to keep me cumming.”

Jana swallowed. “For how long?”

“Until I tell you to stop. Now lie down, and shut up.”

Jana complied. She watched as Lexi retrieved a stack of texts and notebooks and hauled them over to Jana’s bedside table. One book she opened to a particular chapter, then set it upside down on Jana’s stomach.

Lexi mounted her face, her pussy still wet and dripping. It was insatiable—as much so as Jana’s own, which had been screaming for someone to fuck it since the second she’d woken up. But not yet. Lexi controlled her.

“Let’s get to work—and do try to hold still.”

Jana started to lick.

Chapter Five — “Recreational Drug Abuse”

By Tuesday morning, it was clear that they would need to leave the dorm room. The only thing left to eat in the room was a single granola bar and a banana that had seen better days. Besides, Lexi had finally had to concede that if she kept riding Jana’s face that hard, the girl might actually need to see a doctor.

As of today, Lexi had lowered her dose down to three. With Jana and her whirlwind tongue (and so many fingers yet to be worn out) for study aids, she was confident about her ability to ace her finals, and assessed that the greater threat to her finals was becoming the probability that she’d get distracted on her walk over and wind up missing them while she fucked some geek as his study break.

Lexi wasn’t a worrier, like Alexis had been. She wanted to seize life by the horns and wrangle it to the ground and was willing to endure the scrapes and bruises. Still, some experimentation on Jana had shown how utterly ruined the girl now was, and there was a difference between proceeding boldly and running through red lights pedal to the metal.

There seemed to be very little Jana wouldn’t do if Lexi commanded it. She’d had her flash people at the window, then elevated that to masturbating in front of the audience she drew. She’d gotten her to snort cocaine (it had actually been crushed up Pez, but Jana hadn’t known that when she’d unflinchingly agreed to snort it), and text topless naked pictures of herself to her parents’ next door neighbor. (Her own suggestion; Lexi had asked her to think of the creepiest person she could to send such pics to).

Finally, Lexi had her drop out of school after the semester. After all, she didn’t need to have a sex slave who was distracted by classes and tests and tuition. Besides, frankly, with Jana’s body, the girl would be better off without an education—when (if) Lexi finished with her, she’d make better money stripping or working as a call girl, or doing porn. Maybe Lexi could just auction her off as a bride to some lonely old rich guy. Whatever. The point was, she’d be fine without a degree. Or not. It was hard to worry about her roommate’s problems when Lexi had pressing needs of her own.

For starters, she needed to render herself able to go out in public without risking winding up like Jana. Lowering her dosage had been one step, but still, Lexi realized how nearly she could have wound up in a similar situation. If Greg’s brand of dirty talk had induced him to add “I own you bitch” to his repertoire, she may well have believed it.

After her morning inspection—another centimeter of bust, up to 161 on her memory test—she sat down to try to catalogue all the changes in her thinking, to analyze which were helpful and worth keeping and which were not. She made two columns, and started listing the ideas that she remembered hearing as well as she could. She

disregarded a lot of the mundane things—professors telling her to study hard, get a good night’s sleep before exams, that kind of thing—and focused on the more lurid suggestions. They had seeped right into her long-term memory so it was hard to remember them all, but she did her best.

HELPFUL/NOT HARMFUL

- show more skin, dress slutty
- unwind, cut loose, enjoy myself
- sex = great, no apologies
- love getting fucked (like a bitch)
- smile, flatter, act stupid to get laid
- swallow cum
- “Lexi”
- talk slutty/dirty
- whore

HARMFUL (why)

- love sucking Greg’s dick (Greg’s a loser, his dick is objectively mediocre)
- listen to my pussy (pussy tells me to get it fucked ALL THE TIME)
- can’t get enough cock in mouth (risk = suck dick all day every day for rest of my life)
- *cheap* whore (may as well get something out of it (as much as possible))
- no limits on what guys can do to me (used (for something other than sex), robbed, killed, etc.)
- I’m a fuck toy (degrading, not good to think of self as object (= Jana!))

Making the list had been difficult, and required some brutal self-honesty to be able to look at herself and assess what the new her, Lexi, had going for her and in what ways she was becoming a trampy little sex object. That was the problem—she *loved* fucking. Anything that even sounded like it might get her more dicks (or cunts) sounded like a great idea. Who wouldn’t want to be a fuck toy—a thing that lay there all day getting dicks shoved in it?

By the time she was done, she was so horny she could barely sit still; the cushion of her desk chair was soaked. It had been three days now since she’d had an actual cock in her, and it was getting harder and harder to function without it. Hopefully the severity of it would lessen once she was able to lower her dosage after finals, but for now, it was becoming difficult to bear.

Jana was standing in the corner staring at where the walls met, per instructions, but she responded quickly when Lexi snapped her fingers. She simply slumped down in

her chair and pointed to her pussy, and Jana got to work. Her mistress thought she saw a frown on her slave's face—probably from her sore jaw—and corrected it immediately. “Try to seem happy for the opportunity, for fuck's sake, you ungrateful cunt.”

Instantly, Jana was smiling. “Oh, but I am! I LOVE your pussy, Lexi—you're so fucking sexy and...” Her words trailed off as her mouth descended onto the object of her praise. *That's more like it.*

A good hard cum later, she pushed Jana back and sighed contentedly. Lexi still needed a dick—bad—but she could think again. Somewhat. That was going to need to be a priority. But first to do a little housecleaning of her attic.

She wrote a list of suggestions, and practiced saying them out loud. (She had Jana go take a shower so she didn't need to worry “don't be a fuck toy” might be overheard and mistakenly applied to the wrong target.) Even after several repetitions, she didn't feel any different. Evidently she couldn't program herself.

“Jana, what's rule number one?”

“Don't speak unless there's a reason,” Jana responded.

“Bing. And why is that?”

“Because I'm a stupid cunt who usually has nothing useful to say,” Jana parroted, nodding sincerely.

“Bing again. Now I wrote a little script for you, and I want you to read it to me like you're trying to give me some good advice, OK? You're going to read it exactly how I wrote it, word for word, nothing added, nothing left out.”

“Yes, Lexi.”

“Good girl.”

She had Jana read it over a few times in her head before trying it out loud. Jana was fairly intelligent, actually, her recent lapse in judgment aside, and she soon had it good and rehearsed. She informed Lexi as such.

“Go for it.”

“Lexi, I wanted to run a few ideas by you,” she said in a patient tone, the tone of a friend trying to help another friend out of a bind. “I know you've been going through some changes lately, and I wanted to talk to you about it.”

“Oh?” Lexi inquired gamely, per the script.

“Yeah. I've seen how you've turned into a hot piece of ass, and as a fellow hottie, I wanted to give you some tips.”

“Do share,” Lexi recited.

“Well, for starters, you need to stop letting your pussy tell you what to do.”

“Stop letting my pussy tell me what to do, got it.”

“And sure, you're going to find guys who will pay you for sex. Just don't sell yourself short—you deserve top dollar, Lexi, and you should hold out for it.”

Lexi repeated it, hoping to drill it home. They continued on through the script, Jana giving advice and Lexi repeating it. She didn't feel things slamming home like they had, but after a few more times repeating the process, she felt like it was better. Some. Hopefully. She imagined Greg's dick; she definitely thought it would be a lot of fun to suck it, but it wasn't really so much better than other dicks she could suck. The thought of herself as a fuck toy was still comforting, and definitely arousing, but she understood that she fucked how and when she wanted, not whenever a man told her to.

It was an improvement. For now, that was all the anxiety she could muster over it; worrying over such things was exhausting her atroneurinol-enhanced brain. She hoped that once she could finally clear her head with some actual honest-to-God dicking, she'd finally begin to get a handle on things.

But to reach that point, she first needed to address the second item on her to-do list: her wardrobe. Her body was nothing like it had been a week ago. Then she had been a boring flat-chested stick with no ass and a strong desire to not call attention to herself.

Now, Lexi was a buxom beauty, with a pert round ass, a pair of big tear drop tits and an eagerness to show it all off. She was the version of herself she used to fantasize about—hot and brilliant and confident, and it was time she started advertising to the rest of the world. On a less interesting but nonetheless pragmatic note, Jana was also going to need some new attire; she'd changed so much that not a single article of her old clothing fit her except for some once-baggy sweatpants that were now skintight across the butt and thighs. None of her old shirts adequately stretched across her chest, but Lexi remedied this by sending her to the dorm's laundry room to steal a t-shirt from a fat girl down the hall. It fit horribly, but at least it would allow her to go out in public.

Lexi helped herself to some elements of Jana's wardrobe that were ill-fitting but more or less adequate; Jana was more than eight inches taller than her, and had a somewhat larger frame. Neither girl had a bra or panties. Then they set out for a clothing outlet, a little place called Chique Boutique that Jana had good things to say about and Lexi had never heard of. It was one of those stores only hot girls needed to know about, that didn't sell anything above a size 6 and favored fashions for women who had something to show off. It was popular with the party girls who comprised Jana's social circle.

The girls headed in, both of them feeling like fish out of water in their present attire. In the middle of the day on a Tuesday, there was only one employee working the floor, a devilishly handsome and painstakingly well-groomed guy around their age, probably a student at the college, too.

Lexi immediately formed a resolution to take care of her final to-do list item while she was here.

He arched an eyebrow at seeing the two girls come in wearing such ill-fitting and fashion-deaf apparel. He had a look that said he might have told them they were in the

wrong store until he recognized their underlying hotness, and his expression warmed professionally. “Afternoon, ladies, I’m Devin, welcome. Anything I can help you with today?”

Lexi caught a scent of his cologne, and almost started stripping on the spot. *No. Control yourself. Don’t listen to your pussy!* pleaded her brain. *FUCK HIM FUCK HIM FUCK HIM* shrieked her pussy. She felt her already moist slit gearing up for full-on drip mode.

She smiled back, and began her prepared lie. “Well, our apartment flooded over the weekend while we were away, and we lost... well, almost everything. That included our wardrobes, unfortunately, so... we’re just looking to stock up. We scrounged up what we could find and borrowed what we couldn’t—I know we must look ridiculous.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” he said, managing to sound genuinely empathetic. Maybe he even was. “Well if you’re looking for a bit of everything, I’ll just hang out and stay out of your way. Just let me know if you need anything,” he said, stepping aside and making for the register. He began folding some inventory.

Lexi made it a point to avoid looking in his direction as they went through the shelves. Too distracting, with his neatly trimmed beard and his broad shoulders and what was probably a big mouth-watering dick...

She shook herself. *Stay on task.* First things first, she headed to the lingerie area and began rummaging. Jana just looked longingly at the bra selection, knowing there was slim chance they’d carry anything that could hold her mammoth jugs. Lexi tried on a few, finally finding a size that seemed to fit right. She laughed in exultation—in a week’s time, she’d gone from a 30A to a 34D. She stocked up, getting a few different colors and styles, just for fun.

Panties were easier; she and Jana did a little experimentation and found sizes that worked, snagging a variety (with Lexi selecting for Jana, of course). They went through the store in a whirlwind of shopping. Jana had a great eye for the kinds of things that would look good on her roommate (since Lexi now had a body not unlike the one Jana’d had until recently), and while Lexi had never much enjoyed clothes shopping before, she began to see its appeal. So many possibilities, so many ways to just look fucking *good*.

For Lexi’s part, she got Jana one outfit she could wear casually—some distressed ripped jeans and a t-shirt that valiantly tried (and ultimately) failed to disguise her rack as something other than the mouth-watering affair it was. For the rest, she got her the sluttiest, skimpiest outfits the store had in. She got the sizes too small, the necklines too low, backs and mid-riffs and thighs and in some cases ass cheeks too exposed.

Lexi’s own selections were scarcely more elegant (and some as bad or worse, like that whorish semi-transparent top she couldn’t wait to wear), though she did get a few outfits for comfort, for days like yesterday when she’d just be lounging around fucking

Jana or studying. Increasingly, she found Devin looking in their direction, and he popped by more than a few times over their two-hour shopathon to check on them. A few other shoppers came and went, some pausing to give the two girls derisive looks.

They walked up to the register with armloads full of clothing heaped high. (Well, Jana did; Lexi couldn't see the point in having a slave if you still had to do your own heavy lifting.)

"Wow, you two look... well, you belong together, that's for sure," he said appreciatively as he began scanning items.

We belong together. It felt true, all right, Lexi and her servant, her plaything, her slave. She didn't ever want to part company with her.

It took Devin nearly ten minutes just to ring them up, and Lexi enjoyed the expressions on his face as he imagined the girls in the racy outfits. They were wearing two such out of the store; Lexi in a black vinyl miniskirt and a backless white scoop-neck top, and Jana in a dangerously low-cut purple spandex dress with leather straps connecting it to a matching miniskirt. If one of those straps came undone, that spandex was going to fly up and over her titties like a snapped rubber band.

"All right," he said as he bagged the last item. "Your total is \$2224.81. How will you be paying?"

Lexi snapped her fingers, and Jana fetched a credit card from her purse and handed it to her; Lexi then handed it to Devin. He watched the exchange curiously, but offered no comment. He ran the card, then frowned at his display monitor. "Oh, sorry, it says you have a \$2,000 limit. I can put that much on here, though—do you have anything else to cover the rest?"

Lexi looked to Jana imperiously. "Well, where's the rest?"

"Um, that's all I have," Jana said sheepishly. "That card is really just supposed to be for emergencies. And I spent all my cash on... medication."

Devin smiled reassuringly, though his words were addressed to the girls' chests. "Well, no worries. Looks like you have enough to last you a while, at least. Do you want to maybe put a couple things back?"

Lexi assumed a pout. She no intention of putting anything back. These clothes were crazy sexy, and she'd already begun having fantasies about each one and how it would help her get fucked. Nor did she want to settle for fewer or lesser accessories for her doll, either.

Besides, she had a plan.

"If I fuck you, can you give us a discount?"

Devin's eyes bulged. "Excuse me?!"

"If I let you fuck me, will you let us off on the rest of the purchase," she explained slowly. It still felt a little strange to be negotiating like this; she knew full well if he just told her to fuck him for free, she'd still do it. But her own words, filtered through Jana's

barely-accented voice, reassured her that her pussy was a commodity, damnit, and she deserved something in exchange for its use.

“Um, I’m sorry, but I can’t just...” he sputtered, turning crimson.

“I tell you what. Jana, get him warmed up for me, OK?” She turned back to him as Jana came around the counter, smiling broadly. She was no doubt just as horny as Lexi, maybe more so. “She’s free. Just sit tight, enjoy.”

Jana hopped up on the counter and spread her legs wide; in the teensy dress, it was obvious she wasn’t wearing panties, her hairless pussy on lewd display. (She and Lexi had agreed they were just too wet for them to be practical to wear out of the store.) “I’m gonna ride you so good, Devin.” She grabbed the stunned clerk by his belt and pulled him up against her.

“‘Warn him up’ means use your mouth, airhead.”

Jana turned around with an expression that looked like Lexi had just shot her dog. “Oh, but PLEASE! He’s so hot and I’m soooooo weeeeeeeet,” she whined, squeezing her thighs around him.

Lexi responded only by smacking Jana’s scantily-covered ass good and hard, the crack echoing through the store. She figured Devin would only be turned on by it, and Jana would remember her place.

She was right. Jana sulkily slid down off the counter, her skirt gliding up over her big round ass as a result, then sunk down to her knees. She didn’t even ask Devin for permission as she deftly undid his buckle and fly, and he just watched in a daze as she slid her thick pouty lips down toward his hardening cock, running them up and down both sides before shoving it hungrily into her mouth.

Devin gasped, gripping the counter with knuckles that soon turned white. “What the... what’s going on...?” he asked weakly, interrupting himself with a groan as Jana sunk her fingers into his ass and pulled him into her throat. She gurgled blissfully, uncaring that she couldn’t breathe.

“She likes you,” Lexi said, resting her hands on top of his and teasing them with her nails. “But she belongs to me. She’ll do whatever I say.”

“But... why?”

“Don’t worry about that, doll. Just close your eyes and enjoy.” When he instead looked down at Jana’s enthusiastically bobbing head, she smiled. “Or... Jana, show Devin your titties.”

The corners of the fellating girl’s mouth widened enough to indicate an intent to smile, and she used her index finger to give a single sharp tug at the top of her skimpy dress. It snapped down instantly, relieved to be allowed to shrink to the size of her trim waist as her huge gravity-defiant tits leapt free from their purple prison.

Lexi slunk around to their side of the sales counter. She came up behind Devin, pressing her own considerable bosom against his back and kissing his neck. Her arms

wrapped around him, running fingertips gently along his hips and pelvis. “I wanna help Jana suck your cock, OK Devin? Is that OK, us two hot little sluts sucking your dick?”

She teased a moment later before she could no longer help herself. There was a cock, right in front of her, hard and ready, and attached to what would be far and away the hottest guy she ever fooled around with. Part of her wanted to punch Jana in the face so she could have it all to herself. Part of her was glad to have someone else around who understood her primal need to get a dick inside her.

Heartbeats later, she knelt alongside her porn-bodied fuck puppet and greedily pushed her head aside, engulfing his manhood in her mouth. She just got it in there before she began to drool, which would have been most embarrassing. She thought of her efforts to drill “I can never suck enough cocks” out of her head, and was glad it hadn’t met with total success. Part of what made this so perfect was knowing how her greedy little slut mouth couldn’t be satisfied.

(She took care of one other little thing while she was down there, but she hoped it wouldn’t come up, and even if it did, it wouldn’t matter until later, once they’d had their fun.)

Soon, she grudgingly allowed Jana to assist her, and they took turns alternating between licking and gently sucking on his balls and working on his shaft. To prolong it and to sweeten the deal, Lexi charitably drew Jana into a lengthy tongue-filled kiss, luxuriating in being able to taste Devin’s cock in her roommate’s mouth. Without being invited, Jana fondled Lexi’s upstairoid-enhanced tits, and soon had the act reciprocated on her own.

Lexi watched Devin out of the corner of her eye as she made out with her slave-slut of a roommate at his feet. While he was obviously enjoying the show, the clerk was also becoming a little addled at being left out. Perhaps it was beginning to dawn on him that he was standing in his place of work with his pants around his ankles, and that if anyone else walked in he’d be fired for sure.

Lexi rose to her feet, dragging her breasts across his body on the way up. Jana resumed blowing him in an instant. “I need you inside me,” she moaned into his ear, then took his ear lobe between her teeth and licked at it needily.

“But... I’m at work,” he said lamely, even as his eyes roved hungrily over the girls’ tantalizing bodies. He may be a good-looking guy, but this was clearly a first for him.

“Let’s go to the fitting room,” she suggested. She put a hand on Jana’s head and squeezed; after a moment, the girl realized that was an unspoken command to stop, and she obeyed, letting his cock slide out of her mouth with a regretful gaze.

With his blowjob interrupted, he gave more consideration to Lexi’s suggestion. “Pleeease?” she pressed, taking his hand and sucking slowly on his middle finger.

“All of us?” he asked in cautious optimism.

God fucking damnit Jana, don't you dare fuck this up for me. “Of course!” she replied aloud. She snapped her fingers, and Jana was on her feet in a moment. She wobbled precariously and had to catch herself on the counter, still not accustomed to the new and massive weight on her chest.

Devin hastily pulled his pants up, then ran to the door and flipped the sign to “CLOSED” and locked the door. By the time he was done, the horny girls were waiting at the entrance to the fitting rooms, deep in a lustful kiss, their hands roaming one another’s bodies freely. It was by sheer force of will Devin walked instead of running to them.

Upon reaching them, the trio threw themselves into the nearest fitting room with a whirlwind of activity more befitting a Tazmanian devil than any humans, the two girls competing to paw and fondle their new playmate with as much eagerness as they engendered in him to return the favor.

As fun as it was to get felt up by a cute boy (Alexis would have considered it the peak of her sexual achievements), Lexi was too much in need to settle for just that. “Fuck me,” she whimpered, hiking her skirt and turning to show him her dripping wet cunt.

“Fuck me!” Jana echoed. Beside her, Jana was likewise leaning against the wall, arching her back and spreading her legs to prepare for cock. Her dress was bunched around her waist in a thin purple strip; Lexi in her backless top, loose enough that her tits were mostly visible from the side, thick-framed glasses on her nose, looked a prude by comparison.

“There’s only one of me girls,” Devin said, giddy with the power he seemed to have over these women. His gaze still distinctly lingered on Jana; he’d had sex with hot girls before, but he’d never fucked an honest-to-god porn star, as he was sure she must be. No one else would blow the kind of cash it would take for huge fake tits like that, or the ass implants, or the thick dick-sucking lips.

“Please fuck me,” Jana repeated, desperately.

“Shut *up* Jana!” Lexi growled.

Jana just turned to Devin and smiled. “Please fuck me?” She wiggled her butt at him, as if to remind him where her pussy was.

Lexi was floored by that old familiar feeling of standing beside Jana and becoming invisible to men. It was like nothing had changed—even with her skin and hair and ass and legs and titties and cunt tailor-made for fucking, she was still second tier in present company.

“Jana! Get the fuck out of here!” she screeched desperately. But Jana, lost in the throes of a rekindled bout of void rage, heard nothing but Devin’s voice, saw nothing but Devin’s dick.

“C’mon, babe, learn to share with Jana.” Grinning broadly, Devin eased himself into Jana from behind, not meeting even a ghost of resistance from her well-lubricated cunt.

Lexi had by now processed the nature of her helplessness here, and as the steady smacking of his balls against her ass resounded through the cramped room, she was reduced to fingering herself silly. *Learn to share with Jana*. An infuriating thought to have regarding her subordinate, but she supposed if she was going to have a slave perpetually tagging along who looked like that (*we belong together, after all*), they’d run into plenty of men who’d want to fuck both. Maybe she shouldn’t be quite so selfish.

“Fuck me harder, fuck me harder, fuck me harder!” Jana cried, over and over ad nauseam. Lexi quickly found it annoying, but Devin didn’t complain.

Trying not to feel the weight of the chip on her shoulder, she joined their fun, enjoying some thorough caressing of Devin’s lean ass with one hand, hefting one of Jana’s globular tits. Damn, those things were heavy. She kissed Devin while he fucked the hell out of her roommate; when Jana turned around and leapt at him, holding herself up with only her arms wrapped around his shoulders and her pussy wrapped around his dick, Lexi even magnanimously kissed her too.

Devin slammed Jana hard up against the wall, letting it take a little of her weight, and spoke between grunts and ragged breaths as he kept pumping into her. “You two... you’re so, fucking, hot.” Lexi grabbed one huge tit with both hands and took the nipple into her mouth. “But you’re, oh fuck, so much, fucking...” he paused as Jana’s screaming drowned him out as her on-going orgasm hit another peak. Lexi frankly marveled at how much air the bitch had in her lungs—that scream-moan hybrid went on for a good twenty seconds.

“Hotter together,” Devin finished, teeth clenched as with one last brutal upward thrust, he emptied his balls up into Jana’s sloshing pussy. Maybe the two were hotter together, yet watching Jana quake like she was using a jackhammer on a pogo stick, Lexi had never been more jealous of anyone in her entire life.

Then, she went slack, a stupid grin plastered on her face. Lexi helped lower the girl down onto the bench in the corner, where she slumped against the wall limply. She was breathing raggedly, but other than one hand that immediately found her pussy and began toying, she just lie there smiling.

Lexi was already on her knees, already licking and sucking his deflating cock with a fervent need to reverse its trajectory. “Damn, girl, you suck dicks as eager as your friend fucks them.”

Lexi still allowed herself a moment to scrape him with her teeth for the assholish comment, eliciting a soothing curse of discomfort. *I suck as eagerly as Jana fucks*.

Her brain tried to unravel this notion as a logic puzzle as she continued the blowjob. How much did Jana love fucking? She had little doubt that it was even more

than she herself did; her neediness had been enough to over-ride Lexi's conditioning, after all. It was probably impossible to love sucking dick that much—she'd need another means of getting air into her lungs if she loved giving head that much. But still, if she was even close, it meant...

I love sucking dick even more than I love fucking. She whimpered at the thought of her pussy not getting what it wanted, but... sucking dick was her favorite thing in the world.

It wasn't long before her passionate cock-love was sufficient to restore Devin's readiness for the task at hand, but she didn't let up. She was still hornier than she'd ever been, still would have sold her soul for a good fucking—even a mediocre fucking, really—but she didn't let up for a moment. Having a cock in her mouth was just too good.

Even Devin seemed a little surprised. "I think I'm ready for another go, if you're still ready for me...?" As desperate as she'd seemed a few minutes ago, he couldn't believe she would hesitate.

"Ah shmih, O'm suh ruh-uh!" she said brightly as she ran her lips up and down his shaft. But then, a moment later, she just couldn't resist slipping it back into her mouth.

He let her keep going for a bit before trying again—evidently he preferred pussies to oral. Good man. "Um, don't you want to have sex?"

She pulled off—it was so difficult, a cock right there in front of her lips and she didn't have it in her mouth!—and gazed up at him. "I do. I want you to fuck me more than I've ever wanted anything. Just gimme a couple more minutes." She slid it back in, getting as much in her throat as she could. And since having a cock in there had become preferable to more traditional occupants, like air, it was a good comfy fit.

He let her for a moment before pointing out, "a couple more minutes and you're going to overshoot the mark."

Lexi didn't care. She could feel him tensing, feel him readying to cum in her mouth—the second-best part of a blowjob, right after the blowjob part. She didn't slow for a moment. It was about to happen.

Then, like an asshole, Devin pushed back on her forehead. Knocked off balance, Lexi fell on her bare ass on the cold tile floor. Before she could make sense of it, she saw Devin pumping his fist around his cock. A few long spurts jetted out and splattered across Lexi's face. A large strand swung back and forth from the bottom of her glasses for a long moment before it broke free and splattered on her leg.

"But... but... I was gonna swallow that," she griped forlornly.

"Nah, this way's more fun," Devin said arrogantly, turning to Jana. "Doesn't she look great like that?"

"Yeah, Lexi, you look great like that."

Getting cummed on is more fun than swallowing. I look great like that. They made good points, and she was mollified somewhat. “Can we fuck now?” Lexi asked plaintively. She already knew the answer, but she was desperate. It felt like a lifetime since her cunt had been filled.

“Sorry, I gotta get back to work. I could lose my job if I got caught,” Devin said, pulling his pants up. Jana just kept masturbating, smiling fondly at her cum-covered mistress.

“Fuck me!” Lexi pleaded, humping herself against his leg. “Fuck me!”

He smiled at her, the same kind of look he might give a dog trying to lick the grease off its fingers, pitying and amused. “Another time, for sure. C’mon, let’s get ourselves dressed. I’ll get your number before you go.”

Lexi nodded. There was no point begging; even if she could talk him into it, he was spent for now, both physically and psychologically. She had had her shot and blown it. Jana had stolen her chance. The fucking cock-thieving twit!

She accepted his hand when he offered it to help her up. He headed back out to open the store as she and Jana tugged their clothes back into place. Jana handed her a tissue to clean up her face, but Lexi declined. She looked good like this.

Besides, she had a plan to complete.

The two proceeded out to the check-out counter; they were still alone in the store with Devin. He smiled handsomely at them; Lexi supposed many women would have been charmed by it. (Not that she didn’t want to fuck and suck him ’til kingdom come, but his smile had nothing to do with that.) Then he caught sight of Lexi’s face, and she once more had to rebuff a tissue. He shrugged, seeming content to believe she was just a really kinky slut.

“Hey, I still need to actually check you guys out—sorta got interrupted before,” he said, chuckling bashfully.

“I’ve decided not to pay,” Lexi said.

“What? All that, and you’re not even going to get anything?”

“No, we’re taking it all, but we’re not going to pay you.” Lexi smiled patiently.

“What? No no no, ladies, I mean, that was great, but this is a couple thousand bucks worth of stuff. We have breakage and all and I can find a way to take care of the overage, but even that’s going to be tough. I can’t just let you have it all for free!”

“Yet you’re going to,” Lexi responded. Jana listened with interest, waiting to see how she might be able to help her owner.

“The hell I am.” He stiffened angrily, not liking being told what to do. Feeling like he’d been duped. “No skanky pussy is worth that.”

“Oh?” Lexi asked. “So what’re you going to do to stop us?”

He smirked. “I’ll call security. They got an SUV that roams around the strip mall—they’d be here in minutes. And I have your credit card info, so you can’t escape.”

“Right, right, don’t stop there. Security gets here, and...? Walk me through it, Devin.”

“I tell them you tried to steal all this merchandise, obviously,” he retorted, like she was an idiot.

“Mm, I see,” she nodded, trying to picture it. “And what’re you going to tell them about how your cum got on my face? Or in Jana’s pussy?”

“Wait, what?” He frowned, confused.

“Because I know what we’re going to tell the actual non-mall-cop police when we call 911. We’re going to tell them you offered us 50% off our purchases if we’d sleep with you. We were desperate and naive, so we did it, then you reneged on the deal and we tried to walk out, so you hit Jana in the face and ordered us to pay the full amount.”

“I... what? Nobody hit anybody!”

Lexi looked to Jana. “Sweetie, you wouldn’t mind if I had to hit you a few times to make the story stick, would you?”

Jana shook her head nervously. “No, not if that’s what you need.”

“Well there we go.”

“This is crazy! Either way, security’s going to respond before cops get here, so it’ll just be the lame excuses of two skank-ass thieves trying to get away with it. No one will believe you.”

“I think you under-estimate the power of the sight of the two of us, cum-splattered and bruised in our gorgeous faces, dickhead. Still, if you think you need to call them...” Lexi shrugged, leaning against the counter with her back to him nonchalantly.

Devin snorted as he picked up the phone, then hit one of the speed dial buttons. He held it up to his ear, then frowned. He hung it up, then tried again with the same result. He tapped the receiver a few times. “There’s no dial tone,” he said in puzzlement.

“Oh, weird, someone must’ve used the scissors sitting out on the counter to cut the line when she was on her knees sucking your dick earlier,” Lexi said.

“What! You fucking crazy slut! Fine, I’ll just use my cell, you bitch.”

“Sure wish I’d thought of that,” Lexi said in a complacent tone right around the time he realized someone had removed the battery from his phone.

“You fucking bitch!” he yelled. “Give me back my fucking battery!”

It was the perfect pose for when Lexi turned and snapped a picture of him with her own phone. She showed him the shot (careful to keep out of his reach)—him red-faced, snarling, fists clenched. “Gee, that’ll go nicely with my story, won’t it. And I guess since I’m the only one with a phone, your balls are pretty much in my purse, huh.”

“You’ll never get away with this, bitch.”

“Look. No one’s denying you have options. You can either handle an allegation of sexually assaulting two women and battering one, plus whatever gross little crime it is to offer a discount in exchange for sexual favors...”

“Solicitation,” Jana chimed in helpfully.

“That’s the one. Maybe you’ll convince a jury, maybe not. Even if, I’ll bet some people in your life would never trust you again. That look on your mom’s face as she has to wonder whether or not her son is a serial rapist...” She shuddered.

“Or, you can let us walk, and figure out how to cover for the lost merchandise. Maybe you can pin it on someone else and get off scot-free. Maybe you won’t and you’ll get fired. Either way, sounds better than the first route to me.”

“It’d ruin your reputation, too,” Devin said sullenly. “Especially when they find out you’re a fucking liar.”

“Oh, you poor simple boy, you don’t understand how negotiation works, do you. My options are to maybe, eventually, get my reputation ruined, or to walk away with a couple grand and change in clothes. Yours are to be branded a sex offender in front of the world or possibly lose your sucky little job. If you think it’s worth it, though, you just let me know and I’ll make that phone call.”

A couple minutes later, the girls walked out of the store with their merchandise. (Devin had needed to remove the theft-prevention devices first, scowling murderously at them as he did it.) They got back to the car, and Lexi sat down, feeling aglow with satisfaction at her plan, but trembling in unslaked lust.

“Where to?” Jana asked from the driver’s seat.

She eyed her roommate-turned-fuck-toy frostily. “You disobeyed me in there, Jana.”

Jana’s cheeks colored in shame. “I couldn’t help it. I just need to get fuck so bad, all the time... it’s hard being near men. When we pulled up alongside that little red sports car at the traffic light on the way here, part of me wanted to jump out of the car and beg the other driver for sex. With that clerk’s cock right there in front of me, I—”

“Shut up.” Jana’s mouth closed before she finished making sounds. “You disobeyed me. And now we need to punish you so you don’t forget who you belong to again. I want you to think for a moment, then tell me how to discipline you. Something you’ll regret for a good long time.”

Jana nodded, tearing up a little. It was unclear if it was remorse or anticipation; Lexi hoped the latter. It didn’t take long before she came back with an answer. Lexi considered, modified it a little, then agreed.

Four hours later, the two stumbled out of South Side Inks. “My mom and dad are going to be so fucking pissed,” Jana said, looking down at her new tattoo.

“Well maybe that’ll help you keep your stupid cunt in line next time,” Lexi said, then slapped each tit hard right on top of the tattoos. Jana cried out in pain.

“I’m sorry, Lexi! I couldn’t help it. You understand, right? I mean, back there after he came on your face, you were...”

“I’m not like you!” Lexi yelled defensively. She took a deep breath. “Now if I hear one more pathetic excuse out of you, we’re going back in and I’ll get something equally tasteful right above that jello factory you call an ass.”

Jana sniffled and said nothing.

It had been a long evening. Lexi had driven to three tattoo parlors before she found one with no men working. She worried if Jana committed clitorference one more time, she might do something really terrible before she could stop herself.

Not that the tattoo wasn’t bad. She and Lexi had taken some time to find a good font and spelling, finally settling on a script that looked like crayons held in a toddler’s fist reading “dumB n sluTy” in various bright colors across the swell of her breasts. It would be easily visible (impossible to miss, really) in the majority of outfits she’d picked up today.

Meanwhile, Lexi had been to the ladies room to masturbate seven times while Jana was sitting in the chair getting her tat. Suddenly, all of her fantasies involved Jana right beside her. She was so much hotter that way.

The girls got back in Jana’s car—she guessed it was her car now; she’d have to have the registration transferred someday when they had time. “Back to campus,” Lexi ordered.

It was time to get fucked. She couldn’t handle the thought of doing anything else first. She wasn’t fit to drive in this state; if Jana weren’t here, she’d have to call a cab. Twice during their stay at the tattoo parlor, she’d nearly run out to the sidewalk to grab a passerby and beg him to stuff her pussy.

The only thing that had stopped her, honestly, was knowing she’d probably just suck him off instead and wind up just as bad off as when she started. It was a paradox. She needed to clear her head to be able to function again, and she needed to get fucked to do that, which meant she needed a cock, which she wanted to suck more than she wanted to fuck, and she couldn’t suck AND fuck a man’s cock at the same time...

Then, she’d figured out a solution. She just needed two cocks at the same time! Of course, she and Jana were inseparable, so she was a problem, too; there remained the risk that she’d steal any cocks in the area, so she’d need to make sure there were enough for her too.

But where to come by such an opportunity? Finding a guy who would fuck either of them was simplicity itself; they could walk down the sidewalk and find that. But where could they find a cluster of guys? Not just any guys, but the sort of knuckle-dragging morons whose dicks did their thinking for them, who would take up any offer of a hot piece of ass that was made? Guys who could afford to pay good money for the top-shelf merchandise that their bodies were? Who would be largely isolated

from other girls, so they wouldn't have to worry about feigning chivalry and would just start jamming their dicks into them as soon as their holes were bared?

"We're here," Jana said. Lexi snapped out of her daydream, pulling her fingers out of her dripping cooze. She exited the car, Jana in tow, and walked up to the door. She rang the doorbell, and soon after, a young man answered. He was clad in a backwards visor, polo shirt, and khaki shorts, his eyes concealed by a pair of \$400 sunglasses, though they were assuredly fixed on the acres and acres of arable titty tracts in front of him.

A grin split his face. "Welcome to Beta Theta Mu, ladies. What can I do ya for?"

Chapter Six — Overdose

It was the dead of night leading into Thursday before Lexi escaped the halls of Beta Theta Mu. Perhaps “escape” wasn’t the right word. They hadn’t been held against their wills, after all. Far from it—as the endless gang-bang by the BTM brothers went into the night on Tuesday, their first night here, some of the more studious brothers (and some of the ones whose stamina had faded earlier in the evening) had started complaining that the bitches needed to leave. They were noisy, after all, and more than a little distracting.

(Objectively, Lexi supposed some might even see two sluts getting fucked by forty-some guys in an evening as somewhat gross.)

Lexi had had to use some of her best seduction techniques to talk them out of it.

“Please don’t make us go,” she pleaded, pulling down her lower lip with her index finger. “I know we’re bad little bitches, but you guys are so fucking hot and we just need more cock! Don’t we, Jana?”

“Ung rungung eng gung!” Jana replied. Lexi was impressed she managed to answer with a dick deep down her throat and another sawing in and out of her pussy.

Whoops, make that her asshole.

“Please let us keep fucking? We’ll do anything—anything,” she promised in a higher-pitched voice.

BTM’s president, who had been sent on behalf of the complainers, tugged at his collar. “Sorry, ladies, but we need to let people sleep, study... um... eat...?” His words came further apart and less and less sincere at the sight of Lexi bouncing up and down on a heavy-set black guy’s cock, her lips mouthing “oh please oh please oh please” over and over as she stared at him soulfully.

She wasn’t sure if it was her eagerness and desperation that moved him, or the likelihood of a mutiny by the brothers waiting in line to fuck them, but the president acquiesced. As a courtesy, she’d promised to keep it down, a promise that turned out to have been pointless as the pleasure that surged through her precluded any chance of restraining her impulse to screech in orgasm after orgasm. Jana was quieter, which was not at all to say she was quiet, just that her steady, constant moan was overall quieter than Lexi’s intermittent wailing. Occasionally she stopped, when a dick wasn’t in her, to meekly plead for someone to fuck her.

To be fair, Lexi did her share of begging inside those four walls, too. After explaining to the guy at the door that they’d come to get fucked, then gently correcting his fantasy of a threesome—no more Jana stealing cocks from her—Lexi and Jana had been ushered as surreptitiously as possible into his bedroom. (His decision, not hers; Lexi was perfectly happy to let everyone know she was here and wet and ready.)

When he left to go find someone to nail whichever girl he didn't take for himself, Lexi had found herself literally trembling in anticipation. Or cock withdrawal. Sitting in this scummy little frat house room, the walls decorated with posters of semi-naked models and actresses, a stack of discarded pizza boxes in one corner and a stack of laundry that they were no doubt saving to bring home for their moms to do over winter break in the other, Lexi was simply overwhelmed.

This was a male place. The smell of it, the sight of it... it was unmistakably a site of men. Who knew how many women had been fucked in this room. Hundreds, probably, over the years. Maybe thousands. She was about to be one. She was about to be fucked. Fucked. Good and fucked. These men—men, with cocks, with big hard dicks, with male urges to fuck little sluts, fuck them senseless, over and over—they would fuck her. *Pretty much the beginning and end of all my needs for the rest of my life*, she thought, *for them to fuck me. To fuck me hard and fast and repeatedly and endlessly.*

Fuck me.

Fuck me.

Please fuck me.

Lexi hadn't realized she'd been talking out loud, much less that she'd been fondling her titties and fingering herself, until she noticed a guy—a new one—tapping her on the shoulder. She smiled at him. He had a dick. She wanted the dick, so she should smile at him.

"You OK?" the guy asked. He looked concerned for some reason. She couldn't imagine why. Jana was already being lead to a nearby futon by the brother who'd let them in. That stung a little, that he'd chosen her. But it didn't matter. Being offended didn't get her fucked. She wanted to be fucked.

Oh, she'd been asked a question. "Yes," she answered. She didn't remember what the question had been, so hopefully that made sense to him. Only one thing made sense to her now. "Do you wanna fuck me?"

"Man, you sure don't play hard to get, do you," he said, grinning wolfishly.

"Nope, I'm very, very easy to get," she said. She giggled. That would make her sound stupid, and slutty. Guys like stupid sluts. She giggled again, to drive her point home. "Fuck me?"

"Hey, you want it, you got it. I'm Kyle, by the way." He knelt over her on the couch.

"That's so cool!" she exclaimed. Was it? She didn't know. It didn't seem important. He had a cock, so he was cool. Fascinating. Resplendent. "I'm Lexi. Wanna fuck me?"

He laughed. "Not much for foreplay, are ya."

Lexi grabbed his hands and put them on her breasts. "Oh, you can play with my titties first if you want," she offered. "Or during—whatever you like."

The guy—whatever his name was—took her up on the offer. It took almost nothing to free them from her top, and he whistled in appreciation. Lexi tried not to pout as he started sucking on a nipple. Jana's boy already had his dick in her. That was awesome—she was glad Jana was here. They looked hotter together.

Something in that thought reminded her of something. One of those new ideas, the ones people put in her. Lexi loved it when people put things in her. Ideas, not as much as cocks, but that was what was in her now.

I like to suck dicks as much as Jana likes to fuck them.

“Can I blow you?!” she blurted suddenly.

The guy pulled back, somewhat startled by the suddenness. “Sall good, baby, I'm nice and hard already.”

“PLEASE!” Lexi cried out desperately. Jana was already moaning loudly, an imbecilic smile splitting her own cock-sucking lips. The bitch was perfectly, literally perfectly, happy; that was what Lexi needed. To suck a cock.

But she needed fucking.

But she loved sucking cock more than anything. The stupid boy was still looking at her, as if he couldn't decide whether he'd rather fuck her or get a blowjob. Lexi was tired of waiting. She wriggled out from under him and dropped to her knees, tearing desperately at his slacks, freeing a suitably big cock. She barely saw it before her mouth was around it.

It was bliss. She had a dick in her mouth. She loved it. She just wished it was long enough to go down through her throat and down into her cunt so it could fuck her at the same time. (This was anatomically impossible, the barely-extant voice of the thinking portion of her brain feebly pointed out. She ignored it. That part of her was a selfish bitch who would rather read books than get fucked.)

Fuck me.

Fuck me.

Holy lord God, please fuck me.

“What's she trying to say?” Jana's guy asked from his futon, drilling her spread-eagled body.

“Beats the fuck outta me, but it feels awesome,” Lexi's guy replied. “This bitch is fuckin' crazy.”

Lexi didn't care if she was acting crazy. She didn't care that they were talking about her like she wasn't there. She only cared about dicks, and sucking them. Fucking them, when she couldn't be sucking them.

Soon—or not soon? Time lost meaning—she made him cum. He fell back on the couch, but Lexi had barely swallowed his load before she was sucking him again. “Whoa, girl, gimme a minute, OK?”

“Suck, fuck? Suck!” Lexi explained as she tried to push past the restraining hand on her forehead.

“I said wait, bitch, damn!” he said, standing and pulling his pants back up.

“But... fuck me! You gotta fuck me!” Lexi cried.

A moment later, as Lexi feebly knee-walked after him, he was gone, and she collapsed to her hands and knees, trembling in need. “FUUUUUUCK MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” she howled. The guy fucking Jana just looked at her, baffled, until Jana’s silken cunt squeezed his attention back to her.

Then there were three more guys in the room. *Cocks! Three of them!* “What the...” They took in the porn star getting nailed on the futon, the hottie on the floor with her big tits dangling beneath her, staring at their crotches like they were three pots of gold at the end of three cock-colored rainbows. They didn’t seem to know where to look.

“Help yourself! Bitches are good and willing,” Jana’s guy cheerfully invited.

Lexi perked up. “Wanna fuck me? Can I suck your cocks? Fuck me? Fuck me!” she issued articulately. Some part of her wanted to use more words, speak more artfully, but she was sure that could only get in the way of her basic meaning. Brevity was the soul of dicks.

And that’s exactly what happened. Finally, *finally*, Lexi was getting her mouth and cunt stuffed with cock. Every time a dick wasn’t in her mouth she cried out for more, unless she was cumming (which was often), in which case she just shrieked incoherently.

A cock would pull out of her, and not long after it would be replaced. Sometimes just by a finger or a phallic object; one brother amused himself when the line was short by seeing what all she’d let him shove into her pussy, and was disappointed to see she didn’t much care as long as he promised he’d fuck her when he was done screwing around.

By the next morning, she’d lost count of how many guys had been in her one way or another. She’d been trying for a while, but it was hard to know when someone was pulling out of her cunt because he’d cum or just when he wanted a break, and she couldn’t usually see since there was usually a man’s belly in her face while she blew him. She fucked and sucked until she fell asleep that way, though at least one guy fucked her even while she slept. She remembered a rape awareness meeting where the presenter had stressed to the guys that having sex with a passed out girl was rape, but here she was being the exception to the rule.

When she woke up the next morning, she was completely naked, and somehow in a different room. She was on a pool table; the butt end of a pool cue was hanging out of her pussy. Jana was nearby, still passed out, as were several of the brothers. They all had their pants or boxers on, so she was able to pry herself away. Her head was clear. Well,

clearer. She was still good and horny, and cock still sounded great. She could think again now.

First, she removed the pool cue. There, that was better.

Lexi quietly slipped out of the game room and tried to remember where she'd been taken last night. She found it on the second try; the first room had had a guy tying his shoes on his way out for the day. He looked surprised, then pleased, at the naked co-ed.

"Uh, wrong room," she apologized.

"It's OK, baby, I don't have time for another round just now," he said, grinning. "You gonna be around later?"

She just shut the door, proud of herself for having regained the strength of will to not submit to anything that had even an eventual promise of getting fucked again. The next door she opened revealed the supine forms of the brother who'd initially let her in and the guy whose cock she'd sucked first. He'd said his name, but it hadn't stuck with her. She found her clothes, but more importantly, she found her purse, and in it, the plastic baggie that still held a couple dozen pills of atroneurinol.

The pills. For the first time since she'd bought them, she regarded them with apprehension. Upstairoids had made her beautiful, and smart, and given her the ability to be successful. Yesterday, she'd gone down from four pills to three. Then she'd had a threesome in a boutique dressing room. Then she'd come to this frat house where she'd begged a bunch of total strangers to run a train on her and her roommate.

Whom she'd enslaved.

Should she quit? She could. Of course she could, any time she wanted to. She just needed enough to ace her finals. But she probably already had that. In fact, she was sure of it. Her studying had been dynamite this past week, and she was sure she knew everything she needed to know. Sitting around studying while Jana lapped at her cunt had been like a hundred study sessions worth of cramming.

But what about the rest of it? She was so fucking sexy now. Big round ass, bigger tits, perfect skin, gorgeous hair, tight wet snatch. And she was still improving. Could she give that up? Give up the most incredible, mind-blowing, whorish, depraved, ecstatic, degrading sex she'd ever had? Give up her mind to save her body?

It turned out to be decided for her.

"Hey, whatcha got there?" said door-guy behind her, who had woken up while she'd stood there pondering.

"Um, it's nothing," she lied, trying to hide the baggie, but it was too late.

He came up behind her. "You got some molly, baby? Well no wonder you were so wild last night. Little early to fire up again, doncha think?" *Molly? Oh yeah, that was a slang term for ecstasy. Well, better he think that than the truth, find out I'm actually ugly and boring and stupid.*

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” She tucked it back into her purse.

“Say, you up for a little fun before you hit the road?”

Lexi froze. She didn’t *need* cock any more, but... God, did she want it. Still, she should hurry up and get out of here. Or maybe just one quickie for the road...?

She was on her knees before she could finish the train of thought. Before she finished blowing him, Kyle, the guy whose name she’d forgotten last night, came up behind her. He didn’t even ask permission; he just rubbed his tip against her labia until he was hard, then pushed in.

Word got out—she hadn’t shut the door behind her—and soon, it began again.

The BTM brothers went through three boxes of condoms on her (even these slutty frat brothers didn’t want her sloppy eighteenths); her brain separated from her body, learning and re-learning, exploring and expanding every tidbit of information it had its hands on. Meanwhile, her body made her mouth and cunt available to any and all. She realized she must’ve been fucked in the ass more than a few times last night because the guys who were taking it today had entirely too easy of a time.

But that wasn’t what should have worried her. What should have worried her was when they started feeding her the “ecstasy” on the advice of the nosy brother who’d seen her with it. Then they gave Jana—who had somehow fucked her way into the same room as Lexi at some point mid-morning (*we really do look so much hotter together*)—a couple pills too.

One of the guys went to take some for himself, but Jana leapt to defend the defense of her mistress’s stash (since Lexi had two cocks in her mouth). “No no no—we party crazy, boys, you don’t want that shit. It’s laced with all kinds of fucked up stuff, heroin and LSD and, um, bath salts, and... estrogen pills...” that was enough, and she’d blown most of her willpower taking her mind off the dick in her own sloppy cunt for just that sentence. It was more than enough to scare the guys away from it, and more than enough for the guys to want to keep the whores on hand to keep fucking them. It had become manifestly clear these sluts would let the guys do anything at all they wanted to them.

So they did.

Lexi was fucked on the balcony. She recognized one of her professors walking by on the sidewalk, and waved to him. He wouldn’t recognize her, of course. Too bad; her tits looked amazing. Might’ve helped her grade.

The girls were placed in a sixty-nine, until the brothers got impatient and started fucking both of their asses while they licked each other.

When Jana passed out from exhaustion that afternoon, they draped her over the countertop in the kitchen so she could still get fucked. She smiled even in her sleep.

A few guys got out some lube and greased up the girls’ titties for fucking. Lexi couldn’t help but think what a waste it was when they could be doing so much more

interesting things with their cocks, but she didn't want to be a little tease and put them off their fun.

The brothers held a contest to see which girl could hold more cocks in them at once. (Many brothers weren't keen on participating, but all seemed happy to watch.) Lexi capped out at five, but Jana relaxed just enough to let a second cock into her ass.

By 3 AM on their second night, the two girls had satisfied the raging libidos of almost fifty frat guys. They slumbered soundly around the two of them, and Lexi—her own urges quelled just barely to the point of cognizance—disentangled herself from the rotund fella she'd been riding until he fell asleep and went soft on her. She staggered down to the bathroom—she remember where it was, she'd been carried down here earlier to wash the jizz off of her face and hair and stomach and tits and ass and thighs and cunt.

Lexi found a stall, and purged.

She could make out six pills in various states of dissolution swimming in the regurgitated pint of cum. Those two ingredients had made up her entire diet for the past 24 hours. Still, even with that desperate act, it left who knew how many pills she'd already digested. Same for Jana, who had swallowed a dozen pills in two days and wound up a sex slave.

She had to get out of here. She knew if she didn't leave now, the next time she was offered a cock, she'd suck it. Gladly. Desperately, even. She'd be a permanent recruitment tool for the house, along with her dumb fuck toy of a roommate.

Peering into the common room where said roommate was passed out, her lips unconsciously kissing at the scrotum of the guy whose lap she'd passed out on, Lexi didn't see a way to wake her without risking rousing the brothers. Hell, she could barely make herself leave the room with a cock hanging there to suck, even if it wasn't hard.

She skulked around the house until she found her purse lying behind a potted plant and snuck outside to Jana's car, not stopping until she was back in the dorm. No one saw her. Not that she cared. It was stupid to care about modesty when she had such bigger problems.

But then, she'd been awfully stupid for such a smart girl.

Lexi had no real concept of what might've sunk into her brain over the course of the past couple days at Beta Theta Mu. She could well imagine; as the girls hadn't required any finessing, the brothers had fast become used to talking about them as if they weren't present, and not in flattering terms.

There was only one person she could turn to now, one person who might now how to counter the effects of the drug before she turned into a zombie slut like Jana had been.

With tremulous hands, Lexi dialed Kendra's number.

Chapter Seven — Detoxing

“How could I have been so fucking stupid?” Lexi cried to herself. Well, it was meant to be to herself. The dozen-odd other people with some inexplicable cause to be sitting at the Bite By Nite diner at 4 in the morning gave the girl a wary look, then returned to their conversation or their studies. Finals were only a few days away now.

This was a very dangerous place for her to be, no doubt about it. Not only was she utterly suggestible and too void raged to make herself care about how dangerous that was, but... there were men here. Men had cocks. Lexi was a hot slut who could almost certainly use her pretty face and her busty titties and big round ass to convince them to let her suck their cocks. Or fuck them. She could beg—she’d learned to beg for dicks really well the past couple days. Beg for cocks in every hole as fast as she could get them in her. Beg for men to fuck me. Fuck me.

“Miss, you all right?” a woman’s voice asked. It wasn’t Kendra’s. Nervously, Lexi looked up. Her waitress.

“Yeah, sorry. Just... having an off day,” she said.

“Sure sounds like it,” the woman said, smiling empathetically. “Though if you’re going to sit here chanting ‘fuck me’ you may need a bigger sign.” She laughed, and Lexi blushed as she looked at the improvised sign she’d made in the parking lot. She’d written it on the back of an old homework assignment that had been on the floor of her passenger seat. It read, *Please do not talk to me. I am not interested in you right now. This is not a joke. Go away.* Then she’d come in here, set it next to her paper placemat, and put her head down on the table and covered it with her arms.

It had been the smartest thing she’d done in days, even if it was a big fat lie. She knew if a guy approached her, or even if she caught him checking her out, she’d wind up pleading for him to let her blow him in the parking lot. Or in the men’s room. Or under his table, whatever. As long as she got cock in her.

Why did Kendra have to choose a public place to meet? she asked herself again. It was still a stupid question—Kendra had been perfectly logical to point this out. Kind, even, to answer her phone in the middle of the night, and generous to agree to meet with her desperate client. Lexi told her about the overdose she’d had, how she’d purged as much as she could but assuredly had still taken far too much, and begged her for help. Anything at all to keep her from winding up like Jana.

Jana, whom Lexi had abandoned to the Beta Theta Mu brothers. She’d probably never escape. She’d probably never even consider that she ought to.

Kendra had said she had something that might help, and said she could deliver it immediately—for a price. She wouldn’t get into specifics over the phone, so Lexi had emptied her bank account at an ATM on the way over. When Lexi had asked—repeatedly—not to meet in a public place, Kendra had pointed out just how

suspicious a desperate junkie calling in the middle of the night for a private meeting must sound.

Lexi had conceded the point (*what choice did I have?*) and agreed to the named place, this run-down diner. Clearly only the proximity of the college kept it in business. The exterior had paint flaking off and two of the letters in the Bite By Nite were out (“Bit By it”), and it was next-door to Jupiter’s, the hottest strip club in town and by most accounts basically a brothel. Inside, the diner was dimly lit and smelled like none of the spills the customers had made over the years had been cleaned up—which was possible, considering the lighting.

Lexi tried to smile at the waitress, fighting to keep her eyes on this woman and not divert them to any of the men she could see in her peripheral vision. Looking was the first step to fucking. She ordered a coffee and some ice water, then put her head back down to hide behind her sign. She heard heavy footsteps pass near her table, then stop; she thought she heard a soft “mmm” of appreciation. Her libido launched itself desperately at this sound, making a well-reasoned and impassioned case that men who made this sound appreciated the sight of a sexy bitch like her and would likely allow her to suck them off. Her thinking mind cried for a moment in the dark before acknowledging there wasn’t really a counterargument to be made.

By the time she perked up and looked around for her admirer to ask for permission to blow him, he was gone. She dropped her head back down in relieved defeat.

The waitress returned a few minutes later and set the drinks down. Lexi left her head buried and said she was waiting for someone. The woman said she’d be back later and left.

A little while later, the sound of the busboy dropping a tray of dishes heralded the arrival of Kendra.

The sound startled her into looking up, and she immediately appreciated the busboy’s reaction. As sexy as she’d become, the presence of this woman still made her feel like the mousy girl she’d been a couple weeks ago. Lexi had nice skin, generous boobs, pretty hair, a nicely rounded ass. Kendra put her to shame. Every inch of her appeared as if she’d been sculpted to perfection by a combined team of Dreamworks animators and Playboy camera men. It was easy to discern this because she was wearing what had once been a pair of jeans but thanks to the intervention of a pair of scissor, covered less than most women’s panties. Her top was a similarly reduced tank top, the bottom of it cut off so it barely covered her underboobage. Her tits, even unbound by a bra, were so well-formed they barely even jiggled as she moved.

The jiggling, evidently, Kendra left to her ass, placing each foot in its dangerously high-spiked heel in front of the other as she sauntered over and sat down across from Lexi.

“Well look at you,” she said with a smirk. “Looks like this little overdose of yours didn’t start just today, did it Alexis?”

“It’s Lexi now,” she corrected, then looked down in shame at how obvious her indiscretions must be to this woman.

“Of course it is.”

Her dealer was apparently waiting for Lexi to start. As she tried to work up the ability to speak through her embarrassment, the waitress returned. “Hey there, Kendra,” she said familiarly. “Haven’t seen you here in a while.”

“Yes, it’s been a long time, Joan. I’m trying to keep to more regular hours lately—until this one dragged me out of bed, that is.” She jerked a thumb to indicate Lexi.

The waitress—Joan—chuckled. “Yeah, I figured she was one of yours from the look of her. Usually don’t see ‘em using signs like that, though.”

Kendra smiled thinly at Lexi. “No, no we sure don’t.”

Lexi sat by quietly while the two chatted; she heard none of it. She was exchanging glances with a guy at a table nearby who’d been doing something on his laptop but kept glancing at her (well, probably at Kendra, but when he saw Lexi looking back and smiling...). She waggled her eyebrows, tilted her head toward the shadowy corridor to the restrooms. He looked like a real geek—the sort of guy she might even have had a shot with before upstairoids—and she could probably make him cum in only minutes, then be back before Kendra knew she was gone. Just show him her big titties and lie to him about how hot she thought he was and beg him to get at his cock.

She was scooting out of the booth when a sudden presence between her legs stopped her cold. It was Kendra’s foot. She’d shed the shoe beneath the table; it was soft, plump toes teasing at her slit through her leggings. (She’d chosen them because it was the least revealing thing she owned that still fit.) Lexi’s mouth opened soundlessly and her eyes rolled back in her head. The boy was forgotten. Kendra didn’t skip a beat in her chit-chat with Joan, but Lexi didn’t hear that either.

Then it was gone. She wanted to cry.

“Now can you control yourself, Lexi? I didn’t come here in the middle of the night to play footsy with you under the table.” Lexi nodded, mumbled an apology. “Good. Now, you mentioned on the phone that you’d taken a significant overdose yesterday. How significant? Be specific, and be honest—if you want to save that brain you value so highly.” Her tone implied Kendra considered it less of a commodity.

“I only have approximations, but I would say around... twelve? Maybe fifteen? But I purged six of them. That I could count.”

“Counting can be tricky, can’t it,” Kendra chided dryly. “Over what span of time?”

“Most of a day. Sixteen, maybe eighteen hours.”

Kendra shook her head. “I told you to restrict yourself to a single dose in a 24-hour period. Genius that you’ve become, you imbibed one an hour. Do you have any notion of how foolish what you’ve done was?”

“Yes, I do. That’s why I called you.”

“That’s right, you’re a very bright girl now, aren’t you.”

“Yeah.” Lexi was getting sick and tired of getting condescended to. She was being crippled by excessive horniness, but it didn’t make her stupid.

“Pre-med, aren’t you? I recall your studying the carpal system when I first encountered you. I’d think a pre-med student would have a more sound grasp of the dangers of overdosing on mind- and body-altering substances. Perhaps the future ‘Dr. Lexi, MD’ will have to put an asterisk next to her spot in the yellow pages.” She chuckled and took a sip of Lexi’s coffee.

Lexi glared. “Well, since you bring it up Kendra, not-yet-a-doctor Lexi also knows that an untreated course of tetrahydroparanax-tainted aluminum nitrate as a component of more than 6000mg of atroneurinol will have severe physiological and psychological consequences if not treated within twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Factoring in that my most recent dose to fully activate in the bloodstream was approximately eight hours ago and my first was around twenty hours ago, this leaves me with a narrow window of time in which to seek treatment. So maybe instead of worrying about my ads in the yellow pages, you should be more worried about whether you can provide that treatment—like you promised on the phone—or if I need to go to the hospital, where I’ll surely have some awkward questions to answer about how I managed to get my hands on a banned schedule I substance.”

Kendra’s thin smile endured through her self-diagnosis—right up until the end, when it vanished in an instant. “I’m sorry... did you just threaten me?”

Lexi’s own self-satisfied smirk faded at the dangerous look in her dealer’s eyes. “No. I mean... well, they would ask, you know. I—we—could get in a lot of trouble. Is all I meant to say,” she stammered.

Kendra maintained the raptor expression for a moment, then let her smile return as she fished in her purse, retrieving a small bottle and a syringe. “Well then, you’ll be pleased to learn that I brought something for you.”

Lexi held out a desperate hand. “Oh thank God!”

The other woman withdrew slightly. “Not so fast, my aspiring extortionist.”

“What? No, please, you have to—”

Kendra silenced her with a shush. “Now now, Lexi, it’s a bad idea to talk over me—or talk at all, unless I’ve asked you to or it helps you do as I’ve told you to do.”

I shouldn’t talk over her. Or talk at all, unless she needs me to. The truth of it sunk in instantly. Deeply. She pursed her lips tightly, to make sure no sound accidentally escaped.

“That’s a good girl. Now, don’t you want to follow me? That seems like a smart idea, doesn’t it.”

Follow Kendra. Of course. She recognized the question as rhetorical, and so didn’t respond. She just got up and followed Kendra to the car, who left a twenty for the coffee and a tip for Joan.

Kendra’s car turned out to be an Aston Martin sports car; Lexi didn’t know much about such things, but it looked expensive. “Leaking on my seats would be terrible,” the woman said casually as she slid into the driver’s seat. *It sure would.* Still, she was far too horny not to—she’d just left a nice wet smear on the chair in the diner. She didn’t have her own purse to rifle through for something to sit on—her money was all in cash and tucked into her leggings—and so she awkwardly kneeled on the seat, facing the rear.

“That’s annoying, and I can’t see to my right side. Using your shirt would work.” *Use my shirt. Duh.* Lexi stripped off her shirt and folded it, then used it as a cushion. She wasn’t wearing a bra; the overdose had already swollen her tits to the point where she hardly fit into the bras she’d bought just a few days ago. Her nipples would have hardened instantly in the cool night air, if they hadn’t been hard already.

The two rode in silence. Lexi had no idea where they were going, but she didn’t want to ask. That would mean talking, which Kendra hadn’t asked her to do. She didn’t even recognize the neighborhoods they drove by. As a college student who grew up in a mobile home hours from here, she basically only knew the campus and the area immediately around it. It was clear the area they were driving through was a nice one—the houses and yards were large, opulently so, many of them gated. It was to one such house Kendra drove, pressing a button on a keypad to open the gate.

Kendra’s driveway was long and wide enough to fit all of the homes in Lexi’s mother’s trailer park on it. Driving here, in this car, with this woman, made her feel smaller than she ever had in her life. She was inferior in every way. She wasn’t as pretty, as confident, as wealthy...

She had a growing suspicion that she wasn’t nearly as intelligent, either.

They pulled into a garage which housed several other cars of similar quality, the sorts of cars one usually only sees in movies. Probably six figures worth of value in them, to say nothing of the house. How could she have afforded all this selling pills for \$40 a pill? If she paid cash, a \$50,000 sports car would take 1250 pills, which was basically three and a half people swallowing a pill every day for a year, times five cars made seventeen such clients—and then there was this house to account for, and...

As her brain worked out all the figures in a few seconds and the logic in a few more, Lexi was immediately sure there weren’t enough people taking atroneurinol around the area to account for this. If she’d been dealing for a couple decades, maybe, but Kendra was thirty at the outside, and she doubted if she were that.

She followed Kendra inside, wordlessly. She wasn't sure if she should put her shirt back on or not, but figured she'd better, just in case. From the way it was folded, a wet spot decorated her in several spots all over her torso. She could smell her pussy juices on herself.

The interior of the house didn't disappoint. It was as lavish as it looked like it would be without sacrificing elegance or class. There were shelves of books in almost every room, and one was simply a library. The only thing in the house not spotlessly clean were books sitting out on arms of sofas, counter tops, end tables. Kendra walked right past it and her desire to follow was the only thing that stopped her from gaping at her surroundings. She'd never even been in a house like this. It was a level of wealth she'd only imagined—and imagined poorly.

Her host lead her down some stairs and into a basement, through a billiards room with its own bar and into what looked to be a small home theater—of a sorts. There was no carpet in here—just solid concrete foundation, and four walls of plain, unadorned white drywall. There was a screen hanging on the far wall and a projector suspended from the ceiling pointed at it; these were what made her think it a theater. The only other object in the room was a plain metal folding chair. This was something Lexi's family also owned. It had cost \$19 at Walmart. Though her mother's had a cushion on the seat; this one had none.

"You should have a seat," Kendra said. *I really should.* She sat down, surprisingly nervous given the 'diminished paranoia' she should be feeling—with this much of it in her system, she'd have thought she'd be totally numb to anxiety at all. Then again, she reasoned that if she weren't so in the grip of upstairoids, she would be terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought. *So hey, there's another perk of this wonder drug.*

"You may speak."

"What are we doing down here?" Lexi asked in a rush.

"I call this my detox room," Kendra said, waving a hand as if to show off what she'd done with the space. "I bring my clients here, when they hit the point you have. Usually takes more than a couple weeks."

"Detox? If I just sit here in this room, I'm going to grow huge titties and a big swollen ass and thick dick-sucking lips and only ever want to fuck for the rest of my life. I can't just wait this out—it's not like heroin or something. It's changing me, right now. It'll only get worse." How could Kendra peddle the drug and not realize this?

"Oh, well look who's suddenly such a bright girl. Note that I didn't say I brought you here to detoxify your system of atroneurinol. That's what's purifying you. I brought you here to detoxify you of all the bad little thoughts and feelings you still have in that head of yours, even as great a debacle as you've made of it through your ham-fisted blundering."

“Wait, what?” Lexi shook her head. “No, you have to help me! You said you would help me!”

“Yes, I suppose that bright as you are, it wasn’t enough to see through that little ruse, was it.” Kendra chuckled. “Now take this needle, and inject yourself with this serum.” She once again held out the items she’d shown her at the diner.

Lexi shook her head. “No. I won’t do it.” She wanted to flee this place—only following Kendra had been such a great idea, and what kind of follower would she be if she ran off now?

“Defiance? How...” Comprehension dawned on her, and she smiled. “Of course, you’re suggestible, not obedient. Irksome little distinction sometimes—makes one have to be ever so mindful of tone and inflection. That’s why I built this place, you know—but we’ll come back to that.” Kendra shifted to an exaggerated parody of a valley girl—it was the sort of voice and demeanor one expected to come from the busty blonde’s body. “Like, O to the MG Lexi! You should, like, totally try this serum! It’d be, like, amazeballs, amirite?”

The tone and expression were so blatantly false, so utterly insincere, Lexi actually thought twice before she injected herself.

“That’s so super awesome! Now like, wouldn’t it be just totally tits if you had some kind of video to pay totally close attention to right now? Like, just super stare at and listen to and absorb?”

Damn straight it would! Sarcastic or no, Lexi recognized good advice when she heard it. Kendra turned on the projector and a solid blue rectangle slowly bloomed into existence on the screen. Lexi stared—even if this was just a blue rectangle, she didn’t want to miss anything. There might be a trick to it or something. In fact, she was pretty sure this whole situation was a trick.

(Certain, in fact, but that was difficult to admit.)

Then the video began to play. She saw Kendra—maybe a year or two younger, slightly longer hair, but otherwise her usual cruelly too-beautiful self. She was dressed according to her usual style—patently whorish—and from the looks of the affluent furnishings, appeared to be sitting somewhere in her own mansion.

“Well hello there, client,” on-screen Kendra said. “If you’re watching this, then you’ve managed to overdose on atroneurinol and were silly enough to think my desire was to help you.” She laughed warmly, chillingly. “Hold on a second, the real me wants to catch this on video. We really do just live for this moment, where you’re finally realizing how completely screwed you are, and can’t do anything about it.”

As movie-Kendra spoke, real-Kendra walked out beside the screen. She had her cell phone in hand, holding it up to record Lexi. “We really do,” she said, nodding.

“We made this video because this whole process can be pretty tiresome to repeat, and we wanted to make sure we got all the little issues of phrasing right when it comes

time to give you some better ideas about yourself. It's going to take hours and that can be hard on the vocal chords—took me days to film this, you know. But I think you'll find the advice your about to receive well worth the investment of my time.

“You see, dear client, that atroneurinol is a fool's paradise of a drug. Sure, it gave you a gorgeous complexion and a dynamite body—or if you overdosed early on, it soon will, trust me—but it also turned your mind into a playground for anyone with a use for you. It's banned for a very good reason, understand.

“Now I know what you're thinking: ‘Kendra, but didn't *you* take atroneurinol? What makes me any different?’ Right? You should go ahead and respond out loud when the video calls for it.”

“Right,” Lexi said. Kendra was laughing to herself. It was distracting—couldn't she see Lexi was trying to pay attention?

“Good girl,” movie-Kendra said after a slightly too-long pause in the video. “For your consideration, here are a few photos of me over the years,” her voice-over said as a slideshow played of pictures of the woman. Real-Kendra watched it with her. By Lexi's best guess, the first images were probably from Kendra's late elementary school years; over the next few minutes the slide show gave a slow progression going on into high school. She'd been a beautiful little girl, and her adolescent evolution had been towards increasing radiance.

The final image showed a frame of Kendra clad in a cap and gown, the salutatorian's stole wrapped around her shoulders. Second in class. The gown was open to show a pretty red flowered dress that still showed more than an eyeful of cleavage. Her younger face was no less gorgeous—she would have been the envy of every girl in her school. Of almost every girl in every school.

There was definitely no point in the slideshow she could pinpoint a sudden change, sudden appearance of breasts and perfect skin and hair and lips and ass. By the final picture she more or less had the body she did now as far as Lexi could discern. She wondered what the atroneurinol would do to such an essentially perfect-looking specimen of femininity. Whatever it was, she couldn't spot it, even with the real McCoy standing next to the screen. Unless...

Her thought was interrupted by the film. “Yes, that's right, salutatorian, not valedictorian,” movie-Kendra said ruefully as she returned to the screen. “You see, I would have been valedictorian, except for Imogen Gutierrez.” An image showed of high-school Kendra sitting in a classroom, waving to the camera next to a doughy Latina with a hairy upper lip and bad teeth showing in her smile. “Imogen's GPA was .04 points behind mine, so during our final semester she made an accusation that she'd caught me in a sexual act with our AP physics teacher. We both denied it—truthfully—but Imogen threatened to make the accusation public if the school wouldn't take action and lower my GPA.

“Rather than have a scandal break out that could have followed me throughout my life, I conceded the valedictorian position, and the scholarship that came with it. My family wasn’t wealthy, so I settled for an in-state school—probably the same one where I found you. I’d always loved learning, you see, for its own sake—read everything I could get my hands on. Still do.”

Real-Kendra nodded affirmingly. “Yet, when I went to college, my feelings toward formal education soured. Spoon-fed recycled lectures by second-tier professors, surrounded by peers whose passion for learning paled next to their passion for bad beer and mediocre sex. That wasn’t made me withdraw from school, however. No, that came from girls like Imogen. Like you.

“Ugly, simple-minded little bitches who look at someone like me and can’t fathom me. So they scorn me, even as they envy and imitate me.”

“Which isn’t to say I’ve ever given two shits about your approval, client. Far from it. For as far back as I can remember, I have always had to go the extra mile to prove myself to the world. ‘A girl that pretty can’t also be that smart, can she?’ I had to work harder, put in the extra time and effort and energy to excel to prove to everyone that I was the genuine article, not just some photogenic Barbie doll who charmed her way through life. As if being beautiful was some miracle that invalidated my intelligence and solely accounted for my every achievement.

“Which brings us back to you, dear client. There you were, an unattractive wanna-be over-achiever. It’s a good idea to answer all of my questions out loud, and honestly, by the way. What were your first thoughts of me? Before I even spoke, what were you thinking?”

Lexi thought back to when Kendra had first appeared before her in the library. She remembered that cleavage-baring outfit, the tiny little skirt. “I... thought you looked like kind of a bimbo,” Lexi admitted guiltily.

“I know you did,” video Kendra replied after a long pause. “Your kind always does. Then we spoke, and you began to realize your error. So of course you assumed that I must be taking my own drug—that I couldn’t possibly be that much smarter and prettier than you on my own. But you see, client, I’ve never taken upstairoids in my life.

“Did you not do any research? Of course you did. You were just too stupid to believe what you read. You thought that doing upstairoids would turn you into what you covet most—me. You thought you could cheat your way into my rightful place as your better. Tsk tsk, little girl. That you could ever be my equal is one of the many notions of which you are about to be disabused.

“Now I want you to know what is about to happen. I am going to have you program yourself. I’ll do my part, certainly, but trials have shown that your own voice is the one you respond best to during the detox period. It can’t be your spoken voice, which your brain associates with its own thoughts and not of external influence; it has to be a

recording, watching yourself say the words, which your brain associates with feelings of trustworthiness.

“You’re about to completely transform yourself for my benefit and pleasure, client. Does that appeal to you?”

“No!” Lexi cried emphatically. She wanted to go on, but movie-Kendra kept talking, and she had to pay close attention.

“I thought not. The syrum you were injected with contained a concentrated dose of my person blend of atroneurinol, so your mind should be good and ripe by now. Let’s proceed, shall we?”

“Please don’t do this,” Lexi pleaded to real-Kendra.

“Shh,” Kendra said, holding a finger to her lips.

“Repeating after me, copying my tone, is a very, very good idea. Isn’t that right?”
Repeat after Kendra. Copy her tone. It seemed so obvious. “Yes.”

“The name ‘Kendra’ only refers to the woman in this room and in this movie. I don’t think of any other person as a ‘Kendra.’” Lexi repeated, in the same earnest tone. A smart move on her dealer’s part, she conceded.

“The purpose of being intelligent is not to advance myself—it’s to advance Kendra.” An epiphany! Lexi recited the words with the same sense of excited realization.

“The life I wanted before atroneurinol is scary and awful. That would be the worst.” The tone was frightened. Lexi imitated it as best she could.

“Whatever Kendra wants, she should get. And I should help her get it.” Sincerity. Lexi repeated.

“My needs and wants don’t matter—only Kendra’s do.” Repeat.

“Obeying Kendra is natural and necessary, even if it’s something I don’t want to do. Disobeying her is unthinkable, even if it’s over something I desperately need.”

“My body and mind exist to make Kendra’s life better, however she decides to use them.”

“My possessions and relationships are tools I can and will use to help and please Kendra.”

“I will learn to anticipate Kendra’s preferences, wants and needs, and act in support of them.”

“The spirit of Kendra’s commands to me is more important than their literal meanings.”

“If I ever think of a way I could bring harm to Kendra, I will tell her, then not do it. If I ever think of a way to escape Kendra, I will tell her, then not escape.”

“If either my or Kendra’s actions ever place her at risk, I will independently seek to take the fall for her.”

“I am a hard-working, attractive and intelligent person who deserves respect, kindness and a decent lifestyle.” Lexi frowned as she repeated the words assertively. Did that one slip in by accident?

Then movie-Kendra finished the thought. “...but I will sacrifice all of those things to be whatever Kendra wants me to be.” Ah, there it was.

As the litany went on in similar fashion, it only half-sunk in. It was confusing, the way things were worded—hearing Kendra switch between third- and first-person so quickly made the suggestions only partially stick, or not at all in many cases. Regardless, clearly she would become Kendra’s plaything. Albeit with a good deal more forethought and thoroughness, it was the same procedure she’d done to Jana—and already she was thinking about how she might be able to use Jana to please Kendra.

The repetition went on for hours; every time the back of Lexi’s mind thought of a crack, it was hammered shut. Not that she thought too hard. Trying to weasel out of this would likely displease Kendra. Still, she obviously wanted to subjugate Lexi, so if she thought of a way out of it, she had a responsibility to inform her. That would make her happy, so it was worth doing. Even if it was idiotic and self-destructive, like everything else about this was.

Many—most? all?—of the suggestions repeated, with subtle differences in inflection. Being afraid of her old destiny became emphatic dislike; affectionate desire to anticipate Kendra’s desires became anxiety over failing to do so. Even as she participated in the act, she marveled at its cleverness and thoroughness. It was mind-bogglingly brilliant, and utterly ruthless.

Finally, it ended. Her real-world companion told her to stop repeating, so she did. Movie-Kendra smiled at her. “That’s a good girl, client. Now, I’ll bid you a fond farewell and let Kendra handle you from here.” She smiled, but it was a sadistic thing on her immaculate visage.

Kendra stopped the projector, and it went blue again. “You may have noticed none of my suggestions were for you to *enjoy* serving me. No mention of pleasure in obedience, fulfillment through service.”

Lexi thought. She hadn’t noticed that in the whole minutia of it, but come to think of it, she didn’t feel any such instinct. “That’s... I hadn’t noticed, but...”

“There’s a version of this video in which that’s a major component—that’s the one I show to most of my dim-witted overdosing clientele. The one you just saw, I reserve for those who have managed to cause offense.”

“What did I do to merit that! I never did anything to you! I just wanted to be smart, be... pretty,” she admitted.

“Oh, you don’t remember threatening to go to the police earlier? Well, I remembered, and I did not appreciate it. As they always told little Cindy on The Brady Bunch, ‘when you tattle, you’re only telling on yourself, and telling them that you’re a

mean little bitch who doesn't deserve happiness.' Something like that, anyway. Just give me a moment here, and I'll have you ready to be fully detoxed."

"Please don't do this," Lexi pleaded. "I was going to be a doctor—I was going to help people!"

"Oh, that's so sweet," Kendra responded without looking up from what she was doing on her phone. "But trust me, Lexi, you're still going to be helping someone—the most important someone you know. Me. Now we just need to finish running this nifty little app I wrote that filters my voice out of that video, edit out the opening and ending..."

Lexi wanted to cry. To fuck. To beg for mercy. To ask how she could help program herself to be Kendra's obedient slave.

Before she worked up the gumption to do any of those things, the app finished, and she plugged the phone into the projector. The blue rectangle disappeared, replaced by Lexi's own face, staring anxiously and looking at the screen that was just off-camera. "The name 'Kendra' only refers to the woman in this room and in this movie. I don't think of any other person as a 'Kendra.'" Then a pause, during which Lexi remembered Kendra Baddle, whom she'd gone to middle school with before the girl moved away. *Not really a 'Kendra', she thought. She's Ms. Baddle now. I think that was my hair-dresser's name when I was a little girl, too, but not any more.*

"The purpose of being intelligent is not to advance myself," Lexi insisted on the screen. "It's to advance Kendra!" A pause, then she went on. "The life I wanted before atroneurinol is scary and awful. That would be the worst." *Oh geez, good call! Being a doctor would have been such a stupid waste of my time—trying to crawl out of my white trash roots and all would be terrifying. I wouldn't know what to do with myself! Hopefully Kendra can think of some good uses for my brain.*

"Whatever Kendra wants, she should get—and I should help her get it," Lexi encouraged. She remembered saying that, remember that feeling of knowing she would use those words to brainwash herself, feeling betrayed, and stupid, and weak. She'd been right to feel that way. As she heard them, they became true. In moments, she was wishing she could finish brainwashing herself so she could ask Kendra what she wanted, so she could help her get it.

Lexi paid rapt attention to herself as she destroyed the person she had been and rebuilt herself into the perfectly obedient slave. She didn't want to miss a word.

Epilogue

Six months later...

In a lot of ways, things improved a lot for Lexi after Kendra detoxed her. She'd gotten herself cleaned up and weened off the upstairs, for one, which meant she was no longer subject to having her entire way of thinking altered by everyone around her with an opinion. Her libido was elevated beyond what it had once been, but it was under control, at the upper end of normal for a woman her age. She was finally the person she'd always dreamt of being—a genius. She spent all of her free time reading and studying—just for the thrill of it. She'd developed incredible memory retention, and seldom forgot a fact once she was exposed to it.

Lexi thought back on her finals last semester, the whole reason she'd started taking upstairs to begin with. It was a memory she cherished; she'd aced every single one of them. She hadn't missed a single question—not even on her bio-chem exam. It was difficult to remember how the material had ever troubled her so. Professor Donald Franklin, her cellular biology prof, had actually accused her of cheating—which in a way, she had, but by the time he'd ordered an investigation, Lexi had dropped out of school anyway.

After all, Lexi going to school was hardly going to help Kendra. Obviously. Just like the rest of the things Lexi had once wanted for her future.

Speaking of, time to stop wasting time reminiscing and get to work.

Her life certainly had taken a turn, Lexi thought as she started putting on her work uniform. She preferred to think of it as one, anyway; it helped make it seem a little less degrading somehow. A little. She'd been surprised to learn she had to special order her underwear now after her final overdose had run its course. She envied Jana's body now, how tame it was by comparison. Sure, Jana looked like a porn star who'd been a little too gung-ho on the breast and butt cheek implants, but still. Compared to Lexi...

Once, Lexi had been a tiny, flat-chested, mousy, befreckled, acne-prone, frizzy-haired young woman who no one would have looked at twice. It felt enviable now. Now, she felt like she was Jessica Rabbit made flesh. A pair of H-cup breasts jutted out in front of her—not that they needed a bra, as her body tissues had been reorganized to keep them impossibly perky. The bra aspect of her uniform wasn't even necessary, though it helped reduce the extent to which their incessant jiggling threw her off balance. Her nipples had enlarged to match, and were hard all the time—literally, every waking minute. She was pretty sure in her sleep, too.

Her ass was the stuff of legends, even around The Office. Her wide, well-padded posterior could serve as a shelf if she wanted, which met two thighs that managed to be proportionate at the top, dwindling down to two narrow, fragile things at the ankle. It

matched her waist, at least, which pinched in so thin between her overly-generous hips and enormous bust that she frankly wondered at the alterations that must have been made to her internal workings to even keep her alive. The Office's tailor, Heather—a woman who, like all of the employees there, had been too eager to take short-cuts, in her case through fashion school, and wound up owned by Kendra—had measured her at 39-18-36. Even her face had changed—her family would no longer recognize her even without the body. High cheekbones, thick dick-sucking lips that naturally puckered into a simpering “O,” as if begging for someone to kiss her—or just cut to the chase and shove their dick in.

Part of her hated the way she looked—it was a constant, humiliating reminder of how foolish she'd been. Most of her, however, was grateful for the added ability to assist Kendra. Her old self would have been so disgustingly useless!

With painstaking precision, Lexi made sure every last aspect of her uniform was in place, including makeup—she prided herself on her professionalism. Well, Kendra did, anyway, which meant Lexi did too. Clients here were very particular—which, for the rates Kendra charged, they were certainly entitled to be. Lexi's earnings second quarter were up from her initial earnings period, thankfully; for almost two weeks, she'd been the lowest earner in The Office, and the unlucky girl who occupied that spot on the leader board pulled 16-hour shifts until she caught up. The board was updated daily, to keep all the employees on their toes. Lexi had climbed as high as #4 for a day in April, but no higher, and that was only thanks to Professor Franklin.

That had been how she'd climbed out of her last-place spot, in fact, a stroke of genius. Alexis, her prior self, had happened to notice that he didn't have a wedding ring (not that she'd been interested in a 50-some-year-old man who'd not taken great care of himself), and Lexi, her new self, had likewise noticed his open leer when she'd come in to pick up her exam. When he'd demanded to know how she'd gotten a copy of his test, or what method she'd used to achieve the first perfect score he'd seen in his twenty years of administering it. He'd been proud of having a difficult exam—the anxiety stemming from which, she supposed, was in large part responsible for her taking upstairoids to begin with. Donald Franklin did not enjoy having his reign of terror ended.

Eager to worm her way back into Kendra's good graces, she'd sought him out personally, following him home from campus, watching to make sure no wife, girlfriend—or boyfriend—came home, then gone up and boldly knocked on the door.

“Hi, Professor Franklin, it's me, Lexi Dunham—from your cellular bio class last semester?”

He frowned, looking displeased to be approached at home, especially by this wretched cheat of a girl. “Hello, Ms. Dunham. You shouldn't be here—it's not appropriate, and I have nothing more to say to you.”

“Oh, I think you do,” Lexi said firmly. “I think you think I cheated on your test, and I think you think I got away with it.”

“I was given to understand you withdrew from the university; the matter is concluded.” Still, the reminder galled, and it showed on his stern face.

“I did withdraw—I got a better job offer, so now I earn more money than you do.” She smirked. It was half-sincere—given where she was going with this, she wanted to take satisfaction in the few moments that would let her remember what it had been like having pride, and some shred of dignity.

“How would you even know what I earn, Ms. Dunham?” he demanded testily.

She shrugged. “Public university, which in this state makes your salary a matter of public record. According to the university, Dr. Donald Franklin earned \$88,790 last academic year—which I should surpass sometime in mid-July.” Nevermind that she handed that all over to Kendra, who was content to let her sleep in what was basically a closet just big enough for a dresser and a futon. “Not bad, for someone who found a way to ace your big bad scary wary exam, eh Donnie?”

“Well good for you, Ms. Dunham. I’m sure your calling and lack of integrity will lead you into a prosperous future,” he said sarcastically, having guessed how a woman of Lexi’s looks and lack of credentials would earn such a sum. “I’m shocked you would come to my home at this hour with such a juvenile taunt, and I think that’s more than enough. If you’ll excuse me...”

Professor Franklin went to shut the door, but Lexi’s booted foot blocked it. Thrusting it forward exposed a bare, creamy white thigh almost to the hip through the split in the coat. He looked, then looked again before scowling up at her.

“Oh, it’s not enough. I came here to tell you that I think I’m better than you in almost every way. I’m smarter, I’m younger, I’m sexier, I’m even out-earning you. But!” she interjected, as he tried to kick her foot out of his doorway spitefully, “but I think you’ll want to know where I work. Call this number,” she said, handing him a polaroid with a phone number written at the bottom, “if you’d like to know more about it.”

He was no longer trying to slam the door on her; now, he was staring wide-eyed at the picture. In it, Lexi was wearing an outfit that amounted to little more than a few strips of black leather, hanging from a pair of handcuffs from a peg on a wall. Her attire covered so little she was nearly naked—except she wasn’t, and she’d already learned well that male impulse to turn the nearly into completely. Her expression was one of bliss—an easy one, since her lips tended toward that naturally now.

Lexi blew him a kiss, then shut the door for him and left.

It was two days later when she was told he’d called The Office’s private number and booked an appointment with her. She’d told Katie, the receptionist, to expect him

and to explain what she could offer him, then slipped her a bribe to try to suck him in. Katie had a genetic condition that had made her body resist most of the upstairoids physical changes, so when she became addicted, she'd been of little use except for doing the clerical duties. (It was a testament to her owner's ruthless shrewdness that she'd even noticed the girl ODeD at all.) Still, since she made appointments, all the girls threw money at her to get them more and better clients; even without taking a single dick in her, Katie was more than capable of keeping her numbers up on the leader board.

Many clients specified the uniform they wanted their girl to wear; as a first-timer, Professor Franklin hadn't thought to do so. On a hunch, Lexi wore a college sweatshirt, her mammoth titties distending the fabric beneath the logo so much that it was hardly recognizable, along with some sweatpants with the college's name printed on the ass. She'd had to pay to have it altered by Heather so it fit over her butt without hanging shapelessly over the rest of her. She sat in one of the offices that had been made to resemble a dorm room, reading one of her old textbook's from Franklin's class. She'd already memorized it, but she wanted to make a good first impression.

She did. Franklin opened the door nervously, wearing the same out-of-place expression most clients did in their first time in a brothel. "Ms. Dunham," he said.

"What do you want, you old geezer? I'm trying to study so my stupid professors don't accuse me of cheating. Again. Thanks for that, by the way." She sneered at him coldly.

"They—she—she said I could... you would..." he stammered nervously.

"Do whatever you want?"

He nodded.

She turned to him, crossing her legs, still sounding annoyed. "And you left your deposit?"

He nodded.

"Well then, I guess I'll do whatever you want. Just tell me what it is so we can get to it and stop wasting my time."

He frowned. "You're being so... this isn't very conducive to..."

"What, punishing me? That's what you told them on the phone, right? That you wanted to punish me." She drummed her fingers impatiently.

"Well, the young woman, she told me you'd said—a thousand dollars, and I could have you to myself, do whatever I wanted. She was quite specific as to what that meant." His voice was recovering, though she could see her pushy demeanor wasn't spurring him on like she'd hoped, but rather intimidating him.

She stood up from her chair and stalked up to him festily. Short as she was, he was only a few inches taller, and she came right up to him until her breasts were brushing up against his chest, her nipples visible even through the sweatshirt. "Well

then. Did you want to come here to punish Lexi for being a little bitch?” She gave him an exasperated look for a moment, then transformed her demeanor in an instant to look frightened, the picture of a girl terrified that daddy was home and her comeuppance was at hand. “Or...” her voice quavered. “Did you want to punish Lexi for being a bad, bad little student?” She sucked softly on her index finger.

He just stared a moment before realizing she’d been asking him a question. “Oh. Oh my, you were...” He smiled, realizing at last the theatrical nature of her comportment. “No, as you were, Ms. Dunham. As you were.”

Lexi took her finger out, giving him a malicious grin. “Well then, now that you’ve finally figured it out, maybe we can get on with things? I wasn’t kidding when I said I had reading to do, Donnie boy.” She didn’t—her work always came before her own needs, because her work was for Kendra and her needs were beneath notice by comparison.

“Shut your mouth, you little bitch,” Professor Franklin said. “I am your instructor and you will address me respectfully, and speak only when directed to do so. When you do, I will be Mr. Franklin, or sir, do you understand?”

Lexi adopted a sullen glare. “Yes sir.”

“Take that sweater off, Ms. Dunham. You don’t deserve to wear the colors any more—not that you ever did.”

Lexi glared at him as she took the bottom hem of her sweatshirt in both hands and lifted it over her head. She’d chosen a casual-looking white bra underneath—nothing intrinsically sexy, save for its contents. It helped make her a normal college girl, wearing her normal college girl clothes—maintaining the fantasy that he was a man with the power to punish his student. Normal college girls weren’t sluts who would do absolutely anything for paying customers, like Lexi, but otherwise, this was the scenario he’d imagined playing out a dozen times.

Fantasies brought people back; men who just had a fun yet pricey romp were a lot less likely to return as eagerly.

“Happy now?” she asked, voice full of sass, eyes full of judgment for the way he leered at her young body.

Still, her obedience emboldened him. “And I believe...” He walked behind her, checking for the college’s name on her sweatpants. “Yes, I thought as much. Those, too. You are not affiliated with the university, and you shan’t sully our good name by wearing them.”

Lexi rolled her eyes, her character keenly aware he was just using that as an excuse to get her one step closer to naked. Her panties, unlike the bra, were a slutty pink thong with a little red bow at the top of her ass. It was a surprise, organic; a real girl who wore the underwear she felt like wearing. Gingerly, he reached out and

touched her bare bottom, his sweaty fingers tracing lines across her padded flesh. Lexi folded her arms impatiently as she consented to his groping.

Soon enough, he came back to the front. Guys loved her ass, but they always came back to her tits in the end. He stared at them lustfully, then made himself look up to her face where a superior smirk awaited him, the look of a woman whose body gave her the upper hand, even if circumstance dictated otherwise. “Now, Alexis. Or no, I believe you said you prefer Lexi now—it suits you. Alexis is a serious girl’s name. A respectable name. Not the name of a fraud, and a whore. Lexi... I want you to admit to me that you cheated on my exam.”

She laughed arrogantly. “I didn’t cheat. I mean, you paid for me, so if you want me to say I did, hey, I’ll say it.” She switched to a clearly feigned voice of exaggerated remorse. “Gee golly, Professor Franklin sir, I sure am sorry I fudged my answers on your test, especially since it was so fucking easy I could’ve just sent my gerbil in to take it for me.”

He grinned, still enjoying their little game—and no doubt still thought she was lying. “Well then, if you won’t just come out and admit it, then I’ve no choice but to procure a confession...” He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor, then began undoing his belt and pants.

Lexi sunk to her knees, licking her lips, tremendously relieved her gamble was paying off, and that she’d found a way to bring in more money for Kendra. “Do your worst,” she said, then left her mouth open and ready.

That had been his first visit; since then, she’d made Kendra more than \$11,000 off the old goat. She was yet to tell him she’d cheated. It wasn’t pride—there was nothing but theater to it on her end. She might enjoy the occasional taunt at his expense, since he was in fact a horny old loser shelling out more than half his weekly earnings for a night of fucking a prostitute less than half his age; still, she played the character that she thought would best entice him to come back. He obviously got off on fucking a sassy little college brat—she was part student, grudgingly submitting to his place in the power structure; part pin-up girl, giving him lewd pictures and her sodden panties as trophies; and part pure whore, fulfilling his every sexual desire with vigor and alacrity.

If she hit a point where she thought admitting she’d cheated would make Kendra more cash, she’d do that—in fact, she’d already started considering such a scenario. “Oh, you already know what happened or you wouldn’t be here,” she would say scornfully, “but you just want to hear the words.” Franklin would get excited at her first hint of an admission, but she’d refuse to come closer. Instead, she’d let him get his cock out and get him excited, then when he was about to cum, she’d stop and tell him she was so tired of prostituting herself that she’d give him the satisfaction and admit it—for a price. She hadn’t decided how much yet—\$20,000 felt like a nice round number, but she wasn’t

yet sure enough of his savings that she could feel confident she'd get it. She'd keep probing. Then she'd confess, and pretend to cum like a firecracker as she admitted it.

Who knows, it might be enough to put her on top for a day—not that there was a prize other than a chance at a few words of praise from Kendra, which mattered to Lexi not at all. Serving was her most important priority—she didn't need a pat on the head for it. Still, it would get Jana off her back, which would make it worth it.

Making Jana her slave was the third biggest mistake of her life. She remembered meeting with her slave after Kendra had finished conditioning her—a process Lexi ordered her roommate to submit to. Jana was staring at both of them delightedly, eager to submit to either.

“Lexi,” Kendra said, “tell Jana what your most important goal is.”

“To serve you,” Lexi said automatically. She'd been too brainwashed to consider saying anything else. A simple command, a simple answer. Kendra was so much smarter than her.

“There you have it, Jana. So now you have two mistresses—Lexi, and myself.” Jana nodded, smiling rapidly. Kendra turned to address Lexi. “I couldn't completely undo your own brainwashing process—thorough job on that.” It was not a compliment. “So I'm going to leave her as your slave, and I want you to give her one simple job to do.” Kendra whispered it in Lexi's ear. “Go on, tell her, make sure she understands—then get your fat ass back to work.”

Kendra walked off, utterly self-assured in her slave's obedience. Lexi looked to Jana, then passed on her final command. “Jana, your new job is to make sure I serve Kendra as best I can.” Those had been Kendra's words. Wanting to make sure her dim-witted slave took her full meaning, she dutifully elaborated, wincing inside at the torment it would surely mean for her. “If I'm being lazy, I want you to make me get to work. If I could be doing something better, I want you to point it out, or show me how. If you think of something I could do to benefit Kendra that I haven't done, I want you to tell it to me.”

Jana had taken her new job seriously. Whenever she wasn't working, she checked in on Lexi constantly. If Lexi was with a customer and it seemed like she could use a hand, she helped out—for her even share, at Kendra's insistence, so Lexi didn't have an unfair earning advantage over her peers. If Lexi wasn't, she came in to make her exercise, practice her techniques, or otherwise fritter away her precious free time serving even more thoroughly. As devoted as Lexi was, Jana was utterly single-minded about it.

Of course, Jana had an advantage Lexi didn't. Her second-worst decision had been taking the upstairs in the first place—that much was clear—but being around Jana always kept her mindful of her gravest error. Jana, and all of the other girls working in The Office, loved their jobs. Many were deeply in the throes of void rage most

of the time, like Jana, and had little command of their faculties beyond what was required to suck, fuck, and otherwise bring in more cash for Kendra. Others were more cognizant—some, like Lexi, were actually very intelligent—but nonetheless wore an authentically enthused smile as they went about their day. They got anxious when their numbers slipped, because it meant they weren't serving Kendra as well, but most of the time they were giving it their all and utterly satisfied with the results and motivations of their efforts. They were happy, very much so.

Just not Lexi.

She'd pestered Kendra about it just once, when her owner had stopped by Jupiter's during one of Lexi's shifts. Jupiter's was the sketchy strip club next to the diner Lexi had met her at the night of her enslavement. Before working there, she'd heard rumors—everyone had heard rumors—but they turned out to only scratch the surface. Beneath Jupiter's was a complex of rooms called The Office, a brothel that charged top dollar for access to some of the hottest and most devoted prostitutes to be found for hundreds of miles. More, probably. When Lexi didn't have a client, she put in her hours at Jupiter's stripping and doing lap dances, waiting tables if that's what needed doing.

(She did well below average there, too.)

It was Kendra, in fact, who began the conversation by asking her why she thought that was. It was typical of her, to begin conversations with her slaves by driving at how they could be doing better. Smart of her—it cut down opportunities for them to waste her invaluable time by kissing ass or making chit-chat. Lexi had considered the question already, and gave her thoughts bluntly. "I think it's because I'm a freak," she said. "The other girls are hot—nice boobs, nice butts, pretty faces. Because I stupidly overdosed, I gave myself these enormous titties and gigantic ass and tiny little waist and doll face. I'm cartoonish. Some guys like it, but many prefer more conventional women."

Kendra nodded. "And that's it? You're working the best you can with what you've done to yourself?"

Lexi frowned. "No."

Her owner looked genuinely surprised—the first time she'd ever seen her caught off-guard by anyone, in fact. "No? You found another way to weasel out of your servitude?" Her tone was dangerous.

"No, of course not—I'd tell you the moment I did so you could thwart me." She'd done so once already, when she considered some of the suggestions Greg had given her might give him a chance to steal her away. Kendra had black-listed him and forbidden Lexi contact, then put her right back to work.

She continued pleading her case. "You see, the other girls... they enjoy working for you. You programmed them to love serving you—it helps them perform better."

"Ah, yes. I'd considered that, but I didn't want to reward you for making threats."

Lexi nodded. “Of course not. I was only thinking that reprogramming me, you know, it might help me serve you better. I’m very very sorry I said I would go to the police, and you were very right to punish me for being so selfish and disobedient.”

“Your blessing means the world to me,” Kendra said, clearly bored.

“Still, for your own sake, perhaps it would be good to re-program me? So I would enjoy it, like the others? Research has shown that employees who are happy and satisfied can lead to production gains of—”

“Maybe in a year or two,” Kendra cut her off. “I’d have to reintroduce an overdose, and frankly, I don’t know that your body could withstand it, or if you did, if you’d be in shape to make me any money. As you said, you’re already flirting with the upper limits.”

“Of course. I’ll devote some of my free time to the chemistry of it, and see if I can make a more intelligent recommendation.”

“Sure—have something ready to present to me around Christmas-time.” She walked away; Lexi doubted she’d remember having said it. Not that it mattered when she was given an order. She put it on her calendar immediately; only 195 days to wait.

There was a knock at her door; it was Arthur, her 8:00. He was another of her few repeat customers, a guy she’d gone to high school with who now attended the same university. They hadn’t been friends at school, and even in high school she’d never known him well—just enough to know he came from a wealthy family and a few odd facts. Kendra left most of the girls (the ones with the power to do so) in charge of attracting their clientele themselves; some men just knew of the club and liked to browse merchandise, but most were invited by one of Kendra’s slaves or another. Lexi wished she’d had a better social network in place. She wished she could use Jana’s, but Jana helpfully pointed out Kendra would be better served if they both brought in regulars, instead of Lexi mooching off of hers.

“Ohmigosh, Artie!” Lexi bounded over to him. She was in the “locker room” of The Office, for clients who wanted to act out fantasies of that sort. Aside from his money, one of the only other things Lexi knew about him was that he’d very publicly asked Valerie Fitzpatrick to homecoming, and she’d very publicly laughed in his face. Lexi had been sitting at a nearby table at the cafeteria, seen the whole thing happen.

When she gave him her card—a polaroid, her own innovated method for personalizing invitations—it was a photo of her in a cheerleading outfit. He hadn’t recognized her, of course, which was ideal.

“Hey there, gorgeous. How’s my favorite valley girl doing today?” Their first session, he’d told her how the uniform had been a turn-on for him, and she’d coaxed the whole Valerie story out of him, not letting him know of their shared history. The old cliché of tutoring her (which meant doing her homework for her and helping her cheat on tests), developing a crush and having it dashed. Lexi had told him how happy she

would be to show him all the kindness and gratitude Valerie should have, and taking her name had been his suggestion.

It was ironic; that moron Valerie Fitzpatrick had bullied her mercilessly in PE all through high school, yet here she was reaching out to give her a way to make Kendra some money. For that, Lexi forgave her all the times she'd been called Skeeter (in references to her small breasts, which Valerie had said must be mosquito bites.)

"Mmm, much better now that you're here," she said. "I've been totally worried about my math quiz all day!" She pouted, stamping a petulant foot at the mean algebra. In the skimpy cheerleading uniform, her gigantic tits quaked.

"Aw, don't worry, sweetie. It's not your fault math is so hard—not your fault you were born with girl brains."

(Oh yeah, she'd also learned Arthur was a huge chauvinist prick.)

"I know! Lucky though I was born with girl titties too!" Lexi giggled. She practiced giggling sometimes now; she was getting good at it.

"And what titties they are," he said, helping himself to a couple handfuls. Lexi cooed at his manly boldness. "I am gonna fuck these things so good."

Another giggle. "Artie! You know you have to tutor me before I pay you!" It was true—or at least, it was for her Valerie character. Their first session, she'd negotiated tutoring in exchange for sexual favors. She'd seen where he was going with it, but "Valerie" was too stupid to realize she was being tricked when he got her to suck his dick, came all over her naked tits, then had her get him ready again and fuck her pussy. When she said she wanted to get to studying, he made an excuse and left her there pouting.

"All right, all right. What is it this week?" By the end of their second session, she'd realized he preferred Valerie not just dumb, but well and truly fucking idiotic. She'd gotten one of her freshman calculus books out and had him walk her through it; he'd done a terrible job of explaining it to her and gotten a lot of it wrong. It had frustrated him, and he'd clearly not had as much fun—she'd had to work her ass off (literally, having him fuck her ass) to get him back a third time, where she told him she'd transferred to some easier classes better suited to her ability. Now, he could stare down her top, or up her skirt, or flat-out fondle her while he went over nouns vs. pronouns.

This week, Lexi got out a worksheet she'd found online to help third graders with their multiplication tables. "This!" she said. He laughed at her condescendingly, and she tried to make herself blush. Valerie felt stupid in front of him; she was so glad she had this brilliant, wonderful man there to help her grasp these things.

She plopped down in his lap and he went through it with her; she rewarded him incrementally by stripping off parts of her uniform. She'd replaced the final item on the worksheet with 23×3 . "Valerie" frowned in thought. "Those are such big numbers...!" She was disgusted with herself—she'd never liked admitting it when she legitimately was

having a hard time with material; this character was brutal on her ego. Still, it made Kendra money, and so her ego could go fuck itself.

“I’ll give you a hint,” Arthur said, grinning at the obvious invitation implicit in the problem. “Lie down on your back. Good, good, now spread your legs. OK, now open your mouth and hold still.”

He kneeled on top of her, sliding his fat cock into her mouth and making a clumsy attempt to eat her out. Before long, he stopped even trying. Lexi made a mental note of it; later, she’d record his disinterest in eating pussy in his file. (Each client got a file, which she reviewed before each session to ensure results.)

After Valerie had dutifully swallowed his cum, he rolled off of her and grinned, handing the worksheet to her. “Well?”

“Oh!” She clapped her hands together giddily. “Sixty-nine! You’re, like, super smart, Artie!” She straddled his waist, rubbing her pussy against his deflating cock to halt its momentum. “Um, like, were you still gonna fuck my tits?” She made it sound like she felt bad not paying him back for his “tutoring.”

“Hmm. Well, you did kinda take some of the wind out of my sails, so now I dunno...”

Begging. Great. “Oh, I’m sorry Artie! I didn’t know you were gonna, like, fuck my face or I would’ve had you sixty-nine my titties instead! Pleeeeease let me make it up to you! Ever since you brought it up, my big ol’ boobies are just aching for your cock.”

It took some pleading, but Artie eventually let her earn his services. She thanked him over and over, sprinkling in a few self-deprecating comments along the way to feed his superior disposition. It worked.

As he got dressed and prepared to leave, he gave her a somewhat more serious look. “So hey—what’s your real name again? I, um, kinda forgot.”

“Lexi.”

“Lexi, right. So, for serious, are you a student? I mean, I know you’re not actually like this. I just wondered if you go to college anywhere.”

“I used to,” she said. “Not any more.”

“That’s too bad. I mean, I can tell you put a lot of thought into this.”

“Into what?”

“You know, the whole facade. The Valerie thing—the outfits, the tutoring, the tone, the whole look. Pigtails were a cool addition, by the way, but you look better with your hair down.” Lexi smiled, and removed the hairbands. Arthur smiled back. “But yeah—I can tell, sometimes, that you’re trying to figure me out. What I like, what I don’t. You should go back to school sometime, if you ever get tired of all this. I think you’re really smart.”

Lexi swayed her wide hips up to him and kissed him sweetly, like she was flattered. She wondered if the real Valerie had felt like this, seen how weak he was, felt the same disdain for him. “I’d like to go back someday.”

“What were you studying?”

“I was pre-med. I was going to be a doctor. I got straight A’s on my exams last semester.”

It was the first time she’d ever been able to brag about that to someone. For one brief moment, Lexi felt proud.

Then she got booby-honked by a horny pervert who’d paid a thousand dollars to fuck a bimbo version of his high school crush, a girl she’d known and hated.

He smiled. Lexi could practically feel his crush growing in him, felt it as a growth in her capacity to bleed his trust fund dry for Kendra. She smiled back, as Kendra would want her to. “That’s awesome! Wow, what’s keeping you from going for it?”

“Oh, just the money. College is just so expensive, you know?”

“I see, I see. So that’s why you do... all this.”

“Well don’t get me wrong—I love my job,” she lied, “and it’s crazy fun getting to play with you. God, something about being Valerie makes me so...” she closed her eyes blissfully, stroked her clit as if the thought of it overwhelmed her. She giggled—a less exaggerated one than Valerie would do, but still ditzzy—and made herself focus. “Still, maybe someday, I’ll be able to afford to go back to school.”

“Well hey, if it helps...” He got out his wallet, and over her feigned protests, handed her \$500. In cash. Which meant this idiot had walked into a whorehouse with an amount of bills that would get him robbed and killed in many such establishments. God, what a fucking moron. Lexi broadcast gratitude, hugging him tightly and giving him another grateful kiss. “And just wait until you see how thankful Valerie is next week.” She winked.

“I can’t wait.” He squeezed her butt, and she made a happy-sounding sigh. “Straight A’s... way too smart to waste on this life.”

She ignored the implied insult—it was true, but still, rude—and kissed him goodbye, urging him to come back and see her—and his valley girl—again soon, then made her notes in his file while they were fresh.

With the worshipful way he’d been regarding her, she would have bet every cent of his \$500—now Kendra’s \$500—that telling him the truth of her being here would have been enough to convince this poor schlub to put his all into rescuing her. Kendra would crush him, of course—Lexi was much smarter than this buffoon, and her owner was an order of magnitude above her, but the certainty of his defeat wasn’t what kept her from telling him. Thanks to the drugs, and what they’d done to her, she didn’t even *want* to tell him. All she wanted was to trudge through her miserable, degrading, depraved, whorish, pointless dead-end existence.

Because that was what was best for Kendra.

Too smart for this? She'd walked open-eyed into this trap, knowing full well the risks. Hell, she'd even done to Jana exactly what Kendra had done to her without even considering the woman might be up to something similar. No, Lexi was right where her stupidity had justly brought her.

She set to washing the cum off of her tits, and began to get ready for her next client.

