“So who is it?” asked Madison nervously. She could tell just by the tone of Faye’s voice that she wouldn’t like the answer of who her new roommate was.

But Faye didn’t answer. Instead, Teagan jumped up from the couch with a giggle and rushed over to pull Madison into a hug. Madison didn’t even have time to react; one moment she was standing and staring at Faye in confused anxiety, the next, Teagan’s arms were wrapped around her.

She had a sudden impression of Teagan’s lithe young body pressed tight against her and a strong whiff of sickeningly sweet, fruity perfume. But even more shocking than the hug was the kiss. Teagan pressed forward before Madison even had a chance to react to her embrace, pressing glossy, plump lips to Madison’s and filling her belly with squirming discomfort and an incongruous pulse of heat.

The second that her brain fully registered what was happening, Madison pushed away, spluttering. She did her best to ruthlessly crush that little flicker of heat and forget she had ever felt it. Madison had done her fair share of… exploration when she was actually in college. In the end, she had found that she liked men a bit more in the bedroom, and that girls were too high-maintenance for her outside of it. Also, frankly, it was hard enough being a young female reporter without also being a young queer female reporter, even if that was a little shallow.

In other words, whatever the hell Teagan was thinking with her ambush kiss, it had awakened a flickering ember of a type of desire Madison hadn’t felt or even thought about for a long time. And right before moving into a small room with another girl… Madison couldn’t think of a worse time for it.

Faye and Teagan were practically doubling over in laughter at Madison’s shocked reaction. Even Heather, who had spent most of their interaction so far staring silent and wide-eyed at the two girls in blue, chuckled faintly.

“Oh my Gooooddd, I’m so sorry, Bailey,” Teagan managed to get out through her gale of giggles. “I totally forgot that you wouldn’t be used to that! I summered on the French Riviera this year, and kisses are all the rage in Europe right now. I didn’t mean anything by it!”

Based on the cruel edge to Faye’s laughter, Madison wasn’t sure that was true. She considered it much more likely that Teagan had done it just to get under her skin and see what her reaction would be. Madison had gotten a bad vibe from the two girls wearing blue from the moment she saw them, and this was only confirming her suspicions.

Luckily though, that was an excellent opportunity for Madison. She wanted to see hazing and bullying firsthand, and she suspected that Teagan and Faye were excellent candidates to show her the dynamics of bullying on campus.

“Anyway,” said Teagan, reaching out to squeeze Madison’s arm in a gesture of forced familiarity, “I just wanted to welcome and celebrate my new roomie!”

Madison felt a chill, but kept careful control of her expression. She could sense a certain keen interest from the two predatory second-year girls. They were eager to see her reaction to the news, and she had no intention of giving it to them. Instead, she carefully said, “I was… unaware that scholarship students roomed with bluebloods.”

Teagan laughed at that, silvery and tinkling, her hand rubbing up and down Madison’s arm for some reason. “Oh Bailey… you’re so funny! Actually, that’s the standard! The school is super careful to place the two different types of students together. Cross-cultural exchange, more or less.”

“For instance, I’m this little piggy's roommate,” said Faye with a toothy smile, her hand tightening its grip on Heather’s plump thigh. “And we have soooo much fun together. I just hope that you and Teagan can have half as much fun as we do!”

Faye and Teagan shared a smile, then Teagan’s glittering green eyes turned back to Madison. “The strange part is that they are putting an upperclassman and an underclassmen together. But the girl I roomed with last year dropped out unexpectedly, and I guess you just got lucky!” said the plasticky blonde sweetly.

“That’s… great!” said Madison, summoning all of the enthusiasm she could. These two girls seemed like a good lead to discover exactly how the upper-class students bullied the ones on scholarships, but she couldn’t say she was enthusiastic about sharing a room with this particular young woman. “I’m actually planning to unpack and unwind a little just now, so if you wouldn’t mind showing me where the room is, I can leave you to hang out with your friends.”

“Nonsense!” said Teagen firmly, looping her arm through Madison’s in a way that made it clear that she had no intention of backing down. “How could I pass on the chance to learn all about my new bestie? No, you and I are hanging out allll night, girlfriend. Now come along. I’ll show you where our room is.”

“By now, meat,” said Faye with a sarcastic wave. “ I’m sure you’ll see me around all the time, since Teagan and I are so close. I hope that we can be good friends too.”

I hope fucking not. “That sounds great! Thank you, Faye. Nice to meet you too, Heather.”

“B-bye,” said Heather in a strange half-whimper. For a second, Madison thought she heard that strange buzzing noise again, but she was already being led away by Teagan, and soon they were on their way down the hallway, leaving Faye and her roommate behind.

“I’m so glad that I finally have a cute little roommate who actually seems fun,” said Teagan conspiratorially, squeezing Madison’s arm. “I have to say, I loved Samatha to death, but she was a little… fragile. Not at all the type of girl that I could just be myself with, you know?”

Madison wasn’t sure she liked the sound of that, but at this point, she had spent too much of the day sitting back and letting people talk at her. She was a journalist, and it was time to start digging and getting some more information. Just because Teagan was a little… strange didn’t mean that she couldn’t be a good source.

“And what type of person are you when you’re being yourself?” asked Madison pointedly, looking deep into Teagan’s vacant green eyes. She thought she saw just a hint of a predatory gleam there as the giggling blonde responded, “Oh, Bailey, what a silly question! With me, what you see is what you get. I’m all about having fun. As long as you’re entertaining, then you and I are going to get along MUCH better than boring old Samantha. And here we are!”

They had stopped in front of a door about halfway down one of the hallways. Madison could instantly tell that it was going to take her a long time to remember precisely where it was with no numbers to guide her. She wished that it could have been on a corner or near the stairs or something.

Teagan fished a brass key much like the one Madison had been given and unlocked the door, letting them inside. Once again, as Madison trailed after her new roommate into their dorms, she was forced to confront the fact that St. Anthony’s was going to be completely different than the college experience she had had her first time around.

Her first dorm, freshman year of college about six years ago, had been cramped. Two lofted beds with desks beneath them and barely enough room between the two to stretch your arms. She had shared it with a neurotic girl named Lisa who had dropped out at the end of first semester, but not before making Madison utterly miserable with her stressed rants and fits of sobbing.

It had been tiny, perpetually too warm, and smelled like dirty laundry. But the room she would be spending the next several months in at St. Anthony’s was completely different. It still wasn’t massive, but this dorm room looked cozy and efficient rather than spartan and cramped. The center of the room was taken up with a small common area, complete with a rug, couch, and massive television. Madison wasn’t sure if the common furnishings were provided by the school or Teagan, but she was guessing the former based on the way the rest of the room was decorated. The two corners furthest from the door were the personal spaces of each student, with a queen-sized bed, a desk, a dresser with a mirror built into the top, and a trunk for storage. The bed that Madison assumed was hers looked comfortable but plain, with bedding that had no doubt been provided by the school. Teagan’s side of the room, however, was a vibrant riot of bright pink. The bedspread, the pillows, the posters above her bed, all over them in various shades of pink. It was the sort of aesthetic style Madison didn’t think existed outside of movies.

It was shocking enough to her eyes that she simply stood blinking in the doorway for a moment, taking the room in, the next question she had been planning to ask Teagan flying out of her head.

“What’s the matter, Bae, never seen a dorm room before?” said Teagan in a low, amused voice, twirling to grin at her. “Close the door. I want a little private time with my new bestie.”

The way she said it gave Madison a bad feeling, but she wasn't really all that concerned. Although Madison had only known Teagan for a few minutes at this point, she felt like she had a pretty good handle on the type of person the slim, smirking blonde was. She had seen Teagan’s type before. Giggling, catty mean girls who thought they were better than the quiet girls they put down. Madison had been that quiet girl, and endured the catty put-downs from girls like Teagan in high school. But all of that was behind her now. Minor villains like her new roommate just seemed pathetic from her adult perspective.

But, of course, now she wanted to find out how scholarship students were treated at St. Anthony’s, and Teagan seemed like she would be a great place to start digging into the dirty truth.

“I’m eager to get to know you better as well,” said Madison brightly, clicking the door shut behind her and crossing the room to sit on her bed, facing Teagan. “Could you tell me a little more about yourself?”

“What’s to tell?” said Teagan lightly, turning toward her side of the room and sitting to unstrap the platform heels from her feet. “Back in the 1800s, my family got rich through buying a crazy amount of land, and since then they’ve gotten richer from finance.”

“That’s… not what I meant,” said Madison slowly. It was strange that Teagan’s first impulse when asked about herself was to talk about how rich you was and how her family made all of its money, but come to think of it, maybe that was normal for all these rich people. “I meant, like, what do you like to do for fun?”

Teagan let out another tinkling laugh. She finally kicked her shoes aside to reveal perfectly manicured toes with pink polish. Then, to Madison’s mild alarm, she unzipped her skirt and began wiggling out of it as she continued speaking, revealing long, smooth, tanned legs and a tight little ass which wasn’t covered at all by the string of her neon-pink thong. Madison immediately averted her eyes, but not before she caught an inadvertent peek.

“Well, I would normally say clubbing and recreational drugs, but there are no clubs on campus, and though they turn a blind eye to drinking for the most part, drugs are harder to find than you might think. They basically let us do whatever we want, but they know that if even one dumbass who doesn’t know his limits ends up ODing at a party, their parents will tear this place a new asshole. One of the few limits they put on us, in other words. So yeah, I like going to the parties that people throw, and throwing parties myself, obviously. And oh yeah…”

She turned toward Madison as she unbuttoned her nearly see-through shirt, and Madison felt the irresistible pull of her gaze, feeling forced to look Teagan in her shining green eyes despite the fact that she was half–naked. “I love to help out poor little scholarship students. Giving them makeovers… introducing them to blueblood society… Just anything I can do to make sure they have the best possible St. Anthony’s experience.”

Madison held the eye contact. It was much better than looking at the rest of Teagan’s exposed body. It was probably stupid to push further in this direction, but Madison was a reporter at heart. When she sensed a scoop, she couldn’t help but dig deeper. “Is that what you did with Heather? Helped her to… have a good experience?”

“Of course,” said the pretty, plastic blonde with a bright, cheerful smile. “Didn’t you see how happy she was?”

“I also wanted to ask…” began Madison, but this time Teagan stopped her.

“Ah ah ah,” said the slim blonde, waving a teasing finger playfully, “What is this, an interrogation? Tell you what, you ask a question, then I’ll ask a question. How about that?”

“Sure,” said Madison, lying back and staring at the ceiling to have a good excuse for keeping her eyes off Teagan as she changed. She had gotten into reporter mode for a second there. She had to watch that. People might begin to suspect something was up if she was too inquisitive. “I’m an open book. What do you want to know?”

“Are you a virgin?”

The question was so out of left field that Madison forgot she was trying to keep her eyes to herself and looked over at Teagan in surprise, catching her just as she was reaching behind her to unhook her bra. She looked away again, her face flushing. She was prepared for the question, obviously. That was the sort of thing girls in college might end up talking about, so it was part of the backstory she had worked up. She just hadn’t expected to have to answer this particular question so soon.

Luckily, Teagan seemed to find her shock adorable rather than suspicious. She launched into another storm of giggles, which Madison was beginning to see was pretty typical for her. “Oh God, you don’t need to look like you swallowed a fly, hun! I just ask because things can get a little… I don’t know, hot and heavy here at St. Anthony’s. Young hot people. Raging hormones. You know how it goes.”

“Right. Well…” said Madison with a gulp, looking away again just too late to avoid a flash of Teagan’s pink nipples as her bra slipped down off her shoulder. “No, I’m not a virgin. I had a boyfriend junior year, and we had sex after a dance. That was the only time.”

It had felt like the safest answer. Not a virgin, so that anyone who found virgins particularly interesting or noteworthy would be dissuaded. But also not a slut, so that she wouldn't encourage anyone interested in hooking up.

"Awwww, that's sweet!" said Teagan fawningly. "A little boring, but sweet too. So you have a boy back at home cheering you on?"

"Nope," said Madison, staring carefully at the ceiling. "We broke up senior year. I wanted to focus on my studies and college applications. And, as you can see, it paid off. Now that's two questions from you. So… it's my turn. What are you planning on majoring in?"

Teagan snorted softly. "We don't have majors here, silly! You can choose a few electives, but for the most part we're all mixed up in the same general classes. As for when I go off to college for real? I mean, in the end it hardly matters. College is about making connections and finding the right match. Maybe something that sounds impressive when I'm comparing myself to the other ladies in my social circle? Biochemistry? Something like that."

"I mean, is Biochemistry something you're interested in? Don't you think that sounds kind of hard?" asked Madison, keeping her eyes trained on the ceiling as she continued to hear the soft rustle of clothes. She assumed that Teagan must be changing into some pajamas or casual clothes for the evening, but she was certainly taking her sweet time.

"No, it sounds fucking boring. But nothing is hard when I have a team of tutors making sure I can't possibly fail. Gosh, sometimes I forget how hard it must be to be poor." Madison heard a soft exhale of breath as Teagan threw herself back to lie on her bed, and made the mistake of looking over.

Madison's eyes widened and her breath caught as she saw that, in fact, Teagan had not changed into pajamas like she had been expecting. Instead, her new roommate lounged back on her bed completely nude, her head propped up on her elbow and a curvy little smile on her lips. In that moment, Madison's eyes moved on their own, scanning up and down Teagan's body before her mind could regain control of them.

The leggy blonde's body was an artificial beauty. A dark, even tan, broken up by a few pale hearts on her hips and the outer swell of her breast that Madison could only assume had been made by some sort of sticker during the tanning process as a point of interest. Her hips looked temptingly wide… but suspiciously so, considering how slender the rest of her body was, pointing to some sort of surgery. But her hips and butt were nothing compared to her tits. They were a work of art, and Madison could only assume that Teagan's rich daddy had paid a talented surgeon top-dollar for them. Big and round, hanging unnaturally from Teagan's petite chest, yet still with a softness that made them look close to natural. The nipples were a bright pink to match the rest of Teagan's tastes. Probably bleached. For a second, Teagan thought that she wouldn't be surprised if Teagan's butthole had undergone a similar procedure and was the

same bright pink. She banished the inappropriate thought as soon as she had it and looked away.

But she couldn't escape Teagan just by feigning indifference to her nudity. "Sorry! Did I shock you again? Sorry, sweetie, I'm just used to letting it all hang out when I'm in the room. Nothing wrong with being loose and free when it's just us girls around, right?"

"Right," said Madison swiftly, her face burning. "Yeah, it doesn't bother me at all."

"Great! So then here's my next question, roomie," purred the teasing minx from across the room. "Are you attracted to women?"

Madison had thought herself completely above teasing from someone so much younger and less experienced than her, but despite herself she felt a flush of squirming embarrassment at the question. It just struck too close to home after the strange spike of arousal when Teagan kissed her and from seeing her naked. Did Teagan suspect something from the way Madison had reacted to her European greeting?

It was an issue. It was important that Madison not leave too strong an impression on anyone in the school. By the time she actually published her expose, she wanted "Bailey" to be a fuzzy memory in the minds of most people on campus. Obviously, it would be impossible to go completely unnoticed by her own roommate, but she knew how girls could be. If Teagan started spreading the rumor that her new roommate Bailey was a lesbian, it might attract a lot of unwanted attention.

Best to play it safe. "Nope," said Madison crisply, turning to face the wall so she could be extra sure that she wouldn't accidentally get another peek at Teagan's naked body. "Just guys for me. Not sure why you would ask."

"Hm. I could have sworn that I got a different vibe from you, Bae, but whatever. If you say so." It was clear from Teagan's tone that she wasn't fully convinced, but at least for the moment, it seemed like that risky topic of conversation was over with. Madison breathed a sigh of relief.

It was her turn to ask a question… and that rudely aggressive move from Teagan actually opened up a window of possibility. If Teagan was going to get that personal, there was no reason that "Bailey" couldn't push a bit further herself.

"I've actually heard some… rumors about this place," Madison said cautiously, her ears straining as she waited for Teagan's response. If there was even the slightest bit of suspicion or pushback, she would have to ease off.

Teagan was silent for a little while, and Madison was about to say something to break the tension and switch to another, safer question when she finally responded. "Well, Bae, you can't believe everything you hear. What did these… rumors say?"

Madison licked her lips. She would have to be delicate, but this could be an excellent first step in finding out the information needed for her article. “They said that there’s a lot of bullying in the school,” she said, trying to keep her voice light and casual. “That the rich kids… sorry, the bluebloods, use their power to lord over the scholarship students and treat them badly.”

She let the words hang in the air, hoping that she hadn’t overstepped in a way that would make her new roommate suspicious. But luckily, Teagan just let out a tinkling laugh as usual. “Ohhhh, that kind of rumor. Well, I suppose that’s true enough. Depending on how you look at it.”

The casual confirmation from Teagan surprised Madison so much that she turned over and looked at her new roommate, once again forgetting the state that Teagan was in.

Madison felt a bolt of powerful, shocked lust as she saw what her new roommate was doing now.

Teagan had propped up a leg, and one of her manicured hands had strayed down to lightly play over her pussy lips. *What the fuck…* Teagan was touching herself right there in front of her, just minutes after meeting her for the first time. Madison’s mouth went dry, and this time she wasn’t able to pull her eyes away. She struggled to focus on Teagan’s purring voice as the blonde continued.

“I mean, it’s true that the bluebloods rule the school, but I don’t see why that has to be some big negative thing,” said Teagan as her fingers pushed a little deeper, sliding between her puffy lower lips and growing shiny from the moisture there. Despite her stupefied shock, Madison found her own body responding to the sight… heating up slowly but surely in the suddenly sexually charged atmosphere of the dorm. “I mean, it’s just the way the world works outside of the school too, right? The powerful rule and the weak… submit. Are you feeling a little distracted, roomie?”

“I just… I’m… what the *fuck*, Teagan!” spluttered Madison. She clapped her hands over her eyes, doing her best to control her breathing. She couldn’t believe that Teagan was just casually touching herself like that right in front of someone else.

“You can look if you want, Bailey,” purred Teagan, and even though Madison was covering her eyes, she thought she could detect soft, wet sounds right on the edge of her hearing. “I mean, it’s sort of natural… Because that’s the thing about those rumors you heard. All of the red meat come in and get all offended at first over the bluebloods pushing them around and telling them what to do. But the secret is… they actually like it. People don’t get rich and powerful for no reason, you silly goose. There are some people who are just born to lead, and others who are destined to follow. So the dirty little secret is that most of the red meat that comes to the schools are already little subby sluts on the inside before the bluebloods even start messing with them.”

“That’s a crazy fucking thing to say,” said Madison in a stunned voice. She was debating bursting out of the room and escaping down the hall… but on the other hand, she was pretty sure she was experiencing some of the rumored St. Anthony hazing right here and now. She hadn’t come to this school to run away the instant it looked like she was about to be bullied. Before she could even wrap her brain around what she should do next, Teagan was already speaking again.

“Is it? Is it crazy? Or are you actually a horny little slut too?” asked Teagan in a smug voice tinged with pleasure.

There it was, edging from general statements into outright bullying. Madison had felt like Teagan was the type right off the bat, but she had to admit that she was surprised to be proven right so early on. Part of her was disgusted, and part of her was fascinated, searing every moment of the experience into her mind for use later when writing her article.

And yet, there was another part of her too. One that she didn’t want to admit existed. A part of her that wanted to open her eyes and watch as the confident, teasing slut just across the room played with her pussy. It was an impulse she had no intention of acting on, but she was still shocked to feel it within her, planting a little seed of heat and growing the uncomfortable arousal that Teagan had inspired.

“T-teagan,” said Madison in a voice that was a little less firm and confident than she had hoped, “you’re making me uncomfortable. I’m not… I’m not the kind of girl that you think I am. So why don’t you put your clothes back on and…”

“Oh, so you’re claiming you aren’t a horny little slut?” asked Teagan in a voice that sounded genuinely surprised. “Well then, how do you explain what I found in your luggage when I was snooping around earlier?” Then faint, but louder than the soft wet sounds of Teagan’s self-pleasure, came a gentle buzzing noise.

Madison’s eyes flew open. *Fuck! There was no way that she…*

But looking over across the room revealed not only the sight of Teagan’s slim thighs splayed and her fingers greedily swirling over her pussy, but also a little oblong lavender shape in Teagan’s hands.

Shit. Teagan found my fucking vibrator.

It had probably been stupid to bring it along in the first place, considering she knew she would be rooming with another girl, but using it had become such a normal part of Madison’s night when she didn’t bring anyone home that the temptation to see if she could find some moments of privacy was too great. After all, she wouldn’t be getting laid here for months, and she wasn’t sure she would be able to make it with absolutely zero relief. Her libido was too high for that.

Now the small, discreet sex toy was held in Teagan's hand, and a taunting smile lit up the blonde's cute face. "I don't knooooow, Bailey-girl. I don't know that many freshmen who need one of these. You have pretty developed tastes, don't you?"

Now *that* froze Madison's heart. Teagan probably didn't mean anything by what she had said except commenting that her new roommate was unusually slutty. But the last thing that Madison wanted was the catty blonde thinking she was abnormal for a freshman. Madison watched with wide eyes as the naked blonde on the bed across from her slid her thumb along the soft, rounded edge of the pill-shaped toy as it buzzed in her raised hand. Madison realized too late that she had fallen for Teagan's trick. She was looking once again, and now the arousal she had been trying to hold back was rising up inside her, stronger than ever. Her eyes seemed to have a life of their own, sliding down to Teagan's stiff pink nipples… then down further to her glistening pussy.

It was truly on full display now that Teagan had raised her leg and started playing with herself. Puffy and wet, and as pink as her nipples. Before Madison could tear her eyes away, Teagan's hand brought the vibrator to her chest, swirling the buzzing toy around her nipple. "Mmmmmm, you have good taste, Bailey," she cooed. "Good intensity. Buttery-smooth material. I mean, I've never needed something like this to get off, but I see the appeal."

Madison held her breath, her eyes wide and staring, unable to look away. Her brain fizzled and popped, transfixed by the sight as Teagan's nipples grew harder, crinkled with arousal from the buzzing of Madison's toy. She knew, in a distant way, that this was wrong, but for some reason she just sat there, mouth agape.

"That's right… watch," giggled Teagan. "I told you, right? Red meat are just silly sluts who enjoy being told what to do. So consider this your first order. You're going to watch me get off with the naughty toy you snuck in, and you're going to like it. You wanted to get to know me better, right? I can't think of a better way than this."

Madison opened her mouth to protest that she didn't want to see this, but all that escaped was a soft groan. Teagan's assertion that all of the scholarships were secretly sexual submissives was ludicrous. But maybe it was just the stress of her first day pretending to be a much younger woman, or the strange tension between her and her new roommate, but Monica just kept silent, rolled onto her side on the bed, and watched Teagan, just like she was commanded.

The slim blonde let her hand slowly trail downward, rubbing the buzzing toy over the lower curve of her breast, across the taut plain of her belly, and through the tightly shaved and groomed heart shape of her brunette pubic hair.

Fuck. This is wrong. I shouldn't be watching this. But what would a college freshman do in this fucked up situation? Would she demand that Teagan stop? Would she leave the room? Or would she be so fucking shocked that she would just keep watching?

…Just like I'm doing right now.

Madison was frozen in indecision, trapped in the surreal situation, her blood sizzling and her heart thumping in her chest. But despite the chaos gripping her mind, her eyes stayed locked on the soft, buzzing toy that she had so often used on herself as it slipped between Teagan's tanned thighs.

Teagan let out a performative liquid moan as the toy hit the lips of her pussy, and Madison felt a surge of heat between her own legs as she imagined the sensation.

"Mmmmm, fuck, it feels good, meat," purred the sultry blonde, arching her back and pressing her hips forward into the sensation. The soft, bulbous nub of the vibrator slipped between the chubby lips of her cunt, and Madison squirmed a little on her bed at the taboo thought that the sex toy that had been wet so often with her own juices was now touching another woman so intimately.

"Do you like that?" demanded Teagan, her voice rough with arousal. "Do you like watching me have some fun?"

"No… I…" Madison licked her lips, but her tongue felt as dry as sandpaper. An insidious heat was building stronger and stronger between her thighs. "This is weird, Teagan. Why are you doing this?"

"Don't giiiive me that," moaned Teagan, digging the buzzing silicone toy deeper between her lips, pressing it tight to her clit. "I can see that look in your eyes, meat. You fucking love to see your sexy tease of a blueblood roommate naked and in heat, don't you? It feels good to lie there and see someone richer and hotter pleasure her superior pussy with your pathetic toy, doesn't it?"

Teagan was obviously putting on a show now, biting her plump, glossy lower lip, rolling her eyes back in her head, and humping her hips forward in lithe, dramatic pumps. Madison could see her pink-nailed toes curling in ecstasy, and every sentence she spoke was punctuated by soft, whining moans. It was like watching porn, but even more intense and immediate because it was happening right in front of her. Part of Madison still struggled to grasp exactly what was happening. Things had just gone off the rails so quickly. Shamefully, at this point she couldn't tear her eyes away from the dramatic sexual show her new roommate was putting on just across the room.

"Doesn't it?" demanded Teagan again in a rough growl. Her green eyes were no longer false or vacant as they locked with Madison's across the room. Instead, they were piercing and predatory, gleaming with a hunger that, for a second, actually sent a pulse of fear through Madison. A second later, Madison angrily pushed that feeling away. She wasn't scared of the dumb rich slut. If Teagan thought that all it took to cow her into submission was some sort of freaky sex show, then she was even dumber than she looked.

“No, it fucking doesn’t,” insisted Madison. Her voice sounded wobbly to her own ears, but at least she was finally speaking up. “This whole thing is messed up, and it’s insane for you to talk about other people being slutty when you're the one getting off in front of someone who you just met a few minutes ago!”

It felt good to get the words out. Madison was determined not to stand out too much, but she also wasn’t going to take obvious bullying like this sitting down. Her little outburst had clearly had an effect on Teagan. The blonde paused, her eyes narrowing. Madison felt a surge of triumph as Teagan slid her thumb back down the vibrator and turned it off.

Teagan let out a little giggle, abruptly swinging her legs off the side of the bed so she could sit up. “Oh God, you thought that I was being serious? I was just trying to spook you since you seemed so freaked out about those silly bullying rumors, dork!” she said fondly.

Yeah… right. It seemed like a long way to go just to prank your new roommate. But Madison was pleased that her show of strength had forced the catty blonde to back down. It was just like she thought: these younger women didn’t have it in them to bully someone as mature and confident as her.

But Madison’s triumph was short lived. To her alarm, Teagan got up, crossing the room confidently, heavy round tits bouncing with her brisk step. Madison’s heart rate, and the perverse spark of heat inside her, both of which had just started to settle down, began to race once again as the tall, nude blonde loomed over her, blocking out the light.

“Although I must say…” purred Teagan, with a dangerous edge in her voice. “You did sort of make it weird, bestie. It’s almost like you thought I was actually doing something sexual instead of just a fun prank! Kind of a rotten thing to do to your brand new roommate… calling her a slut and shaming her for a harmless little joke.”

Suddenly Teagan held out the vibrator, still dripping with her juices. Madison scrambled back on the bed a few inches with a sharp intake of breath. The toy was so close she could smell Teagan’s arousal on it. A stray thought told her she was going to have to throw it away now and get a new one.

But apparently Teagan had other things in mind.

“I think I have the perfect way for you to cut through this awkwardness,” said Teagan in a sugary-sweet voice. “Allll you have to do is show me how you use this little thing. Just the way I showed you. That way it isn’t weird, right? We just had a totally chill, normal mutual masturbation session. Like all friends do.”

Madison shook her head, adrenaline surging through her veins once again. For a second, she was speechless as she imagined going through with Teagan’s perverse demand. Reversing the

fucked-up situation she had just been in, except this time she was the one being watched as she writhed on her bed, Teagan giggling and leering at her naked body. Then she found her tongue again. It had been fairly easy to put Teagan off earlier with a firm tone. All she had to do was do that again.

“No. No way. That’s not going to happen,” she said confidently, looking Teagan right in her sharp, gleaming green eyes.

Teagan raised her eyebrows, the smile fading from her face. “Now, you see, that’s a shame, Bailey,” she said in a deadpan voice that was far more intimidating than any of her fake friendliness so far. “Because if you refuse to make this an embarrassing, but fairly harmless bonding experience, it will mean that you just watched me masturbate. That’s pretty fucking creepy.”

Madison frowned, taken aback by the blonde’s sudden change in demeanor. “What? That’s not what happened! You forced me!”

“Did I?” asked Teagan with false innocence, putting a hand to her chest as if scandalized by the suggestion. “Did I also force you to practically drool over my tits? To eye-fuck my pussy? Because that’s what it seemed like to me. And that’s what I’m going to tell all my friends; that the pervy little piece of red meat I’m rooming with is a sneaky lesbo perv who loves to watch other girls when they’re naked in the privacy of their own room.”

Shit. Even after knowing her for barely more than an hour, Madison was pretty sure that Madison wouldn’t hesitate to stoop that low. She was supposed to be keeping a low profile. Having a rumor spread through the school that she was a lesbian pervert could paint a target on her back, even if it was completely unfair and untrue.

Madison’s eyes flicked down to the vibrator, then back up to Teagan’s piercing gaze. Maybe if she stuck to her guns and refused, she could call the blonde bitch’s bluff. Folding to transparent pressure like this could mark her as weak. But on the other hand… would it really be that big of a deal to rub herself a little in the private room? She might be able to avoid trouble and antagonism with Teagan by pretending to be a meek, compliant girl and playing along.

“Come on, Bailey,” demanded Teagan, pressing the dildo closer. “Let’s be friends!”

Choice A) The best way to deal with bullies is to stand up to them. Giving in right now wouldn’t just be embarrassing; it would give Teagan the impression that Madison is an easy target. She needs to call Teagan’s bluff and firmly refuse the obscene demand.

Choice B) Teagan’s threat is very real. If she spreads rumors about Madison, it might make her the talk of the campus. That would make her primary mission of keeping her head low nearly

impossible. Besides… this is a concrete example of bullying. Maybe bad enough to earn a place in the article. Madison should go along with it for now, just to avoid future trouble.