

Ivy League

Chapter 3

I ran. Ran as hard as I could.

Heart thumping painfully in my chest. Mind blank save for the terror. Legs moving – feeling somehow detached from me.

I ran down dark, metal corridors lit with ominous red lights.

I ran.

And *it* followed.

Chasing me. Heavy, metal feet slamming on the ground with every step. Drawing closer and closer.

I darted down a corridor, didn't dare look back as those heavy, robotic footsteps drew nearer and nearer. I didn't think, didn't question, didn't stop. Just kept running and running until-

I gasped, came to a halt.

A dead end.

Metal walls on all sides, save for behind me. No escape.

It grabbed me as I spun on my heels – metal hand slamming me against the dead end wall. Sharp metal talons that held me in place as the monstrous, robotic, heartless eyes stared into my soul.

I opened my mouth to scream, but the metal monstrosity clamped a metal hand over my lips.

Oddly, it felt soft. Fleshy. Wet.

I squirmed, my heart racing.

Something pried open my lips, slid into my mouth. Slimy and slippery and disgusting. And yet... I knew this sensation. I'd felt it before. So alien and unexpected it took me a moment to realise what it was.

The shock and confusion made the world around me shimmer, fade to blackness.

My eyes opened.

There was a tongue in my mouth. Lips on mine. A hand groping one of my breasts. The taste of strawberries and sweetness.

"Mmph?" I grunted, raising my hands and pushing hard.

Amanda fell rolled off me with a yelp, toppled to our dorm room floor. I vaguely heard the thump of her hitting the ground, my own heartbeat loud in my ears – drowning out most other sound.

"What the fuck?!"

In my dazed, confused state, I wasn't sure if it was me who'd said the words or if it'd been Amanda. Probably, we'd growled the exact same thing at the exact same time.

"Why the fuck were you kissing me?!"

"Why the hell did you push me?!"

I glared at my roomie in the darkness, sitting up in my bed while she climbed to her feet, glowering at me. I opened my mouth, about to shout at her – demand answers – but she beat me to it.

"Christ," Amanda snapped, shaking her head. "Didn't anyone ever teach you manners? Here I am, waking you up out of the goodness of my heart, making sure you're up nice and early, and *that's* the thanks I get? Getting shoved around and assaulted? What the *fuck* Becky?"

"What do you *mean*?" My hands shot up in exasperation. "Why in the shit would you ever-"

My tongue froze in my mouth, throat clamping shut on itself.

Amanda stared at me blankly. Then her eyes widened in realisation. The anger drained away from her face, replaced by understanding and amusement.

"Oh," she let out a light chuckle, a smile spreading her lips. "Right. I get it. My bad, Becky."

My mouth opened and shut wordlessly, a sudden spike of panic shooting through me. A chill running down my spine. Still too sleep-stupid, too confused, to remember – to realise what was happening to me.

"No, no," my roomie smiled. "You don't have to explain. It's my bad, really. Don't worry! Next time, I'll do it properly. Today I was too gentle. Makes sense that you got confused. Tomorrow, I'll make sure I'm rougher with you."

I tried shaking my head.

Surely Amanda could see my wide, terrified eyes. Surely she knew I was trying to stop her – to warn her. She *had* to see it, right?

"For future reference," Amanda smiled, walking over to her bed and sitting down. "Would you prefer it if I slapped your fat tits, or would pinching your nipples or clit be better? I've never had a roomie before. This is all kinda new to me."

"It..." I managed to choke out. "It's..."

"You know what?" Amanda grinned. "It doesn't matter right now! Today is Credit Day!"

As my roomie began a rambling explanation of what 'Credit Day' was and why it was going to be so 'fun', I reached for the fluffy, brown teddy bear next to my pillow. Sir Fuzzalot had been a birthday present from Rebs and Kas years ago. Holding it close to my chest was one of the only comforts I had in this place. Everything else – even my own head – was an enemy.

"Hurry up and get dressed!" Amanda said happily. "We've got shopping to do!"

I looked down at the ID Card.

There, next to my name and date of birth and body measurements, was a picture of my face. A face plastered with cum, eyes wide with a blatantly forced smile. On the back of the card was a magnetic strip and a small chip.

The TomorrowTech ID cards doubled as credit cards.

Practically all the shops and stores in the miniature city only accepted TomorrowTech Credits – TTC – as payment. Credits that were earned by completing college assignments, getting high marks in exams, and – Amanda had told me with a wild smile – partaking in 'extracurricular activities'.

I didn't *dare* try to imagine what *that* might mean.

"Come on," Amanda said, tugging my arm, "the clothes shops are this way."

I didn't have the energy to resist.

My brainwashed roommate pulled me along through the TomorrowTech campus excitedly, completely oblivious to my despair. She grinned and laughed, told me all about how 'amazing' the clothing stores were and how 'great' everything was.

On a surface level, she wasn't wrong.

The TomorrowTech campus was practically a city unto itself. It had retail districts, academic districts, leisure districts, housing districts. It had its own transportation hubs – tram lines and underground rails. In the early morning light, the place looked like the perfect place to live.

It was like that one picture – the 'society if' meme. A perfect, ideal, flawless place. Futuristic buildings, plenty of lush green vegetation, not a flaw or blemish in sight.

Society if a malevolent, sadistic AI secretly ruled everything.

Before long, Amanda was dragging me into one of several large stores. Each one seemed to have its own theme – from dark and gothy to bright pink and overly girly. The one Amanda had chosen to subject me to – thankfully – was filled with casual, everyday clothes.

Regular t-shirts and jeans, normal dresses, jackets, skirts.

Despite myself, I felt a flare of hope.

Maybe, just maybe, today wouldn't be another waking nightmare. Maybe, this would be a normal, unremarkable shopping trip.

"Let's go find you some clothes!" Amanda grinned.

"No, no, no," Amanda sighed, shaking her head sharply. "It's no good. None of it is any good!"

I looked down at myself, lips pursed.

The clothes I was wearing were fine. A regular t-shirt and ordinary jeans. Plain clothes, nothing special or anything, but perfectly fine. They weren't too modest, nor too revealing. They were just... clothes. Normal, everyday clothes.

"How is this," I said, gesturing at myself, then at Amanda, "any different from what *you're* wearing."

Amanda's clothes were almost identical to mine. Right down to the same demure shade of grey t-shirt. I'd picked it out for that *exact* reason. Surely my roomie couldn't complain about this set of clothes if she was wearing something near-identical to it herself.

"It works on me," Amanda said, shaking her head some more. "It's my look. It works for me. But you... It doesn't match your... your..."

"Aesthetic?" I supplied.

"I guess," Amanda frowned. "Not the word I was thinking, but I guess it fits. That's not your 'aesthetic', Becky."

"Beck," I muttered. "My name is *Beck*. Not Becky."

"We need to find clothes that match *your* aesthetic, Becky. Clothes that work for *you*. I wonder..."

She turned away from me, disappeared amongst the aisles and aisles of clothes. I rolled my eyes, sat down on a chair next to the changing rooms and let out a deep sigh.

No cameras in the changing rooms. That'd been a surprise.

Even more surprising was the lack of explicit sexual displays. When Amanda had dragged me in here, I'd been expecting something horrible and humiliating. Instead, it'd just been this – a *mostly* normal shopping trip for clothes.

I didn't trust it.

There was some game here. Some trick.

The TomorrowTech AI, it was trying to lure me into a false sense of security. It was trying to mess with me. I just knew it.

When Amanda returned, my fears were confirmed.

"Look what I found!" She said happily, brandishing the tiniest miniskirt I'd ever seen. The thing looked more like wide belt, or a strip of plaid cloth, than a skirt. "There's a whole section back that that's right up your alley!"

I groaned, though Amanda didn't seem to notice.

"Here, try it on! I'll go get some more!"

She tossed it to me, spun on her heels and disappeared once again.

I felt it in the back of my mind. The command.

Go inside the changing room, put the 'skirt' on, obey.

I felt it, and I knew that I could resist it. Fight it. If I put the effort in, if I used my resolve, I could resist the power trying to control me.

But...

But there would be consequences if I did.

Not for me, but for my friends. For my family.

Slowly, begrudgingly, I gripped the miniskirt and stood up. Three short steps was all it took for me to end up standing inside the cramped changing room.

My hands moved by themselves, and I let them.

Off came the jeans. On went the miniskirt.

I stood there motionless, at war with myself. Knowing I could stop this – resist it – was an agony in itself. On some level, despite this being forced on me, I was *choosing* to wear this. I was choosing not to fight it.

“You can do this,” I whispered to myself. “This is nothing.”

I had to bide my time. Wait for the right time to resist, to fight back, to escape. I couldn’t allow this place to crush me before then. I could do this. I *had* to do this.

Chin up, I pushed the changing room’s curtain aside and stepped out.

Amanda was standing there waiting, phone camera pointed at me.

“What’re you-”

The camera flashed.

“Stop!” I yelped. “Don’t!”

Another flash, and another.

I tried to cover myself, hands over my exposed thighs and panties. Turning my back on Amanda didn’t do any good – if anything, it just showed off my barely-concealed butt.

“What?” Amanda said in exasperation. “Why’re you always so *dramatic*? I’m just taking some pictures so we can compare the different outfits later. Geez.”

“No!” I blushed, waving my arms at her. “No photos!”

That, of course, was followed by another flash.

“Okay,” Amanda said, “now bend over a little. Gotta snap that skirt from all angles...”

I glanced around nervously, tried to look as inconspicuous as possible – something that’s hard to do when wearing fishnet stockings, a tiny miniskirt, a g-string, and a sheer top with no bra underneath.

As Amanda had put it – my ‘aesthetic’ was the ‘cheap whore’.

Of all the shops she’d chosen to enter alone – leaving me outside waiting – why did it have to be *this* one?

Why did a campus even *have* a sex shop?

“Because it’s not a real campus,” I said with a sigh.

A car drove by, the woman in the driver’s seat looking me over as she passed. I shuddered, turned away from the road and glared at the sex shop. What was taking her so long?

Deep down, I was afraid to find out.

When Amanda finally emerged from the shop carrying a small bag, I shot her a look.

“Can we go back to the dorms now?” I asked. “We don’t need to by any more clothes or anything, and it’s getting late.”

“Just one more stop,” Amanda hummed.

The last shop my roommate wanted to visit, it turned out, was a pet store. A small little shop on the outskirts of the retail sector. Inside, there were no pets or animals, only accessories and items. Food bowls, tinned food, kibble, leashes and dog toys. A whole lot of stuff that made me shudder to look at.

There were no animals on campus. These things, they weren’t for pets. They were for people.

People like me.

“Hi!” Amanda said, skipping over to the store counter and the man standing behind it. “I’m looking for a collar for my bitch. Do you have any in stock?”

“A few,” the man shrugged, sparing me a quick glance before returning his attention to Amanda. “Do you want a basic collar, or a training collar?”

“What’s the difference?”

“Basic collars are cheap and simple,” the man said with a shrug. “You can have a nametag on them or not, up to you. They’re basically just belts for your bitch’s neck. Simple.”

“Okay...” Amanda nodded her head, listening intently.

"Training collars, on the other hand, have mechanisms for disciplining misbehaving bitches. A little electric jolt to shock her, let her know she's done something bad. They come with remotes you can use, and interchangeable batteries. A lot more expensive but highly recommended if your bitch is disobedient."

"Hmm..." Amanda hummed, then she shook her head and smiled. "No, Becky is a good girl. A basic collar should be fine."

"Becky?" The man raised an eyebrow. "Must be your lucky day. Got a bunch of new collar tags delivered this morning, 'Becky' was right at the top of the pile."

I glanced around, saw a security camera pointed at me.

Scowling, I flipped it off.

"Sure you don't want a training collar?" The man asked.

"Yeah," Amanda giggled. "It'll be fine."

The collar tag rattled with every step I took. My name engraved on it, along with an engraved bone. I tried to ignore it. Tried to ignore the tightness around my throat.

"I'm gonna head back," Amanda said, giving me a bright smile. "I've got something I need to test out. See you later!"

She set off jogging in the direction of the dorms.

For a moment, I thought about following her. Heading back to the dorms myself. But I shook my head, a better idea coming to mind. Instead of walking towards the dorms, I headed in the opposite direction.

The AI in control of this place – it couldn't possibly see *everything*. It wasn't some omniscient god.

Which meant there had to be a way out. Some way for me to escape the campus grounds. A secret exit that the machine didn't know about. Some hidden path or door or *something*.

I wasn't going to stay here. I refused.

Somehow, some way, I'd get free.

And, to do that, I needed to know what I was working with.

I had to explore the campus. Map it out. Find myself the perfect escape route. Plan a getaway.

For an hour, I strode through the miniature city.

Looking around, feigning awe, taking mental notes and drawing a mental map. Brainstorming ideas and plans and strategies. By the time I was too tired to continue, I must've seen a good third of the campus grounds – and the shiny, metal wall that kept it separated from the outside world.

The beginnings of an escape plan had already begun forming in my head. A list of things I'd need, a plan for what to do once I got outside the campus grounds.

I arrived at the dorms in a bright mood, a genuine smile on my face for the first time in forever.

A smile that died the moment I opened the door to my dorm room.

"Yes!" Amanda cried out. "Yes, right there!"

"What the *fuck*!"

Amanda flinched, looked up at me.

"Huh?" She asked, confusion written all over her face.

"What the fuck are you doing on *my* bed?"

Amanda looked at herself, shrugged in confusion.

"Masturbating," she answered, as if it were the most normal thing in the world for. "My bed is nice and neat, didn't want to make a mess on it."

"Get off!" I barked at her. "Now!"

"If you insist," Amanda shrugged. She shifted on my bed, got more comfortable, resumed fucking herself with her brand new vibrator. "It won't take too much longer..."

"No!" I shouted. "Get off the bed!"

"Oh no," Amanda gasped, eyes going wide. "No, no, no! No! Fuck!"

She sat up on the bed, pulled the vibrator out of herself.

Its rumbling seemed to have slowed down, the toy coming to a full halt after a few seconds.

"Shit," Amanda breathed, looking down at the vibrator. "I *knew* I should've charged it before testing it out. Stupid thing's run out of power. And just as I was about to..."

Her gaze turned up to me, lips curling into a smile that sent a shiver down my spine.

"Hey roomie," Amanda said sweetly, "wanna help me out with something?"

The back of my head was in a puddle. One that'd already been there when Amanda had pushed me down onto the bed, climbed on top of me. My hair was damp, sticky. And my face...

"That," Amanda panted from beside the bed, "was wonderful. Thank you, Becky. I needed that."

The taste of her on my tongue. A tongue that'd been...

I blinked, tried to push the thought aside. The thought of how Amanda had tasted. Bitter and wet and gross. The weight of her above me, her cunt pressing my face down – pushing my head into the mattress.

"Oh," she let out a little giggle – sounding so far away despite being right there next to me. "I guess I made a little bit of a mess, huh? Good thing we did it on your bed. Can you imagine me having to sleep on that much... Phew!"

I could've resisted. Could've fought the command.

But, at the same time, I couldn't. Not if I wanted to escape. I needed to hold on to all of it – all my resolve and willpower. I'd need every ounce of it for my escape attempt. For now... For now, I had to obey.

"Here," Amanda said, the shadow of her passing over me. She was leaning over my bed, grabbing something. I couldn't focus enough to figure out what. "Let me clean that oral satisfier of yours for you. It's the least I can do."

Something soft and fluffy touched my face, wiping up the cummy fluids Amanda had left behind.

It took me far too long to realise it was Sir Fuzzalot that Amanda was using to clean up her mess. If I'd had the energy to be upset, I'd have shouted at her – snatched my teddy away and cuddled him. But I didn't. I was drained. Empty.

All I could do was lay there, head in a puddle of cum, my special teddy bear soiled beside me as Amanda skipped over to her own bed. She climbed into it, wished me good night, clapped her hands and commanded the room's lights to turn off.

In the darkness, it was all too easy for me to close my eyes and will myself to sleep.

Whatever nightmares were waiting for me, they couldn't be worse than whatever TomorrowTech had planned for me tomorrow.