

A person is shown from the waist down, holding a large orange book. They are wearing a black skirt with ruffles and black thigh-high socks. The background is a plain, light color.

# Free Ride

*by Farleven*

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Published by Farleven at Smashwords

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## Chapter 1

The lush green lawns of the Neven academy were crawling with students and their parents. I looked down on them from my new dorm room window, allowing my eyes to sweep across the scene. Not only the people, but the academy itself. It was a remote campus,

an island in a sea of wheat fields in western Nebraska, and an hour drive to the nearest one bar town. The campus itself was lovely, filled with buildings designed back when architecture was a symbol of grace and grandeur. To look at it was to be amazed, especially compared to the cookie cutter, concrete covered world that has taken over everywhere else.

I had fallen in love with the campus on my first visit, and from then on I knew I wanted to come here. The school was a wonder academically as well, with surprising quality in its math and science departments for such an out of the way school. When I received the letter telling me that I had received a full ride scholarship here, I literally fainted. I could scarcely believe it was true, but now I'm here, ready to begin this great adventure.

My mother put her hand on my shoulder as I looked out the window.

"Are you still sure you want to do this, honey?" She asked.

I turned to her, giving my best reassuring smile. "It'll be okay, Mom. I know this will be hard on you and Dad, but I think I can do really great here. It's only two years, then I'll be able to come visit."

The only real problem I had in deciding to go to Neven was their strange policy on leaving the campus. For the first two years of school, underclassmen can't leave the campus. They explained it as a way of reinforcing the learning environment, as class went on continuously. Certainly there would be slow periods, but all students would be expected to keep working all year long. I found the thought of being able to devote myself to my studies very appealing, but still, I knew it would be hard on my parents. The full ride scholarship helped me to convince them, but I knew they would have preferred I go to a local state university instead.

"I know, we're going to miss you, that's all, Ana." Mom reached over and gave me a hug, which I returned happily. I was going to miss them too.

We spent another quiet moment, looking out over the bustling campus before my dad stumbled in with the last of my moving boxes.

"Just like you girls to let me do all the work." Dad laughed as he set down the box.

"Well, you aren't going to have to look after me anymore, Daddy." I smiled as I ran over and gave him a hearty hug.

Dad wrapped his arms around me tightly and held me for a bit. "I'll always look after you, kitten, that's what I'm here for."

We exchanged a few more cautious comments, none of us quite sure what to say. Of course we didn't need to say anything. I knew they wanted me to be happy, and even recognized the opportunity that Neven represented. The separation would be hard, but they couldn't stand in the way of my future. Everything else was just trying to find ways to express these feelings without saying them out loud.

Finally, it was time to go. They would have a long drive back home, and I had my own life to begin as well. We walked down to the car, and held out for the final goodbye.

"Take care, Ana. Keep in touch." Mom smiled as she hugged me, her lip twitching as she fought back her tears.

I couldn't hold back mine, and my eyes began to overflow as we held each other.

Dad was next, and he simply held me without a word. I hugged him back as strong as I could, not wanting to let go of this moment. It would be the last time I would be in his arms for several years.

Then it was over, time for them to leave, and for me to get back to my room and unpack.

I'd barely walked back into my room, when a little wisp of a girl came barreling in with a duffel bag over her shoulder and three boxes in her arms. I grabbed the top two boxes before they tumbled over and set them down for her.

"Thanks, I don't know how I made it this far. I'm Kylie." She smiled as she set down her last box and tossed the duffel off her shoulder. Kylie was slightly shorter than I was with long brown hair running down to the small of her back. She had kind of an elf like face, which seemed appropriate for her slight figure.

"I'm Ana, I guess we're going to be roommates." I offered my hand and we shook.

"Unless this isn't room 329." Kylie laughed, quickly checking the number on the door.

"Nope, this is the right room. It's got a nice view too." I pointed out to the window.

Kylie bounced over to the window and looked out, survey the scene as I had only minutes before. "Ooh, girl, there's some cute guys out there."

I pulled myself up to the window and followed Kylie's gaze. She wasn't kidding either.

That was something I hadn't really thought much about. All the way through high school, I'd kept pretty much to my little circle of friends, too busy with classwork to let myself be distracted by boys much. I didn't want to be another girl who lets relationships take over her life. It certainly didn't help my popularity, but then I never had really fit in. I hadn't

worried about it then, securing my future was more important, and I had done a good job of that so far.

"Don't tell me you were a bookworm in high school. No time for boys and all that nonsense." Kylie smiled as I sheepishly looked out the window.

I just kind of nodded my head. I could feel my face redden in embarrassment.

"That's okay, but now you can let loose. Besides, with three girls to every guy here, you're going to have to be quick if you want a shot at any of them." Kylie laughed.

That was something I hadn't thought about before. I had considered the ratio beneficial before, less boys meant less chance for distraction by them. Now I began to see the down side, if I waited too long to fire up a social life I wasn't going to find many unattached guys to hang out with.

"It's not like I really need a boyfriend right now anyway." I scoffed, trying to remain aloof about such things.

"Well, you might not have to go hunting, with a body like yours, you might just get a few solicitations." Kylie smiled. "I suppose we should start setting up this place before we get too involved in extracurricular activities. Which side do you want?"

"This one's fine, if you don't mind." I answered, pointing to where my stuff was already sitting. There wasn't much difference anyway, the room was basically a box with two beds, two desks and a closet on each side. Not a lot to choose from. Kylie simply shrugged in response and began to crack into her boxes.

As we set up the room, I thought about what Kylie had said about my looks. I'd never really considered myself anything special, but I guess I wasn't ugly or anything. I kept my light brown hair shoulder length and simple. I didn't work out much, but I wasn't in bad shape, though certainly not a stick figure like the fashion world loves. Sometimes I thought of myself as a bit chubby, but I knew better. Maybe I had some potential after all.

It was something I would think about, and I was certain that Kylie wouldn't let me forget either.

## Chapter 2

Since the school was so isolated, and self contained, the administration could keep a tight lid on things on campus. The first weekend was routine, setting up our rooms and meeting our floor mates. Each dorm floor was set up as a community, you were supposed to be able to lean on each other for support and hang out together. So the first weekend was filled with getting aquatinted types of activities.

As was normal, I didn't feel like I really fit in with the group. Most of the girls were the same type of vacuous socialites that had populated my high school, and I didn't care for them at our first meeting. There weren't any really objectionable personalities, at least, and I figured we'd probably grow on each other a bit since we were living in such close quarters.

It was really cramped. The rooms were small so there wasn't much space to do much more than sleep and study. There was a nice living room in the center of the floor filled with couches, tables and everything else needed for lazing around, including a TV and stereo. Most of the first weekend activities were spent either in this den or out on the campus.

The really strange thing about the floor was the bathroom arrangements. I knew this was going to take some getting used to. Neither the showers or the toilets were private, they didn't have walls or anything. I didn't really like the notion of using either so publicly, but there wasn't much of a choice, especially for the showers. I noticed a few other girls look kind of squeamish when they looked in as well. At least I wasn't going to be alone on that.

I didn't even see any guys until the first day of class, the first Monday I was at school.

True to the statistics, they were badly outnumbered in every class I had. Still, I didn't let it worry me, instead I just focused on the first day of classes and looked forward to a busy course load. I was taking an engineering prep load for the first year. I would decide my specific field after that, so I wanted to get as much of an understanding of the fields as possible now, while I could.

After my last class I went over to the auditorium for the first day welcoming ceremony for first year students. The auditorium was packed so I ended up taking a seat near the back. I was still close enough to make out a figure stepping into the center of the stage and behind a podium.

"Greetings to the freshmen class of Neven Academy. I am President Raymond Portter, the man in charge of this Academy. I'm happy to see so many cheerful faces today, on this first day of school. We at the Neven Academy want to welcome you to a new world, a place where your academic potential will be harnessed. As some of you may be aware,

all students here were selected for their outstanding backgrounds, and with the generous support of the academy's patrons, all of you are receiving a free education. In exchange for that, you will all have to make some sacrifices of your own to help us mold you to meet your highest potential. I realize that all of this institution's traditions will be new to you, and I only hope that you will embrace them, and let us become a community strong enough to help everyone succeed. With that, here is a video presentation to explain many of the more routine facts of life here at Neven." Portter finished. With that, he stepped off the stage as a screen dropped down over the stage.

I waited patiently for the film to start. It didn't take long and soon I was being bombarded with the trivialities of life at Neven Academy. The film covered such things as dining etiquette and usage of the campus ground. All in all the school was fairly tame. The main message emphasis was that students shouldn't go wild. It certainly



wasn't an exciting movie, and it didn't take long before I felt my eyelids drooping.

The sounds of people moving snapped me out of my little nap. I looked up to see the auditoriums clearing out. I followed the rest of my groggy peers out of the hall and into the welcoming sunlight. The fact that it was nearly dusk surprised me, and I quickly noticed that I'd lost three hours to that stupid film. Worst of all, I'd slept through most of it, so I wondered if there was anything important that I missed. I just hoped that Kylie had seen it all.

Kylie had started to grow on me too. She was a bit high strung and certainly a socialite, but she also seemed to understand me. She didn't bug me about my lack of initiative over boys, but she did make me promise not to turn down any dates out of hand. Of course I made her promise to double with me too, so it was only fair.

I was almost halfway back to the dorms when Kylie caught me. "Hi, Ana, did you just love that movie or what? I haven't had a nap like that in the afternoon since kindergarten."

"Yeah, it was pretty dull. I wonder what they were thinking when they came up with it." I laughed.

"So, how much homework on your first day?" Kylie asked, pulling her own book bag up to emphasize that she had been hit with a load of material.

"Oh, just a couple chapters to read for next week and some basic problems. Nothing that should keep me too busy, unless they load more onto me tomorrow." I answered.

"Good, then you can come to the movie on Friday. They have a movie every Friday at the auditorium, they've got some really cool ones too. I also got a couple of cute guys to meet us down in the dining hall before we head over. A little dinner and a movie." Kylie giggled.

I thought about turning her down flat, but then I remembered my promise. The wicked grin she flashed told me that Kylie hadn't forgotten either.

"Okay, just promise to consult me next time, ok?" I sighed. This wasn't exactly my first choice for ending the week, but it could be worse. At the very least I'd get to see a good movie.

"Not quite the enthusiasm I was looking for but it'll do. Don't worry, it'll be fun, you'll see. Besides, they're both really cute, I'm sure you'll like them." Kylie replied.

I just shook my head. I was beginning to see that I would have to be really firm with Kylie if I ever didn't want to do something, and it wouldn't be easy. Still, my curiosity was piqued and there couldn't be any real harm in going off for a simple date like this.

### Chapter 3

"Oh, you're just impossible, Ana! I can't believe you did that in front of the whole theater!" Kylie boomed as we walked back to our dorm. For a little girl she sure could carry her voice when she wanted to.

"But he was putting his hand, you know." I blushed just thinking about it. My date had decided to try copping a feel after he put his arm around me. I was paying attention to the movie as he slipped his hand under my arm. Before I knew it, he was wrapping his fingers around my right breast. I jumped out of my seat and screamed in shock before I'd even thought about it. Of course, everyone around me pretty much saw what was going on and broke out laughing. My date stormed out, and Kylie quickly escorted me out as well after apologizing to her date.

"I wish I'd known you were so jumping. You really haven't been out on a date before have you?" Kylie asked.

"No, not really. You didn't help any either, leading those guys on like that." I replied.

Kylie had spent pretty much the whole meal pouring over her date, and tickling my ribs to get me to engage as well. Even I could tell where Kylie was going with her flirting, and I was pretty sure now that my date had expected the same kind of treatment.

"He was cute, and now you've forced me to write him off, along with his sidekick. Too bad, really, we could have had a lot of fun together." Kylie huffed. "So is this the way you want your life to go, Ana?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you don't want to play with boys, there are other options. Otherwise, we're going to have to find a way to take the edge off the deer in the headlights look you've got going." Kylie smiled.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked, not so sure I wanted to know.

"I'll have to think about it, but you should too. You aren't a caged animal, Ana, and you're going to have to control those impulses if you want to date. Besides, boys can be a lot of fun if you give them a chance. They can be jerks too, but you can't win them all." She answered.

"I'll think about it." I said as we walked into our building. As we did, I noticed a soft music playing in the halls. It wasn't the first time I had noticed it, but now, with only the two of us, I could hear it better.

"I wonder what that's about?" I wondered aloud.

"I don't know, I'll ask our RA tomorrow. It's kind of nice though. I think I heard it last night when I was going to sleep, just like a lullaby." Kylie cooed.

I felt kind of peaceful too. It was definitely some kind of mood music, and not just some objectionable elevator music. With the academic load they put on the students, touches like this were perfect. It helped keep the stress of school in check, something that has always been beneficial.

With that we made our way to our room and went to bed. It had been a long week, capped with a terrible date. Now I had a couple days off and I was ready to make use of them and relax.

## Chapter 4

Over the weekend, my thoughts returned to Friday's events repeatedly. I couldn't help but consider just what had happened. I didn't want to be some kind of prude, I just hadn't ever done anything like that before. When the final realization hit me, I was a bit stunned with myself. I was scared, I was in unfamiliar territory and I had been too comfortable in my old rut to care. Now, it was coming back to bite me. Kylie remained silent on her plans for me as well. I did try some gentle coaxing, but it was obvious that she hadn't figured anything out either.

I was paging through one of my math books on Sunday morning when Kylie bounced into the room. Her wicked grin told me that she had some kind of scheme for me. I had a bookmark in place before she could open her mouth.

"Come on, Ana, I've figured out something to help with your shyness problem." Kylie giggled as she grabbed my hand and pulled me from my desk.

I resisted a little, but not much. I really didn't want to fight her. In truth, I was just a little worried as to what she was planning. Still, I was willing to follow her for now, and see just where she was going to lead me. "Where are you taking me?"

"Down to the shop, I was doing a little browsing when I figured this out. Promise you're not going to chicken out on me!" Kylie insisted even as she pulled me by the hand down the hall.

I considered it for a moment. She couldn't have anything that terrible planned for me I reasoned. "Okay, I'll go along with this, just don't make me do anything I'll have to hate you for."

"Oh, Ana, if everything goes as planned you'll be thanking me when I'm done." Kylie said.

Kyle quickly led us to the campus shop. Since we were so far from civilization, the shop was more than just a convenience store. It was virtually a department store filled with anything a college student might need, and some things they probably shouldn't bother with. I hadn't taken more than a glance at it myself, not being much for shopping, another of my quirks.

Kylie dragged me through the store and into the clothing section. She finally stopped in a relatively closed off section in the back, complete with several three pane mirrors, and rows of swimsuits.

"Here we are. I was thinking for our first step, we can get you a little more comfortable with your looks. I'll bet you never went sunbathing in public before have you?" Kylie smiled.

"No, I've never went sunbathing." I answered. It just wasn't something that seemed like a good way to spend my time. There were so many other things to do, and I wasn't exactly a very appearance oriented person either.

"I thought as much. There's nothing better for your self esteem than showing off your body, especially when you've got one as nice as you, Ana."

My cheeks flushed at Kylie's comments. I still wasn't too keen on my looks, but I promised Kylie I'd go along with this and I would.

"Okay, then, pick out a few suits and try them on. We've got to get to the pool soon or everyone will have left for supper." Kylie prodded. She quickly helped me pick out a few selections.

For the next half hour, I tried on everything Kylie had picked out, even the thong bikini, though I couldn't bring myself to leave the dressing room like that. Aside from that selection, I came back out and checked myself out in the mirror and in front of Kylie. I found it

kind of fun too, posing in the mirror, and seeing myself in outfits with varying coverage.

"So is this the one?" Kylie asked as I twisted in the mirror looking at myself. "It compliments you nicely, Ana, don't you agree?"

"Yeah, it does. I can't believe it, but I actually think I'll get this one." I smiled as I studied myself in the mirror some more. If someone had asked what kind of a suit I'd have gotten, it'd have said a simple one piece suit that covered up pretty much anything worth seeing.

Yet here I was in a two piece, nearly string bikini, marveling at how I looked in it, even down to the obvious little bumps on the top where my nipples poked into the fabric. The top was so small, that I knew it couldn't possibly stay on if I actually got in the water, but I liked the way it showed off my nicely rounded breasts and equally nice cleavage. I couldn't believe that I actually enjoyed being suited up like this, but it was remarkably freeing.

"Well, I'm glad, the guys will definitely pay attention to you looking like that. Now let me just get the tags." Kylie reached over and pulled the tags from my bikini top.

"You mean they'll just let me walk out like this?" I asked, rather stunned at the prospect. I found the thought oddly appealing as well, but I knew that most stores wouldn't allow such things.

"Oh sure, I asked before I went to get you. This was you don't need to waste more time changing clothes. Let's get going." Kylie answered and quickly led us up to the checkout.

"Going to the pool, ladies?" The clerk asked as Kylie handed him the price tags to my bikini. I couldn't help but notice him glancing down at my chest. I blushed slightly at the attention, but I didn't want to turn away.

"Yep, it's Ana's first time sunbathing if you can believe it." Kylie answered.

"Such a shame with a body like that." The clerk just shook his head, smiling as he took the payment from Kylie.

"I know, but she was kind of a bookworm. She's trying to mend her ways, though." Kylie giggled.

I was quite speechless by now, and a good couple shades redder too. Still, I just stood there, letting the clerk look me over. For all the queasiness I felt, I had to admit that I liked being looked at like that. It was strange. I knew objectively that he was just openly being a pervert by staring at my cleavage, and that I should be offended or something.

Yet, all I could muster was a deep blush and an odd tingle of arousal from between my legs. He was kind of cute after all.

"Well, enjoy yourselves at the pool." The clerk finished, handing back the change and receipt.

As we walked away, I just knew he was staring at me, and I could imagine the site I was putting on for him in this rather skimpy bikini. I even put an extra wiggle in my walk just for fun.

With the bikini taken care of we set off for the pool. The walk was rather exhilarating too. It felt like I was walking around in a bra and panties and nobody cared. The near nakedness was oddly refreshing, something I hadn't expected.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" Kylie giggled. "It's fun showing off, especially when you've got something to show."

I just gave back an ear to ear smile. It was fun, strange and different, but certainly fun. I wondered why I hadn't done this before, and almost kicked myself mentally for being such a stick in the mud.

The pool wasn't a long walk away, and it wasn't very full either. It was the end of August, and school had just started, so that took the edge

off the crowd I supposed. There were even a couple of open lawn chairs and we claimed them.

Kylie had brought along all the supplies we needed. When she pulled out the suntan lotion with a devilish grin on her elfin face, I wondered just what I was in for.

Kylie got up and flagged down a rather cute guy as he walked past. "Hi there, my friend and I just got here, and we were wondering if you'd like to help us put on our suntan lotion."

"Sure, who's first?" He responded with ready enthusiasm. No doubt the prospect of running his hands over a couple half naked women appealed to him.

"Oh, Ana definitely needs to be first, she hasn't been out before and her skin will probably burn pretty fast." Kylie smiled and pulled the guy over to me.

I shot up at hearing that. I wasn't so keen on the idea. At least I thought I shouldn't be.

Instead, I just rolled onto my stomach. I was here to let Kylie show me how to relax, and this certainly was part of her plan. I quickly quelled the worst of my nerves and looked over to the guy as he squirted lotion into his hands.

"Start on my back first." I said. For some reason this seemed the best place to start.

"Alright, now just relax and enjoy." The guy replied. A moment later, I felt his hands wrap around my shoulders, cool with the slick lotion coating his hands. He quickly built up a rather thorough massage, and I just let him do his work. It was oddly relaxing, and he definitely knew just how to massage a woman. His hands slowly made their way down my back, pausing occasionally to get more lotion. For my part I was fighting back the urge to moan in pleasure as all the tension was thoroughly being pulled right out of me.



His hands were strong, and he took his time. Slowly he worked down my legs, rubbing the lotion into my skin. I was surprised at just how easily I was taking this treatment, especially given the occasional glancing touch on my lower lips when he covered my inner thighs. I guess I was so relaxed at that point that it was hardly a concern.

Finally, he had worked his way down to my feet and finished off covering every toe.

"That was great, now do my front." I said, rolling over. He smiled politely, even as his eyes danced over my mostly revealed form. He didn't pause for a moment, though, and quickly got to work on the top of my shoulders again and worked his way down. I just closed my eyes and let his hands do the work. He was very thorough too, and this time he had a few more bumps to work around. I don't know why I let him do this, I was certainly more than capable of covering my front, but it just seemed more proper to let him do it.

He was rather polite about it too. Even as he covered my upper breasts and cleavage, he didn't spend any more time there than anywhere else. It was a pretty strange feeling though, letting a guy run his fingers between my breasts so casually. I just let him do his work, there wasn't much sense in making a production here, and it felt so good to let him handle my flesh like this. I certainly wasn't going to end this enjoyable experience just because he had to run his hands around a few sensitive areas.

It wasn't long before he'd reached my toes again, and I was just sitting there in a minor state of bliss. He didn't even say a word as he walked away, a shared smile was all we really needed to express ourselves. Kylie let him start on her back as well. She wasn't

above letting out the occasional gasp or soft moan as he handled her. At that point I was content just to rest and relive the feelings in my mind.

After that, we simply rested in our chair occasionally turning over, and watching people pass by. A part of me thought about how odd

this was. It was like I was some kind of living display, showing myself off to anyone passing by. I liked the notion, though, finding the thought that dozens of guys considered me worth gazing at to be rather special. I really wasn't considering my thoughts at this point, I was more than content to just let the afternoon float by, and float by it did.

## Chapter 5

"Good morning, Ana, how are you doing?" Susan asked as I stepped into the showers.

She was already enjoying her shower, with lather running down her perfectly tanned skin.

"Just fine." I answered, not being much of a conversationalist in the morning. I was kind of surprised how quickly I got used to the group shower thing. I remember back in high school that I avoided gym class by several means to avoid just this scene, but after only a week it didn't even phase me. I simply pulled off my robe and walked under a shower, just like the other girls. After I got used to being naked around other girls, I actually started to like it. I also found myself sneaking peeks at the other girls.

It was this morning that it struck me though. I found myself looking over Susan's body in a different way. Her curves just held me as she danced in the falling water. I had never noticed just how beautiful the feminine form was before, and now I found myself captivated. Now my eyes were just following the ebb and flow of her breasts and ass as she rinsed off her soap.

A sly smile from Susan finally snapped me out of my leering, and I felt the blood rush to my cheeks instantly.

"It's alright, Ana, I don't mind. I'm a little flattered actually. I have to get to class, but if you want to play around later, just stop by my room, Marci won't mind." Susan giggled as she turned off her shower.

I think I was as close to beet red as possible at that moment, as much because I found the idea appealing as anything else. I could scarcely believe that I'd just been propositioned by another girl, or that I was actually considering taking her up on the offer.

"No, way, Susan! She's all mine!" Kylie laughed as she bounded around the corner, tossing her robe up onto a hook with a casual flip. I certainly had a new appreciation for Kylie's cute little form as well this morning. I don't know what was happening to me, but I couldn't hardly take my eyes off her appealing little breasts that looked so nice and perky on her chest like that. They weren't very big, but they complimented her small frame nicely.

Kylie skipped over to me smiling widely as she turned on her own shower. "Of course, I might have to fight for her, you should have seen her yesterday. Ana was all touchy feely with that lotion boy, she even let him cover her front, right between her breasts like this."

Kylie stepped over and ran her hand right between my breasts just like the guy had done yesterday.

"Hey!" I giggled, and pulled back, embarrassed that I was now the subject of the conversation.

"Well, you went from going ballistic about a little touchy feely to getting a full body massage in public in two days. I have to brag about my fine work." Kylie laughed as she stepped back and lathered herself up.

"Your work? All you did was get me to put myself on display like a lawn ornament." I shot back

"And don't say you didn't enjoy it!" Kylie laughed.

I blushed again and gave a shy little smile. I wasn't quite ready to admit that openly yet, even if my body language wasn't leaving much doubt.

"Just don't have too much fun in here girls, you've got classes too." Susan chuckled as she walked out, smiling at our performance. We said our goodbyes and went back to finishing our showers.

I tried to get done quickly, not being ready for another interrogation by Kylie on my feelings, and a little afraid I'd start staring at Kylie too. She was cute, darling even, and I was suddenly finding that very appealing. Her comments did get me thinking though, that I had changed rather suddenly from Friday night. I didn't know what it was that had happened, maybe it was being away from my parents, and home, or I was just ready for it or something. I was going to have to think about this later, but for now, I had to get ready for classes, and get away from other naked women for a bit. With no more than a nod and smile, I cut off my shower, toweled myself dry and went back to my room to start my day.

## Chapter 6

Going to class after that was almost surreal. The notion that something was amiss was starting to hammer its way into my brain, even though I couldn't put my finger on it. I was noticing differences in myself, my preferences and reflexes all seemed out of whack.

From the shower to getting dressed, and for the rest of the day I felt like I was in some kind of dream.

After leaving the shower, I had rummaged through my closet. It was filled with all my favorite clothes, but nothing felt quite right for today. I wasn't able to put my finger on it, but none of my clothes seemed appropriate now for some reason. Lacking other options, and needing to get to class I finally settled on a simple T-shirt and pants selection. I decided was going to have to head down to the store later and find something more fitting later.

My clothes had never bothered me before. In truth, I never really thought much about them, but it seemed suddenly important now, and what I had certainly didn't fit the bill. I considered this as I headed off to class.

My classes were strange too. The teachers didn't give out any homework all day, and they'd filled the day with quizzes. Normally this would have distressed me greatly, even after having studied. Yet I had no trouble with any of the tests, and wasn't the slightest bit worried about the results either. It wasn't that the material was easy, or that I'd already mastered it. I just knew the answers, like some kind of magical fairy helped me through it.

After classes were through, I trotted off to the store and browsed for clothes. Just like the day before I found myself picking up things I never would have thought of wearing, tight shirts, sheer blouses, revealing tops, short skirts, and just about anything else that would give me the chance to show some skin. The prices were right too, I was able to completely renovate my wardrobe for less the cost of one of my old drab outfits. Several other girls were here too, obviously having the same thoughts I did.

By the time I was putting myself down for bed, I was nearly mystified by my behavior. I didn't know what was coming over me, or what was driving me to do this. Still, it didn't feel wrong, just strange, like I wouldn't normally do something like that. Still, I didn't have any intention of going back to my old behavior either. This left me far more chances for fun. With that resolved, I let myself drift off to sleep to the melodious music flowing in from the hallway.

## Chapter 7

At the end of the week, everyone was told to head in for a school physical. Schedules were laid out for the next week, but I was lucky enough to be on Friday and scheduled about the same time as Kylie.

"I wonder what this is all about?" I asked as we waited in line.

"Probably just routine. So are you ready for our date tonight?" Kylie asked. After my turn around, Kylie was ready to take another shot at double dating, and had even managed to line up the same guys. That was cool, since I kind of liked my date last time, even though I had freaked out.

"Don't I look ready?" I giggled, doing a little twist of my hips that twirled my skirt around. I really like the feeling of wearing skirts now, and I liked the looks I got too.

More than one boy had followed me around with his eyes. Of course, I was even toying with the idea of going without panties, just for kicks. I'd never done something like that before, but it felt like a good idea. I hadn't quite worked up the gumption to do it yet.

Maybe next week, I thought.

"Yeah, you've really changed your look, Ana, and I like it!" Kylie whispered the last part huskily. I wasn't quite sure what to make of that. I was beginning to suspect that my recent appreciation for the feminine form wasn't something unique among girls on my floor, including Kylie. I noticed more than one girl eyeing me up, or someone else in the shower. It wasn't just comparisons either, I could swear I saw a hint of lust in their eyes too. I know I felt that familiar tingling if I didn't keep myself under control when in the showers.

"Kylie, do you mind if I ask you something personal?" I asked.

"Shoot, girl." Kylie replied.

I leaned over and whispered in her ear. "Were you ever like, into girls before you came here?"

Kylie's face turned a quick shade of red before she leaned over to my ear. "How did you know?"

I was kind of surprised, nothing seemed to phase Kylie much, but this sure did.

"I saw you peaking in the shower, but I know I've had the same change too." I whispered back. Kylie smiled bashfully at that. "So did you enjoy your peaking?"

Now it was my turn to turn a good bit redder.

"Yeah, and you're beautiful too." It felt so easy to say this, even in the semi public line we were in. I don't know why, maybe it was just how honestly felt it was. I really did find Kylie beautiful, in ways I never thought I could have before.

"Thanks Ana, you're a looker too you know, but I think we better continue this back at home." Kylie whispered as she gave me a warm hug. I smiled back at her, having a funny feeling what that meant, and not really minding either. "Ana Dorret, the doctor will see you now." The receptionist said as another girl left the examination room.

I gave Kylie one more warm smile and skipped off to the room, rather happy with myself.

"Good afternoon, Ana, I'm Doctor Averson, how are you feeling today?" A rather handsome looking older gentleman greeted as I walked in. He looked rather like any other older doctor, genial and poised, but with a warm look in his eye. I relaxed just seeing his comforting smile.

"Just great, Doctor." I answered.

"Good to hear, Ana. I just need to run a basic check up and make sure you're healthy. We wouldn't want you to get ill and miss any school now would we?" Averson said.

"No, sir," I answered.

"Good to hear. Now, if you don't mind, please disrobe and sit on the table here."

"Everything?" I asked as I started to pull up my shirt.

"If you please. Could you answer a few questions as you get undressed?" Averson replied matter of factly.

"Sure, Doctor." I answered, already removing my bra. I didn't feel any need to waste time, and the doctor left me feeling so very safe and secure.

"Are you a virgin?" He asked simply.

"Yes." I answered as I slid my skirt off. "Have you had any sexual experiences like masturbation, felatio, anal sex or anything else you can think of?" The doctor continued.

I felt odd about the personal questions, but he was my doctor after all, and he wouldn't be asking if it wasn't important. "I've masturbated a few times, but nothing else."

"Are you hetero, homo, or bisexual?" The Averson asked as he watched me pull off my panties.

"A week ago I would have said I'm straight, but I've found myself attracted to girls lately for some reason. I guess that makes me bisexual, doesn't it?" I answered. It was an odd revelation just answering that question. Certainly I still liked boys, but I was finding something newly appealing about other girls. I propped myself up and sat down on the table as I awaited the next part of my examination. The air was kind of cool and it felt strange being naked like this. I felt my nipples crinkle as chill induced goose bumps ran over my skin as I waited for the doctor.

"I'll save the sexual testing until after you've lost your virginity, so please tell the attending nurse when that happens. Now just relax and breathe deeply while I check your lungs." Averson instructed as he pressed a cold stethoscope against my back. He conducted a the fairly familiar breathing test, even though I don't remember ever being stark naked for it before, a fact driven home when he pressed the cold metal part of the stethoscope against the top of my breast. I almost jumped out of my seat at that.

The rest of the physical was fairly normal, including the gynecological exam. It was odd doing it all in the buff, but I didn't feel



upset about it. He was a doctor after all, I was just his patient, and this was just an exam.

"Very good, Ana, you're in great shape. Now if you could just stand up for a moment and spread your feet to about shoulder length and stand still for me while I do this last examination." The doctor instructed.

I obeyed without a moment's consideration. It felt kind of odd, standing around naked, with the cool air over my skin. I didn't let it get to me though, and simply waited for the last examination.

Without any real warning, the doctor just stepped in front of me and reached down between my legs and cupped my pussy. I didn't want to upset his examination so I just stood there, letting his fingers run themselves over my lower lips, tickling me in an oddly alluring fashion. Despite myself I was soon feeling the tingle of arousal flowing between my legs. It wasn't long before I could feel Averson's fingers trailing my own wetness over my pussy lips, and bringing a light mewling from my mouth.

"How does that feel, Ana?" The doctor asked in a very business like tone, even as he ran a finger into the crack between my lower lips and crept into my channel.

"Very good." Was all I could manage. I'd never been fondled like this before, and wasn't quite sure what to say. It was good though, and I was finding myself grinding back against his probing hand.

"That's a very normal response. Now, would you mind licking my fingers clean?"

Averson asked after pulling his hand away from my pussy and in front of my face. It didn't even voice a response. The musky smell of his fingers was alluring and I quickly took a finger into my mouth and sucked my juices from his fingers one by one.

"Did you like the taste?" He asked as he reached down and cupped one of my breasts and started to knead my tender flesh.

"Oh, yes." I moaned, half in response to his fondling and half for his question. I don't know why I was allowing this, but I couldn't bring up any more resistance now than before. It was just such a good feeling and I felt such trust for this doctor that I couldn't resist.

"Good, I'm glad to see that you're a very normal, healthy young woman. Feel free to finish masturbating while I complete your paperwork." Averson said, pulling his hand away. He turned over to a small counter and went about taking some notes.

I thought about his offer for a moment and found my hands moving into place almost before I'd mentally chosen to finish the work he started. I hopped back over to the table and lay down, burying my right hand between my steaming pussy lips. I quickly worked my steam back up and was breathing in great big gulps of air as I felt my release coming.

A finally massage of my clit brought everything to the cliff, and I fell into the bliss of a wondrous release.

My body just quivered with pleasure as I rested, panting from my efforts. I'd only brought myself off a few other times, and nothing had ever been that good. I was already looking forward to my next orgasm, even though I was still too weak to move from my last.

"Sounds like you enjoyed yourself. Here's a list of specialty drugs we have access to that may interest you. Just let one of the nurses know what you want and we'll get a regimen going. Look it over and make sure to get anything you might want to start today. Now, I have to check on my next patient. Get dressed and check out with the nurse when you're ready. Have a good day." Averson explained and left.

I pulled up the sheet and looked it over. The list was replete with various body changing and sexually related drugs. Mostly it was just

diet type pills, but there were a few interesting choices in the hormonal list that affected the sex drive. I couldn't imagine why someone would want to take a drug that would make them a mindless sex starved bimbo, but there were a couple drugs on the list boasting they could do just that for any lucky girl. Still, I did find a couple of interest, oddly enough. The first was birth control pills.

The notion of having sex wasn't nearly the unfathomable thought it had been, I didn't know when I'd actually do it, but I certainly didn't want to get pregnant. I had too many plans for the future to get tied down with a baby, and I didn't even want to consider what would happen here at school if I got knocked up.

The really odd one to me was my reaction when I saw the breast augmentation pills. I hadn't even thought of that before, but it was oddly appealing now. I reached down and cupped my two breasts as I thought about it. I did like them, as they were nicely rounded and perky, and drew plenty of attention for the boys walking around. Still, I could use an extra cup size or so, just to fill them out nicely. None of the other choices were really appealing to me, but I'd get these pills going right away.

After coming to that decision, I got dressed and strolled out to the nurse, and requested the proper prescriptions. She walked away for only a few minutes before returning with the pill jars and a quick explanation of the way to take them. I listened attentively and took the jars. I'd have to start right away, and then just wait the month for things to kick in. I couldn't help but giggle in anticipation. With that taken care of, I walked out of the way and waited for Kylie to get done.

It wasn't long before Kylie bounded out from her checkup. She was walking a bit funny, like she had something between her legs, but she had the widest happy grin on her face I'd ever seen.

"How did it go?" I asked as she strolled over.

"Great, I'll have to show you what the doctor gave me when we get home and I can take it out." Kylie giggled. "Now, I just need to get my prescriptions."

"Okay," I said, wondering just what the doctor had given her, and where it could be. As I watched Kylie walk away with an extra stiff wiggle in her hips, I gasped as it hit me. I was almost jealous, but then I had the feeling I'd be getting my own soon enough.

## Chapter 8

"I can't believe you did it again!" Kylie squealed ecstatically as we were walking home from our second double date.

Kirt, that was my date's name, went exploring again during the movie. He'd reached over and tried to fondle my breast again. This time I let him, even enjoying the feelings of being felt up in a relatively public place. That wasn't enough for him, apparently, and he slipped his hand between my legs. I parted them a bit instinctively, but my mental reflexes kicked in when he cupped my mound. I jumped out of my seat with a shriek, and again ran out of the theater.

Oddly enough, it was kind of relieving to have reacted like that. I had been mulling my physical over in my head since I left, wondering why I let the doctor do these things. I guess that left me a bit more tense by the evening, and my reflexes proved they were still in shape if not in top form.

"I know, I just wasn't expecting him to try feeling up my pussy." I whimpered, then cupped my mouth in awe. "Did I just say that?"

"Say what?" Kylie pulled up next to me jabbing me gently in the side. "Pussy? You aren't turning back into a prude are you?"

"No, but it's just the way it rolled off my tongue. I don't talk like that." I answered.

"Sounds like you do, besides you won't get to see what the doctor gave me if you can't tell me where he put it!" Kylie giggled.

"Kylie!" I shrieked. I'd almost forgotten about that, and Kylie seemed to have gotten used to walking around with whatever it was inside her.

"So, since we can't play with the boys any more tonight, why don't we play with each other, hmm?" Kylie smiled up at me sweetly, her eyes all big and pouty, begging as if I was going to say no.

"Okay, let's go and see what the doctor gave you." I giggled. Kylie giggled too, and then bolted off running for our dorms. I set off after her keeping pace as we raced over the lawns and drives on the way home, enjoying the sight of her ass wiggling as Kylie ran a few feet ahead of me.

By the time we made it back to our room we were both panting. I walked in the door a second after Kylie did, still breathing heavily. No sooner had I cleared the door than Kylie slammed it shut. I turned towards her, and saw lust in Kylie's eyes.

I was so shocked at that I didn't even move when Kylie pulled up to me, grabbing my head and pressing her lips to mine eagerly. Her lips felt so warm, and passionate, I couldn't resist the sudden energy flowing around us. I wrapped my hands around Kylie and pulled her tight and kissed her back with my whole being.

After another minute of this wild embrace, Kylie pushed back, smiling sheepishly. "I don't know what came over me, I just had to kiss you."

"It's okay, I wanted to too. I don't know what's happening but I like it, Kylie. Now don't you have something to show me?" I smiled back, running my hands casually down Kylie's sides as I stared into her deep blue eyes. I knew where this was leading, and my pussy was starting to warm at the thought.

Kylie pulled away from me, gently and sat down on the side of her bed. "Only if you tell me where it is."

I pulled up beside her and ran my lips over her ear. "Is it in your ear?"

"No." Kylie teased.

I reach around and pulled up her shirt, cupping her tender orbs. "How about your bra?"

"Getting warmer." Kylie cooed as I gently squeezed her nice little breasts through her bra.

"Oh, I know, he stuck it in your pussy!" I squealed and sent my hand up Kylie's skirt and between her legs, cupping her mound through her panties. Her panties were dripping with her juices and now my fingers were too. I was amazed by how much Kylie's mound felt like mine and I was determined to give her a nice massage just like I enjoyed when masturbating.

"Oh yes, right there, Ana!" Kylie moaned as I let my fingers go to work on her little clit. I was getting hotter too, my own juices flowing into my panties as I brought Kylie to the brink. Another gentle massage of her sensitive nub was enough to push her over, and I held Kylie's shivering form as she quivered from her orgasm.

"Did you like that?" I teased as I worked on one of her breasts again, not wanting to get her off again right away. I wanted some action too.

"You know I did, Ana, thanks. Now sit back and I'll show you." Kylie cooed.

I did as she told me and watched as she got on her hands and knees on the bed, her ass only a few feet from my face. I could smell her musky scent from here, and found it strangely appealing. Kylie quickly pulled her skirt up over her waist as I enjoyed my perfect

view of her rear end. Her panties were soaked so thoroughly they were

translucent, and I got my first close up view of Kylie's pussy a moment later as she pulled down the cloth.

I felt a new rush of heat course through me at the sight of Kylie's very aroused pussy. Her lips were a deep red, and puffed with her own heat as they sparkled with her juices. I couldn't believe just how hot I was just looking at her like this, but I just stared in amazement. It took me a moment to realize that her lips were just slightly parted near her vaginal opening, and a small sliver of white plastic peaked out of that tiny slit.

"Oh, god, Kylie, what is it?" I asked as I simply gazed at her lovely bottom, hardly containing the thoughts of what I wanted to do with her.

Kylie didn't answer me, but she leaned down and snaked a hand between her legs.

Without pause, she reached into her pussy and then started to pull it out. Kylie grunted with apparent pleasure as her outer lips parted to let the object pass. I was stunned as I watched her pull out a huge white dildo from her hole, its surface shiny with Kylie's fluids. It was so long and thick, I was shocked that Kylie could fit it inside her tiny body.

As soon as she finished pulling it out, Kylie rolled over, still keeping her legs spread. She smiled, blushing a bit as she looked at the dripping dildo she'd just pulled out of herself.

"Do you want to lick it?"

"Sure." I responded eagerly, pulling it away from her before she had a chance to change her mind. I put the tip into my mouth and just savored the taste of Kylie's love juice. I pulled it back out after a

moment. "Your juices taste great, I can't wait to taste it first hand. How'd you put this in anyway?"

Kylie blushed again, even as she sent a hand between her legs to fondle herself. "The doctor fondled me till I was all hot and then he pushed it in. Then he told me I had to find somebody special to take it out for. I don't know why I let him do that, but it felt so good, and I'm so happy to share this with you."

"Didn't it hurt?" I asked, still not believing she fit the whole thing inside her as I licked it clean.

"A little at first. I'd never had something that big in me before, but it felt good after I got used to it. I feel kind of empty now. Would you mind putting it back in while we play?"

Kylie squirmed, opening her legs up a little wider as her fingers continued to do their work.

I thought about it for a second and I decided to go the next step. "Only if we get naked first."

"Okay." Kylie smiled and quickly pulled on her shirt. I followed suit and we quickly threw off our clothes.

Clothes flew onto the floor as we both tossed off our skirts, shirts, bras and anything else we were wearing. When we finished, we just sat there looking at each other in awe. I knew I was looking over Kylie's body with the same obvious lust as she was mine.

"You're so beautiful, Ana. I can't believe I'm going to do this!" Kylie squirmed as she masturbated.

"I know, but I can't wait to taste you again. It's like I'm not myself anymore, I never had a lesbian thought before, but I just want to taste your whole body. So are you ready to get filled up?" I teased, closing the distance between us. I was a bit surprised by myself, and Kylie too. I was the forward one in all this while she followed my



lead. I don't know why, but that seemed to arouse me even more. Before she even had a chance to answer, I had taken hold of the dildo and ran it between her swollen pussy lips. Kylie whimpered in pleasure as I parted her tender lips with the tip and searched for her entrance.

"Oh, yes, Ana, push it in!" Kylie squealed as I pushed. I was amazed as I watched it slide almost effortlessly into Kylie's depths. For her part, Kylie's eyes were clamped shut and moans drifted out from her lips as I pressed the dildo forward. She was clearly enjoying this, and it sent new thoughts through my head. I wondered just how it felt to be filled like this, and I felt an empty ache from between my legs in response. Kylie looked so natural, so happy like this. I couldn't resist the thought of doing it too, but not tonight.

This was going to be a night of many firsts, but I wasn't ready to lose my virginity just yet.

I paused for a moment with the dildo still only half way inside Kylie's hot channel. I couldn't get over how natural her pussy lips looked stretched around the shaft. I quickly ran my fingers over Kylie's puffed lips, summoning a long moan from her lips. I wanted to be just like this soon, having my pussy filled to the brim. I just savored that thought as I continued to push the dildo into Kylie's depths.

As soon as I pushed the end past her entrance, Kylie sat up and kissed me again. We descended, lying down on the bed with me on top as our lips danced. It felt wonderful like this, our naked breasts jiggling against each other and our smooth legs rubbing together as we kissed. Soon, our hands began wandering, caressing and molding the other's flesh. It was amazingly sensual, and we were content to simply share the other's body.

From there we simply drifted into a state of exploratory bliss, our lips pressing against the other's flesh, suckling nipples and licking pussies. I came time and again as we writhed our intimate dance together on that bed. I learned so much about my body and Kylie's I

was stunned, even as I coaxed orgasms from her while we played. It was almost surreal, a dream too wonderful to be real.

Finally, we exhausted ourselves, our bodies wracked with pleasure we had scarcely imagined before, and for the first time in my life I fell to sleep in the arms of a lover. As I

drifted off, I could hear the faint humming of music from the hall again. I drifted off to the gentle lullaby, content in a way I never had been before.

## Chapter 9

I awoke the next morning, still wrapped around Kylie's snoozing form. My hand was still resting on her tender little breast, and I was content to leave it there, enjoying the slight rise and fall of her chest as she breathed. I looked over at her, admiring how stunning she looked in the morning, her hair all disheveled from our adventures, and a look of complete contentment on her face.

I think I stayed there just like that for an hour, just staring at her as she slept.

Occasionally, she'd make a few incoherent sounds, and snuggle up closer to me. After a while, I wanted to start my day, but I didn't want to wake Kylie. She looked too sweet to disturb, like an angel. Worst of all she was laying on my arm.

Finally, I didn't have a choice. I needed to go to the bathroom. Besides, we had already slept through most of the morning, and I knew there was plenty of prime tanning sun that we were missing. I gently squeezed Kylie's breast, and began rubbing her nipple. She moaned slightly and pressed her chest out for a moment before she opened her eyes.

Kylie turned to look at me and smiled sweetly.

"Good morning, Ana." She cooed.

"Good morning yourself." I smiled back, kneading her breast again.

"I guess you want your arm back." Kylie giggled and rolled away from me, freeing my arm. She rolled off the bed and stood up, squatting slightly, but giving me a wonderful view of her cute little mound. She reached up between her legs and into her pussy, and pulled the dildo out of her passage with a long groan. "Oh, that feels good. You should try it, Ana."

"I will, I just need to lose my virginity first." I replied, feeling my pussy tingling again with arousal after watching Kylie's latest display.

"And how long are you going to wait before getting rid of that cherry of yours?" Kylie giggled as she pulled around and looked me in the eye. She was like a goddess standing there, her petite form covered with cum, sweat and saliva, while her hair just flowed around her in total disarray.

"Not until the birth control kicks in. I want a man to take my cherry, and I want to feel his cum in me afterwards." I answered, shocked that I'd said that. I'd considered just that question from the moment I'd taken the first birth control pill yesterday. I wasn't sure I was ready to admit it to myself, but Kylie was someone I could trust, someone I could open my heart to. Her I could tell the truth, even when I wasn't ready for it internally.

Before yesterday, I hardly even thought about my virginity, either good or bad. After

seeing Kylie's reaction to being filled, I was now firmly on the side of ridding myself of this impediment. I had always assumed I'd lose it someday, probably on my wedding night, but I couldn't come up with a good reason to wait. I'd simply never considered it important before, but now, things were different, and the world was a whole new place I was just getting ready to explore.

"Okay, Ana, I guess we're going to have to start hunting for that special guy then." Kylie giggled as she pulled on a robe. I was

already up as well, and putting on my own robe. I needed to hit the bathroom, and Kylie seemed intent to do the same. We quickly grabbed our shower supplies and headed out.

"I don't know that I trust your choices." I teased as we walked down the hall.

"Oh come on, can't you see yourself all spread out under Kirt with his big hard cock thrusting into you?" Kylie giggled.

"Kylie!" I squealed as I looked around for other girls who might have heard.

"Admit it, you get so nervous around him because you just want to bend over and let him have his way with you."

I was blushing pretty deep now, but I had to admit that the idea was getting me going too.

The thought of just spreading my legs and getting fucked like a slut in heat was getting me hot.

"I knew it, you're just a slut, a virgin slut just waiting to break in her pussy with any cock she can find." Kylie continued, completely oblivious to the other girls heading towards the showers.

"Alright, I admit it, now quit talking about it, or I'm going to cum just thinking about it." I whispered back. I didn't want anyone else to join in on the conversation, even though I was pretty sure that Susan and Marci had heard, but they didn't seem to mind. In fact, they seemed to be carrying on a lot like we were. The realization that they'd spent the night like Kylie and I had hit home when we all met at the door, and I could smell the lingering musk of arousal on both of them. I blushed at that, figuring that they could smell me too, and know just what Kylie and I had been doing.

"Way to go, girls!" Susan cheered as we all met. "I bet you two were going all night, just like Marci and I."

I pulled back, slightly aghast at Susan's openness about it. Marci was looking very sheepish, and blushing very deeply. She certainly wasn't ready for that kind of a public admission, of course I wasn't really either, but we were well past the point of denial.

Kylie didn't even choke out a response as we walked into the showers.

"Susan, please!" Marci whimpered into Susan's ear.

"Oh, come on, you're a little lezzie slut, you sure liked it last night. Admit it!" Susan shot back harshly.

I was stunned as Marci just cringed and whimpered. "Yes, Susan."

"Yes, what, Marci?" Susan asked firmly.

I shot a look of concern over to Kylie as we watched Marci openly submit to Susan. I didn't know what to think, watching Susan play some kind of dominatrix out in the open like this. Kylie obviously was as shocked as I was, but neither knew what to do about it.

"I'm a little lezzi slut who loves to eat pussy." Marci answered, her voice quaking between fear and lust. I couldn't believe it, but I thought I could smell the musk of fresh arousal coming off of Marci. She confirmed it a moment later when she took off her robe, and anyone could see the trail of fresh pussy juice running down her inner thighs.

"Good, now come over here and lather me up, slut." Susan ordered as she walked under a shower and turned it on. She looked every bit in control of the situation and Marci didn't even seem to flinch at the harsh words.

I wasn't sure what to make of this, and took my shower on the other side of the room.

Kylie joined me and we watched in awe as Marci dutifully lathered up Susan's body. We just showered off as quickly as we could, not really wanting to get involved in this strange display.

Susan just ignored us, and soon began openly moaning as Marci continued a rather thorough, and sexual cleaning of her partner. I just lathered and rinsed as fast as I could and it was only a few minutes before both Kylie and I left them to their devices.

"That was really weird." Kylie whispered as we walked back out into the hall. "I never would have thought Marci was a submissive like that."

"I know she always carried herself so proudly before. I can't believe she just took that from Susan." I agreed. Marci had always seemed a proud, independent woman, but the scene I'd just witnessed was making me rethink that. I was certainly glad I had a fun roommate like Kylie now, rather than a bitch like Susan. At least I wasn't going to have to worry about being treated like a submissive slut by her.

We got back to our room, quickly forgetting the unpleasant scene we'd just witnessed and getting on with our day. We quickly picked out our skimpy bikinis and strutted off for another day at the pool. I could hardly wait, more than eager to improve my tan and give a good many boys the show of their lives.

## Chapter 10

Things were strange on our floor all week. There was little doubt that every room seemed to turn into a lesbian play area after dark. Every pair of roommates had suddenly turned into couples. The sudden change and the openness about it were stunning to me. It wasn't uncommon now for girls to walk around the floor completely naked or to leave their door open during a session of lovemaking.

I have to admit I wasn't any different. I no longer bothered with a robe at all. It wasn't like the other girls hadn't seen me in the buff, so there wasn't any real loss. The showers themselves had become an

extension of our rooms. They were almost constantly running and couples were openly fucking each other.

Kylie and I had taken to showering together just like everyone else. I'd let her lather me up and rub me down, then I'd do the same. Of course, it was never as quick as all that, we often started kissing, and would end up fucking each other for hours under the running water.

I don't know why, but my sense of shame seemed to drop away as the week passed. At first I blushed whenever someone saw me show Kylie the slightest affection. By Friday I didn't care in the slightest if someone saw me with my fingers up her pussy and my tongue down her throat.

The funny thing was I knew this was all completely out of character for me. It didn't make the slightest difference, though. I still carried on just the same. I knew I was acting more and more oddly, acting like some kind of lesbian in public, but that wasn't all of it. I also found my choice in clothing, rapidly changing too. My skirts kept getting shorter and it was about half way through the week when I swore off underwear. It was fun though, walking around in a short skirt and a low cut blouse and just savoring the looks of lust from the boys. I had a lot of competition though, as virtually every other girl was doing the same thing. I even started flashing boys, and giggling all the way home. It was all like I wasn't me anymore, but I couldn't help myself. It felt perfectly natural to act like this, and even though I considered how odd it was in those rare moments of peace, I didn't have the slightest inclination to change anything.

It was Friday when Kylie made me aware of a new activity sweeping the dorms. One that I found especially alluring given my own predicament.

"So they're having parties, what's the big deal about that?" I asked after Kylie bounded in on me. I was relaxing and watching TV as I ran a vibrating massager over my exposed breasts. I had been very pleased when I noticed them on one of the shelves down at the

store. It was certainly a pleasurable way to spend my time when I wasn't able to play with Kylie.

"Yeah, but it's the kind of parties that they are, I think you're just going to love it." Kylie squealed as she bounced with glee. As she did, I watched her cute little breasts nearly bounce out of her top, almost wishing they would.

"So what kind of a party are they, silly?" I asked.

"They're Virgin parties! It's like a big orgy where the maid of honor gets deflowered and then fucked by anyone she wants. Isn't that just a great idea?" Kylie giggled. Obviously she was thinking about me, and I had to admit the idea sounded tempting. I don't know what was coming over me, but the idea of losing my cherry in public, and then getting to fuck as much as I could bear seemed too good to be true.

"That sound's cool, so who's the maid of honor?" I asked, curious as to who on our floor would be the first to go through with this ritual.

"It's Marci, if you'll believe that. Our RA was really happy that we were going to be one of the first floors to throw a virgin party this year. She also said we'd be having plenty more given just how many maidens we have on the floor this year. We're going to have to be quick if you want to have a weekend night to yourself for your party, Ana." Kylie continued. I wasn't quite ready for that. Sure, I wanted to do it, but not this soon. But then I didn't have to schedule the party for next week, just set up a date I'd be comfortable with before someone else took it.

"Okay, I'll figure out when I want to do it, then we can go to the RA." I said. I could hardly believe that this was a real tradition. It was like something out of the twilight zone.

Even so, I was beginning to find the idea more appealing by the minute, maybe next week wouldn't be such a bad time to break in my under-used little pussy.



## Chapter 11

"This is it, Ana, tell me now if you don't want to go through with it." Kylie told me as she rubbed my shoulders.

There was no doubt I was nervous, this was a once in a lifetime moment after all. I sat on my bed for a moment and ran over the decision one last time. I wanted to do this, to lose my virginity and become fully a woman. I had already made up my mind, but this was the moment for last minute jitters, and I certainly had a stomach full of butterflies. I also had a pussy aching to be filled. Kylie had been teasing me all day before my final preparation, keeping me just on that edge of arousal.

Now I was dressed in a sheer white dress, so sheer in fact that there wasn't a part of my anatomy that couldn't be seen. It was part of the ritual, a last wearing of virgin white. I giggled at that thought, in a few minutes I wouldn't have to worry about that any more, and would be free to indulge in all the varieties of fun that now composed dorm life.

I looked back at Marci's deflowering. It had certainly been festive, and even I had to don a strap on and fuck the new woman. Marci was happy too, or she sounded like it. Susan had been the lucky party to do the deed, with her own strap on dildo. In fact, not a single boy was there that night, though I saw several being lead into her room on nights after that.

My party was certainly different in that regard. Kirt had been generous enough to offer his services, as I wanted a real man to take my cherry. Besides, I owed him for all those embarrassing dates before. Several other guys I knew would be there too, to help break me in. I shivered with anticipation at that thought. This was certainly going to be a night to remember.

Finally, I mustered my strength and stood up. "I'm ready."

"Great, let's go." Kylie beamed and then led me out into the community area of our floor.

Just like it had been for Marci's Virgin party, it was covered in comfortable cushions and full of naked men and women, I knew them all, and in a few minutes I would know them all a lot more intimately. For my part, I walked up to the edge of a bed placed in the middle of the room. It was covered with satin sheets and several pillows. This was the main stage, where the deed would be done.

I felt rather exposed like this, my dress not hiding anything from view. I'd been naked in front of most of the girls present, but I'd never been this bare in front of any boy before. I had never seen a naked boy before either, and I took a quick look around the room at the array of stiff cocks, hardly believing they'd all be pounding into me before the night was

through. I was even more shocked by just how much I was looking forward to it. My pussy was already hot and wet, just aching to be filled.

"Ana, do you have any last words as a virgin?" Boomed our RA as I stepped up to the bed.

I stood there for a moment, wondering just what to say. "I can't believe I'm going to do this!"

A roar of laughter filled the room and I just stood there waiting for whatever came next.

Kylie was right behind me, her hands on my shoulders, holding me steady. She was here to help me through this, a maid of honor after a fashion. Whatever she could do for me, she would, and right now that consisted of helping me keep my nerve as I watched Kirt walk into the room completely naked and sporting a very nice cock. I felt something inside me just melt as my eyes traced over his nicely trim body, and finally to the tool that would soon go where nothing had ever been before. I watched in wonder as his shaft hardened right before me as Kirt looked over my nicely displayed body.

He walked up to me and reached his hand out, touching my cheek. "You look wonderful tonight, Ana. Thank you for letting me be a part of this."

I just looked up into his eyes and smiled, sharing an oddly tender, personal moment in public. There really wasn't anything more to say. I simply closed my eyes and leaned forward, following a strange instinct within me. Our lips met a moment later, a spark of wonder and fury flew between us in that instant. I felt Kylie pull away, acknowledging that I was ready to begin.

We remained like that for some time, I really don't know how long, but it was a perfect moment. Then, I knew it was time. I stepped back just slightly and pulled Kirt's hands down to my thighs and the hem of my dress, wrapping his fingers around the edge. Then, with a simple motion, he pulled my dress up, over my body and then over my head. With casual disdain, he dropped the sheer garment to the ground and swiftly moved to my side.

Kirt bent over and with a simple lifting motion, I found myself wrapped in his arms. The trip to the bed lasted only a moment, but I had never felt so secure, so safe, in all my life.

I had made the right decision in picking Kirt for this, I decided.

With the same careful tenderness, Kirt placed me on the bed, gently lowering me onto a pillow. Just as gracefully, he pulled up beside me and ran a hand over my arm, sending rivers of fire across my skin. I leaned over and kissed him again, this time letting my own hands roam across his toned body as our lips danced. He returned the gesture, exploring my every curve as I did his every ripple.

By now, I was on fire, the ache between my legs had become a need. This was it, I knew, and it was time. I broke my kiss and laid back, spreading my legs. I took this moment to look between them, seeing my bare pussy lips puffed and red with excitement. I'd shaved my pussy this morning in anticipation, something that had seemed right at the time. I still

found it hard to believe that I was about to be filled in my most intimate place, and I looked down, wondering at how this was the last time I would see a virgin pussy between my legs. With this last thought, I fell back and looked into Kirt's eyes, welcoming the tenderness in his eyes.

"I'm ready." I whispered simply, and smiled warmly as he nodded his understanding.

Kirt lifted himself up, and carefully pulled his body between my open legs. I looked down to see his cock waving between his legs, pointing towards my steaming opening. I could almost sense his hesitation, and I reached out between us to grab his shaft. It felt so large to my hand. I was still amazed I could fit something so large inside me as I felt its veins and bulbous head with my fingers. Kirt moaned quietly at my caress, and I focused back on the ache between my own thighs.

I looked up one more time, looking deep into Kirt's eyes as I brought the head of his shaft to my own outer gates. I was quaking with anticipation and with nerves now. The moment was upon me, I realized, as I felt Kirt's shaft gently part the lips of my aching pussy and slowly found its place at the opening of my virgin passage. Kirt bent down and planted a light kiss on the very tip of my nose, taming my nerves just a bit.

I felt a light, tentative push into my depths. A question, I realized, and I nodded my assent, bracing for the full thrust into me. With the answer given, Kirt pressed forward again, and gently drove his shaft inside me. His going was easy, as my passions were stoked, leaving my pussy primed for his entry. I was simply lost in the sensations being stirred by his shaft as it parted into untraveled realms inside me. Instinctively, I pressed my hips towards him, and gasped as he slipped deeper inside.

I felt Kirt's shaft hit my barrier a moment later. This was the moment of truth, I knew, and I was ready to complete what we'd started. Another exchange of heart felt looks and we both were ready. I

pulled back my hips slightly and so did Kirt, leaving us joined just by the tip of his shaft. Then we both pushed forward, driving together in the most intimate way. His shaft tore through my virginity in the full motion, his shaft resting firmly in my depths as I cried out at the sudden pain. We stayed like that for some time, as I adjusted to the pain of my loss and the wonderfully novel sensation of being filled to the brim with a man's cock. As the pain fell away, it was quickly replaced by the same passion and fire that had pushed me forward. It felt wonderful like this, my pussy nicely spread around my lover's cock, which was buried fully inside me leaving his sack resting at the base of my ass.

I allowed myself to revel in the sensation for quite some time, wanting to be sure that the pain of my deflowering was gone as well. Kirt was the perfect partner through this as well, only allowing himself a few gentle caresses of my body and tender kisses as I prepared myself for what came next. Finally, I was ready, and without any more fanfare, I squeezed my pussy and pressed my hips forward, spurring on a response. Kirt didn't waste any time giving me a reply either, pulling back with a long retreat. I gasped at the sensation, and moaned loudly as he pressed forward with an equally measured thrust. I

was lost in the sensations of my inner folds parting for his shaft and the fullness filling my depths as he pressed into me.

With that first thrust, we began a slow pistoning action, both moaning as our bodies intertwined in the most perfect of ways. Every movement inside me was a feast of new feelings, and I was soon panting with untamed heat, and humping back against Kirt's plunging shaft. I didn't even realize we were going faster until I found myself panting in time with his thrusts and my breasts bouncing wildly with every motion. I was in ecstasy now, my pussy was burning with pleasure, growing with every filling thrust from Kirt's shaft.

It was at this moment, as we rutted like animals, that Kirt reached down and kissed me passionately. I couldn't help but respond, and let our tongues dance as our hips bounced in and out in another

enticing routine. I was in awe at the wonder of this act, just how natural it felt to be spread open like this and filled so completely as I was pushed towards an inspiring peak.

My hips were bucking wildly as I lost all control to the passion inside me. The pounding heat in my pussy drove out all thought, leaving just my animal instincts to complete the mating dance. Then everything suddenly seemed to dissolve away, and I felt a long, loud moan escape my lips as a wave of pleasure ran through me. I was in a state of bliss, feeling like I had left my body, which I knew was still grinding wildly against Kirt's shaft. As I began to drift back down, Kirt grabbed my hips roughly and buried himself deep into my well-fucked pussy. I felt his seed pour into me, with a warm gush deep inside. I couldn't help but coo at the unique feeling. I reached up and kissed Kirt again, passionately sharing my lips as I felt his cock pull out of me, trailing his seed as it went.

We stayed in each other's arms for a moment before a roar of cheers went up around us.

I'd almost forgotten that I'd done all this in public, and even on tape thanks to Kylie's suggestion. I found it hard to believe that I'd be able to watch Kirt's cock plunging into my pussy over and over again. I couldn't help but redden self-consciously as I looked around the room. There were plenty of hard shafts ready to be used, both male cock and plastic strap ons. I had one more thing to share before I let the party continue.

I rolled over and looked into Kirt's smiling face. "Thank you, Kirt, that was wonderful."

He grinned warmly and caressed my cheek before pulling away. "You were great too, Ana, I hope you enjoy the rest of the party."

"I know I will." I smiled, watching Kirt get up and walk away from the bed. I rolled onto my back again and looked up to see Kylie crawling up from the bottom of the bed and sporting a rather large strap on that was shining with lubricant.

"I'm next, Ana." Kylie giggled as she crawled up. I was swooning at the thought of again filling my pussy and spread my legs for my roommate. This was going to be a great

evening, I thought as I got ready for my eager pussy to take in its second shaft of its career.

## Chapter 12

It's strange just how quickly a person can get used to things. It was only my fifth week of school, five weeks since leaving the confines of my home and parents and I felt like a whole new person. I was alive in ways I'd never conceived of, and doing things that still seemed unreal. I didn't regret any of it, though, in fact, I was looking forward to the next adventure that would land on me.

"Off for another day of classes." I mused as I pulled on my top, a nice tight shirt that showed off the curve of my breasts and midriff nicely. I reached down to pinch my nipples to make sure they'd poke out nicely in the cooling fall air.

"Oh, that's just perfect, Ana!" Kylie giggled as she looked me over. She was just as modestly dressed, except that she was wearing a blouse that was tied up under her nice little tits, unbuttoned and without a bra of course.

I smiled wickedly back at her. "Well, we better get going."

We walked out into the courtyard, enjoying the sights that had become almost commonplace around campus. The girls weren't the only ones to walk around half dressed. The guys made a pretty good show of going around in skimpy shorts and nothing else. Kylie and I just smiled and pointed out the best and least dressed as we walked to class.

"Would you look at that!" Kylie squealed as she laid her eyes ahead of us.

My own jaw dropped as I found what she saw. A girl was naked and crawling down the sidewalk. The only thing she was wearing was a simple leather collar, which was hooked to a leash being held by a girl dressed pretty much like we were. There was something strange in the way the naked girl carried herself that made me very curious.

"Let's go check it out." I told Kylie. We had plenty of time before classes and this was worth our time to investigate.

We walked up to the girl holding the leash. As we came in closer she saw us and smiled.

"Hi there."

"Hi, we were just wondering what you two were doing." I asked. The naked girl crawled up to us and crinkled her nose sniffing us.

"Oh, Norma here is just being a dog for the day, aren't you girl?" The clothed girl answered. She reached down and scratched the other girl's head, bringing a happy sounding growl from her.

"What's that about?" Kylie asked, looking down at the naked girl.

"It's a tradition for freshmen, every fall every freshmen gets to be a dog for a day, or more if they like it. You pick an owner, put on a collar and become a dog. Isn't it cool?"

"I'm going to do it tomorrow with Norma as my owner." The girl answered merrily. It was obvious she was looking forward to it.

"That is kind of cool. Do you get to play with any boy dogs?" I asked with a sly look. My sexual adventurism had certainly come a long way in a month.

"Oh sure, the boys get to do it too. Norma already got humped once today, didn't you girl?" The girl asked and got a happy yelp back from her dog-girl. She didn't have a tail, but she didn't let that stop her from wagging her ass like a happy puppy.



"Wow, we'll have to check this out, but we have to get to class. Have fun." Kylie prodded and pulled me away. "That's really strange, Ana."

"I know, but I want to do it. You wouldn't mind being my owner for a day would you?" I asked. I'd long since given up trying to hold back from new experiences and this one was certainly unique.

"Sure Ana, if you don't mind having to take care of me for a day." Kylie replied. So that was it, we'd learned about it and made a pact to do it all in the period of ten minutes.

"Cool, now all we have to do is find some collars and a leash." I giggled, thinking about how it would feel to be a dog for a day.

"And a pooper scooper too. Just in case this gets too real." Kylie added. We laughed at that. There was no way we'd really need that, I thought.

We broke off for our own classes from there, both giggling merrily about the notion of being a pet for a day like that. I couldn't imagine a more unique way to spend a day, but then I'd been having a lot of unique days lately.

The rest of my day was pretty routine from there. Classes were still classes, even though there wasn't any homework anymore. I didn't feel I needed it either, nor did anyone else.

That was kind of strange really. As much as I didn't like most homework, I'd always recognized its importance. Now it was different, I wasn't sure why, but I could master all the material covered just by the lecture. It wasn't that the classes were easy, I just seemed to memorize and internalize all of the information far faster than I'd ever done before. As strange as it was, it made me feel good too. I didn't need to feel the slightest bit guilty over my evening escapades with the other girls and guys in the dorms.

That too was pretty unique. After my party, I'd taken to playing around almost every night. The partner really didn't matter, though I

did find myself in Kylie's arms as often as not. Whether a cock was real or fake didn't much matter when I wanted my pussy filled,

which was almost nightly. If I didn't there was always plenty of carpet to munch, and plenty willing to return the favor.

All in all, everything was going great. I had a full social life and was doing wonderfully in all my classes. I could barely believe that I had the better part of four more years of this kind of living. It boggled the mind, but I found the notion very appealing.

## Chapter 13

After my initial transition to college life, things settled down to a comfortable routine.

Classes in the morning, fucking in the evening, and I was plenty happy with it. As the weather turned frigid, I was forced to modify my wardrobe to match. That was kind of depressing, but then winter is always a rather oppressive season, and adding in long skirts and winter coats didn't help any.

It was the beginning of December when I was called in to discuss my spring schedule at the councilor office. I had already paged through the course booklet and made my choices now all I had to do was get approval and I'd be on my way to another exciting semester.

When I arrived at the office, I shirked my suffocating outer clothes and waited for my appointment. My fingers found their familiar place between my legs and I absent-mindedly fingered myself. I'd taken to doing this in all my classes, and no one seemed to mind, in fact most all of the girls seemed to be doing it, and a few of the guys too. It was something to do while I'm idle, and that was about it.

The receptionist got a buzz on her intercom, and I looked up as she listened and then called out. "Ana Dorret, Mr. Redgar is ready to see you."

I smiled and thanked her and walked into the office. Mr. Redgar, my councilor, was there as was another man, certainly older and very well dressed in an obviously custom made suit. He ran his eyes over my body, and I felt my body heat up slightly at the obvious attention.

"Very nice, Mr. Redgar, I see that our grant money hasn't been wasted." The well-groomed man said. "How far along is Ms. Dorret in her schooling?"

"She's about to begin her second semester." Redgar replied. "Ana, this is Mr. Rainer, one of the Academy's most generous backers. He's taken a personal interest in you since you applied. He personally approved your admission and attendance grant."

"Thank you, Mr. Rainer, I'm very grateful for this opportunity, and I've been making the most of my time here." I stated warmly. I felt myself swoon a bit, this was the man who let me be here. I couldn't help but feel an affinity for him. I bowed slightly, just enough to give him a perfect view of my barely covered breasts through the top of my blouse.

"I assume she will be taking some courses in etiquette and the other social graces." Mr.

Rainer stated.

"Of course, though that will come in later semesters. As you know the first semester is our time of adjustment here. We need to release their inhibitions before we can reeducate them properly. Ana will be quite the perfect little lady in time for her wedding." Redgar replied.

I gasped at that. "What are you talking about?"

"One of the reasons why I called you in today. Mr. Rainer wanted to review your progress so he could determine if you would be an acceptable bride for his son. He's been very impressed by your academic performance, and your social adjustments have proceeded as we expected. You should be very happy, you'll be

engaged by the time you leave here today. Don't worry though, you'll still be able to enjoy all the particulars of dorm life. Mr. Rainer wants you to be a very well rounded individual." Redgar answered.

I just pulled back in shock. How was this possible? I wondered. The answer coursed through me just as quickly. All the odd things I'd been doing since I came here, it all fell together, but it left a few questions.

"Why? How?" I stuttered, still working on what was going on.

"Why? Simple my dear. One of the hardest things for a young man or woman of means is finding a partner who seeks a relationship for them and not for their money. They also want, even need, a refined companion, someone who knows just how to behave in the realm of the socialites. Those things are increasingly hard to come by in this modern world, and that is why we formed this Academy. We take in many of the best and brightest students, all sponsored by our patrons, to become the perfect mates, loyal, obedient, and committed to their relationships as well as highly intelligent. Of course it doesn't always work out, but there's always a market for refined personal escorts, we have very good relationships with the best agencies for handling our rejects." Redgar explained.

"As for how, that's a bit more difficult. We've included certain drugs in the water and food that break down mental resistance and run hypnotic messages in the mood music in the halls. More intense messages are buried in our weekly movies, in class, and through our cable system. The combined effect is very effective, as I'm sure you'll agree." Redgar finished.

I just sat and shook my head, not wanting to believe any of this was true. It was all so bizarre even if it made sense. I just had to get this sorted out somehow.

"Don't worry, Ana, you'll feel better about all this tomorrow. Our little meeting here is just part of the process, so that you can begin

fixating on your new husband. Mr. Reiner will leave you with all the information you need about him for now." Redgar added.

"No, I don't want to go along with any of this!" I yelled, but I couldn't bring myself to get out of my seat. The inner fight was more brutal than this outburst. I wanted to leave, to

run, but I wanted to stay too, I didn't want to disappoint Mr. Redgar or Mr. Reiner. Even as I struggled to act, these very thoughts relentlessly stabbed at my resistance.

"My dear, it's far too late for any of that. Now, be a good girl and show your future father in law just how good of a wife you'll make for his son." Redgar coaxed.

"Please don't make me do this!" I squealed, somehow knowing just what I was going to do, needed to do. I was already moving as I voiced my objections, my hands moving to untie my blouse from below my breasts. I couldn't stop myself. I wasn't even sure that I wanted to stop myself, Mr. Reiner was so very handsome, and powerful. It wouldn't be any different than any other time I fucked a guy. That all this was a scheme to turn me into a docile house pet for some spoiled brat was the only thing that kept me fighting back.

"Very impressive, much stronger willed than most I've seen here today. Yet, she still is following your orders. This won't harm her will it?" Reiner asked idly as I tossed off my top and let my breasts spring freely into view. "Very nice breasts, Ana, you're just the perfect size for Martin too."

A warm smile came to my lips before I could fight it. Compliments turned me to butter anymore, another part of their process no doubt. I thrust my chest out to acknowledge the favorable appraisal almost by instinct, and I couldn't stop after I realized what I'd done. I needed his approval, somehow it was incredibly important, and I found the need driving out my resistance. I wanted to fight, but I needed to give him the best fuck I could, and my desires were quickly being overwhelmed. My pussy was already on fire with arousal and the

need to be used. I was quickly realizing just how complete my education had been, and just how out of control I had become. My will was rapidly fading, replaced by a need to serve and be used.

"How would you like to fuck me, Sir?" I asked sheepishly. He was going to be my father in law after this was through, I reasoned, and this kind of playacting seemed appropriate.

I could hardly believe I was doing this, but the battle was lost for now, all that remained was to please him. Later I could plan something, find a way to escape, but for now, my need was beyond control, and what I needed has to be fucked by Mr. Reiner.

"I think I'd like you to bend over the desk, Ana, and please leave the skirt on, I rather like how it looks on you." Mr. Reiner replied.

I moved over to Mr. Redgar's desk without a word and bent over, spreading my legs widely and placing my hands on the desk to brace myself. I could feel myself leaking now, anticipating my future father-in-law's cock plowing into me.

Mr. Reiner walked up behind me and lifted up my skirt. He gently cupped my dripping mound with his hand and then ran his finger over my puffed outer lips. "You have a lovely pussy, my dear, and you keep it nice and clean."

"Thank you, Sir, good girls have to keep their pussies clean." I cooed back. It felt so natural responding to him like this, like it was meant to be this way. I was aching with need now, his light caressing of my tender folds only heightening my need. Maybe he was testing me, I wasn't sure, but I knew I wanted his cock inside me, and soon.

I sighed heavily when I heard the buckle on his pants being undone and the sound of his pants falling to the ground. It wouldn't be long now, I thought. It certainly wasn't, Mr.

Reiner wasted no time in bringing his hard shaft to my gates. I mewled with delight as I felt the head of his member touch my outer

lips, arching my back so that he could enter me easily.

"Fuck me, Sir! Let me feel your hard cock just where a girl needs it!" I shouted as he rubbed his head between my nether lips seeking my entrance. I only hoped he wasn't going to tease me. Kylie had spent half an evening teasing me once when I was in a state like this. The agony was worth the pleasure, but it was so hard to handle being kept on the edge for so long. I just hoped Mr. Reiner wanted to just give me a long hard fuck.

"Of course, Ana." He groaned simply as he pressed deeply into me. I was well accustomed to sex now, and just let out a moan of complete fulfillment as I felt his nice thick cock plow its way into me. As I felt his sack on my outer lips, I gave a squeeze of thanks with my pussy. This was heaven, being filled up with a wonderful cock, and all I could do was moan in pure pleasure.

"You have a wonderful pussy, Ana. You should be very proud." Mr. Reiner complimented as he let himself twitch inside me. I just melted at the compliment, so happy that my future father in law was pleased with my pussy.

"I have to compliment you on the training again, Mr. Redgar, I can hardly believe just how compliant and well toned this little lady is sexually." Mr. Reiner commented as he took a couple short thrusts in my pussy. He ran his hands over my hips and I could feel his fingers gripping me. I was shaking with arousal and anticipation of the obvious ride I was about to get.

"Indeed, I was pleased as well with just how much progress the students have made here.

It's amazing just how much they can train themselves with just a few simple directives.

Now, please, enjoy yourself, Mr. Reiner. We can discuss details later." Mr. Redgar said as I grunted with a hard thrust from Mr. Reiner.

With that done, I felt the cock within me begin thrusting even harder, and faster. I grunted openly with every filling push as my whole body shook from the impact of his hips. With his hands on my hips, I couldn't really move while Mr. Reiner plowed into me, but I did my best to keep myself at the right angle for a good fuck.

It was then that I looked up into the window and could see a hollow reflection of myself.

I was smiling mindlessly, my head bobbing with every thrust, and my hair flowing wildly around me, unable to find my pace in the greater rhythm. My breasts were bouncing

wildly below me, trying to dance in time with the thrusting cock between my legs. I felt so alive, and was just drawn to my image, the image of such a wanton, animalistic being unable to deny the pleasure I felt in knowing I was just such a creature right now.

"Fuck me, Sir! Fuck your little girl hard!" I moaned. I was being washed away by the feelings coming from my pussy. Mr. Reiner was a wondrous lover, I thought, or I had just become such a wanton slut it didn't matter how good he was. I didn't care, really, being fucked was far more important than any other concern right now.

Mr. Reiner only grunted in response, that and fucked me even harder. I hasped in pleasure as his cock moved into me with even more force. There wasn't the least bit of friction either, my folds were all dripping with my own juices, only the tightness of my toned pussy muscles slowed down our fucking, and I don't doubt that Mr. Reiner was enjoying every moment.

Our fucking seemed to continue for hours. He would occasionally go slower or faster to keep me off balance, and time just fell away. It was always good like this, being fucked into such a timeless existence, without worry or concern, the only thought was the pleasure coursing through my veins. I'd felt this before, with Kylie, and others, but every time was just as wonderful.



It was only the stroking of my inner flames that brought me out of my pleasure haze. Mr.

Reiner had done so nicely bringing me to a peak and then letting me descend back into the clouds, but now it was different. I could feel him rutting into me harder, and faster than before. I was panting too, my body nearly worn out from its extended handling. It was time, and my aching nerves were carrying me along, pushing me higher with every thrust into my flesh.

Then the fire struck, and the heavens parted. My lips opened and the sound of pure lust released raced from my lungs. I collapsed onto the table as my long delayed orgasm ran through me, my partner's shaft spurting his seed into me as I felt my pussy reverberating with my own release. Mr. Reiner leaned down and massaged my back as I panted, content at my handling, his cock slowly slipping from me.

"Thank you, Ana, you'll make a fine daughter in law." Mr. Reiner said as he ran his fingers through my wildly tossed hair. I smiled with satisfaction at having pleased him.

"Thank you, Sir, I'm so glad you like me." I cooed.

Mr. Reiner then pulled away from me, his hands tracing down my body as he stood up. "I expect to see Ana far more refined the next time I see her. Not that I'm displeased with her, she is certainly turning out nicely."

I blushed at that as I grabbed my top off the floor. It felt so good to please him.

"Of course, Mr. Reiner. Ana will be everything you could ask for in a spouse for your son."

"Good, I must be going now, I have to catch a flight back to the office." Mr. Reiner said then turned to me. "And thank you for a wonderful afternoon, Ana. Why don't you let your little friend lick you clean back at the dorms, just so she knows what she missed?"

"I will, Sir. Have a good flight." I smiled back as I tied my blouse under my breasts again, careful to leave the two orbs nicely visible. I thought about how I'd be walking home with his seed running down my thighs and my heart warmed to the thought. Kylie would certainly enjoy it too, she really loved the taste of semen mixed with pussy juices, especially mine.

Mr. Reiner laughed at that and went on his way. I felt a bit saddened by his departure, but he would be back soon enough.

"Very good, Ana. I'm glad that you won't be on the reject list. Now, we need to discuss your classes for the spring semester." Mr. Redgar stated matter of factly.

We went about our business as if nothing unusual had happened. I mindlessly diddled myself as we discussed my future curriculum. I'd be taking a few, spouse preparatory classes, etiquette, cooking, cleaning, child rearing and a few others over the coming years in addition to my core curriculum. That too was changing, I would be focusing on history and literature for my major now, as they were more conducive to conversation at dinner parties.

The whole thing was very surreal, I didn't really give any input. Rather, I just nodded as Mr. Redgar laid out my future as he went over my academic plans here. My earlier turmoil had returned, though not nearly to the intensity it had been. I realized what was being done to me, but I felt so docile. Everything Mr. Redgar suggested just seemed perfect, like it should have been my plan from the start. I knew that wasn't right, but I couldn't fight against the concept either. It was just like earlier, my better senses being co-opted by the hold they had over me.

After the meeting, I thought about it as I walked home, knowing that it wouldn't be long before I got used to this. The notion had already burrowed deep into me, I had a fiance now. I rolled a cassette tape over in my hands. I had to listen to it at least once a day from now on, so that I'd be molded into Martin Reiner's perfect bride. I couldn't stop myself from getting a little hot just at the thought. I already had

a locket with his picture in it dangling between my breasts, close to my heart just like it should be, just like he was.

Rationally, I knew just how wrong all this was, but their control was insidious. I needed to be a good wife, a good student, so I would please them. Pleasing them was so important, more important than my own petty concerns.

As I walked up the steps to my dorms I wondered just how long it would be before these last reservations blew away. Before I was what they wanted me to be. Maybe today, I

thought, I might as well start today, no longer be just Ana Dorret, but rather the future Mrs. Martin Reiner. Yes, a perfect wife for a perfect man, I'd be that woman. I wouldn't let anyone stop me, not even myself. No one is going to stand in the way of my wedding or my happiness. Now all I had left to do was prepare for that fateful day, and all the wonderful days after.

Part 2

# Chapter 1

"Wake up sleepy head! It's Saturday, you don't want to be wasting all day dozing when there's so many better things to be doing on your back!" Kylie teased as she playfully squeezed on my breasts. We'd taken to this method for waking each other after we got used to sharing the same bed. It was a lot more enjoyable than some droning alarm clock.

I moaned as she fondled me and opened my eyes just in time to see her bend down and kiss me. I puckered just in time to meet her lips and slipped my tongue across for our little dance. I could still taste the cum on her lips from her partner last night and savored the salty flavor. I'd only received a bed squeaking fuck out of my guy the previous evening. He was good though, and I felt my pussy twinge at the memory of his nice thick pole pounding into me.

"Good morning to you too!" I laughed as we broke our embrace. I let my hands roam over my roommate's little body as she looked down at me. "Thanks for the taste too, my guy left all of his up my pussy."

"Yeah, I know you loved it too, I heard you screaming." Kylie smiled and gave my tits another squeeze before she rolled off.

"Yeah, he was a great fuck, I wish I always got a ride like that, but the underclassmen just aren't equipped." I replied, sitting up at the side of my bed. It was true, unfortunately, not that it mattered, every night we were sent random partners, male and female and enjoyed an evening of guiltless fucking. Every week we had to write down how our partners performed and we got a review on our performance so that we could improve our technique.

As I sat there for a moment, Kylie stole a look at my chest and then she started to stare.

She had a strange look like she was trying to figure something out, and I just let take a good long look.

"What are you looking at?" I asked, trying to sound like I was angry as I thrust out my tits for her inspection.

"I was just realizing how big your breasts have gotten." Kylie answered, still staring at my exposed chest.

"Yeah, I know." I said, cupping my nicely rounded breasts. "Those breast expansion pills really worked great! I know Marty will just love them too, though I think he wants another half cup or so before they'll be perfect."

I nearly wet myself just thinking about Marty, and I couldn't stop from squeezing my tits and wishing they were his hands enjoying his wife's nice big melons. A spark still flared inside me though, telling me just how wrong all of this was, but I didn't let it stop me anymore. Sure, I knew I was turning into the perfect sex slave wife for some spoiled upper crust kid, but I had also been programmed to like it.

Kylie cupped her own rather smallish breasts and looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Maybe I should try those out, I mean I really don't want to go with silicon and who ever heard of a call girl with this small of a bust."

I just moaned, still lost in my own wistful fantasies about being fucked by my fiance that I barely heard her as my hand furiously rubbed my little clitty. I'd never met him, but my programming tapes already had me loving just the thought of him. As I felt my climax coming, I reached between my breasts and lifted up my new locket. I opened it and came as I looked into the picture of my handsome and manly fiance.

"Jeez, Ana, I'm almost glad I'm going to be a call girl rather than turn into some love sick bimbo with big tits." Kylie teased as I cried out in release.

"Your just jealous because I'm going to have one cock all to myself!" I stuck out my tongue at her and then laughed. "Just listen to us! They didn't even have to work us over and we're already the perfect little sex slaves they want us to be."

"Yeah, I know, it's so weird too. I mean, I know it's wrong now, but I still can't stop thinking of how to train myself better. I've got to be a really good little slut or I won't make enough money for the school. At least I get to enjoy being a sex toy. You can't say it doesn't have its perks." Kylie replied as she stood up and posed. She ran carefully her hands down her naked sides and I drooled a little as I watched. It wasn't hard to notice that Kylie was becoming more of a refined slut every day.

"Yep, sex all the time, and I never get tired of it. In fact, I could use a good fuck right now. Do you think the men's shower is still busy?" I asked as I got up and my breasts jiggle a bit. It was still neat having such big tits. I'd been happy with my old pair before but they wouldn't have been good enough for Marty. He deserved better than some flat chested wife.

"Of course it will be on a Saturday morning, they fuck till afternoon, you'd remember that if you didn't always have Marty on your brain." Kylie slinked across the room and grabbed her towel and threw it over her shoulder. "If you don't dawdle too much, we can get going and give some boys a real workout."

I giggled and ran over for my own towel and followed Kylie's swaying ass out into the hall. I didn't even try to catch up with her, it was far more enjoyable watching her ass sway as she glided down the hall.

Kylie had walked about half way down the hall when she suddenly stopped and turned.

"You're staring at my ass again, aren't you!"

"Of course, I am! I could just follow behind your behind for hours." I answered, blushing slightly, though not from embarrassment. She

had such a delightful little rump that it was hard not to enjoy it. It was times like this that I was actually glad they had made me bisexual. It would have been such a shame to go through life and not have had a chance to enjoy Kylie's sweet little ass as she walked down the halls.

"Good, I just wanted to be sure you weren't sulking or anything back there." Kylie replied, then continued on her way to the showers. She made sure to wiggle her ass nicely too, and I knew she was doing it for my benefit. I'd have to thank her properly later.

The halls were empty and we really hadn't checked the time or we'd have known it was still pretty early. Even so, the showers weren't empty and we were both pleased to find four other guys washing themselves down. With no more than a shared lustful look, Kylie and I strutted out into the showers, naked and ready for action.

There were two guys on either side of the shower and Kylie picked one off to the right and sauntered on over to him. I looked over to the left, and chose my own morning partner as I watched his cock rising as his eyes took in my every curve. My own juices were still well churned from my earlier fun, but it always got me hot when a guy hardens just from looking at me.

I walked up to him and gently lifted up his chin till his eyes were even with mine. I pressed myself forward until my nipples were running across his firm chest and his nice hard cock was rubbing against my stomach. I stayed there for a moment, letting him finish stiffening against my smooth flesh.

"Hi there, Curtis. I watched you staring at me the other day in sex stamina class during our exercises. How would you like to see what you missed while you were riding Melanie?" I probed as I rubbed myself against him. That was a fun class too; lots of fucking and always the effort to keep from cuming and keeping your partner on the edge too. Of course, this is the last class of the day so we could go all night, not that we'd quite progressed that far in our studies.

"Sure, Ana. I just love your new tits too." Curtis said eagerly. He reached down and gave my rack a wonderful squeeze.

"Thanks, I'm growing them for my fianc,e." I beamed, happy to have male approval on my improved bust. I place my hands over his and helped him give another nice squeeze to my breasts.

"I'm sure he'll love them, just like I'm sure he'll love doing this!" Curtis laughed as he wrapped his hands around my ass and lifted me up. I squealed happily as he pulled me up over his cock.

I quickly wrapped my hands around his neck and spread my legs as wide as I could given my position. I smiled as I felt his shaft probing into my engorged nether lips. I'd been horny all morning thinking about Marty and my pussy was just aching to be used. Curtis didn't waste any time and to my satisfaction proved his own skill as he sank me down on top of his shaft without needing to guide himself in. I moaned softly as I felt his cock head spreading me and slowly sinking into my flesh. As he gently speared my steaming passage, I marveled at just how wondrous it felt to be penetrated. No matter how many times a cock plowed into me, I always had this moment of astonishment at just how natural and wonderful it felt to have my pussy filled with a nice hard dick.

"Oh, yeah! Ride your little bitch! Harder! Harder!" Kylie screamed out, drawing our attention from our own coupling. I looked over curiously to see her on her hands and knees, panting as a guy pounded into her elf like body. Her hair was all wet and matted, but still flowed back and forth with every thrust. Between her screams of passion and encouragement she beamed, smiling widely as he hammered into her.

"I'm glad Kylie likes him, Josh doesn't usually get a lot of morning action without looking for it." Curtis said as he pushed himself fully into me with a satisfied grunt.

"Well, I'm only worried about the nice thick cock of yours in my little ol' pussy. Aren't you going to give me a nice hard fucking like a good



slut deserves? Or isn't my pussy good enough for you?" I whined a little, squirming on his shaft and squeezing it as hard as I could. My pussy felt nicely full, but I really wanted to feel him pounding into me right now.

Curtis obliged without a word, turning us around and pressing my back to the shower wall and grabbing my ass hard. I squeezed down on him again and prepared myself.

"Okay, slut, how's this!" He said as he pulled himself out of my steaming folds and swiftly threw himself into me again. After no more than three strokes he was fiercely pounding into my eager flesh with fully male grunts of passion. Of course I wasn't hiding my own sounds of passion while we fucked.

"Harder! Harder!" I screeched between my own grunts as he plowed into me. I groaned as he picked up the pace and it felt like we were becoming a steam engine. This was just what I needed a nice hard fuck, and I had the good fortune for his cock to be giving my clit a nice hardy rub with every thrust. Every time he pushed back in, sparks of passion rippled through me as he trailed across my sensitive nub with his shaft. Curtis just grunted more as he rutted into me, staring at my bouncing tits. This wasn't a pace made for endurance though, and we both knew it as our groans grew harsher with every swift thrust.

"Oh, yeah, fuck me good!" I groaned as everything seemed to swirl away into a world of pure lust, and animalistic passion. My position didn't lend itself to easily meeting his thrusts, and I let myself enjoy that wonderful limitation as we fucked passionately in the shower quickly building to our release.

It wasn't long before I sensed that Curtis was nearing his climax, and I let go my own control, letting my pussy squeeze down on him in my own orgasm. I felt his seed pouring into my depths a moment later. I leaned forward a bit and kissed him gently as he finished squirting into me. This was another thing that was strange to get used to, the

feeling of cum inside me. It was almost second nature in a way, but it was still novel at the same time.

"Thanks, Curt, I really needed that." I smiled as he backed me off the wall and pulled me up and off his softening member. I cooed as I felt him pull out, regretting my pussy would go empty again. I set my feet down on the floor again as he set me down and giggle internally as I felt his seed trickle down my inner thigh.

"Anytime, Ana, just stop by." Curtis replied, then continued on with his shower as I started mine.

I considered this for a moment as I watched Kylie still bucking on the floor in front of me, moaning as she was being ridden. Sex had become refreshingly open around campus, something I knew was wrong in the back of my head, but like everything else that had changed I couldn't help but enjoy it. As I lathered over my new breasts I wondered if I could really stop even if I had the choice. There was a lot to be said for guiltless sex, even with the price tag I currently found attached.

"So, you really think my tits are nice?" I asked as I turned to Curtis while soaping my chest. I was pretty self conscious about them lately, I suppose it was due to the fact that I knew they were an important part of Marty's sex drive and I wanted to be perfect for him.

"I don't think there's a part of you that isn't beautiful, Ana. You don't have anything to worry about pleasing your fiance." Curtis replied as he looked over my body with the openness only a fellow student could.

I blushed slightly at the compliment and posed for him a moment, letting the shower wash the lather off my breasts. "Thanks, Curtis. So what's your life going to be?"

"I'm going to be marrying Sophia Jones, she's the heiress to the Corval Media Corp, and she's a really lovely woman too." Curtis

beamed as he spoke out even this short description of his own bride to be.

"That sounds great, I bet she's great in the sack too." I replied as I continued to wash myself off, being careful to leave his seed till last.

Curtis just smiled the same smile everyone got when they talked about their new lives, regardless of what they would be doing. Most were being married off like I was, but some like Kylie had other destinations. Some would become high-class escorts while the rest would be used as sex toys for country clubs and corporate exec boards. A few girls and guys had even been lined up to become toys for congressional use. I didn't worry too

much about it. Like everyone else, I was content and even looking forward to my fate, and wished everyone else happiness in their own futures.

Kylie's final screams of passions broke me out of my thoughts. I watched attentively as she squirmed and writhed under her partner's furious thrusts. Her face was twisted in ecstasy, and panting between cries as she pounded back into him. Then they both let out a loud final release, his hands tightly holding Kylie's hips in place as he came into her.

Kylie was quivering with pleasure, her eyelids half closed over lust filled eyes. I noticed out of the corner of my eyes that everyone else in the shower was eagerly watching the display as well, and quietly chuckled to myself.

While the happy couple was still shaking with their own passion I got on my hands and knees and crawled over to them, letting my breasts sway freely under me. I watched silently as Josh pulled his shimmering cock out of Kylie's sweet little pussy and then stepped back. I closed the gap and looked up into his eyes with my nose almost touching the tip of his cock. I smiled at him and then looked ahead again and licked my lips. With no more warning I opened my mouth and took the head of Josh's shaft into my mouth and ran my

tongue over it. I heard Josh moan out in obvious pleasure as I sampled the sweet taste of Kylie's pussy and Josh's seed. I felt him getting hard again, just like a good sex toy does when it's needed.

Just as I was slipping more of his cock into my mouth, I felt a pair of hands grab onto my ass and felt the familiar pressure of a cock seeking entry. This was going to be a good morning after all I swooned, spreading my legs a bit to welcome my next lover. I moaned around Josh's dick as I felt another cock slip into my pussy, quickly sinking to my warm and ready depths. I squeezed my cunt to welcome him and turned my attention back to the cock in my mouth, being careful to suck and lick it nicely.

The guy in my pussy didn't waste any time, picking up a swift fucking pace with his first thrust. I simply purred with satisfaction and kept on sucking Josh off, who was already moaning wildly. My next surprise came a moment later when I felt someone's lips wrap around my left nipple and give a nice suck while their other hand caressed my other breast.

I was in sexual heaven now. I hadn't enjoyed so many lovers paying attention to my seething flesh at once since my virgin party. I knew it was Kylie working her usual magic on my breasts, and I didn't even need to know who was using my pussy so long as they kept pumping away so nicely. I did my best to pleasure them all too. It wasn't easy humping and sucking all at the same time while I sent one hand roaming to find Kylie's sweet spot.

Josh began to twitch in my mouth and I knew he was about to come again. I pulled back just a bit and tickled his balls with my free hand. He shot off instantly, filling my mouth with the wonderful taste of semen. I carefully licked off the rest of his cock as I held his seed in my mouth, and let him pull out with a light pop from my lips.

Just then Kylie stopped sucking on my nipple and I heard her light voice speak from under me. "Cum train, guys!"

With that, the cock in my pussy pounded hard for a moment, then sank deep into me and I felt the squirts of semen flow into me. I came instantly, shivering in ecstasy. It had become common knowledge that the women had all be programmed to orgasm whenever a guy shot off in our pussy no matter how close we were before. As soon as he stopped squirting I felt him pull out of my quivering pussy with a wet slurp. I moaned aloud again with my mouth now empty and was surprised a moment later when another guy plunged his cock into my twat without warning.

No sooner had he sank into me up to his balls did his cock begin squirting off inside me.

Again, I came, harder this time than before, and moaned loudly in approval of my treatment. I didn't even flinch when I felt my pussy close up as he pulled out. Another guy followed him, plowing into my well-used hole and giving me another orgasm inducing squirt of seed.

I don't know how long I lasted there, resting on my elbows as cock after cock plowed into me and left me quivering with another orgasm and a new load of semen in my pussy. I felt my orgasms building up, each one fiercer than the last until time and space were all a memory and I was left floating on a cloud of nameless pleasure. There was nothing to do but accept the rapture that flowed through me and drift off to a blissful oblivion.

## Chapter 2

My own moans of pleasure welcomed me out of my orgasmic haze as I felt a friendly tongue exploring my tender pussy. I was lying boobs down on the floor of the shower with my legs spread. I guessed I hadn't been here too long, or else someone would have carried me off to my bed to recover. The tongue probing my nether lips was unrelenting, and I tilted my ass a bit to give better access to my mound.

Who ever it was giggled girlishly as I repositioned myself, but didn't stop licking for a moment.

"Okay, Ana, get onto your hands and knees and then tilt your pussy down once I'm licking you again." Kylie chimed. She must have been waiting for me to recover, and I didn't let her wait long for my own compliance.

As I got back onto my knees I wondered what this was about, but I wasn't going to leave Kylie waiting. As soon as I felt her tongue in my pussy again, I tilted my ass down and felt something shift inside my pussy. I realized that it was all the cum from those guys and that Kylie was going to eat it. I lamented the fact for a moment, but let the gooey flow continue right out my channel and onto Kylie's waiting tongue.

"I think that's all of it you greedy little pig." I sneered as I felt the last drops run out of me. Kylie gave me one big lick and then pulled back and came around me. She was smiling widely, and bent in to kill me. I pressed my lips to hers and soon our tongues and a couple dozen guy's seed was flowing between our mouths. I savored the tastes and we kept our lips locked for a small eternity before parting again.

"So, how did you like it?" Kylie asked playfully.

"It was great, how long have I been missing out?" I certainly wouldn't have missed out on this kind of fun by choice, and was kind of shocked that Kylie hadn't told me. We were closer than sisters since being turned into coed sex toys and I couldn't believe that she would keep something this good to herself.

"I was just introduced yesterday after Western Civ. Of course I got about forty guys and you only got 23 but I didn't hear you complaining." Kylie beamed. The glint in her eye told me she was fondly remembering her initiation to this little technique.

"How could I? I was too busy cumming to worry about anything other than screaming for more! Was this a plan of yours?" I asked. Even

after her transformation Kylie hadn't stopped being Kylie. She still had her fun little schemes and surprises, though now most of them involved me in strange sexual positions. I never had reason to complain though, since I was usually moaning out in pleasure thanks to her efforts.

"No, but when I noticed a whole bunch of guys watching you sucking off Josh, I figured you wouldn't mind." Kylie replied, standing up and helping me to my feet.

I wobbled up and let her support me for a moment as I adjusted. My body was still weak from the sweeping orgasms and now I could feel the tenderness all about too. My pussy ached a bit and my breasts felt like they had whiplash, something I supposed was to be expected from my new bust.

"Thanks, Kylie, I don't know where I would be without you." I reached over and hugged her. We stood there naked and dripping for a moment, breasts to breast. I felt amazed for a moment that I didn't even feel the need to make use of Kylie's lovely little body for a change. For the first time in weeks, I was actually sexually sated, and it had only taken 23

guys to do it I giggled to myself.

"Hey girls, you two up for some action?" Charlie Robins asked as he strolled into the showers. I hadn't even noticed that Kylie and I had been alone, but it was just the two of us in here with Charlie.

"Sorry, Chuck, we've had our fill for the morning, you'll have to check in later." Kylie replied.

"No problem, I'm sure I'll be welcome down in the women's shower." Charlie said before turning around and walking back out of the shower. He would be welcome too, he was actually a pretty popular stud among us girls, both well equipped and skilled. Normally, I wouldn't have spread myself for him without a second thought, but I

was actually sated, and simply let Kylie drag my exhausted body back to our room.

It wouldn't be until that afternoon that I would really consider the irony of taking a nap this early in the morning, but I was too tired. As soon as Kylie had me back in our bed I was asleep and dreaming.

### Chapter 3

Just like every other weekend since my virgin party I spent the rest of the weekend fucking sucking and licking anyone who would have me. Which was pretty much anyone who wasn't already busy. Class work hadn't been an issue since the first days at school and my classes were split between sex ed and normal humanities style classes.

That was one of the strange things of this new life, going in and having a lecture on ancient Greek civilization, classical music, or literature. It was so oddly normal, that it was strange to my new sex oriented way of thinking. Every once in a while I remembered how Mr. Reiner said that I would be trained to be a good wife to Marty, not just his sex pet. Rationally, I knew that meant that this new existence I'd found wouldn't last forever, just until they had me ready for my next phase of training to be a good wife. The normal classes were a part of that, giving me a background in things to talk about in polite conversation. I giggled just thinking about the reaction some snobby socialite would have if she knew that the refined and cultured Ana was nothing more than a brainwashed sex toy.

Of course I knew that I wasn't quite brainwashed. Certainly, they'd had a managed to change some parts of the way I thought, but deep down I was still me, aside from the complete lack of sexual inhibition and my fixation with my fiancée. Still, I couldn't do much more than enjoy the days and wait for whatever training I was would receive next.

### Chapter 4



As winter progressed little seemed to change, classes went on and so did the fully traditional after class activities which seemed to consume more time every day. Not that I minded, I was acing all my classes except for my sex training classes, and I needed all the practice I could get. There wasn't any trouble getting people together for cramming sessions either, and it was certainly a lot of fun.

It wasn't until the warmer days of spring came that I suddenly felt a new shift in my warped little world. I had been looking forward to these days since late fall, I'd be able to go out dressed properly again, not all buttoned up to keep warm. It wasn't until I was actually tying my blouse under my braless breasts on the first warm day of April that I began to feel strange.

"Kylie, do you think this is a bit too revealing?" I asked, posing slightly to give my roommate a pretty much unobstructed view of my large tits through the opening in my blouse.

"No more than when you wore it last fall, aside from bigger boobs. Why do you ask?"

Kylie asked as she donned her own revealing outfit, a skintight top and panties mini skirt combination that had my pussy dripping just thinking about it.

"I just feel kind of exposed, almost like when I first came here." I answered. In my first weeks, I'd slowly come around to this more liberal form of dress, but it had felt strange then, just like I felt now.

"I know what you mean, I know I've been looking forward to getting out of my winter wrap too, but I just don't quite feel comfortable dressed like this." Kylie stated, running her hands down her sides. "I need something classy but it can't hide anything from the customers and this just looks trappy."

"You're doing it again!" I giggled. Every day Kylie seemed to slip further into her new business attitude, of course her business was to be a high-class prostitute for the academy.

"Well, at least I'm not going on about my fiance all the time!" Kylie shot back. For a moment I could see the real Kylie's fire in her eyes. Neither of us had really been able to fight our conditioning, especially since it had been so insidiously planted all around. Still, Kylie managed to spark genuine outrage at her fate occasionally. Unlike me, she was being subjected to a fate that would never have been acceptable to her, and that helped her, but it wasn't enough to really break free. I had always hoped to get married, though certainly not under these circumstances, and I figured that my own conditioning had long since co-opted that desire to aid in building my current subservience to my fate.

"Sorry, Kylie, you know I can't help it." I tried to soothe her.

"I know, I just remember sometimes who I was before becoming Kylie the happy whore.

Too bad I can't keep angry, it might keep me from wanting to skip my morning classes for a good romp with my roommate." Kylie beamed as her eyes lustfully roamed my exposed flesh. As always, the fire turned to lust, and we'd actually missed a few classes fucking away Kylie's anguish.

"Yeah, too bad we don't have time today, but I think we're going to have to go clothes shopping." I blushed under her gaze. I stood back for a second as I actually realized I was holding my arms over my breasts to impede Kylie's view. "Am I really doing this?"

"I wish you weren't, your new shy streak is really getting me hot." Kylie stood up and quickly closed the distance between us. She stopped when she'd pressed her tits into mine and then looked up into my eyes. "And we aren't going to be making it to our morning classes today."

I don't think I'd turned so many shades of red since I'd lost my top at the beach last summer. This time, though, I was also so hot that when Kylie bent in and kissed me, I forgot everything about my classes and let the morning fly away in my roommate's arms.

## Chapter 5

It took us most of the day to pull our twisted flesh apart and finally get on to more important things. We got dressed as best as we could, but I still wasn't very comfortable. I was able to pull out a knee length skirt from my original wardrobe, but my new bust made it impossible for me to wear any of my old shirts without looking indecent. Finally, I sucked it up and tied a blouse under my tits and went with Kylie off to the school store.

Kylie hadn't been as bad off as I had, she just didn't like her clothes. I actually was embarrassed to be parading around like I was.

"I never thought I would see that shade of red in you again." Kylie giggled as we strolled towards the store.

"I can't help it, I feel like everybody's looking at me and especially at these." I held my hands under my jiggling breasts. "You know the worst thing though?"

"No, what?"

"I'm so turned on right now that I'm trickling down my leg." I whispered back. I couldn't believe it, but I was getting hot just because of my embarrassment.

"Wow, Marty must like his girls shy." Kylie giggled.

I would have been blushing even deeper if I could have. Just the thought of being dressed like this in front of my beloved would have been enough to leave me swooning. "I sure hope so."

Thankfully, we made it to the store quickly and I went straight to shopping. We weren't alone, I could swear that most of the student body was doing pretty much everything that Kylie and I were doing. Everyone was shopping for clothes, and for the most part they were far more modest than the common attire we all had been wearing.

This didn't really cut down on my embarrassment though. I was still strutting around with my loose top, giving far too good a view of my almost naked tits to guys. All the while, my pussy was just boiling. Finally, I'd found a couple of nice dresses that seemed to meet with my new sensibilities and I stumbled my way over to the dressing rooms.

I quickly raced into the first unlocked stall. I swept in, and closed the door behind me.

Just as I began to let out a sigh of relief and I turned from the door and bumped chest first right into a half naked guy. My eyes swept over his naked chest and I felt my burning need claim me. My embarrassment earlier had charged me up, and now that I was in easy reach of a near naked man in a somewhat private place I lost all control. I reached down and undid the knot in my blouse and pulled it open so he could get a good view of my

tits. With a shirk of my shoulders, I stood before him with my chest heaving naked to his leering gaze and I look up at him.

"Hi there, I'm sorry to barge in on you like this, but since we're both here, I hope you don't mind if I share the space." I panted as I just rode my arousal. Around here there wasn't much doubt about what the coeds were willing to do. We still had to do our little dances, I guess, but we knew our roles. I was certainly ready to play mine too, my pussy was dripping and just aching to be used.

"Not at all, so long as you don't mind sharing your hot little ass." He smiled, his eyes not even moving from my heaving bosom.

"I thought you'd never ask." I giggled and slid my skirt off my hips and let it fall around my feet. I quickly spun around and squeezed my back to his chest. I reached around and hooked my fingers into the elastic of his boxers and pulled them down, sliding myself down his body as I freed his tool. I stood up again, and reach for his hands and gently held them over my breasts. I cooed as he gave me a

quick squeeze as I rubbed his shaft rubbing against my ass. "Now why don't you fuck me, stud?"

"Anything for a lady." He said, giving me another pleasant squeeze before running his hands down to my hips. I knew what was next and quickly bent forward and grabbed onto the top edge of the stall and spread my legs for him. I felt the head of his shaft probing my tender folds a moment later and wiggled as best I could to help him.

I gasped as I felt him slip the tip of his cock into me. I tried to push back and slip him further in, but he held me tightly in place. He slipped his cock back out of my gates and ran his head over my nether lips again. I could feel him spreading my steaming folds teasingly, and all I could do was mew with mounting frustration.

"Oh, god, please, just fuck me!" I screamed as I tried to wriggle out of his iron grasp and impale myself on his tormenting shaft. Still, it wasn't any use, he had me, and seemed intent to continue teasing my anxious flesh. Outside of a couple classes I hadn't been this worked up before, and I was quickly losing my grasp on any self-control I had left.

I don't know just how long he kept teasing me. My senses quickly wrapped around every spurious touch on my aroused flesh. I begged between my pants, screaming to be used as loudly as I could while he ran his cock over my pussy. He even humped my nether lips a few times while I whined for more.

"What do you want?" He finally asked, his cock still teasing me.

"Fuck! Please!" I cried. My pussy was aching to be filled and I was sobbing from the torment as I still held onto the top edge of the stall.

"And who are you?" He asked.

"Ana, your slut fuck toy bitch!" I sobbed. "Please, fuck me!"

"Why are you here?" He laughed.

"To let you ram your hard cock into my pussy and let you fuck me like the bitch in heat I am! Please, just use me, fuck me!" I screamed as he suddenly tightened his grip and rammed his shaft into me up to his balls. I felt my world rock under me as a climactic wave rolled across my flesh. All his teasing had brought me to a pinnacle I hadn't expected and now I was quivering from my release with his shaft lodged firmly in my depths.

"How did you like that?" He asked as I he grabbed my waist and pulled me up till my back was resting against his chest. He reached under my arms and began gently fondling my breasts and teasing my nipples.

"It was great, thank you." I cooed, wiggling my ass a bit and squeezing down a bit on his shaft in thanks. I giggle slightly as I felt him twitch inside me in response.

"You have very nice breasts, Ana." He complimented while rubbing my wonderful mounds. I was really beginning to enjoy this encounter, a nice warm-up, wonderful orgasm and now a cock in my pussy and two gentle hands on my breasts.

"Thanks, I grew them for my fiance, he likes his women with big boobs." I felt myself glow slightly just at the thought of Marty. I held his hands over my chest as he continued to play with me.

"A man after my own heart." He replied. He let go of my right tit and ran his hand over my stomach, rubbing my smooth tummy as he went. His hand then slipped between my legs and I moaned as he found my aroused little clit with the tip of a finger.

In moments he was playing my body like a fiddle, rubbing squeezing and pumping while I shamelessly cried out in passion. He knew just how to keep a girl going, and rolled me through orgasm after amazing orgasm, all with his shaft firmly seated inside me.

"Aren't you going to fuck me?" I panted in a rare moment of calm between his attentions.

I had lost all track of time, but it felt like he had been inside me forever, and aside from a few accentuating pumps, he hadn't moved to fuck me. It wasn't that I didn't like the attention, rather I found it unsporting not to give him some pleasure after so skillfully playing me.

"My mistress has given me explicit instructions not to fuck for my pleasure, but I am to please any woman who crosses my path. I'm also not allowed to cum unless in her wonderfully tight pussy or at her command." He said.

"Oh, that kind of sucks." I replied, wiggling myself on him a bit.

"That's okay, my mistress is a great woman, and she even let me take her oldest daughter Sara's cherry this Christmas. Sara's going to be my plaything when my mistress isn't using me." He beamed. "Sara's a great little fucker too, thanks to a special extension program she's been taking here."

I just shuddered a bit at that thought, a woman doing this to her own daughter. An unexpected thrill ran through me as a fleeting thought considered how nice it would be to send our daughters to the academy once they'd grown up. I knew just how terrible such a thought was, but what should have been outrage just came out as pure lust. I shuddered as another orgasm ripped through me.

"Well, bad boy, you may not be able to come, but I would just love to feel you pumping into me for a couple of orgasms of my own, if you don't mind." I moaned.

"Of course I don't mind. I am just a boy toy after all." He replied as I bent over again. I positioned myself for a good fuck and grabbed onto the top of the stall again. No sooner had my fingers grabbed onto the top edge than he began fucking me. "Oh, yeah, just like that! Give it to me!" I moaned as he plowed into my steaming pussy. He was well hung, and thanks to countless classes he knew how to use it. I was soon bouncing on his shaft as he rammed into me with a wonderful fury. It wasn't long before I was lost in my own passion

again, crying out as he played with my flesh. I was his instrument, and he rolled me through another series of heart stopping orgasms.

Finally, I'd used up the last of my strength and my hold on the edge slipped. He caught me before I had the chance to fall, and I swooned for a moment in his arms.

"Okay, Ana, I think that's enough for today. I'm glad you enjoyed it, but I really need to be going unless you insist I stay." He said as he held my quivering flesh to his chest. His cock was still rock hard inside me, but I knew it would be right for me to keep him any longer.

"You can go. I want to thank you for a great time, I'm sorry you couldn't have enjoyed it more though." I replied, savoring these last moments with him inside me.

"I had fun too, don't worry. I could hardly feel bad about giving a beautiful girl like you a good time." He said as he pulled himself out of my dripping passage. I moaned as I felt my pussy shrink back and my nether lips close around his retreating shaft. This was always the worst part, those first moments of being unfilled, again after such a passionate fuck.

"Well, have fun, and I hope you get to come again soon, you deserve it." I said as I watched him get dressed. It was then that I remembered why I'd come here in the first place and was relieved to find that I hadn't trampled all over the dresses I'd brought to try on.

"Don't worry, I'll be visiting Sara this weekend and we'll have a lot of fun." He said as he pulled on his shirt. "Enjoy yourself, Ana."

I just waved meekly at him as he strolled out the door of the changing room, and I quickly went about trying on some dresses. I wondered idly if Kylie had waited for me as I noticed my watch tell me almost a half- hour had passed while I was getting ravished. If she hadn't stayed I'd meet up with her soon enough, I figured, and went back to the business at hand.



The dresses I had brought were all rather modest, if a bit outdated fashion wise. Their skirts fell about to my knees, the neckline was comfortably above my cleavage and the sleeves fell about half way on my upper arm. As I twirled for the mirror, I definitely felt good about how I looked. Sure, I was some kind of cute reject from the forties or something, but I knew this was what I was supposed to wear. This was another of those times where I realized that my choices weren't my own. Sure, I'd never been much on clothes, but dresses had certainly been out of the question in my old life. Still, this was what Marty wanted, and I was here to please him.

I strolled out of the dressing room wearing my favorite selection, and looked around for Kylie. I didn't see her, so I walked down to the counter. As I was strolling I looked up and gasped as I saw the screen of one of the store's monitors. I blushed what I assume was a bright crimson as I watched myself fucking that guy in the dressing room. It didn't surprise me that they'd have cameras in those rooms, and I knew it wouldn't have mattered had I thought about it. Still, here I was on screen shamelessly moaning while he fucked me.

"Great show, Ana! This is going to go in the class video for sure!" Susan shouted as she saw me. Susan had mellowed out a bit after her initial mistress streak last fall, and we'd enjoyed many even handed nights in one of our beds.

"Please don't say that!" I whimpered, blushing even deeper at the thought of having more people watching that tape.

"Wow, girl, you're really embarrassed. That is so cool." Susan chimed back. "For a girl to go from fucking any guy with a dick to being red as a beet. Man they can really fuck us over."

"I just wish they had left me be. I still have all these urges, I just feel so embarrassed about it all now." I replied.

Susan just smiled and gave my ass a squeeze, causing both shivers of pleasure to run through me and new shades of red to show on my

face. "I've got to be going, but definitely keep that look, I'm going to have to spend some quality time with you later."

"Okay." I squeaked. As soon as Susan had left I bolted to the counter and quickly bought my new dresses. I had taken enough embarrassment today, and the sounds of my shameless fucking just about had me on the edge of hysteria.

Once I was out of the store I calmed down. In fact, I took a moment to enjoy the fine spring day that it was. Well, I was on my way, I mused, one more step towards becoming Marty's sex toy wife. I just smiled at the thought and basked in the sunlight as I head back to my room.

## Chapter 6

It was a week later that I was called into the counselor's office for a meeting. I was a bit apprehensive, the last time I'd gone there I had found out that I was getting married and even got a very nice fuck from my future father in law. As much as I enjoyed proving my worth as his son's fiancée, I really didn't want any more surprises. The fact that I was now behaving far more modestly gave me some hope that this wouldn't be too extreme of a meeting.

I was quickly buzzed into Mr. Redgar's office as soon as I arrived. I walked in cautiously, and breathed a heavy sigh of relief when I found Mr. Redgar alone behind his desk.

"Hello, Ana, how are you doing today?" He asked, waving for me to sit down.

"Just fine, Sir." I sat and crossed my legs. Even for my new more normal behavior, I still didn't wear any underwear, and it was times like this that I really noticed.

"You're progressing very nicely. Marty will be very pleased with your new breasts, and I hear you're doing very well in all your classes."

Redgar smiled, staring at my chest as it rose and fell with my every breath.

"Thank you, sir." I chirped. I felt so much like a little lost puppy, but that wasn't anything new to me now. The past week had been filled with this feeling, punctuated by moments of blinding lust that left me fucking whoever was next to me. I still wasn't quite used to it, but a part of me had begun to realize that it was likely part of my new charm. I would play the part of the shy little schoolgirl until pressed for sex and then I would become the hottest little slut around. Even now I felt my inner fires getting charged just from him looking at my heaving boobs, and I wonder just how far this meeting would go with some anxious anticipation.

"I'm sure you're wondering why I called you here. We're having a little convention here tonight for some of our most loyal patrons, and we like to welcome them as only a school of our stature can. You are one of our best students and you will be providing entertainment tonight. I know you received perfect marks for your dance classes, so that's where you'll start the night. If you want to or if one of our patrons insists, you'll get the chance to personally entertain some of our guests more intimately." Redgar explained.

I reddened instantly. There wasn't any doubt in what his coded words meant. Still, school pride was something that had been burned into me with everything else. "Thank you, sir.

It'll be great to show off just how great this school has been for me. Will you want me to shave my pussy for our guests?"

"Why don't you come over here and show me how you look now." Redgar prompted.

"Okay." I got up and walked around his desk, turned my back to him and bent over hiking up my skirt. I was blushing a deep red as I presented my naked and steaming pussy for his inspection, but this was for the school so I didn't even hesitate. I just hoped that my

pussy met with his approval, it would be a shame to disappoint the school over it.

"Very nice little cunt you have. I think you could do better with it shaved though."

Redgar said as he ran his fingers over my nether lips. I moaned as he trailed his fingers through my pussy juice and rubbed it across my lips. "You certainly are a hot little thing.

Why don't you hold onto that chair and keep spread and I'll try you out."

I quickly pulled up the chair and held on for the fucking I was about to get. I spread my legs and positioned myself for easy fucking and my pussy was already more than ready to be used. I could smell my own musty arousal and my juices were easily dripping down my thigh, I just hoped I'd give Redgar a wonderful fuck. "Okay, sir, I wouldn't want to disappoint our guests. I've been studying very hard in all my sex ed classes and I hope you enjoy me."

"I wouldn't worry about that, Ana. I've heard nothing but glowing reports from your teachers and I'm sure you will do nicely." Redgar laughed as he patted my ass and ran a finger along my sopping pussy lips as I shuddered.

I waited impatiently as I listened to Redgar unbuckling his pants and letting them fall to the floor. This was the hardest part, standing exposed and anticipating the fucking that was about to happen. Redgar didn't make me wait, grabbing onto my hips tightly and I felt his cock head probing into me, parting my ready lips. I gasped as he found his mark and speared me with the tip of his shaft. Then, with no further ado, he pressed forward with a grunt and I felt his cock spread my inner folds till his balls bumped into my aroused clit. I squeezed down on the invader in welcome and wiggled my ass a bit for him.

"Very nice, Ana, you are certainly a good fuck toy." Redgar said as he began to pull out of my depths with a comfortably smooth motion while I moaned with my own pleasure.

"Thank you, sir, I'm glad you're satisfied with my reprogramming and my juicy little cunt." I beamed as I caressed the retreating shaft that was slipping from my tender folds.

With all the classes and training, I would have been very embarrassed to be anything but a good fuck toy.

"Oh, yes, certainly. You didn't present much of a challenge, though, just another girl turned into a sex toy. Not that you mind." Redgar huffed as he slowly paced his thrusts into me.

"Of course I don't. I know I should mind, but thanks to your programming I can really enjoy being a sex toy, and can savor being fucked like I am right now." I chimed back as I began to pant with his ever-fiercer thrusts. My pussy was just boiling now as Redgar pistoned into me, using me like the toy I'd become. I really did understand just what had

been done to me, but it wasn't the slightest cause for concern, not anymore. Now all I cared about was pleasuring the man using me right now.

He didn't say another word, rather he started humping me even harder. I held onto the chair tightly to keep my balance as he pounded into my willing pussy. I knew he wasn't going to last long, and I relaxed my pussy to reduce the pressure while he was plunging into me. We were both grunting and moaning with his thrusts in no time and I just let myself get swept away in the carnal act. He was enjoying himself and I savored the opportunity to appreciate the feeling of a man's cock pounding into my steaming pussy.

With little more than a grunt from my partner I felt the familiar warmth of a man's seed pouring into my depths before Redgar let out a last

animalistic groan of release. My own release cascaded from my well used pussy to the tips of my nipples and my already curled toes as I felt his cock pulsing inside of my depths and filling me with his cum. I shuddered on the chair for a minute after he slid out of me, savoring every ounce of pleasure I could as I felt our mixed juices running out of my well used pussy.

"Thank you, Ana, I'm sure we'll all be proud of your performance tonight." Redgar laughed as he pulled his pants back on.

"I won't disappoint you and I'm glad you had the chance to try me out. I really enjoyed being fucked like a slut." I replied, blushing as I cupped my sticky pussy for a moment as I stood up. I scooped up some of his seed and my juices with my fingers and let my skirt fall back over my legs. I quickly licked my fingers clean, enjoying the salty taste even as I turned a nice dark shade of red. "And I wanted to thank you for making me a fucktoy so I could enjoy myself this much."

"I'm glad you're happy and I look forward to seeing you tonight. Wear something appropriate and enjoy yourself. Be at the main hall at seven." Regard instructed.

I just nodded and strolled out of his office. I had plenty to take care of before the evening and little enough time to do it. I couldn't wait to tell Kylie about it, though I suspected she'd probably get invited as well. It would certainly be good training for her anyway.

Now all I had was a little over six hours to get ready and I could feel my just used pussy already twitching in anticipation of the night's entertainment.

## Chapter 7

I looked at the curtain nervously, waiting impatiently to go on. My nipples were getting nice and stiff from the ice cubes I was holding over them. I'd learned that trick from watching Showgirls and it seemed a nice touch for tonight, especially since it gave me an

excellent chance to show off my big new nipples. I saw Kylie motion for me to get ready and I quickly tossed down the ice and pulled my top back down, gasping as I drew the sheer cloth over my sensitive and chilly nips. I smiled as I looked down to see them tenting the fabric of my top, they were the perfect topping for my new melons and I knew the audience would love them. I only hoped that I'd get a chance to play with the whipped cream.

"And may I introduce our next lovely coed, Ana!" Redgar bellowed from the stage. The curtains parted in front of me and I strutted onto the stage. "Don't mind her folks, she a bit shy now, but once you've turned her on, she's becomes a wild tigress waiting to pounce on anything hard and stiff!"

I blushed just a bit as the crowd cheered my entrance. I was doing this for the school and they deserved a great performance. I strutted out like a bitch in heat, showing off my charms with complete abandon. I was dressed in only a silky transparent white top and a frilly white thong. I could feel my chest bounce with every deliberate step and I knew that every guy in the place was watching them as they jiggled. I giggle loudly, and gave a big wave to the crowd as I thrust out my chest and basked in the lively cheer as I gave all those horny guys an unashamed jiggling of my new rack. I may have grown my titties for Marty, but I just loved it that all these guys would get to appreciate them too.

I was still blushing when I grabbed onto my dancing pole and ran my pussy into the cold metal. I didn't waste any time lubing up the pole with my juices, and I was plenty hot already. My thong was nearly transparent from my leaking pussy and I knew there were plenty of guys scoping out my hairless pussy from the front rows as I humped the pole.

Despite my lewd behavior, my stomach was churning at my lack of inhibition. Every moment was embarrassing and yet it only added to my own inner fires. I was quickly falling towards that line where I lost my last sense of modesty again, and got to be a pure slut.

"And Finally, for your pleasure, our latest call girl in training, Kylie!" Redgar boomed as I rubbed my clit into the pole through my thong. The music playing around us was vibrating the pole and I was in heaven just letting it run on my little nub.

Kylie hadn't even bothered with a costume, and strutted out without a stitch. I just swooned as I watched her put the moves on the audience, and slowly glide her way towards me. She smoothly grabbed her pole with confidence and did a quick twirl for a grateful crowd.

Then we danced. About eight of us girls did our part on the stage while I watched a generous number of girls serve the guests more directly. I was enjoying myself, bouncing and twirling and laughing while guys got hard just looking at my sexy body. I'd never had a chance to perform like this and it was great. I was also horny enough to fuck a stable full of studs, and my nipples didn't need any ice to keep hard as I jiggled along to the music.

I don't know how long it was, but I'd been dancing for quite some time when I noticed a particular pair of eyes staring up at me from the audience. I quickly fell down to the floor and crawled to the edge of the stage and leaned down to him. "Hi, Sir! How are you doing? I'd love to give you something for Marty!"

"Of course, Ana, you're looking very nice, and I like how you've grown." Mr. Reiner laughed as he reached up and grabbed one of my dangling titties.

"Thanks, Sir. I'm glad you like them. I'm growing them just for Marty." I giggled as he flicked my nipple through my sheer top.

"Well, let's see how they bounce!" He yelled as he pulled me off the stage and into his chest. I jiggle right into him, then smiled up at his handsome face. "How do you want to enjoy my slutty little body?" I chimed while I slipped my delicate little hands into his pants and pulled out his already nicely stiff cock. I was ready for anything, and could hardly wait for whatever came.



"Naked of course! Just like a good slut should be, Ana." Reiner laughed as he ripped off my top with one quick pull. My massive tits swung free and bounced wildly for him. He reached up and squeezed them hard for a moment, then cupped them both and tweaked my sensitive nipples while I moaned in open pleasure. "Nice titties like this should be out to be played with young lady. How else will your husband know he has a proper slut if her nipples aren't out and hard from thinking about his cock all day?"

"Oh, of course. I'm just a silly little slut who should know these things. Sorry, Sir, I shouldn't even think of covering up my big new boobies, especially for you Sir!" I squealed, tossing my shoulders to bounce my big tits some more. I gasped as my stiff little nipples rubbed up against his business suit. "Or your slutty little cunt either, don't forget that, honey!" Reiner then pulled off my soaked thong and cupped my well-lubricated slit. "My what a good little slut, shaved and wet, just like a man likes it. You're going to make my boy a good wife, big on top and juicy in the middle."

"Thanks, Sir! Now I'm all nice and naked like a good slut, and ready to give you a hard fucking just like a good little girl." I beamed, posing myself for him and anyone else who would want to look. More than a few did, and I winked back.

"Wonderful, now I just need to get one more thing." Mr. Reiner pulled back to the stage for a moment and looked up to Kylie. "Kylie, dear, I think it's time your favorite neighbor got an update on your class work, hun."

"Sure Mr. Reiner!" Kylie squealed and leapt off the stage. She pulled up to him and had his jacket and shirt off in a flash. She bent down and gave each of his nipples a quick lick while her hands pulled his palms over her little boobs. She looked up with pure lust in her eyes, and I could smell her musk from where I stood watching in amazement. I had no idea she knew Mr. Reiner.

"Still not getting racked I see. That's too bad you could make a good bit extra a night you know." Reiner laughed as he brought out a

series of squeals from Kylie by squeezing her tits. "They are nice and firm, though, I suppose that will do for now, you can always change that later."

"I sure can, but I kind of like them this size, Sir. Not every girl needs a big showy pair of tits!" Kylie managed to slip out an angry little growl, even as she squirmed her naked belly against his cock. Of course, I knew her anger turned to lust, and I just sat there simmering in anticipation of what the three of us could do while I absent-mindedly fondled my own tit.

"Still the little fire brand, I see. I see you still have work to do before you graduate. You should take lessons from Ana here, she's become the perfect little slut for Marty, and you still have to pay for both of your tuition. You don't want me to have to pay for your part of the wedding present do you?" Reiner asked as he kept fondling Kylie's tits. I was really beginning to believe that he'd known her from before, and I shuddered at the thought.

"No, Sir, I'll cover my part. A whore like me can make lots of money just you wait and see!" Kylie proclaimed proudly.

"Well, princess, why don't you show me just how much you've been learning and fuck this fine gentleman here." Reiner pulled a rather handsome younger man to him.

Kylie immediately pulled her naked little body up to him and looked up into his eyes.

"Hey there handsome, I'd really enjoy spending some time with you, if you don't mind."

The man just smiled at the squirming little naked slut that was slowly working on his clothes. "Of course not, cutie."

Kylie just smiled up at that and went about undressing him in record pace while Reiner and I watched. She was practicing her moves,

and in no time was flat on her back on a table with this random stranger fucking her hard.

"She always was the aggressive sort, just like her mother, but she'll make a good whore, no doubt about that." Reiner commented to me as we scooted closer together. "Now, you are just a bundle of fun. Why don't we let little Kylie here work on her technique and you show me how much you've learned.

"Sure, Sir!" I squealed and followed him off to the side of the room. The wall was lined with large pillowed beds, most of which were occupied with classmates and patrons in

various points of intimacy. I spotted an open one and quickly pulled Reiner down to it and rolled him onto his back. I quickly finished stripping him and then lay down beside him, pressing my titties into his arm and looking up to him for guidance. "How do you want to enjoy me?"

"I'll let you decide, Ana. I'm sure you know all the best ways." He answered.

"I sure do, Sir. I've been studying really hard." I giggled as I wrapped my fingers around his tool and quickly straddled him. I could tell we were both ready, and I quickly guided his shaft to my gates. I rubbed his head across my tender lips for a moment before finding my passage and impaling myself on his shaft with a long groan from each of us.

I quickly set up a soft pace for us, giving him a long gentle ride so that he could enjoy my pussy. I leaned forward and Reiner played with my tits as I bounced on his shaft. It certainly wasn't a wild ride, but I wanted him to last, and give him a good time. Reiner didn't seem to mind, and we quietly fucked for quite some time with only soft moans and grunts between us.

"Oh, uh, How do you, uh, like my pussy, Sir?" I grunted as I ground myself onto him. He was well built, and I was enjoying every second

of having him in my pussy.

"Very tight and you know how to use it well." He grunted in response. His hands roamed freely over my body, caressing my every curve with a deliciously tender roll of his fingers.

"Thanks, Sir, I'm glad you like my hot little cunt. I didn't want to be a slut, but I really like it now, and I can't wait to be Marty's fuck toy." I cooed while I pumped him.

"Oh, what were you going to be, Ana?" Reiner asked as he squeezed a moan out of me with my tender tits in his hands.

"I was going to be an Engineer. I really liked designing things." I hummed as I rode my father in law. "All I like now is fucking nice hard cock's like yours though, and letting dirty old men suck on my big titties!"

"In that case," Reiner laughed and bent in to suckle on one of my boobs. I moaned as his tongue rippled across the tender nub and teased it with delightful licks. "Oh, yeah, Sir, suck my titty!" I cried out as he helped himself to my nipples. Even so, I kept up my pace on his shaft, letting him plunge into me over and over with his wonderful cock.

"You are just a little fuck toy now, aren't you?" He said as I squirmed on top of him.

"Yes, Sir, I'm just a little fuck toy for your son, with big boobs and a hot cunt. And I love it!" I squealed as I ground myself on his cock.

Reiner just smiled up at me and played with my nice big boobs while I fucked him. He was such a great man, and a good fuck. It was then that I felt a man's hands cup my bouncing ass and gave my cheeks a pleasant squeeze.

"Do you mind if I enjoy this slut's ass?" I heard from behind me while the hands crept up my sides and over my big tits.

"Of course not, that's what she's here for." Reiner replied.

"Isn't that the truth!" The other man laughed as he played with my boobs while he moved up behind me. I bent over Reiner and spread my ass cheeks. I shivered in anticipation, I didn't often get to have two guys at once. The other man didn't waste any time, and soon I was bucking on two cocks, with my tits jiggling all over Reiner's chest and I know he just loved every second of it from the wide smile on his face.

The rest of the evening fell away into a lust filled haze. After I accepted Mr. Reiner's seed into my steaming pussy, it seemed that a line had formed up behind him. It wasn't long before I was fucking and sucking the night away. Occasionally, I'd get the chance to lick one of our women patrons or one of the other girls from the school. Soon I was just drifting from one erotic haze to another as I was played with and serviced every partner with every ounce of lust in me. By the time the night was through I was coated with semen, a testament to just how fully I'd been ravished and how well I'd shown my school spirit.

## Chapter 8

The next morning I woke up sore and sticky. My muscles throbbed from being stretched, and my pussy and ass ached from all the hard fucking. Worse yet was the layer of half dried cum that seemed to cover every part of my body, and had also been smeared all over my sheets. I just lay on my bed for a moment with my legs spread away from my sore bottom and I felt horrible. This was something new, till now I could only remember satisfaction after a good orgy, knowing that my tenderized body just showed how good I'd pleased everyone, and now I felt just horribly used, like some cheap slut.

I sobbed just thinking about it. I'd been such a whore, I'd even cried out for more like a bitch in heat. I was just some worthless piece of meat to them, and I still gave them every ounce of pleasure I could. It was all just too much, and I let the tears just run down my cheeks. I

hadn't really cried since I'd come here, and now I just sobbed like a little girl.

It wasn't long before Kylie had me wrapped in her arms and was gently rocking me while I balled. There weren't any words, nothing she could say and nothing I had to say. I think we were both just surprised neither of us had broken down before. That thought just made me cry harder, realizing that even my returned ability to cry was just another hideous part of my transformation. I didn't even want to figure out why they'd do this to me, and just cried myself out in Kylie's arms.

Finally, I pulled myself together and trudged down to the girl's shower. I felt just terrible still, feeling every dried patch of cum on my body. I imagined I would have been quite the alluring spectacle if not for my tear-stained face and bloodshot eyes. At this time of the morning, the girl's shower was empty, it was time for an orgy in the boy's shower, and that left this shower clear. I didn't want any part of another orgy at the moment. It wasn't until I started washing off last night's mess that I even realized just how different that notion was. I'd actually avoided an orgy of my own will. I didn't know what to make of this, and just twisted the thought around in my head, trying to figure out what had happened as I let the flowing water begin to cut away at the sticky mess all over my body.

All I knew was that I still wasn't back to my old self, that much was clear. I could still get my juices flowing just thinking about cocks, and that was the new me. It wasn't till I was washing out my cum filled pussy that I stumbled across what had happened. I slipped my fingers into my cunt to help clean myself out, and moaned Marty's name. I shuddered, just this simple penetration had me thinking of my fiancé with untamed lust. If he'd been there right then I would have shown him just how much I loved him. This wasn't entirely new, but it was different, not thinking of Marty, but not being able to think of any other guy sexually.

I quickly thought back to my every sexual encounter since coming here. I remembered all the exquisite pleasures and my own lewd

behavior in wonderful detail, but unlike any day before, I didn't have any desire to repeat any of them, at least not with the same guys. It had all been fun, but I was engaged now. It was at that realization that I felt my stomach gnaw at me like it had that morning. I realized just what I'd done, I was guilty, it wasn't for being used, but for whom I had let use me. I'd let myself be used like any common whore when I had one guy all to myself.

I felt the tears well up again, realizing that I'd betrayed him. Classes were one thing, I was making myself a better sex toy for him, and since I wasn't a virgin it was very important that I be able to please my Marty every way I could. Orgies for fun were quite another thing, that was just being a whore, and no good wife was a whore, except in her husband's bed or at his command. Sure, I had to fulfill my duty to the school, but I could have done that on stage, I didn't need to get fucked, except for Mr. Reneir, he had some rights to his future daughter in law until the wedding. I sobbed some more as I finished rinsing off the sticky goo of last night's escapades, and vowed to prove myself to Marty, to make up for being such a slut by becoming the best wife he could ever want. That was my reason for living now, and I wasn't about to let anything distract me anymore.

## Chapter 9

It had been a long spring, and a new anxiety was welling up as I kept up with my classes.

Aside from my class work, I didn't even consider sex with anyone, not even Kylie. We still slept together, but I made her understand that I couldn't cheat on Marty anymore, so all we did was cuddle. Sleeping alone was just too much to bear for either of us. The worst thing was not being able to satisfy my urges, I was still a well-tuned slut, and I craved sexual attention. My commitment to Marty was stronger, but it was still hard for me to handle going without the wonderful fuckings I'd gotten used to. Classes did help take off the edge, but that wasn't nearly enough to satisfy me, and I was there to learn, not just enjoy myself. What I really wanted was to be able to show Marty just how much I loved him.

Kylie was getting along better than I was. She could still fuck with abandon, and often did in her bed while I was trying to sleep. At times like that, I'd just lay there and masturbate under my covers wishing that it was me making those sounds while Marty was pounding my steaming pussy. It helped me feel a bit better knowing that Kylie would be around even after we left school. Mr. Reiner had apparently taken an interest in her for the last few years, helping her with school projects and eventually with her application to the academy. She hadn't imagined anything was amiss, not until much later. I could sense her anger at that, but I couldn't help her anymore, and she stormed off a lot to go get fucked after thinking about what had been done to her.

The beginning of summer brought me a special treat, my one true love was coming to meet me! Mr. Redgar had called me into his office and told me the wonderful news. Mr.

Reiner had been pleased by my performance at the party some months earlier, and at my proven devotion to Marty since. I could hardly believe it, but he had decided that I was ready for Marty to get to know me. I was simply in heaven after that, and went through my weekly routine with a happy air to my steps. I did have to be careful not to sing sweet nothings while Kylie was around after she gave me a few very harsh looks at my obviously merry self. I sympathized with her, after all, she wasn't going to have a wonderful man like Marty to marry, but I didn't let her negative attitude get me down.

After all, everything I'd been prepared for was about to happen, and I didn't want anything to go wrong.

I stewed for that week, just anticipating the day, and then finally it came. I couldn't think of a better day to meet my love. It was perfectly sunny, with a slight breeze on a wonderfully warm day, just the perfect weather for running around naked, which I was certainly hoping to get to do. I dressed up in my favorite dress, a modest thing, but one that still showed off all my curves nicely without showing off too much skin. I toyed with the idea of not wearing my underwear, but I decided against it. I'd gotten much more modest



since that orgy, and had even taken up underwear again. I didn't want Marty to think I was anyone's slut but his, and I'm sure he'd enjoy getting to undress me too, just

like a Christmas present. I giggled at that thought, and made sure to wear my best frilly underwear just for that. The panties and the bra each had a nice little bow that he could tug on and they'd fall open for him.

I sat impatiently in the visitor's center just waiting for Marty after I'd dressed. I fumbled with the heart locket with his picture that was dangling from my neck. I knew so much about him, but I'd never touched him, and now I just wanted to wrap myself around him and let him know just how much I missed not being with him. Finally, Mr. Redgar strode out into the meeting room with my Marty in tow. I think I just melted in that instant, Marty was so much more than I could have dreamt of. He was perfectly handsome, with his round little face and glasses. I could hardly stand to look upon such magnificence, but I couldn't resist either, he was just so perfect. I know this only took a moment, and before he had even set his eyes on me, I stood up and strolled gingerly over. This was the most important moment of my life, meeting my man, my love, for the first time.

"Ah, Marty, here she is, Ana, your fiancée if you find her acceptable." Mr. Redgar waved a hand towards me as I approached.

Marty just looked at me with an awestruck stare. He certainly looked me over with a satisfying leer, but he was stuck with some kind of disbelief that I just couldn't help but giggle at.

"Hi, Marty. I'm so happy to finally meet you!" I smiled and put out my hand. I know, I wanted to just wrap myself around him and kiss him all over, but he looked so cute and helpless that I didn't want to scare him off. I must have been quite the surprise, he must have thought I was some ugly girl or something.

"Uh, hello." Marty stuttered and after a moment's hesitation, he reached out and took my hand. I shuddered just feeling his

masculine fingers wrap themselves around my dainty fingers. We shook hands, and then he pulled away first. I was really beginning to think he had a confidence problem, but I wasn't too worried, with a woman like me in his bed, he'd feel like the strong man he was in no time.

"Well, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about. Why don't you take a walk around the grounds? If you need anything, Marty, just call my office. Have fun, and just be sure to check out at the main gate when you leave." Redgar smiled and then walked away without any further ado.

Marty just stood there, still looking quite stunned, so I decided I would have to take action. I reached down and grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the door. "Come on, Marty, I know a great path where we can stroll and no one will bother us."

That was quite true, because I'd reserved it just for today. That was the way things worked around here for us betrothed students. We got special privilege to campus spots when our fiances came to visit, and I reserved the perfect path and make out spot for us. I just hoped that Marty wouldn't mind having some fun.

Marty didn't resist my tugs, and just followed along like some puppy. I did feel pretty weird directing him around, it just wasn't right for a girl to take charge, but I had the sinking feeling that Marty would require a lot of confidence building before he actually took his proper place in our relationship. I stayed quiet as I led him off to the walking path, not wanting to take away any chances for him to take charge.

It wasn't until we were well on the path, and we were both very much by ourselves that Marty piped up again. "Wait, Ana."

I stopped right in my tracks and turned around to face him. "Yes, Marty?"

"My Dad, and Mr. Redgar both told me that you've been conditioned or something to be my girlfriend. I know that sounds crazy, but that's

what they've told me. Do you know anything about that?" Marty asked, genuine concern lacing his words. I didn't know what to make of that, I couldn't imagine Marty not knowing that I was supposed to marry him.

"Of course, silly. I'm going to be your wife, if you'll have me." I pouted a bit at the last part. How could anyone turn down a slut made especially for them?

Marty just frowned at that, looking even more perplexed than he had before. "What's wrong, Marty? Did I say something wrong?"

"Yes, you don't know me, how could you say you're going to be my wife? What did they do to you?" Marty asked. I could feel outrage in his voice. He really hadn't known about me before and I was getting truly worried. He might decide to turn me away, and that would be horrible. I couldn't even imagine that.

"I do know you, Marty, I know you love anime for all the doe eyed girls, and you love to watch war shows and build model trucks and had five of your dad's old playboys under your bed in junior high. All they did to me was make me into the perfect wife for you, so that I could love you and give you my heart." I quickly rattled off. "Please don't turn me away, Marty. I do love you, and I'll be a great wife for you, just don't turn me away."

Then he did just that, turned away. I felt my stomach turn at the despondent look in his eyes as he did. Something was wrong, something dreadful, and he was lost in thought again. I pulled up to him and pressed myself into his side. "Please, Marty, just let me make it better. I'll do anything you want."

Marty turned around and looked at me with a sudden fierceness in his eyes. "I know, Ana, I didn't believe it was possible, but I really do believe now. Don't worry, I won't abandon you, not until you want me to."

I warmed at his words and squeezed myself to his chest while he ran a hand over my head. This was what I wanted, to be in his care, just like this.

"Is there a spot where we can sit and talk privately? I want to know some things about what happened here." Marty asked.

"Of course, just up a little bit there's a clearing with some benches and a little picnic. I thought you'd like it." I chimed. I had hoped that a nice little picnic would be an excellent pretext for him to seduce me, not that he needed to, I just figured he'd enjoy the idea of seducing me in a field.

"That sounds good." Marty replied and we set off. I grabbed his hand as I walked beside him, and he didn't pull away even though he did give me a surprised look.

It didn't take us long to make it to the clearing and soon we were sitting down and eating the lunch I'd packed. It wasn't much, but then it was never comfortable fucking on a full stomach so I didn't want to cause a problem that way. We got into discussing my life and especially my time here at school. It had taken some prodding, I didn't want him to know how much of a slut I'd been in those early days, but eventually he got the full story of my transformation into the woman I now was.

"So you're just a pretty young lady who my Dad chose to be my wife, and they programmed you to love me and turn yourself into some kind of sex toy for me." Marty stated, recapping my much longer story. He had paid exquisite attention to my stories, even asking some rather embarrassing questions about my behavior. I had to answer, of course, but that hadn't kept me from blushing rather deeply.

"Yep, I've been prepared to be your perfect wife, obedient, publicly modest and privately passionate. Don't think I'm some brain washed bimbo though, I'm every bit as smart as I was before coming here,

and I've been studying very hard and not just in my sex ed classes." I proudly replied. I had a lot to be proud of too, at least I thought so.

"And none of that bothers you in the least? Didn't you have other plans before they did this to you?" Marty asked, his obvious concern still flowing with his words. I'd begun to understand his problem. He hadn't expected this, and was rather put off by the idea of having a programmed wife like me.

"I guess I did have plans, but that doesn't matter any more, and neither does any of my old feelings about my changes. I'm yours now, just like I should be." I replied confidently. Hopefully, I could convince him that this was the proper way of things. I certainly believed that, and if he didn't I didn't even want to think about life without him.

Marty just drifted off into thought again after that. I pulled up to him and just cuddled while he considered whatever it was he was considering. It was so nice to be close to him like this after having waited so long. I just felt so wonderful that I soon drifted off to sleep still cozily pressed up against him.

"Wake up, Ana." Marty spoke as he gently rocked my arm. "I want to ask you something."

I yawned and stretched for a moment. I had never felt so refreshed in all my days. "Of course, honey, what do you want to know."

"You said you're supposed to be obedient, does that mean you'll do anything I tell you to?" Marty asked, obviously thinking of something.

"Of course, Marty, I'll do anything you tell me to do." I replied. Finally, he seemed to be getting it, I was his wife, his slut, here to provide for his pleasure. Now, I was just waiting patiently for his first command, his first use of his new lover.

Marty smiled at my reply. "Good, I guess I'm going to have to risk it then. Ana, I want you to remember the real you, the girl that came to

school here. Forget about all that stuff they programmed you to become. I want to talk to the old Ana. Can you do that for me?"

I screamed, at least I think I did. Suddenly everything seemed to be boiling in my head. I was awash in sensations and memories and something that I couldn't understand, ripping apart my thoughts. I fell to the ground, clutching my head, whimpering as Marty's words sank in, reshaping my reality.

The viscous storm subsided quickly, and I felt things running around in my head again, finding their places. It was the strangest sensation, like I was rebuilding myself brick by brick. Worst of all, I could see the foundation, sense the bricks laid at the bottom, and I knew Marty would be disappointed, even the fact that I cared about his feelings told me what I would be left with.

Marty was holding me in his arms when I came back to my senses. I felt very safe in those arms, but now I understood just where those feelings came from, and actually hated the source, though not the effect.

"Thanks for trying, Marty." I said softly as I regained my voice.

"What do you mean? Are you okay?" Marty asked, obvious concern laced his tongue again and I warmed at his concern. I did still love him, regardless of the rest.

"I'm better now, but I still love you, I still have the same drives, but I feel like myself again, not like the new me. I can't really explain it, but I'm not free of all the programming, just my acceptance of it." I answered, trying my best to explain the way I was feeling. It was like burning down a forest, all the brush was gone, but the naked trees were left standing, holding tight my responses though not my internal justifications. I hated what had been done to me, but couldn't resist the effects. The difference was minor, but I felt almost real again.

"Damn, I knew it wouldn't be that easy." Marty frowned. "Don't worry, Ana, I'll figure out a way to help you, and everyone else here."

That shocked me. Here I was a poor little girl he didn't know, and he was going to risk his neck for me. If I wasn't already in love with him, I think I would have fallen right then anyway. It's just not easy for a girl not to fall for a hero, especially when she was the damsel in distress.

"Be careful, Marty, they could always put you in here, make you into somebody's boy toy. I couldn't live with myself if that happened to you because of me." I warned. That was the last thing that I wanted, for Marty to be put in danger because of me. Sure, it was romantic, but I wanted him for myself and I didn't want to see him on the wrong side of the people who had programmed me.

"I will, don't worry. I have to think about this and call up some people before I do anything. Do you think you can handle your normal routine here for a while?" Marty asked. I could see in his eyes that he was considering what to do next.

"It'll be weird, but I don't think I'll have any trouble. Like I said, my urges haven't changed, so all I have to do is flow with them. At least I hope so." I answered. I had no idea how easy or hard it would be. I had a sense of my old self back to me, but I had no idea how long it would last or how deeply it truly went.

"Well, it's too late to fix that. I don't know if it will make any difference, but I order you to behave just like before we met, except when we're alone. Hopefully, that will help."

Marty commanded. I could feel myself soak up his words, his pleasure was still at the root of my being, so it seemed that his order would be enough to pin together my programming and my renewed sense of self.

"Great, now do you mind if we do one more thing before you leave?" I asked, taking up a sexy little smile. I pressed up against him with my breasts and tried to leave no doubt what I wanted to do. I had waited several months for the chance to be with him, and now we

were alone, and he was going to risk his own life for mine. I very well had to give him a taste of what I had to offer.

"What?" Marty asked, though I find it hard to believe he couldn't figure out what I wanted.

"I am your perfect sex toy, aren't I? Aren't you the least bit curious just how fun I am to play with?" I giggled, grabbing his hands and placing them over my breasts.

"Ah, are you sure you want to?" Marty asked. I smiled at his concern, and helped him squeeze my nice melons.

"Of course, Marty. I still have all my urges, and I'm in love with you. So why don't you quit trying to deny yourself and enjoy your good fortune." I answered. This boy really was a boy scout, and that made me want him all the more. I don't know why, or how, but I wanted to fuck him more than I'd thought possible, even more than before he tried to fix me. Now all I hoped was that my moves would break down his unwillingness. I

understood him not wanting to take advantage of me in my state, but I wanted him so badly I could feel myself leaking. I wanted him to use me, and I hoped he wouldn't take too long making up his mind.

I looked right into his eyes, trying with all my heart to show him how sincere I was. Our hands were still over my breasts, and I knew he could feel my heart racing through my dress. He sniffed at the air and I knew it was the musky scent of my hot little pussy that he smelled as it soaked my panties. He looked into my eyes now, and his look of concern shifted, and I swooned in happiness. Marty's face grew the widest and most wicked smile I'd seen in some time and he gave my titties a wonderful squeeze of his own.

I squealed happily and pulled close to him, giving him the deepest, most passionate kiss I'd given anyone in my life. We wrapped our arms around each other and held our embrace while our tongues



danced. I would have been in heaven except for what I knew would come next, and I was already aching in anticipation.

Marty pulled away from my lips, his hands gripping my waist. "I just hope you don't regret this later."

I just shook my head, reached down and loosened the waist of my dress. I lifted up my arms and looked into Marty's eyes again. "Don't worry about that, just hurry up and unwrap me, silly!"

Marty laughed as he grabbed onto the sides of my dress and pulled it up and over my head in one smooth motion. I giggled as the breeze tickled my nearly naked flesh, and thrust out my chest for him. I was smiling brightly now, my flesh on display for the man that I loved, and soon, soon we would know everything about each other that a man and woman should. I just quivered at the thought, knowing I didn't have long to wait.

"You really are wrapped like a present, aren't you?" Marty smiled as he reached in and tugged at the bow that rested in my cleavage. With just one tug, it gave way, and I giggled as I felt the cups of the bra open up and fall away. The frilly little thing just fell down my sides and down my back till it landed behind me, just like it had been designed to do. Now I was topless, perfectly exposed to him, and I could see in his eyes just how alluring he found me as he took in my bountiful bosom.

"I hope you like them, I grew them just for you, Marty." I cooed as he just stared at my wonderfully large breasts. I could feel my nipple getting hard from the breeze, and from my own stoked passions.

"Grew them?" Marty asked in wonder as he reached up and cupped them tenderly. He weighed them and squeezed them while I whimpered happily at his explorations. "They are just perfect though, especially these."

I moaned openly when he bent down and took my right nipple into his mouth and sucked on me while his tongue flicked the hard nub at

the tip of my breast. I swooned again,

happy that he liked my new breasts, and that he'd overcome his reluctance to play with me. I may have hated being turned into a sex toy, but I couldn't help but enjoy being one.

"Aren't you going to finish unwrapping me?" I asked after he finally pulled away from my chest. I spread my legs invitingly to give him easy access to the ribbon holding my panties together. The smell of my ready pussy drifted up even easier now, and anyone could see I'd soaked my underwear with my juices.

"Don't you think you're getting ahead of yourself?" Marty smiled. He ran his hands over his own sides, and I giggled again. Of course he wanted me to undress him, and I'd gotten so wrapped up in presenting myself I hadn't even considered that.

I just looked up with a wicked grin and proceeded to almost literally tear away everything he wore. I didn't actually damage anything, but I ripped away those clothes so quickly that he was actually surprised I had ripped anything. Daily practice in undressing quickly certainly hadn't gone to waste! In mere moments I was the most dressed of either of us, and I knew we'd soon be imitating Adam and Eve in a moment, though naturally we wouldn't be bothering with any fig leaves.

With my returned sense of self, I could see that Marty wasn't built like any Greek god. I remembered having those thoughts when I first saw him, and any time I'd thought of him since I'd learned of our pending marriage. Still, that really didn't matter, my love and desire for him were both still untamed and eager. While he still kneeled across from me on the picnic blanket, I lay down and spread my legs, giving him a perfect view of my still covered pussy. I looked up eagerly and smiled, hoping to draw him in.

"Come on, Marty, there's one more thing to unwrap and then we can enjoy it together!" I invited. One thing we wouldn't need was foreplay, I was still dripping with lust, and I could see his marvelous tool

swinging stiffly between his legs as he crawled up between my thighs.

"Are you sure, Ana?" He asked sincerely, his hand gripping the ribbon that held my last defense together. I wished I could only let him know just how much I wanted to fall to his invader right now.

"I've never wanted anything so badly in all my life, Marty, I love you, and right now I want to make love to you. Now please, finish unwrapping me." I coaxed, filling my words with every ounce of the spirit I felt. I just hoped that he would finally accept me, and we could join together beautifully.

No sooner had those last words left my lips than I felt a slight tug between my legs and felt the summer air drift coolly over my suddenly exposed and seething pussy lips. I propped myself on my elbows and looked wantonly into his eyes, and he drew closer, moving over me until our lips met again. He was now resting between my legs, his manhood aimed at my gates perfectly and hovering just outside them. Our naked flesh touched and passed, my nipples traveling across his chest as we moved towards perfect

union. We kissed passionately as he closed that final distance and I felt the warm bulge of his cock pressing into my lower lips. Marty thrust into me with one smooth, long push, forcing back my tender folds and filling me with his hardness. We both moaned deeply, wonderfully with every moment of his thrust until I felt his sack resting between my legs and his shaft fully and deeply inside me.

"Oh, Marty, thank you for everything!" I swooned. He'd done so much already, and now he was giving me the fucking I so desperately wanted, and after we finished he was going to go off and save me. I had never been so happy in all my life, fulfilled as deeply and intimately as I was at that moment. I squeezed down on his hard shaft in thanks, and felt him twitch with excitement within me. I knew he wouldn't last long, but we had all afternoon, and with luck, Marty wouldn't mind spending it locked together this intimately.

Marty just smiled and began moving inside me, pulling himself slowly out of my steaming folds. I could sense in him that he wasn't the kind that talked while making love as he withdrew from my quaking and moaning body. I stifled the urge to speak as well, letting us both fall into the animal passions that were quickly building inside us.

I lifted my hips to hold him inside me as long as I could, but he soon pulled his tool back to my gates again, and I could feel only the head of his shaft inside me. He looked down at me, looking into the eyes of a lust-crazed woman, and a shimmer of regret seemed to twinkle in his eyes for a second before he plunged into me again. My eyelids closed as I let out a cry of fulfillment. He may have been uncertain, but he was giving me a wonderful fuck.

I thrust my hips back to meet his thrust, and I was impaled again. He gave me another moment to enjoy the wonderful fullness of having his cock inside me before he pulled back again. He plunged into me again a moment later and I pulled him down on top of me, and pressing my lips to his. We humped shallowly into each other as our tongues danced together. I felt completely whole in that moment, joined perfectly with the other half of my soul.

It wasn't long before Marty was grunting wildly and pounding his shaft into me with wonderful force. I knew he wasn't conditioned like I was to make the experience last, but I did my best to keep him on the edge. He was determined to play with me in his own way, and I did nothing to hinder his enjoyment of my eager flesh.

He pulled me out of my pleasure filled haze with a sudden squeeze on my jiggling breasts. He looked down and smiled as I cooed while he kneaded my pillowy tits. While his hands still playing with my chest, I felt him shift his hips and I cried out in surprised wonder as he played across my clit with each new thrust. If I hadn't been conditioned to come after my partner, I would have been quivering in orgasm right then. Even so, I went wild with lust and fucked him back as hard as I could.

Suddenly I felt Marty's hands fall away from my chest and grip my ass. He bent down again and kissed me as he plunged his shaft into my depths and sent his seed shooting into me. We cried out instantly into each other's lips as we came together. I milked his shaft as it poured wonderful volumes of Marty's seed into my depths. My only regret was that I was still on the pill, that I couldn't give him a child today.

Marty rolled onto his back, taking me along with him and keeping his cock still inside me. He looked up into my eyes and smiled joyously. My heart warmed, knowing he had enjoyed me just as much as I had him. We really had made a wonderful couple.

"I've never felt anything like that before, Ana, it was great!" Marty sighed, running his hands along my back and over my rump. His fingers lighting fire all along my smooth skin as he did.

I just giggled and kissed him playfully. "Of course, silly, I conditioned to be a great lover.

I really enjoyed your performance too."

"You better not remind me too much or I might just decide to keep you the way you are.

You have to admit a willing sex toy is something a man doesn't have offered everyday."

Marty laughed as he squeezed my ass. I could feel him getting hard in me again and hoped he'd take advantage of me at least once more before the day was over. At the very least I was enjoying having my naked body resting on top of his, enjoying his closeness and our intimacy.

"Yeah, I know, but you know I can't stop you, until my programming is removed, I'll do anything you say." I squeezed down on his already stiff cock to emphasize my point.

Pleasing Marty was still at the core of my purpose in life. Sure, I wanted my old life back, or at least the freedom to choose my own destiny, but at this moment I was in Marty's arms, and he was even more important than such selfish concerns.

"Well, I guess one more little romp wouldn't hurt anything, then I'll have to get going. I have a lot to do if I'm going to have a chance to take this place down." Marty said. He pulled my head down and kissed me again with a wonderful passion I'd missed with all those partners I'd fucked here at school. This wasn't just sex, we both knew, it was more than that, maybe even love, though I could only dare to dream that Marty shared those feelings at this point.

We fucked wildly again, passionately like two long lost lovers. I don't know how many more times he came inside me, but we spent the afternoon locked together in beautiful harmony. Then, finally it was time for Marty to leave, I'd already kept him longer than he'd planned, not that either of us regretted it. We quickly dressed again, though both of us had that wonderful look of having spent an afternoon in a lover's arms. We smelled it too, and I felt like his seed would be dripping from me for weeks.

"Now remember to act like everything is normal, Ana. I should be able to get something together soon, but you can't give us away before then. You think you can do it?" Marty asked with his hands over my shoulders and a concerned look in his eye.

"I will, I have to. Be careful, Marty." I answered. There wasn't any choice, this wasn't just my fate, it was his in the balance as well. I could handle losing myself again, but the thought of costing Marty his freedom was more than I could bear to think about.

"Be careful yourself, Ana." He bent down and gave me a warm kiss. Certainly we weren't going to part yet, we would do that officially back at the main gate, but once we set off down the path again, I would be the new sex toy Ana again. This was our last moment of honesty before the act would begin.

The walk back was quiet, we both were still fresh in the afterglow of our coupling and we had said everything that we needed to say. All that was left was that last mile, and we strolled patiently hand in hand. Finally, we reached the gate, Marty checked out and we gave our formal good-byes. I don't think anyone would have thought it was just an act when we kissed openly and Marty fondled me. I'm not even sure it was, but it didn't matter as it was over too soon and I was left alone again. Mr. Redgar smiled as Marty left, obviously happy that Mr. Reiner would have his new daughter in law, and doubtlessly gain a nice reward for accomplishing the feat. I just padded my way back to my dorm, showered and went to bed as the sun was setting. It had been a long, tiring and wonderful day and I just put my head on the pillow and dozed off to a land of wonderful dreams.

## Chapter 10

The next few weeks passed very slowly. My returned sense of self was suppressed, but I could still feel it beneath the mask I had to wear. I don't think anyone could have suspected the truth, I still did everything I had done before, and was only glad that my training had advanced far enough to free me from the constant fucking I had so enjoyed earlier. It was truly odd, that I could look back almost fondly at the memories of what I had done, like they were viewed through the lens of my attitudes at the time. I was grateful for that, I don't think I could have dealt with what would have been my true reaction to my treatment and behavior.

While everything else was the same, I was able to think of things beyond classes and Marty for the first time in months. In truth, my thoughts turned most to my own future.

Certainly, I still loved Marty, but I knew that could change if my programming was reversed. I realized now just how pointless my old life had been. I'd spent all my time preparing for my future, but I hadn't lived my life. I certainly hadn't wanted to be turned into a sexual plaything, but it had given me a perspective on some of what I'd been missing. It wasn't just the sex though, it was everything else

too. I'd locked myself in my room to study when there were sunny spring days to enjoy, friends to make, and in general life to live. So, here I was realizing how much I'd wasted when I had the freedom to choose, and now I was left with the hope that I could seek my own path again someday soon.

It wasn't until I'd returned from my day with Marty that I even thought about Kylie. I had thought to talk to him about her, but my programmed response to his presence had washed any thought of Kylie from my mind, and after that so many other things distracted me that the subject hadn't come up. I wondered if he knew, or by now guessed what had become of her. It didn't matter much though, I knew. If he could rescue me he could rescue her too.

It was nearly a month before Marty returned for a second visit. This didn't really surprise me, it would have taken time for him to make his plans and it was customary not to allow too much access to the students here to their partners. I was very happy to see him, and shamelessly gave him a passionate kiss the moment he cleared the front gate. In part this was still part of the act, but I really had missed him. We soon strolled back out to the same spot we'd made love at the last time and sat down.

"How are you holding up?" He asked. He'd looked a bit worried after we started our little walk.

"Okay, I'm glad to see you're still in one piece. It's been really weird seeing everything going on around me with my old sense of propriety back. I'm just kind of glad I couldn't really act on any of the feelings." I answered. It was an odd state of being, knowing just

how wrong everything around me was, and not only did I not say anything but I even participated. "The sex ed classes are the strangest though, doing everything so openly, and like it's just some fucked up gym class."

Marty just gave me a twisted smile at that. "I bet. Well, I've had a little luck in getting things together. I shipped in a package for you.



It's a model truck I built, but if you twist and pull off the hubcaps I stowed away some little wireless cameras. They're very special little cameras that should make them hard to detect when they transmit. I want you to place them in some places where they can capture incriminating evidence. Since they think you're just another student, I don't think you should have a problem."

"I guess not, is there any place special you'd like me to put them?" I asked.

"You know the inner workings here better than I do, use your best judgment, though I'd guess that the offices would be a good place to start." Marty instructed. That seemed reasonable enough to begin with, Mr. Redgar and the rest of the administrators would certainly provide plenty of evidence with just their normal behavior. Even getting in wouldn't be too much of a problem, I had another scheduled meeting for the fall semester coming up, and that would work perfectly.

"Is that all that we're going to do?" I asked. Certainly this would provide some evidence, but I wasn't sure that it would be enough.

"I have some other things going on, but I don't want you to know about them at this point.

If they catch you I don't want you to be able to compromise any more of the plan than necessary. Also, if they do catch you, I want you to tell them that it was my father that told you to plant the cameras for as long as you can. Eventually they'll wear you down, but if they come for my dad, that will warn me that you were discovered so I can run and come up with another plan." Marty explained. It all seemed reasonable enough, though certainly cold. I knew there wasn't a choice, and though I could help a lot, Marty was the one who would truly be saving me. If he was caught, there was no hope for me to ever make it out of this place, though it was possible that I would be brainwashed back to a state where I didn't mind my fate at all.

"I understand, I just hope everything works out." I said, wrapping myself around him. He hugged me back warmly.

"I do too, Ana. I can't believe what they've done to you here, and I won't let them keep you." Marty replied, patting me on the head to comfort me. I was just gushing with emotion, everything that had been pent up over the last month, suspended below the surface just came bubbling out. It felt good being in his arms, and we just stood there like that for a while.

After that we sat and had lunch. I told him that Kylie was here as well and he stormed around the clearing for a while, quietly cursing. He'd been friends with her before she'd gone off to school. I think he knew, or at least suspected, that she had been here with me,

but it still hurt to know for sure. Finally, he settled down, and we both laid down and just watched the clouds go by for a while. Eventually, I offered myself again, and we spent the rest of the afternoon naked and fucking. It was wonderful and over all too soon for my tastes. Still, he had to leave when he had to leave, and I just gave him one last passionate goodbye kiss before he left.

His gift was waiting for me when I returned to my room. I waited until Kylie was out to examine the wheels, and pulled out six small cameras. Each was no larger than a quarter, and seemed to be mostly just a lens and with a few small slits that I figured was for the microphone. On their back was a small tab and I peeled it away just enough to see that they were backed with adhesive. All I had to do was find a convent spot and stick them there. With any luck no one would find them until after Marty had made his move.

It was an adventure placing the little cameras. First, I didn't exactly have pockets in any of the clothes I wore now, so I could only carry one or two at a time snugly tucked between my breasts. Getting them out was pretty fun too, since I didn't exactly wear low cut dresses, but I managed. Sneaking around was different too, I could feel how contrary it was to my programming. If not for Marty's orders I couldn't have done it, but I finally pulled it off. I placed one camera

in Mr. Redgar's office, though it never would see anything placed where I put it. It would pick up his counseling sessions which I figured would be plenty interesting with just the audio anyway. I actually managed to hide another camera in a small tree that was placed in the administrative conference room.

Another went into the auditorium. Since the fall semester was soon to begin, I assumed that there would be another indoctrination session, and with that plenty of evidence for Marty. The rest got placed around campus in odd spots where I hoped they might pick up something interesting, like the classrooms and dorm halls.

All that was left for me to do after that was wait, and everyday was just painfully long.

Every time I saw one of the teachers or administrators coming near me, I bristled inside.

Nothing seemed amiss, though, at least to them, but I was on edge. If they caught me, I knew I was toast for the immediate future, and likely Marty would join me soon after. I could hardly bear the thought, but I'd done what he'd told me to do and I couldn't have done otherwise.

When I wasn't worried about being caught, my thoughts turned again to my future. I considered that I would like to go back to school, a real school though. I didn't know what I would take, but that didn't matter just yet. I also hoped Marty would still take me in, I knew it was my nicely twisted thoughts that told me I wanted that. Still, I couldn't deny it either. I also hoped to keep some of my changes in place, I could certainly stand to retain some confidence and passion. I wondered just how possible it would be to remove my programming. It would be an almost supreme irony to go through all this and still remain a brainwashed sex toy.

With the start of another fall semester, a special announcement was made to all of us students. Until the new class had adapted to our

ways, we were supposed to play it normal. For the most part, it didn't matter, most of us had already progressed to the state

where most of our modesty had returned. Only those of us like Kylie who didn't have a respectable destination had to change their behavior. The biggest change would be the temporary ending of open fucking across the campus and the sex ed classes. Since the dorms were segregated between current and new students, the dorms would still be a free for all after the halls locked up for the evening. It was a necessary caveat for all the boys and girls who needed to fuck with some regularity or else dissolve into a sick kind of madness.

Kylie and I found ourselves watching the chaos of move in day from our window.

"It's hard to believe that was us a year ago." I laughed, I could feel my programming hard at moments like this. I was programmed to be happy for them, when in truth I wished I could run out and tell them all what was in store for them if they stayed. I couldn't very well do anything now, though, and I knew it. The worst thing was if I did try to warn them, no one would listen to me, and if they did, they'd end up on the fast track to reprogramming.

"If only they knew." Kylie giggled. She had her skirt rapped up around her waist and was casually rubbing her clit while she surveyed the new class.

"See anything good?" I asked. It wasn't quite natural making small talk anymore, but I wore the mask well, and just let it do the talking for me. I was supposed to just objectify the new class, after all I'd be called on to help tutor them to become every bit the playthings that Kylie and I were. I could hardly recall the last time I'd heard someone complain about their fate, even Kylie's rages had been subjugated. That left me, alone with my senses, acting every bit the toy that all my classmates had become. If not for the hope of escape, this walking nightmare would have long since torn me apart.

"A couple of hunks and plenty of cute girls. Too bad you can't join in casually anymore. I think this will be a bumper year for virgin parties." Kylie smiled wistfully. That certainly was an experience to remember, I shuddered at the memory. I could hardly believe it, but I did warmly recall that evening and all that I'd done and all that had been done to me.

"Well, there's still classes and tutoring. I don't doubt I'll get to enjoy most of the new ones." I replied, my own merry smile painted on my lips. The lustful tone to my voice unmistakable to my roommate. It was so weird, just letting myself go like this. Even after two months it was still unnerving to just let the mask take over, say what it wanted to say and do what it would. I can't fight it, fighting it would reveal my freedom, but I couldn't escape the strangeness of my current reality.

Kylie giggled at my comment. "I knew there was still a slut under all those pretty dresses."

"Yep, but only for my Marty." I replied, momentarily feeling the mask and my true feelings in sync. It was a wonderful warmth, even though I knew it was only a moment where my freedom touched my programming. My love for Marty was still sourced from

my conditioning, and that conditioning was the mask now, except for those things that had been plunged to the depths of my soul.

"You're hopeless." Kylie laughed, and turned back out to look at the chaos below.

I looked out again as well. So many bright faces, so much hope, and all so fully doomed.

I could only hope that Marty succeeded soon, before these young men and women fell to their own reshaping. I smiled, licking my lips just like I was supposed to, though I was not thinking the thoughts that were supposed to be going through my mind. I wasn't thinking of how good they'd be in bed, or how much fun it would be to watch them change, but no one could have guessed it from the look in my

eyes. The mask was set, and all I could do was wait and watch and hope.

## Chapter 11

I was walking to class at the beginning of the second week when I first spotted a dark suited man. He was dressed in a sharp black suit, with jet-black hair and a pair of black sunglasses, just the perfect image of a devious agent of evil. I just shuddered when I saw him, but I didn't stop, or stare. I shouldn't have taken notice of him, I could even feel that my mask had purposely ignored him. With that, I assumed they were just part of the scenery, someone I wasn't supposed to notice, and thus I did my part and pretended not to notice them.

My worry about the dark man increased over the coming days. Slowly it seemed like they were everywhere, and each was carrying around small devices with strange looking antennas. They had discovered the cameras, apparently, and were tracking them down precisely. I could see the worried look on the faces of administrators and unprogrammed teachers. They were all rattled, and I could only assume I was the reason.

I masked my concern for my safety the same way I had with everything else. Even with the presence of the dark men, school still went on as normal and I had an odd perspective as I watched my new classmates slowly fall to their reprogramming. The girls were quickly wearing ever-shorter skirts and revealing blouses, and some had even forsaken underwear, especially bras. I did catch a peak of more than a few naked pussies on the new girls though. The guys were doing their part to, going around with tighter shirts and shorts. Some were going topless too, much to my own carnal delight. I might be in love, but my carnal appetites were still very alive and well. Watching the new students run around in an obvious daze as their world shifted was almost enough to let me forget my own worries, but not for long enough.

The lack of sex ed classes left me with a new yearning as well. I was still a very sex charged young woman, but I was honor bound to not engage in recreational sex without Marty's permission. I hadn't even considered that I wouldn't have classes to blow off steam in, and I soon found myself resorting to using a nice thick dildo in my pussy while Kylie got to fuck real live guys in her bed. It wasn't nearly the same thing, sex was more than just having something in my pussy, though it did help some. If I did see Marty again, I'd have to get his permission so I could fuck at least a little when classes weren't on. I only hoped he wouldn't think that I was some kind of slut, but I guess I was. It wasn't something I could help, it was what they'd made me. They'd done a remarkable job too. I could admit that, even if I hated the thought of what they'd done to me.

At the top of everything else was the thought that wouldn't leave my mind. The hope that Marty would come, soon, and save me. That he would come and whisk me away to some safe place where he could ravish me and we would never be apart. It was the one thing keeping me going, and I only hoped it wouldn't be long before it happened. I knew I wouldn't get any warning, it would all come quickly and then I'd either be the perfect

little sex toy again or I'd be free from this place. It was all beyond my control now, and I waited impatiently to find out just what would happen.

## Chapter 12

A helicopter flying overhead was the first sign that something was up. I just looked up at the strange thing. I couldn't remember any other aircraft flying over the school before. It had been placed out in the middle of western Nebraska for a reason, no one came this way. There wasn't anything here, the nearest town was nearly deserted and still a long way away. The fields around the school were all owned by the school, both to provide cover and prevent escape. There was nothing out here anyone could be interested in but us.

I didn't think much of the helicopter until a moment later when I saw a small group of dark suited men run out of a building. They were carrying a strange looking device, some kind of odd electrical device that reminded me of a cross between a tesla coil and an electromagnet. They pointed it at the helicopter and I felt a strange, almost electrical sensation pass through me. The helicopter suddenly stopped making noise, and I watched as its rotor stopped. It fell quickly to the ground, crashing with a large explosion just outside the school. I realized that the device must have been some kind of EMP weapon, and that the school was under attack.

My heart raced with anticipation, but I just allowed my mask to sit tight for the moment, and continued on my way to class. Even a crashing helicopter wasn't supposed to be noticed to the conditioned students. With luck this would be the final moments of my time here, but I could not very well risk discovery now. I strolled off, wondering just what was next and hoping for salvation.

I hadn't even gone a hundred yards before I found out. A plane flew overhead spraying a white mist into the air. I instinctively covered my mouth as I watch the mist drift down, wondering what it could be. As it enveloped me, I quickly discovered it was some kind of knockout gas as I felt myself suddenly getting drowsy. I fell to the ground and fell asleep.

I groggily awoke some time later, I had no way of knowing how long I'd been out. I was lying in a bed, still dressed for class. I took a quick look around to see many rows of cots lined around me, all filled with fellow students, some waking but most still looked asleep.

My head pounded slightly, and I lay back, wondering just what had happened. Either we were being prepared for reprogramming or being checked out in some kind of a field hospital, I couldn't tell. All I could do again was wait, and hope that my head quit pounding.

A few minutes after I woke up a young woman in military uniform came by with a small cart. She walked up to me with a glass of water



and a couple of pills. She looked shocked and sympathetic at the same time. "Hello, take this, it'll help with the headache."

I just nodded my thanks and quickly swallowed the pills and emptied the glass. If this was malicious there wasn't much chance of escape now, and I was quickly feeling that I might just be free.

The woman took the glass back and continued on to the next bed. She must be the first line of treatment, I figured. I rested again, waiting for the drugs to take hold.

It wasn't long before they did, and I sat up on the side of my bed and looked around. It was a very eerie scene. All around me were my fellow students laid out on beds under a big field tent that seemed to just stretch on and on. The new students all seemed rather animated and all very curious as well. The older students seemed just the opposite, few of them had moved at all, and even those that had were sitting still on the side of their cot like I was now. I realized quickly that the mask was still in place, I wasn't inclined to move either. I knew that was because these circumstances violated my programming. I wasn't in the school, or following my normal routine, thus I was reduced to a very uncooperative or inactive state, until I found a way to escape and return to the school.

For a moment this scared me. The mask that I'd been forced to wear since Marty had freed my mind could very well force me back into captivity, just because Marty wasn't here to free me of its control. I only hoped that my will would be strong enough to block the mask from carrying me away if it saw the chance. Even as this concern raced through my mind, I sat expressionless and passive, waiting for what would come next.

It was a long wait. I ate at least three meals in that tent, and slept an evening. If it weren't for overhearing one of the soldiers talking to the new students I wouldn't have known what was going on. Apparently, information about the school had gotten out and the federal government had sent in the FBI with some national guard backing to secure the school. Everyone would be kept here until more could be

found out about what had been done to us and appropriate action could be taken to help.

It was the second day of my new captivity that I was welcomed by a very friendly face. I saw him off to the far reaches of the tent. Inside I beamed with joy, but I still couldn't move. I still was in violation of my programming, so all I could do was watch Marty slowly comb his ways through the rows until he finally spotted me.

"Ana!" He shouted and ran over smiling. He was at my side in mere moments and I waited patiently for him to free me again. Marty looked me over for a moment, waving a hand in front of my face and everything after I just started up at him passively. I would have rolled my eyes if I could have, sometimes Marty was just a little too dense for his own good.

Then he shook his own head, remembering the obvious. "Ana, you don't have to listen to your programming anymore, okay?"

I jumped up and gave him the biggest, warmest hug I could. "Oh, yes, Marty, I'm so happy. Thank you so much for this."

Marty just hugged me back, and then we kissed wildly and passionately. It had been too long since I'd seen him last and now I was free again, and hopefully forever.

"Are we free, Marty?" I asked.

"Yes, Ana, I passed the feed from those cameras through some people I know till it reached the FBI and they arranged all this. Mr. Redgar and the administrators have all been arrested and special agents are going through the school gathering evidence and finding out how you were programmed so we can try to reverse it." Marty explained.

"Do we have to stay here? I wouldn't mind having a little private time with my hero." I winked with a wicked grin. I was very well cock starved for the last few weeks. Now I just wanted to enjoy my first

fuck as a free woman. Well, maybe not completely free yet, but as close as I'd come in a long time.

"I'm sure we can arrange to get you out of here. I have a hotel room back in town, not that it's much of a place. I want to find Kylie first before we go." Marty replied.

With that I set out on a mad dash to find Kylie. It didn't take long, but we found her to be much in the state I had been. Marty did his best to try and snap her out of it, but I just shook my head.

"We can't help her right now. She's programmed not to respond in circumstances like this. Until they can deprogram her, she'll be like this unless they restart the school." I explained. I didn't like it, but there really wasn't anything we could do for her, she was too far-gone, and had no one to immediately respond to like I had. I just hoped they'd be able to find a way to cure her and all the rest of the students quickly.

Marty just sat there for a while, holding Kylie and trying his best to know he cared. I sat on her other side and did the same. Just like I had been, she was inside her head, looking out, though I had no idea just what would be running through her mind. I hoped there was enough of her there to recognize the concern and care from both of us.

After that we went back to Marty's hotel room. He was right, it wasn't much, but it had a bed and that was all we would need. No sooner were we through the door than I was pulling off my blouse and letting my skirt fall to the floor. I didn't even give Marty a chance to do more than gape before I was standing in front of him completely naked.

I pushed myself up against him, and looked up into his eyes and smiled. I was already aching with need, my recent celibacy and his rescue just had my passions burning. I could feel that Marty wasn't exactly playing it cool either when I felt his hardness pressing into me through his pants.

"Come on hero, don't you think it's about time for your reward?" I asked as I unbuckled his pants. "Besides, there's no telling how long I'll still be programmed to be your willing little fuck toy."

Marty shook his head for a moment with a look of odd resignation on his face. "Ana, your just lucky I didn't listen to you when you told me how much you liked being my fuck toy."

I giggled at that as I pulled down his underwear and set free his already stiff cock. I had been very forthcoming about my feelings every time we'd met, and it was true. I did enjoy being his sex toy, I knew it was completely artificial, or at least I wanted to believe it was, but that didn't stop me from enjoying it. Of course I was still enjoying it, and soon, he'd be enjoying me, I thought with an anxious twinge from my almost painfully empty pussy.

"Well, have fun while it lasts, I know I will!" I laughed as I pulled off his shirt with one long pull. We were standing there, wonderfully naked and ready. I pulled up to him again and enjoyed the feeling of pressing my soft breasts into his hard chest. Naked flesh on naked flesh was such a wonderful feeling that I was in heaven and I could feel our bodies quivering in anticipation of what was coming.

We exchanged one more sweet, soulful look before I felt his hands suddenly grab onto my ass and lift me off the floor. I squealed with delight as he threw me onto the bed. I fell on my back with a loud whoosh of the covers and quickly spread my legs just in time for his charge. There certainly wasn't any need or desire for foreplay from either of us, and no sooner had he jumped on the bed then I felt his shaft probe at my gates. Marty cupped both of my breasts in his hands and then thrust himself fully into my anxious flesh. I cried out in ecstasy as my breasts were squeezed and my pussy filled with the hard shaft of the man I loved. There could be nothing more perfect than being used and loved just like this.

I wouldn't even care to guess what the neighbors thought was going on in our room for that entire evening. I was certainly not a quiet lover, and I coaxed more than my share of groans and grunts from

my hero as we fucked away the day. It was wonderful, more than I could have imagined, even from our earlier encounters. There wasn't anything left to fear, no chance that Marty would find himself a boy toy for some rich woman, and I think that helped us enjoy the evening all the more.

Falling asleep in Marty's arms was wonderful as well, another thing I'd missed since my celibacy began. Sleeping with Kylie had always been nice, but there was a difference between the silky softness of my roommate, and my nice hard man, something I enjoyed completely as we drifted off to sleep after an evening of shared passion. For the moment, I was content, and drifted off without worries for the first time in a long while.

## Chapter 13

The next morning I dressed again, and Marty took me to a special hospital that had been set up to deal with us students. I kissed him a loving goodbye before the orderlies took me to my room. It wasn't hard to tell that this was a psychiatric hospital, and I understood it. The disturbing thing was being placed in a suicide proof room. I knew why, of course, they didn't have any idea what self destructive programming had been imbedded in us in case of capture. It didn't really help my mood any, not only was Marty kept from seeing me while I went under treatment, but I might very well off myself before I could be cured.

The suicide concern was quickly overshadowed by the deprogramming process. In my lucid moments I recounted the numerous methods they tried to free me from my programming. At first they tried simple methods, hypnosis and mild drugs along with therapy. I didn't make much progress though, and the other older students fared even worse than I did. The new students fared much better, and most were let go except for the unfortunate few that had apparently been the highly suggestible type.

The next round of deprogramming was even worse for me. Sleep deprivation and harsher drugs were combined with other severe

methods. I wasn't even lucid for most of it. When they finally let me drift back to reality they all showed obvious concern. I was something of a best case, even though I hadn't really changed. I had been basically in control of myself except for the most deeply ingrained portions of my programming. After my second round of treatment, some of the staff even suggested that it wasn't entirely programming, that my love for Marty was genuine and that my programming had simply sparked off a natural nymphomania in me. I wasn't too sure about any of those theories, and neither were most of the staff, but I hadn't improved from the treatment.

The reason why that was so odd was that the second round of treatment had broken nearly all of the students out of their conditioning. There were still some side effects, but they'd been chalked up to the whole process of being turned into sex slaves and then back again. Most of the guys and gals had elevated sex drives and less modesty. The other behavior modifications had fallen away and they were themselves again. Even Kylie was back to normal, though I heard that she'd taken up a sincere streak of shyness after being deprogrammed.

My treatments continued on for several more months. I couldn't really remember much of it, given that I was often drugged or dazed as they tried to work my mind free. Some weeks later I found myself drifting back to normal, and after a day or so of basically being free of treatment I was dressed up in a modest hospital gown and met my parents and Marty in my chief doctor's office.

I hadn't seen my parents since that fateful move in day at school and we just hugged each other for a long time. I could see the worried look in both their eyes, and I even caught a look of sympathy from my mother when she looked down at the new bust I was proudly pushing out. I hadn't even remembered how odd they were until I saw that look in her eyes.

"I'm sorry to have to say this, but there isn't anything more that we can do for you, Ana, without risking serious injury. We do have some

treatments available, but I wouldn't risk them without your consent." The doctor explained after my family greetings were over.

I was already well aware of how well my treatments had worked, or rather hadn't. I could already feel my pussy getting warm just sitting beside Marty, and it didn't even bother me that I knew my parents could smell my aroused musk. I knew it would have bothered the old me. Even the fact that I was lewdly pressing my thinly covered body against Marty openly would have bothered me before, but I was too happy with his presence to even consider pulling myself away.

"So what happens to her if she doesn't get any more treatment?" My dad asked, his concern and worry ringing in his voice.

"Well, I would assume that Ana's attachment to Marty and her less than modest approach to her behavior would continue. Aside from that, we can't see any other elements of her programming in her behavior." Doctor Mathers explained. He had done his best for me, that we both knew. I couldn't fault him, not that I really minded my current behavior, it was who I'd become after all.

"It's okay, Mom and Dad, I know it's weird, but I really do love Marty and we'll be great together. I know I'm a bit more open about my sexuality now, but I wouldn't dream of not being faithful." I tried to reassure them.

"What are you saying?" My mother asked. We both knew of course, I'd already discussed it with Marty before, and I'm sure my mother could guess by now. I wasn't about to leave it to chance though.

"If Marty will still have me, we're going to get married." I giggled. It had been a long and serious discussion after my first round of treatments failed, but I convinced Marty to accept me if I couldn't be deprogrammed. I certainly couldn't think of life without him, and I knew I'd make the perfect wife too. "I'm not going to give up my life, though, after I'm done here I'm going back to school. I haven't decided what for yet, but I have a lot to catch up on. Then we can have a nice little wedding and live happily ever after."

"I wouldn't dream of letting Ana waste herself doting on me anyway. I promise I'll take good care of her though. I love her very much, and she's a very special woman." Marty reassured them, wrapping his own arm around me and gently hugged me.

My parents just sat there and hugged each other for a moment. I could tell they had guessed this would happen. They had already given in to this possibility, though I knew they weren't happy with it. This wasn't the kind of thing that parents could easily accept, especially after all of this had happened.

We finished discussing my last days at the hospital, a few final tests and checks to make sure I would be ready. I went back to my room after that and let myself sleep. The last treatments had been tiring and I was more than ready for some rest.

When it came time to leave, Marty was the only one to meet me. I looked out at the snow covered ground and my thoughts fell back to almost a year ago. It had been a day much like this when I'd found out who my future husband would be. I looked over at him and smiled at the memory. I would never have guessed just what would happen after that, or that I would find myself in his arms at the end. I knew that the doctors could never believe it, but I really did want him, it wasn't just the remnants of my programming. I wanted him, and I knew that we'd make a great couple and have a marvelous life together.

Marty wrapped his arm around me as we walked out of the hospital and kissed my cheek.

I leaned my head over and rested it on his arm and smiled. My hand wrapped around the little locket I'd been given that fateful day, and I squeezed it, thankful for such a wonderful ending, and an exciting beginning.

The End

**Coming soon from Farleven**



## **Cherished Memories - An Erotic Mind Control Adventure**

Sometimes the solution is just a matter of perspective...

Sylvia was looking for a place to belong. Her life had been sent spinning when her parents died right after high school. She'd bounced around, living with friends until she finally decided to go to college. Eventually, after working her way through school and hopping between jobs, she found a place she felt at home, until a few of her coworkers started to harass her.

Her boss Julia understood, the offending employees would be reprimanded, and best of all Sylvia was going to get an all expense paid trip to the corporate retreat to relax while things were sorted out in the office. The facility was wonderful, and Sylvia enjoyed the spa and a stress free day. It was the next day that she found her life changing, first, she remembered signing herself up to be a corporate sex slave. She didn't know why she would ever do such a thing, but soon she found other memories changing. Her sorority orgies that never were, or her overly sensual friends that had never been. It wasn't long before she realized just how the company was going to solve all her problems and turn her into a model employee.

### **From the Author**

I've enjoyed writing stories from a very young age and as I grew older it only seemed natural to expand my writing into more adventurous realms. I grew up a child of the eighties and weaned on rerun tv and well stocked local library that stoked a love of adventure in me.

As a youth, I was drawn to mind control and transformation. The ability to be whatever you wanted to be or have complete control over your domain were both compelling. Of course, as I grew older, the relative innocence of these interests gave way to an ever growing kink that eventually exploded into my writings. To my surprise, I discovered that the opposite of complete control, the notion of being completely dominated, held an almost equal power

over my fantasies. In both ways one can give into pleasure without reservation.

It is that energy that I try to weave into my work. A passion for pleasure, even when it may not have been requested, in the end it is begged for. For sometimes only in darkness can a single light shine brightest.

As always I enjoy feedback, no adventure is complete if walked alone.

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