

Falling Star

The crowd erupted into applause. Clapping hands and cheers and celebration. A horn blew, a whistle sounded. Sound surrounded Rita on all sides, deafeningly loud – echoing even louder inside the school gymnasium. Her name being screamed, the roar of excitement, a cacophony of victorious glee. And, underneath all that clamour, so quiet that Rita wasn't sure if she'd truly heard it or if she'd just imagined it, the *swish* of a basketball gliding gracefully through a hoop, down through the net, dropping to the ground with a *thump* as it bounced off the hard basketball court floor.

The winning goal. A once in a lifetime shot.

It was so close, the rival team was bound to cause a fuss – claim that the final, amazing shot had happened moments *after* the game ended. But everyone knew the truth, everyone saw it with their own eyes. Rita had taken the impossible shot, launched the basketball at the hoop in the final seconds of the match. And, miraculously, she'd *scored*. And, a heartbeat later, the game was over.

They'd won. *Rita* had won them the game.

And they rewarded her with their cheers, their hollers and shouting and glee. For just a few brief moments, she was the most important person in the world. The captain who'd won her team the game.

Her teammates were on her in seconds, tackling her with hugs and laughter and joy. The basketball she'd throw her winning shot with was still bouncing on the ground when Rita's teammates hefted her up on their shoulders – began parading her around the court like a champion.

Rita closed her eyes, revelled in her victory.

The sounds echoing through the gymnasium, the shouts and cries of triumph. The energy of hundreds of people cheering, celebrating.

It was *everything*.

"Never seen anything like it," Rita's father said, shaking his head in disbelief. "That shot. My god."

"It wasn't anything *that* special," Rita blushed. "Any pro could've made the shot. I just got lucky, is all."

"Lucky?" Her father laughed. "Nah, that was pure, unadulterated skill. No more modesty or humility, that shot was *amazing* and you know it. Colleges wouldn't be climbing over each other to offer you scholarships if you were just *lucky*."

"You're embarrassing her," Rita's mother piped in with a roll of her eyes. She was smiling – happy at her daughter's success – though not quite as wildly as her husband. "You did very well on the court today, Rita."

"Thanks Mom," Rita blushed brighter.

They were at a small, local restaurant. Just the three of them, a few hours after the game. Both her mother and father were wearing more formal attire; dress and heels, suit and tie. But Rita herself was dressed far more casually in t-shirt and running pants, brown hair tied back and still a little damp from her after-game shower.

Her body ached, every muscle strained from the game. Her legs felt stiff under the table, arms so exhausted she could barely hold her knife and fork. Yet still she smiled, consumed in the joyous afterglow of a hard-won, well-earned victory.

"So," her father grinned, digging into the steak in front of him, "which one are you gonna go with?"

"Which what?" Rita asked.

"Scholarship," her father grinned wider. "Have you decided which one you're going to accept yet?"

And there it was. The moment.

Rita set down her fork, eyes moving between her parents. How were they about to react?

"None," Rita answered softly but clearly. "I don't want to go to college on a sports scholarship."

Her words caused both parents to stop eating, their eyebrows raising in mirrored surprise and confusion. Neither of them spoke, however. They sat there, waiting for their daughter to continue and explain what she meant.

"If I go to college on a sports scholarship, I'll be expected to play that sport constantly. I love basketball, and I do want to keep playing it, but I think it'd be better if my focus in college is studying and not sports. If my time is constantly split between basketball and business studies, I won't be able to really excel in one without my performance in the other taking a hit."

It'd been a difficult decision to make – setting basketball aside so she could focus solely on studying. But, in the end, it was necessary. If she was ever going to become a global business leader one day, Rita knew she'd have to make some personal sacrifices along the way. Basketball, unfortunately, was one such sacrifice.

"I know it's not ideal," Rita told her parents. "A scholarship would mean you two don't have to pay my way through college. But I think this is what's best for me, for my future. Rather than accepting a sport scholarship, I'd like to go to a business school and pave my way through acumen and learning alone."

She'd known this day would come. Telling her parents that she wasn't going to accept a scholarship, that they'd have to pay for her college fees and the rest. And, deep down, she'd been dreading this moment – terrified of how they'd react.

When they smiled, looked at her with love and pride, Rita relaxed.

It was going to be okay. Everything would be alright.

"Hey babe," Rita's boyfriend – Adrian – whispered. "Do you mind if we try something a little different?"

They were laying in bed, naked and sweaty and blissful.

Rita blinked her eyes open, fought against a lovely urge to sleep. She turned to look at the hunk beside her, the handsome – if sometimes cold – guy who'd won her heart months ago.

"Different?" Rita asked, drowsy. "What do you mean?"

"Like... Kinky. Something fun we can do together."

She raised a lazy eyebrow at him.

"Erotic hypnosis," Adrian continued. "I read about it online and it sounds like fun. I could, like, hypnotise you to think I'm a teacher you want to seduce for good grades or something."

"I already good grades," Rita smiled. "Perfect scores on tests. Why would I need to seduce a teacher to get what I already have?"

"Okay, maybe not *that*. But like, what if you were a naughty police officer and I was a criminal who needed to be 'punished'? Or, I don't know, what if I hypnotised you to think we were related?"

"Eww," Rita grimaced. "Incest?"

"Trust me," Adrian smiled. "I know it sounds weird, but it's good. I'll make it so that you feel more pleasure than you ever have before. Just once, and if you don't like it we never have to do it again. Please?"

Rita sighed, rolled her eyes.

"Fine," she said, pushing herself up onto her elbows. "But if I end up barking like a dog or clucking like a chicken, we're over. Got it?"

Rita was there. But not there. Not awake, not asleep, but somewhere in between. An

empty place, a dark place, with only a distance, calm voice to guide her. A familiar voice. A man's voice. Adrian.

He was asking her something. About her dreams. Her future.

Rita was too far away to hear exactly what was being said, but she felt her lips move – felt herself answer the question, though she had no idea what she'd actually said.

She drifted there, mindless.

A business woman. She wanted to be a successful, powerful business woman. To lead industries, to be wealthy and influential. To prove that a woman could do the job just as well as any man. To prove that businesses could be run ethically, that they didn't have to step on human rights to make a profit.

But... why?

Why did she want that?

Because...

Blank.

Wouldn't it be better to have a different dream? A happier dream?

But she wanted to...

Did she? Was that *truly* what she desired?

An image appeared out of the darkness. Rita in a business suit, cold and emotionless. Alone. Miserable.

Was that really what she wanted to become?

Was that *who* she wanted to be?

Another image appeared before Rita. Her, only this time she wasn't in a business suit. She was wearing a housewife's dress with a big, round, pregnant belly. And around this new image, everything was bright and happy. Beautiful. Married to Adrian, bearing his children, *serving* him.

Rita had always liked to make people happy.

Rita wanted to make Adrian happy, didn't she?

What better way to make him happy than to *serve* him? To be *his*?

Rita bounced on Adrian's cock, her hands on his shoulders, her tits swaying inches from his face. She panted, sighed, gasped, moaned. Her body lurched, swayed, trembled.

"Fuck me," she pleaded, desperate. "Please fuck me!"

"What do you want?" Adrian asked with a smirk, ramming his cock into her from below as she rode him.

"I want." Rita breathed between words. "You to. Fuck me."

His hand lashed out, slapped her firm, round ass.

"What," he growled, "do you *want*?"

Rita gasped, looked into her lover's eyes.

"I-" she panted, heart pounding in her chest. "I want you to... *I want you to knock me up!*"

The confession filled Rita with heat. Forbidden, naughty, erotic warmth. Tingles shot through her body, electricity flooding her and consuming her as she reached blissful climax. Her pussy tightened around Adrian's cock, milking it for the cum she so desperately wanted. *Needed*.

To get knocked up, pregnant at eighteen. No college, no basketball, just bearing and raising Adrian's babies.

She came again instantly, an orgasm so powerful it almost caused her to black out.

She clenched down on her boyfriend's cock, tried to force the cum out of him herself. He wasn't wearing a condom and she wasn't on birth control. If she could just get him to finish inside her...

But, no matter how hard she squeezed down on him, no matter how much she pleased him and rode him and fucked up, somehow Adrian managed to hold himself

back.

"Please, sir," she finally begged. "Cum inside me. Get me pregnant. Please! Fill my insides up!"

And, being a good boyfriend, Adrian finally did just that.

Such a good boyfriend. Such a wonderful father-to-be.

At twenty-three, Rita was pregnant with her fourth child.

Her husband was at work, earning a living while Rita looked after the babies at home.

A few years ago, she'd have dreaded such a life.

During the day, she acted as a carer and milk-maker for screaming babies. At night, she was a cock-socket for her husband to pump his seed into. When she was pregnant, all in life was good and happy and perfect. When she wasn't, her only desire in life was to become so.

Long gone were the casual clothes she used to wear. Her sporty clothes had been discarded years back. No need for them any more. A woman only ever needed to work out and exercise in order to make herself appear as pleasing to potential suitors as possible. And Rita had already bagged herself a husband to serve and please for the rest of her life.

All Rita ever wore these days were dresses. Polka-dots and stripes and bright colours, aprons and heels and make-up. Looking just like any self-respecting wife should.

Sometimes – rarely these days – she thought back to those days, playing basketball and winning matches. Being the top student at school, dreaming of wealth and power and influence. And, every now and then, she missed it.

But her husband, loving and brilliant as he was, always helped her set such silly ideas aside.

His kink for erotic hypnotic role-playing always seemed to cure Rita of her worries, remind her of what *really* mattered in life: Family.

And she was happy.

Would be happy every day, every night, every *moment*, right up until baby number four was born. Then, as soon as she'd recovered from the birth, she'd get right on to making baby number five – not stopping until her husband's seed had once again taken root in her belly. Only then would she be happy again.

Rita smiled at the noises that surrounded her.

The sound of babies, Screaming and crying and demanding her love and affection – those things she'd shower them with forever.

Those were the sounds of her victory.