

Emily had zero clue what she was watching but god damnit if that animated nonsense wasn't fun to look at. She ate another forkful of ice cream cake, giggling to herself and enjoying the sound of Kitty wiggling out. Brain freeze, from the sound of it. She knew now why she'd gotten the vibe from Kitty that she had: their antics were positively charming and the others clearly felt the same way as she did. Back on the screen, a character that Emily was *pretty sure* she recognized as the protagonist ran backwards, swiping a sword at a bunch of armored blokes and cracking wise about it. The animation transitioned...seamlessly?- okay, not *seamlessly*, it would be far more accurate to say it transitioned without warning- into a psychedelic mess with vibes not unlike those of a music video.

Emily couldn't keep up with it at all, but the dialogue was funny and she liked how it made her feel to do something *with* the others like this. The room's inhabitants shared a sense of camaraderie that she didn't realize before could...exist in a group founded on the grounds that this one was. She noticed the odd bit of casual physical intimacy between the others- how Fara snuggled Valerie constantly and Rika patted Kitty on the head every so often- and it gave her a warm feeling in her chest every time she did. If she were less worried about seeming rude, she would happily make an about face and watch Tammy's companions instead of the tv. Not for the show not trying, though- now the protagonist was darting across a busy highway and-

"Did she just?"

"He."

Right, oops.

"Thanks! Did he just smash a car's hood with a teddy bear?"

"Yes."

"Neat!" She didn't wanna sound dismissive but it was genuinely all she could think of. What else did one say to that? Call the car a-

"Rough ride, huh?" The protagonist snarked as he jumped off the highway and escaped from a bunch of cops. A helpful translator's note informed Emily that, against all odds, this pun was both completely an accident *and* present in the original Japanese wording, although it wasn't until after three attempts to rewind past and catch it with a pause that any of the partygoers could read it. That got a laugh out of Emily. Not a big laugh, it got a fairly small one, but she made an audible noise at least.

The others responded much the same: small laughs and sharp audible breaths. Fara seemed amused the most. The cops in the show slammed the brakes and left their cars to gather along the side rail and curse to themselves. That marked the end of the episode, and thus the end of the second one they'd watched for the night.

"You sure you don' wanna put something else on since you're here?" Valerie half joked, half sincerely asked Emily. One of their hands rested gently on top of Fara's head, which was still (in both senses of the word) on their lap. Valerie smirked as they spoke, but it was a friendly and easygoing kind of smirk. Emily smiled and shrugged, supposing that if the question was asked of her she might as well go along.

"I guess I could try and watch something I might actually, like...get," Emily said awkwardly. "I just like, I don't wanna be a nuisance ya know? I did basically let myself in on something you guys planned on your own at the last second, and all. The last thing I want is to intrude even harder than I already have." She didn't see or feel any bad energy from the others- except the vague sense of jealousy and slight unease on Fara's part, which she knew wouldn't be going anywhere soon. Still- she didn't know for certain if that meant there wasn't any. She didn't know these people, after all, so she didn't know how to tell yet.

"Okidoke!" Said Tammy, giggling. Her hands flapped happily without much movement from her arms. It endeared her to Emily now, seeing the pink haired girl fidget like this. The sight put warm feelings in her heart. "I got one you'll like then, give me a second to dig it up!" Emily watched Tammy work the console. She did as she'd said rather quickly and started up an episode. Emily relaxed and watched, feeling a bit closer to the other people in Tammy's life for being there with them.

This one was a lot simpler. It was also very...very horny. Or at least, that's how it seemed to Emily in any case. None of the others seemed put off at all, so maybe her comparatively sheltered upbringing was flaring up. She laughed with them, sputtered in shock when appropriate, and marveled at the beautiful artwork when she wasn't inexplicably red in the face because of it. She was hardly a prude, but the experience of responding in this way to this imagery- women's bodies, and drawn ones at that- stunned her with the *newness* that it held in her mind. For a moment she wondered whether or not the thing in front of her would be classified as porn. She concluded, around the fourth time she noticed that watching boobs bounce accelerated her heart, that it would depend who you asked. She figured everyone else in the room probably agreed that it wasn't.

She squirmed happily, and yet also awkwardly, as it went on. Once the shock wore off she noticed bouts of the others shouting things like, "HHHHH" or "gay! GAY!" or "I'm hit I'm hit gay down!" None of this made any sense to her at all, but she couldn't deny that it was fun. That is, up until two of the main characters hugged each other and paused for a moment, their faces mere inches apart. The camera zoomed in and their faces morphed into far more detailed and beautiful versions of themselves, these frames evidently given more time and money than most. Emily lacked the vocabulary to put together how she felt, watching two girls with soft pretty lips and big beautiful eyes stare into each other like that, until...

"FffffFUCK I'M GAY!" Emily failed to stop herself from belting out at the top of her lungs. An awkward air grasped the entire room in its heavy, mildly uncomfortable grasp. Emily did not dare turn to look at the others even for long enough to take the merest glance; so gravely she feared

what she'd see if she did. The silence wasn't long, though- a cacophonous belt of laughter and delighted noise ripped across the room and backed her up. Emily pursed her lips together, afraid she was potentially being laughed at.

She knew they weren't, of course, or at least that they probably wouldn't do that. She was merely imitating them, naturally, and it wasn't as though her startled little cry had been insincere. Valerie spoke up first, and though she still couldn't bring herself to look Emily knew damn well that they were smiling.

"Ayyyyy, she's a natural!" Valerie snorted. "You're gonna fit right in, girl, welcome welcome!"

"I-I thought I was welcome alreadyyy!" Emily squeaked in an effort to deflect, her face growing hotter by the second. She squirmed pitifully in her little chair and twirled her thumbs. "Nooo fair, guys!" She screwed her eyes shut and tried really hard not to think about how this teasing actually...felt...really nice, now? Not in the same way that it felt when Tammy did it, but there was a sense of...of community, she supposed, a vibe that she had been accepted. She was a part of the group now. They accepted her, officially, as being one of them. The thought racked her nerves but in an exciting way rather than a scary one.

"Gooood girl," Tammy grinned, appearing from nowhere to drop into Emily's lap. How and when did she slip her legs under the chair's weird obnoxious arm rests? "That was so cuuuute!" She leaned forward, her hands planted on Emily's thighs. Emily's eyes zipped over to the others seeking help- she wasn't TOO flustered to flash a gay little SOS- but even Rika sat with a mischevious and terribly unhelpful little grin on her face.

Traitor!

"Traffic check?" Tammy asked, her face's sharp dominance suddenly gone. Her voice wasn't upset or anything, but it carried a slight undercurrent of pained worry. Emily struggled to think of what that question meant. Traffic check? What, was she supposed to pull her phone out and search up what the traffic was like in the area around-

Wait, she realized with a euphoric spark between her ears, Tammy must be asking for a light. That was the phrase they used to check for it, then. Emily made another note in her head, next to the word "allistic," that the phrase "traffic check" meant "I am unsure whether you're liking this." Tammy must feel guilty, she extrapolated, and that put a pit in her stomach. No matter! She dispelled it as fast as she could!

"Green, cutie~" Emily snarled back. She spoke her answer with more gas and more teeth than she intended to, but the response it drew out of Tammy destroyed any regrets before they could form. Tammy leaned in and-

Planted her mouth-

"MMMMRRRRPPHMM," Emily gasped, taken off guard. Her head rolled back and her eyes obligingly rolled backwards in their sockets. Tammy's mouth was warm and wet. Tammy kissed with great intensity, loving but firm. Emily went obediently limp underneath her crush and failed to stop her body from moaning out an involuntary "I love youuuuu." Tammy giggled and rewarded her by using her hands to give Emily's tummy a gentle squeeze. Her nails felt good against Emily's body, but the blonde's shirt was in the way. Tammy turned towards the others, a glint in her eyes.

"Well, darlings? Do I take her shirt off?" Emily didn't see or hear the answer but it was probably yes. "Well, dear, it sounds like they want it~ do you?"

Emily nodded and desperately whimpered. A girl's body was the best thing she could give a partner, right? It was certainly the best *she* had to offer. Withholding it was simply impossible- not that she wanted to, she was *eager* to have an excuse to go shirtless and make Tammy all gooey and aroused.

"Thanks, love!" Tammy pulled Emily's shirt over her boobs and then...left it there. Emily almost got contemplative about why- but Tammy grabbed her boobs faster than she could form any thoughts.

Emily gasped a sharp breath down, her teeth closing as if to bite the air rushing in between them. Her head swished back and forth. The majestic gold hair that hung from it shimmered in kind, on a slight delay. Tammy giggled and twisted her waist as she leaned forward with her back arched, putting her face a few inches away from Emily's. The pink haired girl stopped what she was doing for just long enough that Emily managed to collect herself once more. Emily moaned with joy as her bleary, blurry eyes fought an uphill battle trying to focus on Tammy- or, failing that, to focus on much of anything at all. It took a second, but eventually she forced her focus back up enough to see Tammy smiling warmly at her. She was...so close, and...those warm soft lips of hers...they were nothing like the picturesque ones models and actresses had, but they were familiar and good, and they drew her in...

"Gooood girl," Tammy teased, her hands pressing against Emily's lower body. She leaned away as Emily's face drifted helplessly towards her, waiting for the blonde to realize what she was doing. Emily did no such thing, no matter how long she spent...slowly inching her weight farther forward...moving towards Tammy...

"Uh, guys-" a voice started. Fara's voice, to be specific, even though Emily couldn't tell who it was. She barely registered that anyone had spoken, let alone what words in particular they said. The two leaned further-

The shitty chair threatened to tip over.

"Aaack!" Tammy squealed. She slid out of Emily's lap and plummeted towards the floor. Her hands shot up and her arms curled to cover her head. The impact she awaited never came, though, because-

"Eep!" Emily's arms rocketed out and seized hold of Tammy, then she flung her weight backwards as hard as she could. The chair tipped instantly in the other direction- behind her and towards Tammy's desk- but hit something before it could actually topple over. The chair popped back into a neutral position, leaving Tammy to cling to Emily with her legs while Emily clung back using her arms. The two stayed frozen for a few seconds before they allowed themselves, both breathing heavily, to relax.

Emily's face went flush with sweat and emotion. She squeezed her fingers into Tammy's back through the girl's shirt. She panted and rapidly blinked. The others all looked on with worry, in particular Valerie and Fara- both on their feet. Presumably they jumped up from the bed as soon as something went amiss. Emily's eyes darted between the two of them as her hands rejected their orders not to grip Tammy so tightly. She didn't want to consider what might have happened if Tammy fell and got hurt. Sure, it wasn't a terrible fall- but being a cheerleader teaches you to respect what gravity can do to someone if they don't respect it. At last, Emily's hands got the memo. She loosened the claw-like grip of her fingers and forced an uneasy smile.

"You okay there, Tammy?" Emily asked, unsure what else she should say. Tammy gulped down air and nodded her head. She was blushing heavily now, which struck Emily as strange. Not being worried didn't seem like an odd reaction on its own- as stated, the possible fall hadn't been too bad. Tammy seemed...flustered, though, more than she seemed scared or upset. It appeared to Emily like there was probably something more than just awkwardness getting this reaction out of Tammy.

"Yeah, hahaha," Tammy answered. She turned sheepishly to address Valerie, Fara, Rika, and Kitty. "I'm fine, everyone! Sorry for worrying you all like that." All four sighed in relief (and Emily did too).

"You're blushing!" Squealed Kitty from their spot on the top bunk. They wiggled happily in place. Rika put her hands on top of the bunk's little wooden rail and rested her head on top of it with a lazy, knowing grin. She chuckled in an airy sort of way. The tension thus dispersed, Tammy left Emily's lap and returned to the bed where she sat down. Valerie and Fara took a seat on each side of her. The viewing continued.

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Valerie and Fara left with Kitty in tow. Tammy smiled as she waved them goodbye. The door drifted almost lethargically back into its frame behind them. Remaining in the room behind her, Rika and Emily sat in the bottom bunk speaking with one another. Tammy stretched, turned, and...

"C-can't see..." the pink haired girl sputtered weakly as she stumbled. One hand went up to her forehead and she stopped in place, her expression an uncomfortable one. Emily shot to her feet looking worried and darted to her in an instant.

"Are you okay!?" She asked, her voice dripping with concern for Tammy's safety. Tammy nodded, the black and purple blurry splotches which had taken her vision fading away. A few seconds passed by, and then she was fine.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Tammy reassured Emily with a smile, "that just...kinda happens when I stand up too suddenly. You get used to it. Kinda like the full body shivers I get sometimes." The look on Emily's face spoke volumes- and it told Tammy that she was not reassured at all. Tammy looked to Rika for help. Rika stood slowly from the bed and cleared her throat to get the blonde's attention.

"It's not a HUGE deal," Rika started, "but it's probably a hydration issue." With speed contrasting how slowly she stood, Rika crossed the room and took hold of Tammy's arm. "Here, look. See how her veins pop out of those spindly arms?" She turned Tammy's arm at an odd angle to Emily's line of sight, then traced a vein with a finger. Tammy felt an odd sensation as, sure enough, a protruding bit of her arm squished down slightly under the pressure. "She's what my aunt calls nurse porn. Her veins stick out as it is, but it gets worse when she doesn't have enough water to the point it disrupts her silhouette." Emily's face started to pale, which prompted Rika to elaborate further. "She's not like, dehydrated mind you! She just needs a little more water than she's getting." Rika's phone beeped. She stepped away and grabbed it from her pocket.

"See? It's not a huge deal," Tammy laughed awkwardly. Emily pursed her lips. She was not convinced.

"It's my roommate, I gotta go," said Rika apologetically. "Love you, Tammy!" She turned suddenly and planted a long, soft kiss on Tammy's lips. "Happy birthday, Princess." She turned one last time and left. Tammy blushed and followed her out, seeing her off to the building's entrance.

The two made their way swiftly down the stairs. Tammy asked if anything was wrong. Rika answered no, and said that she told her roommate she'd be back by ten. Tammy felt satisfied by that answer and followed Rika to the lobby's entrance, where Rika turned to kiss her one last time before vanishing through the door. The pink haired girl stood awkwardly by the door for a while before, at last, she took an elevator back to her floor.

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Tammy walked back into her room and saw Emily standing by her laundry hamper, arms crossed. Tammy felt a pained twang of guilt between her ears. The hamper was overflowing. It drooped to one side, shirts hanging out of it.

"How long has it been since you did the laundry?" Asked Emily. As she asked, she turned to face Tammy and her body language softened. Her voice carried no knife-like stabs of accusation, yet her words shimmered with bared fangs. Tammy felt a flash of mortified embarrassment.

"U-um," Tammy whimpered, "Two weeks?" She lied. She knew instantly that Emily could see right through her. She prepared to be lambasted; even if Emily liked her, Emily had her shit together. Emily probably did her laundry every weekend like a sensible person. Emily represented the very model of a functioning young adult, unlike her hobbled-together dysfunctional ass.

"Sweetie..." Emily murmured. She sounded hurt. "You don't have to lie to me, okay? Do you...not know how to?" Tammy felt her face sting with indignation. The same words coming from her sister, or from any of Emily's hot cheerleader friends, would be mockery, insults, launched at her from between jeering bouts of laughter or stone cold faces of uncaring, unsurprised disappointment. They seemed different, but...were they?

"I...I know..." Tammy whimpered.

"Have you been showering? Brushing your teeth?"

"Stop it!" Tammy squealed, her voice sounding...afraid. She could hear echoes of her mother in Emily's voice. She had to make like an injured animal: hide it. Stuff the pus under the floorboards, lick her wounds so they wouldn't be as visible. Emily flinched with hurt. The sight stung Tammy back. She felt shame in her stomach-

"Okay."

What?

Emily approached with her arms open. Tammy accepted the offer automatically. She felt small in Emily's arms. Protected. One hand patted her head softly and slowly.

"If you drink some water and hop in the shower, I'll do some of your laundry," Emily offered. "That's what subs are for, right? Doing what you want them to?"

"W-well, no," Tammy giggled awkwardly. "I'm a *domme* for *them*, they're not subs for...y'know, me." Emily squeezed her tight. The two spent a moment there without speaking. Then Emily broke the silence. Her words suggested that she had gears turning in her head, and that they'd been cranking during the intermission as well.

"Well...what if I want to?"

"Want to...?" Tammy asked back, confused.

"Be a sub *for you*," Emily purred. "You clearly mean a lot to them. Rika, Valerie, Kitty...and Fara, of course. All of them *clearly* adore you." The words yanked blood up to an incredibly flustered Tammy's cheeks and Emily knew it. Tammy didn't see her blonde sub's smug grin as she buried her face in Emily's body and wriggled and squealed. "You've done so much for them, I'm sure...why wouldn't you deserve to be spoiled a little?"

"So what, you're tricking me into letting you be a good little Blonde American housewife?"

"W-WELL-" Emily sputtered in shock, "UH. NO." Tammy giggled and squeezed and nuzzled in, the big boot of the conversation back on her foot now. She grinned a catlike little smile up at Emily, her eyes knowing and piercing.

"Are you suuuure~?" Tammy purred. "You seem awwwwfully flustered for someone who didn't just get read like a fuckin *book*." Like a book? Tammy remembered the session- was it their second or third?- where she made one out of Emily's memories. It seemed funny to her- if anything, she was the easy one to read. She wore her heart on her sleeve, after all, almost deliberately.

"Yes, cutie," countered Emily with a purr of her own, stabbing precisely through the gap in Tammy's guard not an instant later than it revealed itself. "I *am* sure. Would a good blonde American housewife do *this*?"