



Revolutionary Girl

UTENA





Utena awoke in the bed with Touga's arms around her. Her cheek was on his chest, her legs wrapped around his. She awoke and she was trembling, scared, sore. She thought, briefly, that this had gone on too long and too far, that nothing was worth this.

She thought of Anthy and

I want to be a prince who rescues princesses.

She imagined Anthy here in her place, not wanting to be here. She imagined Anthy submitting to this for no reason other than she had to. Utena could keep her safe from that. Utena knew she could keep her lover safe.

Closing her eyes, she worked on steadying her breathing. She forced herself to trail soft kisses down Touga's tight abs, to straddle him and work her way down his legs, to take his soft cock into her mouth and suckle it, running her tongue and lips along it, making it hard. Touga moaned, trembling into consciousness. She looked up at him, his fluttering eyes, smiling at the way his lips parted and his breath caught as she let him slip from her lips, as she moved to sheathe him inside her.

This is just another duel, she thought. This time, I win.

She rode him until his fingers caught in the sheets, until his head was tossing back and forth, pretty red hair tangled in the ecstasy she inflicted. She was in control.

Leaning down, she kissed him, his throat, his cheeks, hovering over his lips and pulling off of him, teasing him with a roll of her hips as his legs twitched and bucked.

He was close.

So close.

And yet:

“I want my duel, you fuck,” she hissed. “I challenge you. Two days from now.”

“Or... or...”

“Or I walk away from this bed.”

His eyes went wide, then wild. He would have promised anything right then, on the edge of cumming. He needed it, needed her, thoughtless in his want. She had done this to him. She smiled, pressed herself up, her wetness on him, grinding down against him.

“Well?”

“O... okay...”

She curled back and plunged down on him and he screamed, tensed, exploding into her. She kept riding, kept milking him, taking what she wanted, leaving him tangled and messy and wrecked.

“I'm going to take a shower,” she said, climbing off of him when he tried to cuddle.

She did take a shower, long and hot, letting the water scour her clean. By the time she was done her skin was as pink as her hair.

Touga and Nanami were waiting for her.

“I don't understand,” Nanami said, pouting. “you're saying that our time with Utena-cunt might be coming to an end?”

“Yes,” Touga growled, angry as she had ever seen him. “So, please, Nanami – *make her last couple days with us memorable.*”

I may have made a mistake, Utena thought.



Utena was used to crowds. She was used to people gathering around to watch her. She had always safely ignored it, never felt threatened by it, but her time in Touga's and especially Nanami's care had taught her how much danger she was in.

Her head was bowed. Her hands were at her sides, long legs trembling. She prayed that the people mistook the juices running down her inner thighs for sweat. Her small breasts felt heavy, her breath shallow.

The collar was too tight.

The collar was too tight.

Nanami pulled on the leash and she stumbled and the crowd giggled and laughed and stared.

“Is that Utena?”

“It is!”

“what happened to her?”

“I guess she simps for Nanami.”

“Typical.”

“Hey, is she a dyke?”

“That's hot.”

“That's cool.”

“Does she fuck?”

“She does,” Suyama, captain of the basketball team said. “The whole team had her!”

“Wait, is she a whore?”

“How much does she charge?”

“Hey, Utena, how much do you charge?”

“You should ask Nanami. I think Nanami's her pimp.”

“Hey, Nanami, how much for Utena?”

“Do you charge by the hole?”

“I wonder if she's available for parties?”

Utena tried to block it out, not paying attention as they gathered more and more people.

Nanami walked her through halls that she had dominated once upon a time but now she was the one being dominated.

Her panties were soaked and she whimpered, smelling of sex.

She whimpered as Nanami led her into the

no

into the gymnasium, towards the basketball courts.

“This is your place of power, right?” Nanami taunted, shoving her against a pole and groping her, shoving a hand under Utena's blouse and squeezing her tit. The crowd watched. Everyone watched.

“Nanami, please...”

“You have no power, you filthy fucking dyke,” Nanami hissed, then smiled and turned to the

crowd. "Hello, everyone! As you can see, Utena has found a new way to express her school spirit! The former scarlet of the school is wearing a proper uniform and has decided to be our brand new mascot!"

She definitely had the crowd's attention now.

"Anyone that brings glory to Ohtori - high academic or athletic achievement - can have a go at this girl's slutty little body," Nanami announced. "Boys, girls, teams, it doesn't matter, Utena Tenjou is anyone's game!"

"There's no way!"

"Is this right?"

"Seems kinda... I dunno... rapey?"

"I mean, if she's into it."

"Yeah, I guess if she's into it."

"Is she into it?"

"She's into it. Look at her."

"Hey, Nanami, prove she's into it!"

"With pleasure," Nanami grinned. "Utena... *show them.*"

"Nanami..."

"*Do it.*"

She did it.

Her hands shook as she reached underneath her skirt and pulled her sopping panties off her hips and down her thighs, letting them rest at her knees. They dripped. Everyone could see. She closed her eyes, lips parting, breath ragged with the effort. Her whole body was shaking. She felt weak. The skirt was so heavy, so heavy. She lifted and lifted, exposing herself hip to ankle for the crowd, enduring the cheers, the jeers, the lustful cries.

She belly felt heavy. She felt her lower lips strain as the vibrating egg slipped out of her, fell to the ground coated in her gooey juices. Nanami used a tissue to pick it up, popped it in Utena's open mouth to clean. Utena swallowed her own excitement until only saliva remained, and Nanami cleaned that off on her blouse, held up the still vibrating egg.

"This has been inside her all morning," Nanami said. Then, with a flourish, she turned back to Utena. "Are you ready, slut?"

"N... no..."

"Too bad."

Nanami shoved the egg back inside her, pulled her panties back up to hold the egg in place. Her panties were almost translucent with how wet they were and people could see the egg straining to break free. Utena held her skirt up, her head bowed, feeling warm despite how exposed she

was.

“Hey, Nanami, can we see the goods?”

“Yeah, we wanna see her tits!”

“Show us her tits!”

Utena looked at Nanami, pleading, but Nanami just smiled.

“You have to give the people what they want,” Nanami said. Utena blinked back tears, closed her eyes. She lifted her blouse, exposing herself.

“Her bra's in the way!”

“Hey, where's her sports bra?”

“That one's better, all lacy and shit.”

“Yeah, well, it's blocking the view!”

“Hey, Nanami, tell her to take the bra off!”

Nanami didn't have to tell her. Utena reached around her back to unfasten her bra, pushed the cups up and over her small breasts, letting the crowd get a good look at her.

Utena could imagine what she looked like – the Scarlet of the School exposed, her whole body on display, an offering for whoever Nanami decided to give her to. She was open and available, the wet dream of far too many people, and any and all of them could have her, take her, and there was nothing she could do about it. She whimpered, quivered.

Nanami stepped forward with a piece of paper.

“Okay, I have a list of people here that have done Ohtori proud,” she said, putting on a pair of glasses as she smiled. “They get to have her first and then, tomorrow, we'll have a bit of a scavenger hunt. Can anyone guess the prize...?”



Do you know?

Do you know?

Do you know what is left once everything is taken away?

When all your style and substance, everything that you tell yourself you are, everything you believe yourself to be, all the pretty lies, when all of it is taken away, do you know what remains? Is it worth loving? Is it worth anything?

Do you know?

Do you know?

Do you know what is left once everything is taken away?



Nanami had not expected it to go as badly as it had. She hadn't expected the rush of power or the rush of the students, the wild cheering or the rush to get at her. They'd torn the clothing from her body and passed her around. Utena had been groped, molested. They'd put her up on a stage and fucked her unconscious and kept fucking her, her body twitching in her sleep, her pleased moaning caught and seen as proof of what everyone now knew, what everyone now whispered.

She was a slut.

Utena was a slut.

Nanami had to send someone for a hose at the end of it. She had to stand over the former Scarlet of the School and wash the cum and gunk off her, the sticky layers that people had left to stain her. At some point all but the most desperate had stopped penetrating her and had simply cum on her, coating her, covering her naked body.

She'd regained consciousness, played with herself while she was covered. She used her hands, her mouth, whatever people wanted to get themselves off. She wasn't a person so much as a masturbatory aid.

There was resistance to the cold water Nanami sprayed on the girl's splayed naked body. Resistance offered by layer after layer of cooling cum. Utena twitched, rolled over, let herself be washed.

She cried, her head bowed as the water rushed all over her.

Both she and Nanami knew that she could be washed but she would never be clean.

Utena had trouble standing but she managed to, managed it eventually. The spray of water knocked her down again. Nanami almost felt sorry for her, but she remembered who this girl was – the girl that had tried to steal her brother away. She was a witch. She deserved this. She she laughed and she could see Utena twitch, the pain of the laughter making her hug herself and her shoulders shake as she sobbed.

“don't pretend you didn't enjoy it,” Nanami taunted. “I saw you cum.”

“I... I...”

“You're probably looking forward to tomorrow, aren't you, you slut?” Nanami teased, and she smiled and laughed as Utena's eyes opened in horror. “That's right. Tomorrow's the scavenger hunt, and whoever finds you can have you...”

“But... but...”

“Hey, Utena,” Nanami said, lowering the hose and grabbing her once-rival's face, “do you think

whoever finds you will let you go in time for your duel...?”

What?

“Wh-what...?”

“Didn't you know?” Nanami asked, pushing her down on her ass, “You can still lose a duel by forfeit.”