

## Euphoria

What is life, if not the pursuit of pleasure?

Love, sex, drugs. Excitement and joy, intensity and oblivion. We humans are simple creatures, really. Forever chasing that next high, the next lay, the next thrill. Animals with smartphones and computers, but animals all the same.

We are slaves to our base instincts.

And, in that slavery, there is profit to be found.

I'm something of a chemist, you see. A mixer of chemicals and compounds, a master alchemist of the modern world. My speciality is in elation – creating pills and potions to open the mind, amplify the senses and awaken deep-seated desires. Some might label me a criminal, a peddler of illicit goods. But I like to think of myself as a genie. A wish-granter. Someone who turns dreams into reality and reality into fantasy.

For years, I tweaked and perfected my formula.

A lifetime spent altering its properties, ever-searching for that ultimate blend. The supreme experience.

And, one day, I did just that.

Perfected my little, black pills.

My masterpiece. The summation of my life's work.

And I named it Euphoria.

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"I'm not sure," Lindsay murmured.

Everything about the girl screamed 'wannabe'. From her bright red hair, dyed just a week ago, to her excess of make-up and her intentionally slutty clothing. The way the girl presented herself revealed just how much she wanted to fit in, to be one of the 'popular' kids. When would people learn? It took more than short-shorts and fishnets to fit in.

If you *really* wanted to be one of us, you had to *act* like us.

No bullshit, no being a pussy.

We were queens around here. If you wanted to be one of us, you had to be a queen too. And queens *ruled*. Fearless and powerful, never showing a hint of weakness.

"It's up to you," I smiled my most pleasant, vicious smile. "If you're too *scared*, you can always leave."

Distantly, I could hear the thump-thumping of music playing. A house party underway. We – me and the other queens and the wannabe - were outside, lounging by the poolside.

"I don't- I-" Lindsay stammered. "I've just never tried it before..."

By 'it', the girl obviously meant narcotics in general. Probably, she'd never even smoked weed before. Until just a few weeks ago, Lindsay had been a no-name, unremarkable nerd. Why she'd decided she wanted to be one of us, I had no idea. But here she was, trying to prove herself. And failing miserably.

"No-one has," I stated plainly. "You're the guinea pig, 'grats."

It was the truth. None of us had tried this new stuff before. The little black pills called Euphoria. No-one could tell me anything about them, not even if they were uppers or downers. Hence the need for a guinea pig. I wanted to make sure we tested this new drug out before I tried any myself.

Me and the rest of the girls stared at Lindsay expectantly, pressuring her under our collective glares.

Finally, the wannabe relented. Her desire to be one of us winning out over her fear and uncertainty. She raised a black pill to her mouth and popped it in, closed her eyes tight as she gulped it down.

Some of us giggled, whispered to each other. Me? I *watched*.

How long before the drug's effects took effect? What kind of effects would it have? Was it safe or dangerous?

After several minutes of nothing passed, I felt a twinge of annoyance. Had I been sold duds? Was this some scam, or a stupid joke? Why wasn't anything happening?

"Lindsay," I said, drawing the wannabe's attention. "How do you feel?"

"Uh," the girl blushed. "I feel fine, I guess. I mean, I don't feel anything... Just normal."

I narrowed my eyes at her.

So I *had* been ripped off.

Looks like I was going to have to find a new dealer.

"Hey Lindsay," one of the girls said, glancing over to where a group of guys stood. "I just saw Darren looking at you."

The wannabe's face turned bright red, confirming a suspicion I'd had for a while now. The girl had a crush on Darren – the school's cutest hunk. Not surprising, given how attractive he was, but amusing all the same. Darren was *way* out of Lindsay's league.

"He's single right now, isn't he?" Another of the girls said, gazing at Lindsay like a predator sizing up its prey. "Maybe you should go talk to him, Lindsay. I hear he's into chunkers."

The wannabe's face reddened even more. She turned her gaze to the floor.

"Well?" I said, seizing on the opportunity. One of us – a queen – would never be so meek and bland. No way was Lindsay ever going to be one of us. Might as well have some fun at her expense. "What're you waiting for? Wave at him, Lindsay."

It'd been intended as a humiliating challenge for the girl. Would she disobey me, forever ruin her 'chance' at being one of us? Or would she wave at her crush, knowing that he'd never be interested in her?

But, as soon as I said the words, Lindsay's head shot up. She gazed over at Darren, raised her hand, and waved at him.

Surprisingly bold. But still not a queen. She was far too tubby to be one of-

Lindsay's body convulsed. She shuddered, hunched over and let out a low, deep, erotic moan. I saw the skin on her arms prickle, could practically feel the surge of excitement flowing through her body – even from several feet away. Lindsay trembled, bit her lip, smiled a satisfied, pleased smirk.

As the other girl's laughed at her, mocked her for her 'climaxing' because her crush had 'looked at her', I stared at Lindsay's face – my brain working.

The reaction had been the drug, obviously. Euphoria. But that timing felt off, strange. As if Lindsay waving her arm had somehow triggered it.

"Lindsay," I said, pointing over to a random group of guys. "Wave at them."

Without question or hesitation, she turned and waved. And, a heartbeat later, began convulsing in pleasure for a second time.

As she twitched and grinned and moaned, I paused in deep thought.

The way she obeyed the commands without thinking, her reaction upon completing a command. The drug named Euphoria. Surely, those things couldn't be a coincidence.

I stared down at the bag of black pills I'd bought.

Dozens, at least.

"Lindsay," I smiled, an idea popping into my head. "Strip naked and do thirty jumping-jacks."

Just like before, there wasn't any hesitation.

Rounding up all the girls who wanted to be one of us wasn't too difficult. They were like little doggies eager to please their masters, flocking to the party as soon as I'd sent the messages. I let them think they were wanted, that we'd accept them. And, as soon as they

arrived, I had each of them take some Euphoria.

From there, the party got a *lot* more interesting.

Orgies in every room, girl's orgasming constantly. When the guys learned that these wannabes would do anything and everything they wanted, they held nothing back.

Until that night, I'd never seen a girl being triple-penetrated before. By the end of the party, I'd seen it so much I'd become totally desensitised to it. Likewise, I'd come across guys doing everything from face-fucking girls to actually *peeing* on them. And, all the while, I held up my phone's camera – collecting evidence and blackmail material.

With this many nerdy bitches under my control, I'd never have to worry about homework or exams or anything ever again. And, when we got out of school, and they got jobs, I'd make sure they all gave me a little slice of their income every month.

I'd never have to work a day in my life, so long as I gathered enough life-ruining footage.

Plus, recording everything like I was doing had another perk. Finally, I could put all these wannabe bitches in their places. Make sure they knew once and for all that they'd never be like me, they'd never be one of us. I was a queen, and they were the dirt under my heels.

In the early hours of the morning, when most of the party-goers had either left or knocked out, I finally put my phone away. At the beginning of the party, the battery had been full. Now it was practically dead.

I strode through the large home, admiring my handiwork.

Naked, cum-soaked girls were in every room. All passed out with wide, silly smiles plastered on their faces.

Yawning, I walked to the kitchen, got an unopened bottle from the fridge. At parties like this, it was always best to get your own drinks and make sure no-one else has touched them. I stood there, gulping down cheep booze and enjoying the rancid taste of victory.

Then someone tackled me from behind. Two arms wrapped around me in a drunken hug, causing me to stumble slightly.

I struggled to get free of the grip, turned to glare at Lindsay.

She was grinning stupidly, eyes unfocussed.

"You're so great," the wannabe slurred. "So pretty and-"

I ignored her, pushed her away.

Fucking wannabes, always thinking we were friends. When would they learn that they'd *never* be friends with someone like me? That I was on another level compared to them, and had no interest in socialising with my lessers?

I gulped down the last of my beer, tossed the bottle aside and began walking out of the kitchen.

"Stop," Lindsay's voice spoke behind me – harsh and clear, not slurred like it'd been a moment before. "Stay where you are. Don't move, bitch."

My body froze.

Even as my eyes widened in shock, a wave of pleasure jolted through me. Pure ecstasy and arousal. My body shook, trembled. A soft, satisfied sigh passed through my lips.

"Man, those pills work fast," Lindsay said, voice gleeful.

What?

How?

My mind reeled, fighting down the unnatural satisfaction. I hadn't taken any of the Euphoria, why was I-

When she'd hugged me from behind.

She must have slipped one of the pills into my drink.

"It seems a shame," Lindsay said, walking up behind me and planting a firm hand on my shoulder. "Everyone else had such a good time during the party. Everyone but you."

The most *popular* girl around, and she spent the entire party on her phone. That just doesn't seem right at all, does it?"

Her grip on my shoulder tightened.

"I think we should remedy that," Lindsay said, leaning forward to whisper into my ear. "Don't you agree?"

I tried to speak, but the only sound that escaped my lips was a moan.

"Good," Lindsay smiled. "Now be a good girl and follow me."

To my horror and overwhelming arousal, I obeyed.

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There's an odd phenomenon that happens when one gives to charity or does something good for another. A burst of hormones in the brain; not quite as intense as sex, but powerful all the same.

That selflessness, a perfect mirror the the selfish desire for pleasure.

On its own, a powerful sensation. A pleasant chemical reaction.

But combining the two; the hormones of selfless pleasure and selfish desire? Such a concoction could bend the mind itself, warp a person's very identity.

Imagine, if you will, a world where the only addiction humanity has is the addiction to satisfy others? Imagine how grand - how amazing - such a world would be. A world in which vice and virtue are one in the same. Where will and ambition are trumped by the basest urges humanity has to offer.

Now imagine the wealth that a man might make by simple offering others the keys to that new, wonderful world.

Keys in the form of small, black pills.

Euphoria is what humans have always sought. The pleasures of the moment, the joys of giving and receiving it.

My little black pills, Euphoria, are not just drugs.

They are the future.