

# **Body and Soul**

## **A Losers Story**

“Wait wait wait – you haven’t even told me who won me, fucker! Can’t I at least know who–”

“You’ll know when you wake up, Miss.”

“But you obviously know! Just tell me who, and I’ll... wait, what’s that needle? Is that the control drug or is that the anaesthetic? There is an anaesthetic, isn’t there? I don’t want to be awake for OW!”

“You really better lie down now, Miss.”

“I... what was... damn, that stuff... works... shit...”

She aimed her crumpling in the vague direction of the cot they’d appointed her in the school gym. The last sight she remembered before her vision hazed over was that of her old friend Emilia Quesada sitting up from an identical cot with a vague, stupid grin.

Her panic upon waking was ironically not at what had been done to her, but at waking up in the middle of the high school gym. It was like a bad dream, except she was still fully dressed. It was emptier now than it had been when she came in, only half of the cots occupied by the senior class's less fortunate sex. Ryleigh shook her head, trying to knock loose the lingering grogginess of her syringe-induced sleep.

She hadn't known what to expect today, beyond the obvious. Show up and go to class, shuddering in looming horror with the rest of the senior girls, until one of the Lottery Bureau's agents showed up to escort her down to the gym. After that, nobody really knew. They had security blockading the gym every year, and the only ones allowed through it came out unable to speak of whatever they'd been through. In fact, Ryleigh remembered a senior from her freshman year who'd left the gym unable to speak at all. Rumor had it they'd paralyzed her vocal cords – all she could do when addressed was pat her throat and frown apologetically. Son of a bitch winner hadn't even had the decency to give her sign language. (If that was a thing.)

Ryleigh sat up, trying not to move too fast. She ought not to be moving at all, really. Not that playing dead would get her out of this, obviously, but still, the agents drifting around the room hadn't yet seemed to realize she was conscious. No sense pissing away her final few moments of emotional freedom because she was keen on getting the scoop on what happened to this girl or that. With her head spinning like this, she could hardly tell who was who anyway.

It didn't take long for someone to notice her, a man who didn't look that much older than her, maybe mid-twenties, who said nothing but started probing her with a stethoscope that was surprisingly chilly considering how many bodies he must have pressed it to that day.

For a moment, Ryleigh pondered what woman fucked this douche up so badly that he wanted to spend the rest of his life avenging himself on women everywhere. Whatever. He wasn't special. If there was one thing that the Lottery had proved, it was that nobody and nothing were special. Everyone had their price, and everything was on the market – except freedom, of course.

Nothing about the Lottery was shocking any more. Gripped by the same morbid curiosity as all women her age going into Drawing Day, Ryleigh had made toilet reading out some of the feeds about the wilder tales out there. The r/losers subreddit wasn't always well-documented, but plenty of it was. If there was one thing winners loved, it was showing off the fucked up shit they'd done to their losers. Women turned into puppy slaves. Women auctioned for under \$20. Women with their sense of dignity left intact so it could be shattered by sending nudes to their parents or turning tricks under the bleachers for literal peanuts. Women who were subjected to so much surgical modification they were basically plastic cyborgs. None of it was the norm, except that it all was, because depravity was no longer depraved. A winner could do anything and still

sleep peacefully at night, because he could always tell himself that either the bitch deserved it, or that someone had done worse.

Or maybe they didn't sleep peacefully at night. She hoped not. Every winner she read about who put a gun in their mouth and pulled the trigger was justice served, as far as she was concerned, and she regretted only that their losers didn't get to do the honors themselves.

"So what comes next?" she asked grouchily. "Gonna stick something on my head? Swing a pendant in front of me and make me sleeeeeepy? More needles? Let's get on with this shit."

The man ignored her, waiting until she was done antagonizing him to resume listening to her vitals. Ryleigh snarled at him, a snarl she would never have been brave enough to issue if he'd been in front of her rather than behind. She found herself taking slow, deep breaths, like she was at a regular doctor appointment, just to get him his stupid data so they could get on with it. Meanwhile, on the next cot over, a girl Ryleigh half-remembered from her pottery class last fall was having a syringe filled with some metallic-looking fluid plunged into her neck. Her eyes didn't open.

What was her name? It was a big school. Ryleigh didn't know even half the students in her class. Oh, well. Whoever she was, the shit pumping into her through that needle was erasing it anyway. Some kind of nanotechnology? Or maybe it was some chemical that stuck to the right parts of the brain and made them more receptive to some kind of subliminal fuckery. Liquid sorcery, for all anybody outside the Lottery Bureau knew.

"All right, you're all set," the man said suddenly.

Ryleigh's eyes narrowed, but there was nobody to narrow them at. He was already walking away. Launching herself to her feet nearly made her lose her lunch, but she managed to get a hand on the sleeve of his white coat. Fucking poser, pretending to be a doctor when she knew full well he hadn't spent a day in medical school. The media loved airing their critical take-downs of the Lottery Bureau's lax hiring practices, as if it would all be OK if they'd simply hire more qualified people.

"Hands to yourself, Miss," he warned. She recoiled, holding them up defensively. At least he stopped.

"You didn't finish. I'm still... normal."

The man paused, withdrew a small tablet from a large pocket and tapped a few times. "Name."

"Ryleigh," she answered.

He glanced up with a look of disdain. "Full name."

"Oh. Boyle."

He nodded, and after a moment, put the device away again. "Like I said, you're all set."

But still, she shook her head. “No I’m not. I still feel... normal.”

“That’s how it feels sometimes. It’s different for everybody. Your winner can contact our regional office if he has any valid complaints.”

Now he received that snarl. “My complaints *are* valid, asshole. You can’t half-do me like this! Somebody paid a lot of money for me, and they’re gonna be pissed as hell if you hand them a woman who’s ready to kick them in the dick.”

“I don’t know what to tell you, Miss. Your winner’s been notified of your completed status, and he’s the only one whose grievances the Bureau is going to act on. Understand?”

“I comprehend, but I don’t–”

“Then we’re done here. Door’s on the wall.” Then he was walking away again, but this time she didn’t dare stop him.

The door was indeed where he’d said. But where was she supposed to go? Losers didn’t just... go back to class. Not on Drawing Day. They left arm in arm with their winners out the side door right down the hall, so they didn’t make a scene. Winners were nothing if not eager to showboat, but still, they didn’t mind going home to get their dicks wet before hopping on social media. Not keen on being the only loser who was still expected to sit in class on the Friday before spring break, Ryleigh made her way down the athletic corridor, sidestepping where Angel Veracruz was assiduously making out with some fat slob she didn’t even recognize, and out into the parking lot.

A car honked almost the moment she stepped outside. It was an Oldsmobile with windows tinted so dark she wondered how it could be roadworthy. As she tried to pierce the shroud, it honked again. With no clue what else to do – not like she’d driven to school that day – Ryleigh approached the passenger side of the vehicle.

The window rolled down as she neared it, providing her a view of the sole occupant of the vehicle. She tried not to spit in disgust. Not that the driver was someone she recognized. Some old guy, old enough to be her dad, or close to it. Dressed in athletic shorts and a loose-fitting t-shirt despite it being in the 40’s, he’d complemented the ensemble with socks and sandals. If this was her winner, then she’d been won by one hell of a dork.

“Do I know you?” she asked guardedly, marveling somewhat that she could. Maybe this wasn’t her winner. Surely her winner would invoke a devastating wave of arousal, or drive her to her knees in worship, or at least *click* something in her brain that told her This You Must Obey. None of that, though.

“I’m Dean. Mosley? I’m your, um, winner, I guess they call it.” He smiled nervously, like he was the one who needed to make good first impressions.

“Yeah? How do I know that? I don’t know you. I don’t feel anything for you. You expect me to just hop in the car with some random old guy because he says so? My real winner could come along any second and lose his shit if you try to kidnap me.”

“You’re safe, I promise. And I’m only thirty-one. I’m not ‘old.’”

“You’re too old to be playing the Lottery.”

“Not too old to bid in the auctions, though. I just got the word a few days ago that my bid won out. Your, um...” His eyes found their way down her neckline, bending as she was to peer down at him. Ryleigh clutched her shirt against her chest. “Your family, they should be getting the money this weekend. Tuesday, at the latest. That’s what they said. Guess they have the wheels in this machine pretty greasy by now, huh Ryleigh? Or do you go by Ry, or Leigh, or...?”

Ryleigh’s inner scowl intensified. Her outer scowl chased it a moment later. And not only because of him probing around her name – in a poor family, a fancy name had been the only fancy thing her parents could give her, her mom had always said. No, the scowl was because it was really happening. This had to be her winner. A total stranger who nevertheless knew her name, knew to honk at her the moment she left the building, knew she’d decided to put herself up for auction. Shit. Thirty fucking years, shackled to this turd. “How much did I go for?”

“Is... is it weird to discuss finances? Well, no, I guess not, since we’re... since you’re...” Whatever his misgivings were, he shrugged them off. “Two hundred and forty thousand dollars. There’s processing fees, taxes and so on, but that’s how much I... yeah.”

“How much you’re giving my parents to steal their only daughter, you mean. Cool. Look at me, driving up the local average.” At least the guy was loaded. PowerBall that she undeniably was, she’d long ago decided that if she had to go this route, she at least wanted her family to have something to show for it. Being bought had felt even less dignified than being won, she had discovered. At least the girls who got won didn’t have to spend their last months of normal life meeting with a bunch of leering lawyers and bankers about the proceedings of their own enslavement. If this guy could afford a fat quarter mill (or near enough), and if he hadn’t turned her brain to mush in some way not yet apparent, maybe she’d at least be comfortable through this thing.

“That’s a good way of looking at it, you know. I actually had to sell my house to pay for it!” He laughed awkwardly. Ryleigh’s nostrils flared. So much for loaded. There were plenty of those stories out there, sons of bitches who went broke at auction, nothing left in the world but some high school kid. Homeloses, they were called sometimes. Although, most girls who went for auction provided means of funding a new living situation for these dirtbags, once they discovered that man cannot live on pussy alone and got to pimping out their prizes.

Dean was still talking, she realized. “But yeah, I got a nice little apartment now that I think you’re really gonna like. If you, you know, wanna hop in, I’d be glad to show you.” He smiled. “It’s going to be OK, Ryleigh. I promise. You don’t have to be afraid. The worst part’s over.”

Ryleigh stood up, surveying the school parking lot around them. Two couples making their way to their cars to go have their first fucks. One was too far off, but she recognized the other, Tanja Keldric and one of the nerds from her earth space science class, Jason something. Tanja had been an exchange student, passably cute but with some eastern European accent the guys wouldn't shut up about, the only reason Ryleigh knew of her. She'd apparently opted into the American Lottery system and its "lenient" three-decade term limit rather than the permanent arrangements more common in the developing world.

Jason something slapped her ass as they walked past. Tanja laughed and squealed something in her native tongue, skipping along in front of him.

With a sigh, Ryleigh settled into the front seat of the Oldsmobile. "Fine. Let's go."

Almost twenty minutes she lasted before the gnawing uncertainty finally broke her resolve not to talk to him. He hadn't tried to chat her up, hadn't leered (much). They just rode in silence, until she finally had to ask. "So what the hell did you even do to me? Why don't I feel different? Why aren't you... you know, molesting me, or whatever? Because right now, I feel like if you reached over here, you'd pull back a stump."

"Well, the short answer is... not much," the man – Dean, he'd said? – answered. "You see, a while back, my wife–"

"You're *married*?! You're not allowed to apply for auction if you're married! And you know when they catch you, you don't get your money back, right? They'll just put me up in the next year's auction again, and you'll get–"

"My wife died," he interrupted firmly, but gently. "About two years back. Natural wife, I should say. She was a couple years my senior, right before... everything. Anyway, if you care, and I understand if you don't, there's no juicy story there or anything. Kidney disease. We always knew she could... but you're never really ready. It was fairly quick when it happened. Still not sure if it was better that way or not."

"Oh. Um, I'm sorry." Not *that* sorry, considering, but still.

"Yeah. Anyway, I just got lonely, you know? So I thought..."

Just like that, her sympathy dried up. "You thought you'd buy a new wife. Instead of just trying out online dating, or shit, just getting a hooker now and then. Could've kept your house, man."

"I didn't really want a new wife. I just wanted somebody to talk to, you know?" Ryleigh did not know. "And since there's hardly any women left who aren't... you know..." Ryleigh did know. "I figured this was about the only way."

"You know there's girls who wind up going for a quarter what you paid for me, right? This girl in my chemistry class ended had her auction end last month so her folks could take her on vacation before, yeah. Anyway, she went for forty grand and change. And they go way cheaper than that, if you're willing to do some renovation on fatties and uggos."

“Sure, yeah, I considered that. I just figured, if I’m gonna do this thing, may as well go all the way right? I don’t know if you’ve read up on some of the stuff some of these rich guys do to the women they get at auction, but it’s just awful.”

“No, why, what have you heard,” Ryleigh said dryly.

Dean answered seriously, “Oh, it’d turn your stomach. A couple weeks back, I was reading about this poor girl whose winner was this Italian millionaire or billionaire or something, and he had her just pose as a statue in his house, totally still all day. Like a, well, like a statue.” He shook his head in distaste. “Just awful. So I thought, if I’m going to do this, why not, you know, I’ll find somebody who’s maybe heading for dire circumstances, give them an out with somebody who won’t mistreat them, right?”

“Wow, what a completely selfless motive you have! I’m super impressed.”

“Well...”

“Shit, you’d think you’d be picking me up on a white steed instead of this pimpmobile.”

“This was my wife’s grandpa’s! He left it to—”

“Look, save it. You’re not a hero, asshole. You’re some perv with a sob story who thinks that entitles him to take me away from my whole life. You think I should be grateful because I get to be dragged back to your apartment so you can drool all over me instead of being a statue in your living room? Because I’m not.”

“Hey, now, I’m not such a terrible guy! I mean, I left you your mouth, didn’t I?”

He winced for some reason, even as she scowled thunderclouds. “Left me my mouth? What the hell does that mean?”

“What? No! Why are you upset? No, this is a *good* thing! For you! You didn’t notice? You can still say whatever you want, speak your mind! That’s pretty good, huh?”

“Oh god. So is this one of those things like that girl out west who was won by her classmate’s dad? Oh god, like, she thought she was left intact but really was forced to slowly fall in love with the dude’s son. Fucking creepy as fuck, pseudoromantic bullshit like that. Yeah, I read articles, too, asshole. God, you could at least be original.”

“Fall in...?! No!” He nearly missed a stop sign in his apoplexy at her verbal assault. “Oh geez, I’ve muddled this whole thing. I’ll tell you what. Let’s just get home, and then hopefully we can sit down and make this make more sense.”

“Suit yourself. Not like I could get out if I wanted to, could I?”

“Hey. I never made you get in my car, did I.”

“As if I’d know what you did and didn’t make me do.”

“Just wait. You’ll see.”

It was almost two hours away, out in the suburbs. One of the nicer suburbs, from what Ryleigh knew of such things, but in what was clearly a shittier part of the nicer suburbs. No point asking if she was expected to finish high school. At least, not at her old school. So much for a diploma.

“Here we are!” he chirped happily, the first words either had spoken the whole miserable trip. He’d turned on NPR for a while, but it was non-stop updates on Drawing Day. Not everywhere had it at the same time, of course, but nevertheless it was concentrated on Fridays over March and April, with school districts rearranging spring breaks around their assigned date. Today was one of the big ones. According to the dude on the news, over two million new losers in a single day. Not quite a record, but it had been top five, he’d said. At least her misery had loads and loads of company.

Then it was into all those juicy anecdotes. A man who had divorced his wife and then seeded his former stepdaughter, successfully as it turned out. The jury was still out on whether he was Dad or Perv of the Year. A boy who’d won his best friend’s Powerball drawing and given the girl back to his buddy. (No interview from the girl, which was always a sign she was in no position to string words together.) Two sets of fraternal twins, both brother and sister, where each brother had won the other’s sister. Some liberal celebrity dude who’d burned over two million dollars on auctions, then left all the girls unmodified, in custody of their parents. Lucky twats. Ryleigh almost let herself catch the feels until one of the guests pointed out the actor had made over \$80 million on a single picture earlier that year. Better than nothing, she supposed, but it was hard to imagine having hundreds of millions of dollars in your bank account and feeling like only two of it was worth sparing girls from having the Lottery.

Dean had finally grimaced and turned it off during a report of a mass suicide of a over thirty young women in Wyoming the night before. Drawing Day had long since eclipsed Christmas as the high point for that sort of thing. Still, although they were still investigating the final tally, this might be the biggest yet. The rest of the ride was silence.

Ryleigh had nothing, not even her phone or purse or backpack. Those were still at school or back home – or what had until that afternoon been home. Dean hadn’t brought anything, either. Did he even have a change of clothes waiting for her?

Would she need one?

With a sigh of resignation, she followed him into his – their – apartment building. Somebody on the first floor plainly had too many cats and wasn’t doing enough to take care of them, but upstairs at least smelled OK. Dean made his way down to apartment 2D and keyed himself in, then swept his arm with a flourish to admit her.

“Your new home,” he pronounced.

Ryleigh stepped inside and took a glance around. It was as impressive as the man who lived there. An old sofa, a new armchair. Nice TV mounted opposite some wall art straight out of 2010 Bed Bath & Beyond. *Live Laugh Love*, commanded the stenciling on



a block of wood. Humdrum, a little cramped – but nothing menacing, no sex dungeon or anything even remotely suggestive.

Which was all the weirder when she suddenly, unaccountably, felt a spark in her pussy.

There was nothing else to call it. She walked down the hall dour and resentful, her crotch the furthest thing from her mind; then she crossed the threshold, and suddenly there was this... spark. There was no missing it. Ryleigh knew what being turned on felt like. She'd actually been a little bit of a slut heretofore. Sex felt good, and besides, better to get to do it on her own terms before she gave up the so-called best years of her life doing it on someone else's.

“What the fuck did you do to me?” she asked, hands balling into fists to stop them from acting on the sudden host of urges flooding through her.

“So... yeah. Like I said, I left you your mouth. You see?”

“No! I don't...” She failed to stop a whimper escaping. Her breathing was coming out in little gasps. “I don't fucking see. What is this?” The fists unfolded in mere seconds, crumbling with her willpower. God, she had to get out of these clothes. She couldn't get fucked wearing all these clothes. Dean might not even want to. But if she stripped, he'd definitely want to. She was so hot. So mother fucking hot.

“So yeah, like I said. I was lonely. You know? Yeah, I wanted intimacy, but more than that I wanted conversation. A social life. Somebody to interact with, you know? I work from home, um, part-time, so I don't really get out much these days, and I wanted somebody I could actually talk to. So... your mouth, still totally yours.”

“But why am... why...” Her words were lost in the removal of her shirt. Ryleigh whipped it across the room, part of her hoping she wouldn't be able to find it again. At the same time, however, the part that won out in her vocal cords demanded, “Why am I so goddamn horny all the sudden?!”

“Oh. I mean... it seemed like I might as well just give you a nudge in the right direction, you know? I thought easing us into it would just be cruel, and I read... Never mind what I read. But yeah, we figured this would be for the best, get the awkwardness over with.”

Her fingers clawed at her tits, cursing herself for wearing a bra, cursing whoever invented them for keeping her that extra fraction of an inch away from this man. “We?”

“I. The royal we, you know? Plus I thought you'd have more fun if we – I – had you, like, want it. And really, if we're going to be together for thirty years, no sense beating around the bush about the brass tacks of it. Still, don't construe any of this as a sign of disrespect. I insisted on your autonomy – of your thoughts, at least, and your ability to express them. Facial expressions, too, I told them, which I guess is still working because you're scowling like you want to kill me.” He chuckled half-heartedly.

“I do. Fuck, I do, but only... fuck... only after you fuck me, you mother fucker. This is... I’ve never...” Her zipper couldn’t come down fast enough. The teen’s jeans flew off, panties along with them. The man hadn’t even shut the door behind him yet, but she didn’t care. The spark had gone off on top of a river of jet fuel, and now there was no stopping it. She threw herself at him, his eyes widening in shock as their bodies slammed into the wall by the entryway, her lips sinking into his freshly shaven neck in a rain of thirsty kisses.

“Whoa, whoa, easy there, Ryleigh,” he muttered with a self-conscious chuckle. “C’mon, baaaack it up now.”

Like that, she was backing up. It was like her brain no longer controlled her feet, back-pedaling until she had demonstrably baaaacked it up. It hadn’t quenched her lust even a smidge, but the man had given her an order, and like that, she had followed it.

“I... why. What the ever-loving fuck, dude?! You can’t do this to me, turn me on like this and then just... put me in neutral! Fucking touch me or something!”

His wondrous grin broadened by the word, a kid who’d found Falcor waiting for him under the Christmas tree. “Right, right,” he managed after a moment of staring at her chest. Ryleigh hadn’t been told not to take her bra off, so off it went. Maybe it would push the son of a bitch over the edge, get him interested. She had damn nice tits, two broad perky bubbles of girl flesh. “Um, try being... fifty percent less horny?”

“I’m not a fucking robot, you—” Or maybe she was. Like that, the volcano wheezed its last, leaving only smoldering magma behind. It was tolerable. She was still turned on, but now she was turned on like she was in the middle of having really good sex, not... whatever that had been. Supernatural, almost. Now that she could think a little, it was all the more insane how powerful it had been. What wouldn’t she have given to have him fuck her? Nothing. She couldn’t think of anything, and quickly forced herself to stop dwelling on it before she had to answer some really disturbing karmic questions of how far she would have gone.

“Did it work...?” he pressed.

“Yeah. I mean, fifty percent is still a lot, but at least I can see straight. Holy shit, what did you have them put in me?”

“In my head, I thought it’d be nice to talk on the drive home, get to know one another a bit, and then when we got here... well, I wrote down for you to get insanely horny once we got home. Guess it worked, huh.”

“Ya fucking think?” She glanced around for her clothes. This was humiliating, being naked in front of this pig, all the more so for how desperate she’d been for him moments earlier. She could still taste his cologne in her mouth. Speaking of... “You made me kiss you. So much for controlling my mouth, huh?”

“Oh. I guess that’s sort of literal. Still able to say whatever you want, and... I forget how I wrote it. I made sure it was really precise. But that I could make you, you

know, feel different – like you just saw, for example – but that you could feel however you wanted about what’s happening around you. Sort of a second layer of consciousness, you could call it. Your body can want what it wants, while your mind is free to have its own thoughts about it all.”

It would be easier to be pissed off if her pussy wasn’t dribbling down her leg. That was new. She dragged her finger through the slime and held it up towards him (but careful not to approach any closer, not with her feet at least). “Never done *that* before. Guess you needed a little added ego boost, making your loser drool out her pussy, huh?”

“Huh? Is that...? Oh, wow! Um, no, I didn’t... no. That’s, um, that’s just you. You mean you don’t normally...?”

“No, I don’t normally. None of this is normal! I’m *naked*, in a strange man’s apartment, after he bought me, and I’m so horny I can still barely form sentences! Does any of that *sound* normal?!”

“Yeah, I guess this must be pretty weird for you, too,” Dean said, nodding. “Do you, ah, want me to... help?”

“Help what? With the horniness? Are you kidding me? No, I definitely do not need your help!” She only wished her eyes hadn’t darted to the prominent bulge between his legs.

“Hmm. OK, now dial it back up to, say... seventy-five percent...?” He braced himself, like he was arming a land mine that could explode at any moment.

She lasted almost ten seconds before she was on her hands and knees on his sofa, the leather squeaking against her bare skin. “Fine. Just... get it over with.”

His cock was inside her before she could even get the plea to hurry up out of her mouth. Ryleigh started coming the moment he entered her, and didn’t stop until her pussy milked him dry.

“You’re such a fucking pig,” Ryleigh grunted into the couch cushion.

“Maybe I’ll grow on you,” Dean answered, giving her ass an affectionate squeeze as he pulled out, a river of his cum dribbling out in the wake of his receding cock.

“Yeah, because if there’s one thing I’ve always been nuts about it’s creepy old men with daddy complexes. You like that? You like when I call you Daddy, Daddy?”

He frowned in obvious discomfort. “Please don’t–” His reluctance to give the order was confirmation for her that he could override his mouth-freedom bullshit whenever he wanted. Still, he didn’t. “I would appreciate it if you didn’t call me that.”

“Whatever you say, Daddy.”

It was an adjustment, all right. For the next week, Ryleigh didn't leave his apartment, and didn't wear a stitch of clothing. It was gross, frankly – which she pointed out loudly, and often – but Dean didn't seem to mind his new PowerBall dribbling all over his furniture. And carpet. And shower. With his realization that he could casually order her to fixate on giving him a blowjob, she wound up spending a lot of time dribbling her pussy onto whatever surface was beneath her when the itch struck him.

“Time for another tit-fuck, Daddy?” she asked one evening upon catching him staring over-long at her boobs, sarcasm thick.

“Sure, but how many times do I have to ask you to please stop calling me that?”

“Oh, you did? Your little girl is so forgetful, Daddy.” She glowered as she crawled to his feet.

“I'm less than thirteen years older than you. It's a lot now, but when you turn forty, I'll be fifty-two. See? It's not that weird!”

“And when I'm forty-eight, you'll be a dead man,” she retorted bitterly, slipping his cock between her boobs. “And for the record, if you need to justify your age gap by fast forwarding multiple decades, you're a fucking predator.”

“Oh, and I suppose you're one of those who thinks an eighteen-year-old who has sex with his seventeen-year-old partner should have to go on the sex offender registry, huh?”

Ryleigh frowned at all the excess friction she was subjecting to and spit a few times into her cleavage, then resumed. “Sex offender registry? Dated yourself a little on that one. Maybe I should be calling you Granddaddy.”

“Ugh, please don't. Daddy's bad enough.”

*Please* or no, it was a command, and the taunt permanently vacated the zone of possibility. Free tongue or no, orders were orders. Spring break wasn't even over yet, but she was already accustomed to her body leaping to obey Dean, or grinding to a halt whenever he hit her with a Thou Shalt Not. “I wouldn't dream of it,” was instead her thickly sarcastic reply as she bounced her torso to jack him off with weighty boobs. “But since you bring it up, Daddy, could you tell me what it was like back in the good old days? Tell me about your first sock hop.”

He chuckled in spite of the vitriol, in spite of having this teen queen's tits sandwiching his cock. “Very funny.”

“Ooh, or what was your favorite radio show? Little Orphan Annie? No, I bet you were more of a Lone Ranger kinda fella.” Another bit of spit, then a brief moan as the thrill of servicing her winner overwhelmed her efforts to block the throbbing out the aching throb of pleasure in her nipples.

“Sounds like you know more about that stuff than I do, Ryleigh,” he observed.

“Those are the only two I've ever heard of,” the loser snapped, then paused to give a few long slurps up and down his shaft for some proper lubrication. She sighed happily

as she resumed with much greater efficacy, a scowl reasserting itself only once he was gliding between her tits smoothly.

“You sure? It’s OK if you’re into some weird vintage stuff, Mama,” he teased, starting to thrust a bit with his hips. It made her job harder, but she didn’t complain. Her pleasure intensified in the face of evidence that she was being a good little fuck toy.

“Don’t call me that. Get your own thing. Daddy.” She was sweating now from exertion, a factor which would have been helpful for that initial lubrication hiccup. Already, she knew it wasn’t a mistake she’d make twice. He’d invited her to add anything she wanted to the grocery list clipped to the refrigerator, and she knew the moment he was done with her that some quality sex jelly was going on the list.

“I think I’m gonna cum,” Dean groaned.

Ryleigh took a two-handed grip of his shaft, pumping with gentle vigor straight at her bobbling boobage. “Oh yippie skippy, I can’t wait for some creepy old prick to give me a fucking jizz bath. Again.” Her nipples grew harder and harder before his eyes as her arousal peaked. When he at last splashed across her chest, she called out in unmistakable bliss and fell onto her back, panting as he continued to spurt across her face and body.

“You OK?” he asked a few moments later, offering her a hand up.

With her other hand massaging his cum into her skin, Ryleigh accepted. “Oh yeah. Never better, Daddy. You fucking came in my eye, you dick.”

After weeks of complaining that she didn't have any friends any more, he suggested he could have his over, make introductions. It had set off a tantrum level of jibes and taunts about how he just wanted her to assent to letting his buddies come over and ogle the PowerBall. Dean had insisted she could wear whatever she wanted, and could as always say whatever she liked. In response, her body had selected a see-through negligee, and her mouth had told him that if she had to attend, it would be as his servant distributing drinks and tidying up after guests, not some weird new addition to his social circle.

He'd allowed both with a sigh, though only when his complacency extended to forgetting any prohibitions against cleaning out his wine rack did he take exception to her attitude.

"No frigging way! I mean, yes, obviously, you absolute human of a horror being, but only because my saying no doesn't mean shack shit!"

"Do you even hear yourself? Ryleigh, you're completely drunk off your perfect little bottom. Worse, you know full well I bought that wine for the party tonight, and now I have to run back out and do it again. That was really selfish of you, and frankly, unsafe."

"And *spanking me* is supposed to make me better? This is gedra... degade... dee-*grade*-ing. Fuck. You spike that shit with something or something?"

"No, I didn't spike it. Now stop dragging your feet and get in position. If you hate it this much, then obviously it's an effective punishment. Besides, you know how I love the way your ass jiggles. So let that thought cheer you up once we're done."

Ryleigh removed her hands from her hips – sometimes her body let her strike defiant poses like that, which she could only assume was because her token defiance amused the son of a bitch so. Then she staggered across the room, falling rather than descending onto Dean's lap. She'd always thought herself a solid drinker at parties with her old high school crowd, but four bottles (five?) later, she was positively hammered.

Not hammered enough that her goddamn Lottery programming didn't have her squirming her ass out of her skimpy cut-off shorts, though. These had once been her favorite pair of jeans. Then after Dean had taken her to her old home to clean out her bedroom, she'd complained at length to her parents about what they'd allowed this man to do to her, called them all sorts of names upon seeing their fancy new luxury car that could only be theirs parked in the lot outside. Her punishment for her bratty display, as he'd called it – accurately, but still! – had been comparatively mild, modifying her most beloved portions of her old wardrobe into whorish parodies of their old selves.

Most of it was simply hacking them up with scissors, revealing more leg, more ass, more belly, more side- and under-boob. Most of her panties were now crotchless, and she now only owned three bras, the ones they'd agreed were the sexiest, for when a slutty look was more appealing than mere ease of access. It kept the both of them

perpetually turned on, which suited him fine and her body was ecstatic over it. Ryleigh tried not to think about what the old her would think of her new style, or how much harder she was always coming because of it. She still gave him plenty of shit for it, though, and never acknowledged his offer to get her something decent for that night's party.

Presently, the ceiling fan was blowing cool air across an ass that was split by a deeply wedged pink thong. Her fingers hooked inside the waistband as she gave her winner a questioning look, but Dean shook his head and she left the flimsy little wisp of fabric in place.

"How many do you think you need to feel sorry?" he asked as he gently massaged her bare, warm heinie.

"I'll never be ever sorry. Fuck you, fuck your wine, and fuck your loser." She frowned. Had she meant to ask him to fuck her? That happened sometimes. Her hatred didn't always outpace her horniness, even when he didn't manually adjust it. Or maybe she'd just misspoke. She was indeed fucking wasted.

"Well then you just tell me when you think you've had enough that you won't do it again, OK? Now I want you to count for me, out loud. I won't make you apologize – I know how you hate it when I put words in your mouth – but I don't want us to lose track and for your poor little caboose to take too much abuse."

She giggled in spite of her position, bent over and awaiting punishment. "Sorry. Rhymes."

"I'll try not to from now on," he said with a chuckle. "Now count for me, OK?"

Ryleigh shook off the giggles and brought herself back into the moment. "Zero," she said as bitchily as she could. She applied a Spanish accent, with a lot of extra S's. Why not.

He nodded, and suddenly there was a slap. If you could call it that. She'd slapped her own ass harder just to see how it jiggled. "One. I guess."

A bit more groping, and then he applied another, no harder. Maybe less, even. Or maybe the booze was dulling her nerve endings. "Two, my... pussy."

"You want me to spank your pussy? I don't know if that's a good idea, sweetie."

Another limp-wristed one. "Three. And no, I was gonna call you my pussy but then I slipped up and said... shit. Whatever, you know what I meant."

"Maybe?" He leaned down to look her in the eyes. "You want it harder?"

Ryleigh arched her back, trying to force her ass into his hand as it came down. "Four. And no, why would I want it harder? I want you to gimme my fucking bottle back is what I want."

"Hmm. You're sure?"

"Four. Or five?"

"Five."

“Don’t fucking correct me, god! And of course I’m sure. Why wouldn’t I be sure? Oooh. Six.”

“Because you’re... well.”

“Seven. I’m well what. I’m not well anything. And if I am, it’s your fault.” She swayed her hips enticingly, presenting him a moving target. An undulating target, even.

“All right. Well let me give it a little more firmness, then, and we’ll see if...”

“Oh! Oh god. Oh god. Eight. That was better, Daddy.”

“Again, with the Daddy? I thought we were past that.”

“Mm, nine. Are you seriously going to bend me over your knee and spank me like a bratty four-year-old and get pissy about ‘Daddy?’ You’re – oh fuck, ten, that’s more like it – you’re the only geeking... the only fucking geezer who could possibly *not* want to be my daddy right now.”

“You know, I’m not sure how effective this is as punishment, Ryleigh. You’re.... I mean, I almost worried you were peeing yourself a little, but I know that fragrance too well.”

“Eleven. And gawd, don’t call my wet snatch a ‘fragrance.’ Gross.”

Dean laughed. “You want me to call it cunt stink or something? Would that satisfy your need for vulgarity?”

“Twelve!” Ryleigh gasped as he truly, finally, let her ass have it. Her ass was humping the air as she awaited the next. No retort that time.

“Are you sorry yet?”

“Not ever gonna hap– THIRTEEN!” she wailed, squeezing the shit out of her tits in pure sexual frustration. The red on her ass was flashing behind her eyes.

She came on seventeen. And again on twenty. And then she lost count of the spankings, and the coming. Ryleigh never did apologize for swiping his booze, though, not even when he repeated the anecdote to his friends as she sauntered around, marginally more sober, in a transparent negligence, serving Dean’s friends drinks.

One of the men gave her raw, reddened ass a slap later on while she was refilling glasses on her tray. She told Dean the next morning – one of a few fuzzy details about the party that she actually remembered – and obeyed his order to watch as he texted his friend that he was no longer welcome in his home, then blocked the number.

“So it’s OK if you do it, but not him?” she pointed out icily.

“Do you want me to do it again?”

“Fuck no, Daddy,” Ryleigh replied as she crawled across his lap.



“Do you want breakfast first, or do you want to finish in here first? I’m fine either way, hon.”

Ryleigh peered out from beneath the covers of his – their – bed and shot him the dirtiest look she could, a six-inch strand of drool running from her chin to his morning wood. “Why on earth would you think I’d rather suck your wrinkled old dick than have an actual meal?”

Dean shrugged as she let the covers fall back over her blonde tresses descending back onto his shaft. “I just know how you like to wake me up like this. Remember... Was that last week? When you sucked on it for almost two hours and I finally had to stop you because I had to pee? Never had that happen before, that’s for sure.”

A muffled voice, punctuated by the occasional stop to lick noisily, penetrated the blanket. “You mean, do I remember the time some old man told me to stop the best, hottest blowjob of his whole creepy life so he could piss, then made me keep going after without even washing the thing off? No, doesn’t ring a bell, Dean.”

“It’s not like I pee *on* the cock itself. I can’t wash out the hole.”

“You know how much I love giving assholes head, but when they keep reminding me about the brief taste of their *piss in my mouth* I just get too distracted. Now do you wanna shut up, Daddy, or do you want your dick sucked? Pick a lane.” The sound and sensation of vigorous deep-throating followed. Her gag reflex was almost non-existent now, except when her body decided to pump up his ego by making him feel like he was too big for her poor widdle throat.

“All right, all right. I can always tell you’re actually starting to get annoyed when you call me that.”

“Which is like every day.”

“Less than you think, I bet. Less by the day. I was trying to count for a while, but it usually happens when you’re being sweet to me so it’s hard to keep all the blood running to the math centers of the brain.”

Ryleigh puckered her lips and ran up and down each side of his shaft slowly, taking her time on each. “Well Daddy, Daddy, Daddy Daddy, Daddy, Daddy Daddy Daddy, Daddy. There. Keeping up my numbers so you don’t start thinking any of this is OK with me.”

“Hey now, I didn’t ask you to suck me off, sweetie.”

With a sigh, she raised up to hands and knees and slowly dragged her hanging tits up and down the length of him, trying not to tremble too visibly with how good it felt to be doing something so fucking slutty. Her glare helped cover for it. “We’ve been over this. You rewired my whole mind and whole body to go nuts for your nuts, so you don’t ever get to pretend you’re some innocent by-stander when my body up and decides it needs to get you off.”

“You sound like you’d rather have breakfast. C’mon, how about I make you some eggs?”

She shook her shoulders softly, slapping his cock side to side between her two heavy hanging honkers. “You may as well let me finish first. I mean look at you. You’re ready to explode.”

“You always say that, but then you want to keep going for a second round, and a third round, and before you know it you’ve sucked my morning away.”

“And you’re complaining? The fuck is the matter with you? God, just shut up and let me do my stupid fucking loser shit, OK?” She lowered herself until his cock glided right down her throat again, then began a series of pushup-like movements so she could make proper eye contact – a glare, always – while she worked. With his dumbfuck mouth no longer distracting them, he came in no time – well, another twenty minutes of edging later, anyway, though she always made sure to finish assertively so he had a proper come. Ryleigh guzzled down each and every drop down her “free” mouth.

“Eggs?” he offered as she collapsed atop his waist, nuzzling her cheek against his flagging manhood.

“Eggs taste like shit with a jizz appetizer. One more, Dean, then you can go get your precious eggs.”

“Your wish is my command, darling.”

“Why don’t you pick the position tonight, Ryleigh? You always make me pick, but I’d like to do what you want for once.”

“OK. Let me wear a strap-on, and fuck your ass.” Ryleigh rubbed her tits in his face gratefully.

“Hey now, I haven’t put anything in *your* butt, have I? Don’t be pouty.”

Ryleigh licked up the base of his neck, ending at the ear, where she sucked greedily. As ever, the effects of his Lottery ticket gave her a good deal more freedom about what came out of her mouth than what she had to put up with going into it. “Fine. Missionary. Clothed.”

He twisted his head to regard her with surprise. “Really?”

“What do you want me to say? All right, here’s what you wanted, right? I wanna dangle from the shower door frame with my titties smashed against the glass while you hold me up and fuck the shit out of me from behind like a Roman god. Better? I have to be some kind of gymnast, contorting myself to prove to you how desperate I am for a little penetration once in a while?”

“I can’t actually tell if that suggestion was sarcastic or not. I mean, your mouth says yes, but the way you’re humping my leg says no.”

Ryleigh forced his hands onto her tits, whimpering at just how goddamn incredible it felt to get her boobs groped by her winner. “I’ve given you two suggestions already. You want something even skankier to make you happy? Here you go. Let’s go fuck in the back of your car in my old high school parking lot. Where all my old friends, my teachers, the fucking janitors, can see. Everyone will see how the hot bitch they always wished they could fuck is just some lucky asshole’s toy, another loser whore with no choice but to give him every single shred of herself.”

“Except that mouth of yours,” he said fondly, squeezing her boobs with equal fondness.

“Not my fault you didn’t make that part of the package.” Her body trembled on the brink of one of those sneaky mini-orgasms he was always giving her as he kneaded her boobs. “Well? C’mon, Dean, tell me what ‘I’ want.”

“Tell me which one would make you come the hardest. I never get tired of watching you get off. You’re so beautiful.”

“Shocker: it’s the one that would make *you* come the hardest, obviously, dumbass!” she snapped.

“So use your intuition. I’ll come hardest making love to you in whatever way you pick for me. If plain old vanilla missionary, lights off, in a sweater and jeans with my penis sneaking out of the hole in my boxers is what you really want, I’d be so happy to do that with you. Honestly.”

Her fingers drew up her hair to its fullest extension, letting it fall in messy waves around her shoulders as he slurped away on her nipples. “Ugh, my fucking gawd, don’t

call it 'making love.' We are *not* lovers." She wanted to remind him that she wasn't his stupid dead wife, but that was crossing the line. He'd ordered her not to, hadn't he? Or was she just not willing to say something *that* crappy? It didn't sound like her.

"Fine. We'll 'fuck,' or however you want me to call it. So what's it going to be?"

At 3:05 that afternoon, Ryleigh Boyle was formally expelled from school. It had been over a month since she'd attended classes – it was surprising she was still on the rolls at all. Or maybe Vice Principal Henwick just wanted her alone in his office so he could proposition her now that she was vulnerable. The asshole got what he wanted. Five minutes playing with Ryleigh's boobs, in exchange for fifteen minutes of *carte blanche* rights to keep on fucking her winner in the parking lot, no more bullshit interruptions for petty power trips. Every camera pointed at them, every cat call and wolf whistle, every time she felt a piece of her childhood sullied forever by the gaze of someone from her old life, she let Dean know what a disgusting pig he was for letting her do this as she came, and came, and came.

“What do you wanna do for dinner?” Dean asked as Ryleigh administered a sponge bath one lazy Sunday afternoon.

“Depends. You gonna let me eat in a chair, Dean, or do I get the tube steak deluxe under the table again?”

“Which would you prefer?”

*Sigh.* “I’ll get my kneeling pad. Fuck.”

“What would you say if I told you I was thinking about going back to work? At the office, full-time?”

She swept her hair back for the hundredth time so he could admire her face while she sucked him off, pausing only to reply. “So that means I get the house to myself forty hours a week? Count me the fuck in.”

“Yeah?” He looked hurt, somehow. She sucked a little wetter. “Sure. I mean, maybe you deserve a little you time. You know, I could probably set up play dates with some of your old friends – I’ve had some of their winners reach out to me. Might require some concessions you don’t want to make, but... anyway, if you wanted, we could try negotiating.”

“Gosh, so I could whore myself out to my old classmates in exchange for nostalgia trips with the bodies of my loser friends? Where do I sign up?”

“We have to pay rent somehow, sweetie. I don’t want to use you to turn a profit, so that means I’ll have to spend some time away from home.”

She gargled his balls for a little while, letting him stew in silence. Well, in the absence of words, at least; she was anything but silent when it came to lapping away at his balls. “Whatever, Dean. If Daddy needs to keep the lights on, who am I to remind him what he’s missing in the dark?”

Dean caressed her ears as she enthusiastically fellated away. “Do you want to contribute? It’s OK if you do. I just didn’t want to make you think I expected it of you. That wasn’t why I bid on your pot. If you never work a day, it’s fine with me. You do more than enough for me already.”

“You just don’t think my ass can pay the bills. Is that it? I mean, you turned me into a nympho fuck slut, but you don’t want to use me as one? I do not get you, I swear. Worst gentleman ever.”

He came not long after she resumed, and she came from the taste of his cum. Like usual. “What did you have in mind, sweetie?”

By the end of the summer, he’d taught her all she needed to know about budgeting, and she controlled and funded the household finances with only the most token oversight. Turned out there was a market for videos of a loser coming her brains out over a middle-aged cock as she smarted off to its owner. And it didn’t even take time away from her loserly duties, so she could lord it over him all day, every day.

“Did you ever think about having babies?” he asked one afternoon.

It was their six-month anniversary, half of an entire year since Drawing Day. She was nineteen now, and wore her hair shorter, only a few inches past her ears but longer on the left than the right. Dean had said something about how he really liked the style on one of the women on the local news. With some digging, Ryleigh had found out where the woman had it styled, and booked the next available appointment and had hers done to match. With his blessing, of course. She could no more risk his displeasure at a hairstyle change than she could refrain from coming when he sucked on her nipples. Prick.

“Here we go. I knew this was coming. The second I saw your ancient ass waiting for me in that parking lot, I knew this was coming. Just not man enough unless you can knock a girl up, huh? Need to get our tubes untied so you can parade my swollen tits and belly around and show the world how fucking virile you are, huh.”

Her arms were quivering as they supported her on his stomach, lowering herself onto his cock without needing to line him up. Her body always, always knew where his cock was. There was no chance she would miss.

“Did I say that? No, I didn’t. I only asked what your thoughts were. From what I’ve read, it sounds like many young women are interested in returning to reproductive viability. After all, it’s the one thing the Lottery gives you, after all it takes away.”

“Aww, how sweet of you to acknowledge what the Lottery took away from me, Daddy!”

His lips twisted unhappily. “Been a while since you busted that one out.”

“I’m sure it hasn’t.”

“Anyway, it’s only a question. I know I... take a few liberties with you, once in a while.” Not nearly as many as her body forced upon him, but it was nevertheless true. “But on this, I promise, I would never force you to do it unless you really wanted to. For yourself, not just to make me happy.”

“So you acknowledge it would make you happy. Cool, not putting a thumb on the scale or anything – you know how little your happiness means to me. And they said chivalry was dead.” It was getting hard to talk, suddenly. As she felt his cock stabbing into those parts whose names she’d already forgotten from middle school sex ed – a subject that had somehow gone out of fashion in spite of all that had happened – her body was kicking into overdrive. It was like her first day, almost, when her body hadn’t known how to handle the “thrill” of Dean’s pleasure in her service.

“No! I mean, maybe, but I could be talked out of it, and we have years and years to think it over. I’m just saying, your website is going smoothly, we’re in a good place financially, and I think I know you enough to know you’d be a good mother.”

“What? I’m a *loser*. I can’t go ten minutes without trying to get your cock in me or on me or better yet both. The website could die at any minute, and if you have to get a

job that doesn't let you work from home, I might just masturbate myself to death in my loneliness."

He grinned as she leaned down against him, wrapping her arms around his neck, trying to push him deeper, deeper inside her, to get his cum as far into her body as she could. "You'd miss me that much, huh?"

"Don't flatter yourself. You know kids these days, how we need to be constantly entertained."

"Of course. My mistake." Dean wrapped his arms around her. "So it's a no, then, on the baby thing?"

"Babies might literally be the least sexy thing you could bring up while your cock is inside me," she grumped, working her hips with feverish perseverance to squeeze out his seed.

"Forget I asked then, sweetie."

"Forgotten." She kissed him, rolling her tongue in his mouth, wondering how soon the Lottery Bureau could get them in for virility restoration. "Daddy."