

Last Woman Kneeling

Snippet 1: Setting the Stage

“What the fuuuuck...?” Taylor looked around her in abject confusion. A stage, but not the one at GHS. Similar, though. There was a catwalk, for one, jutting out into the audience. Definitely no catwalk at her school. The seats weren’t those clunky bolted down ones, either, but rows and rows of hundreds of chairs. Nobody in them; still, they gave an unsettling impression of hundreds and hundreds of eyes aimed at her.

“Where are we? What’s happening?” asked Chanda Brighton, behind her on the stage. There were six other girls besides the two of them, standing as if positioned in two rows, four columns. In front of her stood a woman around her age, but taller, dirty blonde hair, the face of an angel. Another PowerBaller like herself.

The girls looked around at one another in confusion. There was no mistaking the common thread here. They were *hot*, all of them. Young, pretty, and if there was a cup size below a D in the house, it was Olivia Snyder’s paltry C’s, offset though they were by her bright, giddy smile promising ease of access. They were dressed hot, too. Taylor in those booty shorts she’d worn to fuck with her teacher, opposite Jody in her tiger print bikini she was hastily retying fresh from another one of those surprisingly enjoyable tit fucks from DJ. Brittney and Chanda needed nothing so suggestive; even the most casual clothing fit their bodies like advertisements for sex. Courtney wore nothing, because she usually wore nothing, because Drew liked nothing better than most somethings. Opposite her Dana “Didi” LaFave wore an elegant floral-patterned house dress borrowed from her mother’s closet, buttons strained across her chest. Olivia and Kirsten, best frenemies for life, were the only ones not standing. The two were on the floor, faces buried between one another’s thighs.

“Are we interrupting something, young ladies?” Didi demanded, frowning down at these young harlots, hands on hips.

Kirsten finally realized the noises and voices weren’t their classmates, nor were they in the privacy of their second period classroom. She shoved Olivia off roughly, pushing herself up to her feet. There was a glare on her face, though there usually was. It was more intense than usual. Kirsten felt threatened, and she did not like to feel threatened.

“We were doing our homework,” she said snottily. “Not that it’s any of your business.”

“We were doing *super* good at it. Mr. Lyons was totes gonna give us an A. I was even thinking, and I for sure don’t know what’s making me think this? But like, maybe Mr. Fishers, too? Maybe we could show him! But... he’s not here.” She looked around the empty auditorium with a sulky little pout on her cum-smearred lips.

“Drew?” asked Courtney. That she was surrounded by naked women concerned her not at all. Drew enjoyed naked women. But was he here to admire them? Where could he be?

The lights went down. From somewhere, everywhere, a deep voice amplified by sound equipment echoed around the massive room. “Voting commences in three... two... one.”

The lights went dark, save for the catwalk.

“Voting? What the fuck voting?” Taylor griped. “I didn’t sign up for the school skankathon. Whatever school this is. Sure as hell ain’t GHS. Is this Northside? You know those fuckin’ hoes are always down for a skankathon.”

Kirsten’s eyes narrowed. “Wouldn’t you know it. Slut-shaming from a GHS girl. Remind me, Olivia, which school is it that still forces women to dress like they’re auditioning for *A Handmaid’s Tale*?”

“Oh! Is that that one porno we watched with all the sexy maids with their feather dusters up their butts? That was so funny.”

Brittney shook her head. “I’m not sure *that* qualifies as chaste,” she said softly, glancing at Taylor’s powder blue shorts barely covering one of the few asses she’d seen that could rival her own. Not that it was a contest. Or was it? What was any of this? She wished DJ were here. He always knew what to have her do.

“Wait, you’re that girl!” Jody exclaimed. “The crazy hot one that Lauren’s big bro brought home from college! Oh my god, Brianne is gonna be so pissed she missed out on seeing you again.”

Suddenly the lights rimming the catwalk began to flash in a procession. A prompt, maybe? The house lights were down, now, though surely they’d have heard people filing in if there was to be anyone observing. Wouldn’t they? These “voters” referenced in that announcement?

“What do you think they’re voting on?” Dana asked. “I’m not sure I’ve even updated my registry since moving into Todd’s house. Shame on me. No doubt my lazy slattern mother hasn’t either, though perhaps that silly little twat is best off not participating in the democratic process.”

“They’re voting on *us*, dipshit,” Taylor said with a roll of her eyes.

Right on top of her, Kirsten was surmising the same. “It’s a beauty contest. It must be. Don’t you see? A few competitors, I suppose, with some weaker women to be grist for the mill.”

“Crest? You mean, like the toothpaste?” Olivia exhaled deeply, deflecting her breath to her nostrils with her hand. “Because I could so use some. No offense, Kirsten, but I get the worst cunt breath whenever we do partner exercises.”

Before Kirsten could blow up at her, Jody planted her hands on her hips, pendulous tits swinging as she glowered from side to side at the unseen. “This is

unbelievably sexist. I for one refuse to participate. I mean, if DJ made me, I suppose, but I don't see him anywhere."

Taylor shoved Jody aside with a shoulder. "I wouldn't worry, Tits McKnockers. I wouldn't say you're doing much competing." Taylor strutted down the catwalk, toe-heeling, her high, round ass shaking for any observers to watch. What did she care? If invisible people were going to watch her every move, they'd seen her do way, way, way sluttier shit than show off a little titty-jiggling on a stage.

Jody followed a moment later, glowering. She wasn't sure why. But she was here, and there seemed to be nothing else to do. And that mean girl, the one from GHS (wasn't that out by Bear Lake?) wasn't about to show her up. If she thought *she* had some jiggle in her step, she had another think coming. Jody's huge, fuckable tittyboos (as DJ liked to call them while he was fucking them, no matter how much she patiently asked him not to) bounced when she breathed, much less walked.

One by one, the girls followed suit. Brittney strutted like a runway model, not sure what else to do. She was here, and surely she was supposed to look pretty? Chanda followed close behind, head low, ashamed, hopeless, defeated. Once more the world had found a way to put her body center stage, her will nowhere to be seen.

Courtney skipped along, stopping at the end of the runway to do the splits, her sweet round ass favoring the invisible crowd. She turned to blow a kiss over her shoulder – at them, these empty seats might think if they were filled, but really it was a Drew-seeking kiss, and only Drew, always Drew forever. She would suck and fuck every dick that stood between them if that was what it took to get back to him. Dana followed, stepping carefully. Was this something her neighbor had set up? He did like to socialize with them, introducing them around the neighborhood, inviting his buddies to suck her and her mother's tits, or to fuck them, spank them, ram their dicks down their silken throats and fuck them like second cunts. In case Todd had set this up and simply forgotten to notify her, she unbuttoned her top carefully at the runways' end and flashed a pair of first rate fuckable tits, then hastily stuffed them away. To be proper. She wasn't some tawdry trollop like her mother.

Olivia and Kirsten collided shoulder to shoulder. "Would you watch where you're going?" Kirsten snapped, slapping her friend's ass. Her eyes lingered on the softly bouncing buttocks for a moment, until Olivia turned.

"Sorry, Kirsten! I figured you'd wanna go, you know, like, best for last? But I can totally–"

Kirsten shoved the girl in front of her, then followed before the catwalk had even been vacated. She smiled her most pageantly smile, waved cordially, suppressed her revulsion at whatever losers and plebs might be lurking out there stealing witness to her perfect body, disrobed for their amusement. It was humiliating. This was why she *had* Olivia, to go ahead of her and set off social land mines. Worthless slag.

“So, what now?” Brittney asked. “Can we go back to school? DJ said I didn’t have to take my finals if I didn’t want, but I thought I might at least try them. It’s not fair if he has to do *everything* for me.”

“Now we wait and see who the judges pick,” Dana said, sounding more certain than she felt. These girls were young. Naïve. Right around her age, even. Someone needed to show courage and leadership to the poor dears.

“But... why? What do we care about this repulsive, sexist contest, whatever it is?” Jody’s bikini top slipped off, the hasty knot having proven inadequate to restraining her unrestrainable tits. Damn that DJ – she’d never gotten wet from showing off her tits before he came along and started fucking them whenever he felt like it.

“Uh, because we want to win?” Taylor said, like it was the densest question ever asked.

“But why?” Jody pressed.

“Because I’m a winner,” Kirsten stated matter-of-factly. “I’m going to win.”

Chanda shuddered, her voice so small it barely carried even to the small gathering. “And believe me... you don’t want to know what it feels like to be losers.”