

#### Whatever you say 4

Dave had only just finished up with Candy and no... Rebecca, and Cathy when the door to the bedroom opened. He turned his head to see his room mate standing there with a smug expression on his face as he looked at Rebecca and Cathy both still with their shirts raised.

"I knew it." He said with a teasing tone, "We were taking bets on if you'd do this to them while you were alone."

The two girls pulled their shirts down in embarrassment, as Cathy spoke up with a shrill voice. "Tom! Wh-What are you doing??"

"I came to pick you up, and settle the bet." Tom replied. "I bet on Dave so I guess I get the next drink."

"You were gambling on if we would become sex slaves?!" Cathy demanded.

"Eh, it's a long story." Tom replied "Point is, I won the bet. Now lets get going."

"Hold on." Dave said "Don't tell the others about this!"

Tom paused for a moment, then grinned "Sure. If you have them let me get a grope each, I won't tell."

"Tom!" Cathy said indignantly, "I can't believe you!"

"Hey, its my price if he wants to keep the secret."

Cathy stared daggers at his room mate, but then turned towards Dave "I... Guess if I have to... I'll do it for you..."

"Yeah... I won't like it but... If it's for you, I'll do it." Rebecca chimed in.

The two girls began to raise their shirts again, but Dave held up a hand to stop them. "You don't have to. Tom, you know they were fully dressed when you came in here."

"Yeah, but the other guys won't know that. They'll believe whatever story I tell them." He replied. "So... Going to pay my tole or not?"

"How about this." Dave said leaning close to Tom "You remember me letting you grope them, and decided to bring your sister over tonight."

He nodded along "Yeah. I'll let the guys know. Good doing business with you. Come on girls, lets go."

The two girls looked over to Dave reluctantly. It was easy to tell they wanted to stay and serve him now, but they did have to maintain their cover. "Don't worry, we can hang out again soon."

The girls nodded and turned away, following Tom out of the apartment. With that, for now, Dave was alone. He sighed and sat back down on his desk chair. It was hard to believe how this day was going... Or what else the day will have for him still...

Tom's sister wasn't anything too special; she was more of a nerd herself. She had short brown hair, a mousey look to her face, framed by large round glasses. Her body wasn't especially shapely, but she did have pretty large breasts. Normally, she wouldn't be his first pick, but he couldn't let Tom's attempted blackmail go unpunished.

Dave passed the time on his computer, tinkering with his video. Now that he knew he could use the flash so effectively, he needed to develop a way to use it more effectively. A countdown and flash worked fine on someone who couldn't look away, but anyone else would see it and know to close their eyes. But if it went off too early, he could accidentally flash himself and who knows what that could lead to...

After a couple hours of tinkering, he faintly heard the sounds of his room mate and his sister arriving. They came in with what sounded like some grocery bags, followed by the sound of his room mate getting started cooking something.

Tom rarely cooked, so it must have been something he agreed to in order to get her to come over. Dave waited a little bit longer for them to settle in before stepping out into the living room. Before he could say a word though, Tom's sister looked up and spoke.

"Oh! You're the guy from the commercial!" She said, her voice sounding halfway between alarm and curiosity.

Dave had his phone in his pocket, but it seemed he didn't need it... "Uh... Yeah. Did you watch the game then, or did Tom tell you about it?"

"Oh, no I don't watch sports." She said, looking down and writing something in the journal she had in her hands. "But someone posted the commercial on a message board I moderate on, asking how it was possible. Didn't elaborate so I had to watch it to find out what they were talking about."

"So... A lot of people saw it on the message board?" Dave asked, cautiously.

"Nah, I deleted the thread as soon as I saw it. And I saw it as soon as it was posted." she replied, not looking up from her journal. "Didn't want more people getting hit with it, you know?"

"I see..." He said slowly. He wasn't sure how to handle this now. He had total power over her already, yet she seemed to be leading the conversation.

"I did download the video, of course. I was going to cut out the flash and see if anyone recognized the guy in it. But lucky me, I found you already." She continued.

"Wait... Lucky you?" He asked.

"Yeah, what are the odds? My own brother actually knows you." She replied.

"You do realize what meeting me means, right?"

"Yeah." she said, continuing to write as she spoke. "If you wanted to, you could tell me anything and I'd believe you."

“So, how do you consider that lucky?” Dave asked.

“You’re ground zero for a previously undiscovered psychological breakthrough.” She replied “I’m sure you see it only as a curiosity or magic trick but there could be some serious ramifications from whatever it was you discovered.” She explained without looking up from her journal.

“Before long, you would have been able to cover it all up. But I found you, so now I can document the phenomenon properly.” She said before finally looking up from her journal. “If you weren’t my little brother’s room mate, who knows if I ever would have found you.”

“So... Why are you telling me all of this? You do know I can make you forget it all if I wanted, right?” Dave asked.

“Oh, I know.” She replied, “But you were going to do that anyway. You haven’t had time to stumble on a bunch of super models. First thing on your mind is going to be what the not too ugly girl sitting in your living room looks like under her clothes and once we start down that route, there’s really nowhere to go but a memory wipe at the end of the day.”

“Let me see if I understand this. And let me phrase this correctly... Did you tell me all of this in the hopes that I would spare you and let you study my work?”

“More or less, yes.” She replied, looking back down and writing something again. “Its a once in a lifetime opportunity. I can’t let it slip by.”

“Alright.” Dave said “Prove it then.”

“How would you like me to?”

“Hm... If you show me your tits, I’ll believe you.”

“Hey! Whoah, not cool, man!” Tom objected. “She’s my SISTER.”

“Hrm...” The girl paused, looking down at her chest. “Is that really the only way?”

“It is the only way I’ll believe you.” Dave replied.

“I see.” She said, gripping the bottom of her shirt before hesitating. “You could... Make me want to do this. It would make it easier.”

“No. I’m not forcing you to do anything.” Dave replied. “You don’t have to do it, I just won’t believe you.”

“Seriously, dude. Why are you telling my SISTER to do something like that?!” Tom scolded.

Hesitantly, she began to lift her shirt, showing a little of her belly before pulling it back down in a flash. “I-I can’t do it!” She said sharply “I’m sorry, I can’t do it. I lied!”

“What?” Dave asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I never watched the commercial, I made it up!" She stammered, "Tom put me up to it. He told me about the commercial on the way here!"

"Amy!" Tom said in an exasperated tone "What the hell?! You agreed to do this!"

"I-I can't!" She cried out again. "I can't show him m-my breasts! I did my best to follow the script but... N-Not that part. I can't do that part!"

"Alright. Tom, you have to tell me exactly what you two were planning." Dave said firmly.

"Fine. The guys didn't believe me that you didn't mess with the girls," Tom said "And, they pointed out that you could have just made me believe you didn't do anything."

"So, I called my sister and told her to pretend she saw your commercial and then record what you did to her." Tom explained, "But she cracked under the pressure for no reason! He said you didn't have to do it!"

"I'm sorry!" She said, her face glowing red in embarrassment. "I-I thought I could do it but... I choked..."

Dave pulled his phone out and held it in front of Amy. As soon as she saw it, she covered her eyes with her hands.

"No!" She cried out "D-Don't do it! Please!"

"Come on, dude." Tom said, "Cut it out."

"You blackmailed me earlier for a couple gropes on your friends." Dave said "and now you tried to do it again?"

"Yeah, but... That was me. Don't take it out on her."

"Amy." Dave said, looking down at the girl. "Do you like your brother?"

"Y... Yes..." she said softly, "Please go easy on him..."

"I will, on one condition. Look up here."

Slowly, she lowered her hands, staring up at him with a frightened look in her eyes. Reflected in her glasses he could see the count down. Three. Two. One. He closed his own eyes, just in case... And she was gone.

"What are you going to do to her...?" Tom asked slowly.

"Whatever I want." Dave replied, looking down at his new toy. "Whenever I want."

"Dude, come on." Tom pleaded. "You don't need to be like this. I was just trying to get you to loosen up. Have a little fun. You're taking all of this way too seriously!"

“Well, looks like you succeeded.” Dave said “I’m going to have a little fun. With your sister.”

“This isn’t what I meant!” Tom argued “I thought you’d just... I don’t know. Be cool about it. Hit up some girls neither of us know!”

“I might do that at some point. Amy, stand up please.” Dave replied as Amy slowly stood from the couch, her arms falling loosely to her sides. “But tonight, she’s here and I have a virginity to lose.”

“Come on!” Tom urged. “Be reasonable! You wouldn’t want me to do this to your sister if things were reversed!”

“Amy, go into the bedroom and close the door.” Dave said, watching as she walked casually into the bedroom. As the door closed, Dave turned towards Tom. “If things were reversed, I wouldn’t have tried to blackmail you.”

“Yeah but...” Tom stammered, “I mean... If you had done what I did...”

“That’s the thing, Tom.” Dave said, walking around the couch and closer to Tom. “This situation would never be reversed because I wouldn’t have done what you did.”

“Now. You’ve created a monster.” he continued, “You wanted me to be more like you? Well, now I am, and Amy gets to be my first.”

“Please... Don’t do this...” Tom begged, sliding down to his knees. “Please, just let her go.”

“No.” Dave replied, looking down at him. “She’s mine now. And you know you deserve this.”

“I... I know...” Tom replied with a defeated tone.

“You’re done fucking with me.” Dave said sternly “And you know if you try anything else, you will regret it.”

“I... I know...” Tom replied again.

“Good. You should get back to cooking, I’m sure she’ll be hungry when I’m done with her.” He said as he turned away and walked back to his bedroom.