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Within a few weeks, I'd settled into the role of being Brenda's bitch. Kaylie and Jenna had a falling-out with her, which was fine by me. That meant more power for me. I may have been Brenda's bitch, but as long as everyone else in the school was mine, that was fine by me.

My team-up with Brenda might've started out as a marriage of convenience, but she grew on me quickly. I realized that it hadn't been Brenda's butt that made her such an attractive target before, it was how meek she was. Now she was anything but, and her confidence made her irresistible. She had a way of dominating any room she went into. Sure, maybe that was just her size, but still, there was something undeniably appealing about the kind of power she had over people.

Everyone at the school feared Brenda, and by extension, they feared me. When she walked down the halls, the mob of students parted like the Nile. Everyone had seen what Brenda could do, and what she could get away with. She walked twice as fast as a normal person, and they knew she wouldn't slow down even if there was a mob of people in front of her. They knew about her "accidents," some of which were genuinely accidental. Brenda weighted over a ton now, and she still had a clumsy streak.

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Just the other day, Brenda was walking down the home room halls for Lunch, when she slipped on some spilled food and fell back on her ass. Luckily for Brenda, a lunch table broke her fall, as did the row of girls who were sitting there! Her ass cracked the lunch table in half, broke half of Tessie Smith's ribs, and damn near split Jessica Byden's head open. Brenda laughed like it was all a plan, but I could tell she was just being a klutz.

I had five out of eight periods together with Brenda. As you might expect, when Brenda was in class, everyone acted like they were walking on eggshells around her. Even the teachers were afraid of her, and Brenda knew it. She hadn't hurt any of the teachers, and she never actually threatened them, but then again she didn't really need to.




Brenda's ass was a wrecking ball; honestly, sometimes I was amazed she hadn't killed anyone with it yet. She may as well have been carrying a loaded gun around with her. All she had to do was casually bump into the teacher on her way to class, and they would be reminded just how powerful this high-school girl really was. She would mess with them in little ways; "accidentally" erasing the chalkboard with her ass as she got up to use the bathroom, you get the idea.
The funny part was, even when I had classes without Brenda, people were still terrified of offending me. I'd say the dumbest shit sometimes, and nobody would ever say anything, because they knew what could happen if they pissed me off. That power, it was intoxicating. It was almost jarring, then, when I went around town and had people treat me like a normal high-school girl. I got the usual mix of condescension, lewd remarks and disrespect.
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Even though we were inseparable at school now, as soon as school was out me and Brenda would usually go our separate ways. But one day after school I was about to part ways with Brenda when she pulled me aside.

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"Hey Raven," she said, "you should come with me to my parents house."

Of course, I said yes. With Brenda, there wasn't much difference between a request and an order, and I knew better than to go against either. Her ride pulled up not a minute later, a black Mercedes van that was taller than it was wide.

"It's supposed to be for catering or something," Brenda told me, "but my Mom got it 'cause it's about the only thing I can fit in now."

The driver was a middle-aged hispanic man, who Brenda ordered around like a chauffeur. We hopped into the back of the van. As huge as the interior was, it was still tight for Brenda. We got out at her parent's farm.

I gasped. Far from the hillbilly ramblings I had pictured, her family's estate now looked like the kind of place a cartel czar might call home. The walkway was lined with imported palm trees, and the recently-constructed house was positively gigantic. Clearly the builders had been busy last summer. There were also some kind of steel-framed towers in the distance; those must have been the oil derricks that paid for the new house in the first place.

"So," Brenda said, "this is my place! Pretty sweet, huh?"

"That's an understatement," I replied.

"Sure as hell beats that old shack you call a house."

"Hey, you've never even been to my house!"

"Well of course not, I probably wouldn't even fit in that little shack! It's gotta be tiny, right? Knowing what your parents can afford?"





I didn't say anything. My parents weren't exactly wealthy, especially not by the standards of our school, so that was kind of a sore spot for me. Still, I knew better than to talk back to Brenda. She was the kind of person who always knew her place in the hierarchy, and right now, that place was on the top.

"Hey mom!"

I walked through the double doors into their front room, and saw Brenda's mom for the first time. I don't know what exactly I expected; maybe some 50-foot tall giantess? To my surprise, though, she looked almost like she could be Becca's little sister. She was much shorter than Brenda, and while she was definitely curvy, her proportions weren't as extreme as Brenda's. She was only small compared to Brenda; she probably stood close to eight feet tall. Next to her gigantic scion, though, she looked positively tiny.

"Hi Brenda!" She called out, smiling like a puppy dog who was happy to see her owner return. "How was school? Is this your little friend? The one you told me about?"

"Hi mom," Brenda said with an eyeroll. "Can you not be super embarrassing for once?"

"Oh, of course, sweetie. I just, you know, I know Brenda had a hard time making friends, so I'm glad she's finally come out of her shell! It's like I always said, she's just a bit of a late bloomer--"

"Mom, stop! Why don't you get in the kitchen and make me something for dinner?"

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Brenda stormed away from her mom, and I followed. The awkwardness wore off soon enough, as she showed me around the house. The place was absolutely huge, vaulted ceilings, statues, the works. Not even the richest kids in my school had a place like this. Well, except for Brenda. This must have been just about the only building she could walk around in without having to duck all the time. Finally, she took me to her room, and threw herself on the biggest bed I'd ever seen. The frame looked like it was reinforced like mad, but it still creaked and shook under her weight.

"Well, this is it," Brenda said, "you like it?"

"It's amazing!" I said, reflexively looking around her messy room. Then I turned back, and was shocked to see her undressing. Her top was already off, and she was slipping her skirt off when she noticed me staring at her.

"What are you looking at? You're not, like, a lezzie or something, are you?"

"What? No, of course not! It's just, that ass, you know?"

Brenda burst out in laughter. "You have no idea. We go to an all girls school, so you don't really see it. When guys see me? They can't take their eyes off me. As soon as they think I'm not looking, they're staring at my ass and drooling."

"Gross! Aren't you afraid of guys, I dunno, perving on you or something?"

"Not really. All in all I like the attention. The ass makes a lot of guys want me. My size makes them respect me. I can get what I want from them, and if they try to take it an inch further... well, you can imagine what I'd do to a guy who tried to take things farther than I wanted to."

I nodded. I could imagine that, and I was amused by the image.





"Seriously, all the black and hispanic guys worship this ass, and a lot of white guys too. You have no idea. Here, let me show you!"

Brenda picked up her cell phone. Still nude, she turned around and did a pin-up pose, covering her tits with her hand and twisting her ass in the air.

"And... there! Picture uploaded. Check it out. Already got 1, 5... 50 reblogs! That'll be in the thousands in a few hours. And they don't even know how big I am yet!"

"So you just put half-naked pics of you up for everyone to see?"

"You're damn right I do, and don't judge me! I'm legal, I can do whatever the fuck I want, okay?"

"Of course."

"I have 50,000 instagram followers right now, and I just started a couple weeks ago. I'm sure as hell doing something right. If it keeps going like this, I could do this a full-time job, okay? This isn't just some chump change shit. This ass could be big."

I didn't doubt it. I went back home not too long after that. I told Brenda's driver to drop me off by my parent's house. It didn't occur to me until later that I may have just effectively told Brenda where I lived. My parents were already asleep when I got home. I was struck by just how tiny and humble my house seemed now, in comparison to Brenda' mansion.

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I started to spend more time together with Brenda after school. At first it was just trips to the grocery store, that kind of thing. Even that was interesting with Brenda. As you'd expect, she got a lot of stares. There were always people talking about "that giant girl that was in the newspaper," and guys saying, "damn, girl!" Some of the braver guys would try to talk her up, and I specialized in promptly shutting them down before Brenda felt the need to deal with them herself.

Of course, she would also sometimes end up causing some collateral damage, like the time she accidentally knocked over a grocery store aisle. Yes, the whole aisle! And I'm pretty sure that was actually an accident. Nobody was hurt, at least, not as far as I know. We skipped out of that one pretty quickly and I haven't been back since.

Brenda started to get more thrill-seeking as time went on. I may have been a big deal at school, but I had usually been a homebody. Brenda, on the other hand, was way more adventurous. She would walk around with me on Friday night, take me to parts of town I'd never been to before, places I never would have gone on my own.

The first real time we went out was that next Friday. We were in the city, downtown in a neighborhood by some industrial area. A car full of Mexican guys drove by, hollering "shake that thing, giant bitch!" in unison to Brenda. I was nervous. Brenda, on the other hand, seemed to be loving the attention.

"You hear that? They want me!"



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It wasn't the last catcall we heard on our way to the bar, and they certainly didn't stop once we got there. It was pretty seedy, a bad place in a bad part of town. All eyes were on Brenda as we walked up to the door. The bouncer was staring up at Brenda like she was the abominable snowman. He was a pretty big guy, but next to her he may as well have been a Ken doll.

"Holy shit," the bouncer said, "you're that giant girl! I thought that was all just media bullshit!"

"Nope, I'm all real," Brenda said as she slapped her ass. "Now can I get in?"

"You seriously want to come here?" The bouncer said in disbelief. "Why aren't you on Oprah or something? And wait, aren't you still in high school?"

"Are you really going to tell me no?" Brenda said, stepping right in from of the bouncer. "Let's say I decide to go in anyway. How are you going to stop me, big guy?"

I rolled my eyes. It was typical of Brenda to fuck this up. She was 19 and had a fake ID, how could she mess things up so bad? As usual, I had to step in and fix things.

"Hey Dalton," I said to the bouncer, "my friend here has had to retake senior year a couple times. I know you like playing bad cop, but she's 21, and she has an ID."

"Is that true? Show me."

Brenda reached into her wallet and reached way, way down to the bouncer. He looked over Brenda's ID, then turned towards me.

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"And you?" The bouncer turned towards me.

"Me?" I said, putting on the most innocent face I could muster. "I'm her tutor. I'm a junior at city college. Here's my ID if you don't believe me!"

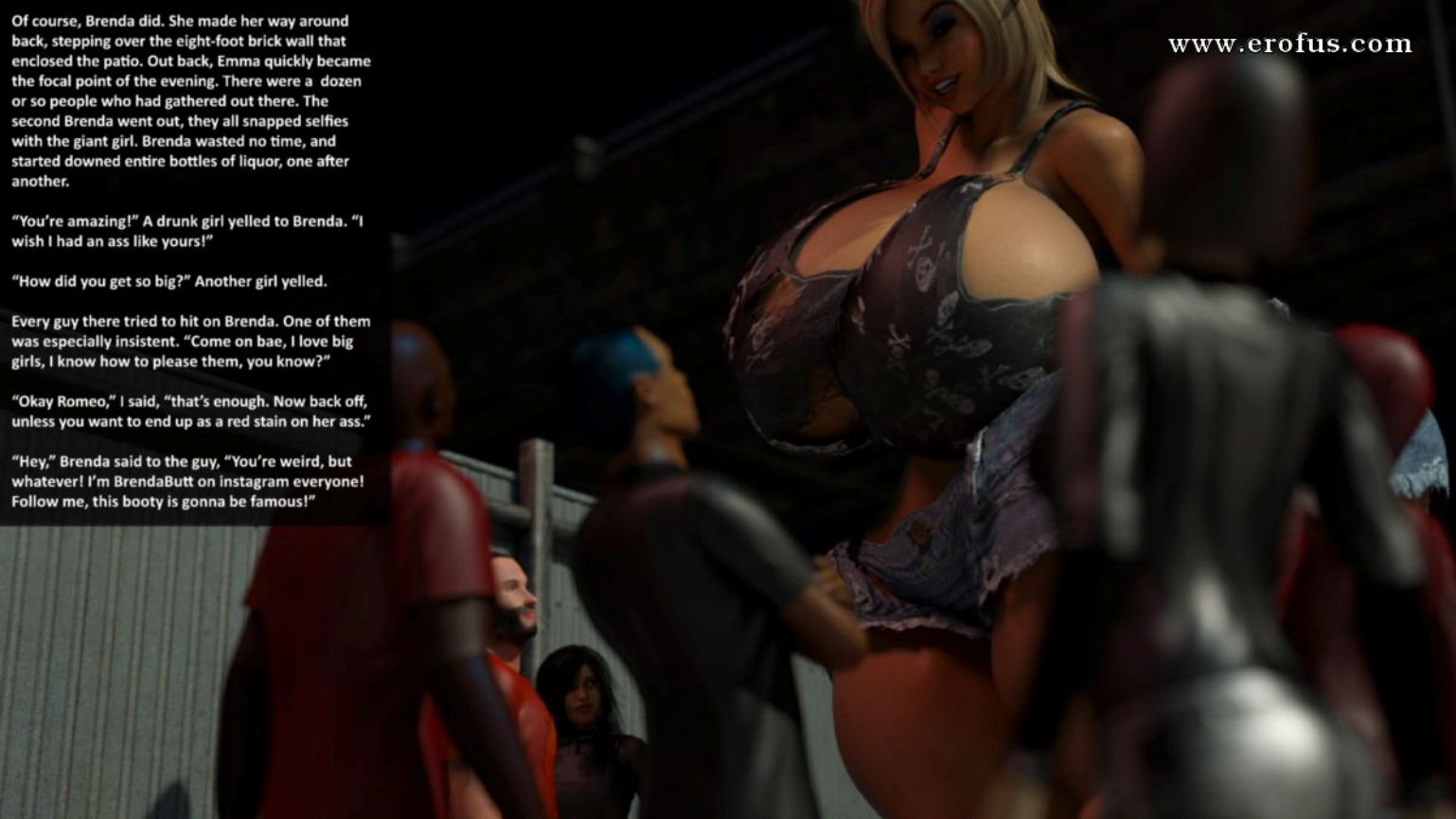
The bartender looked the ID's over, then handed them back.

"Whatever, I guess these look legit enough. But there's no way your friend is getting through this door. The place just isn't big enough for someone with such an enormous... height."

"Oh yeah?" Brenda said, "want to try and stop me?"

"Hey!" I jumped in again. "What about the back patio?"

He mulled that over for a second. "Fine," he said, "but you damn well better not cause any trouble."


Of course, Brenda did. She made her way around back, stepping over the eight-foot brick wall that enclosed the patio. Out back, Emma quickly became the focal point of the evening. There were a dozen or so people who had gathered out there. The second Brenda went out, they all snapped selfies with the giant girl. Brenda wasted no time, and started downed entire bottles of liquor, one after another.
"You're amazing!" A drunk girl yelled to Brenda. "I wish I had an ass like yours!"
"How did you get so big?" Another girl yelled.
Every guy there tried to hit on Brenda. One of them was especially insistent. "Come on bae, I love big girls, I know how to please them, you know?"
"Okay Romeo," I said, "that's enough. Now back off, unless you want to end up as a red stain on her ass."
"Hey," Brenda said to the guy, "You're weird, but whatever! I'm BrendaButt on instagram everyone! Follow me, this booty is gonna be famous!"
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The party soon kicked into gear. If there was any doubt about Brenda's exhibitionist streak, it was quickly laid to rest. While some old hip-hop played on the sound system, Brenda shook her ass all over the makeshift stage. She wasn't much of a dancer, but as she gyrated around in her miniskirt, I don't think anybody there even stopped to blink. Brenda didn't stop dancing, except to down the bottles of liquor whenever the bartender handed her one.
"I'm fucking wasted!" Brenda yelled. "Hey, everyone, check this out!"
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Brenda started twerking, shaking the ground with every shake of her booty. Passerby who saw the show started to stop in, and pretty soon people were texting their friends about the event. Soon, dozens of people had gathered on the cramped patio, to watch the giant girl jiggle her ass in the air. Every one of them had their camera phones out, and was recording the whole thing. It's not every day a living marvel comes to your dive bar.

The dancing continued for a few songs. Brenda had gone through a few bottles of vodka by now, and I got worried when she started to stumble around some. The crowd was full, and all it would take is one slip for her to crush a dozen people. I wasn't sure if I should tell her to call it a night. Then the last song stopped.

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"Okay bitches, I hope you liked the show!" Brenda said abruptly. Because if you say you say that you don't, I'll squish every one of you motherfuckers under my fat fucking ass! Now get one last, good look at the best ass you sorry bitches are going to see in your lives!"
I was surprised to feel myself being lifted into the air. Brenda had simply picked me up, something that she had never done before. I was amazed at how easily she had been able to lift me off the ground. Then, with me in her arms, she stepped over the eight-foot barrier wall and went back into the street.
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"Calling it a night so soon?" One of the riff-raff shouted.

Somebody else yelled, "Come back, we want more of your ass!"

Brenda laughed. "You can't handle my ass. Hope you liked the show!"

"Hey," the creepy guy yelled, "her instagram name is BrendaButt! Look her up!"

We had walked a couple blocks before I worked up the nerve to ask Brenda to put me down. We were along the waterfront now. It was a bad part of town, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little nervous. Besides, Brenda was swaying back and forth quite a bit as she walked, and I wasn't sure if it was a good idea to be in her arms in case she fell.

"Hey Brenda, any way that you could let me down?"

"What," she asked with a slurred voice, "you don't like it when I hold you in my big, strong arms?"

I wasn't sure if she was joking. "It's not that, it's just... your grip is kind of tight. Hey, Brenda--Aaugh!"

Brenda didn't drop me, exactly, but she didn't put me down gently either. I stumbled to my feet. Brenda laughed.


"There, is that better? You have anything else you want to tell me, little Raven?"
"Well..."
"Well what?"
I didn't think she would take it well, but I felt obligated to give brenda some advice. "Brenda, there's something I felt like I should tell you..."
"What? Say it!"
"...I know you've been getting a lot of attention lately, but I think you need to be more careful about what kind of guys you hang out with. Some of the guys at that bar seemed pretty sketchy. I don't know if you want that kind of guy giving you too much attention..."
"What, 'cuz they're not a bunch of little preppy bitches?"
"No, but you know, they could be creeps or something! And what about that car that was telling you to shake your ass earlier, for all you know they could be gangbangers!"
"What, you don't think I can handle myself?"
"I don't mean it like that, it's just--"
"Hey, is that the same car from earlier?"
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To my surprise, it was. The same red muscle car was driving towards us, cranking the same bass-heavy tunes. And it was slowing down as it approached.

"Shit," I said to myself as they pulled up next to Brenda, "this isn't good..."

They looked like a bunch of Mexican gangster guys. At best, they oozed sleaze. At worst... I shuddered to think what these creeps could be capable of.

"You've got an ass like an elephant!!" the driver said. "Nah, don't pout, I like that! You're a freak, girl, but you're my kind of freak!"

"Come one Brenda," I nudged her, "let's keep walking!"

"What's wrong," he said, "too afraid to spend a night with a real man?"

"Come on!" I said again, but Brenda turned and walked towards them.

"My friend says I gotta be worried about you. Are you guys dangerous?"

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"Oh, I'm dangerous alright! Dangerous to any girl who wants to stay a virgin!"
"Brenda, you idiot," I barked at her, "let's get out of here! These guys are scary!"
"Raven, you pussy," Brenda said, drunkenly turning away from the car. "Hey boys, you like this booty?"
"Damn right I do!" One of them yelled.
"You want to get a closer look?"
"Fuck yeah, let's see it!"
"Brenda," I yelled, "come on, let's go! These guys are dangerous!"
"They're not too dangerous for me!"
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I gasped in shock as Brenda did the unthinkable. She jumped backwards, higher than I've ever seen anyone jump. For a second her ass was ten feet above the car. Then, she came crashing back down. She stuck her feet out, and a second later her ass was right on top of the trio of guys, all staring up at her in horror. Then bam! Brenda's ass smashes down on them. A second later, the middle of the car is flattened. The guys... moreso. There wasn't as much blood as you'd expect, but there was still quite a bit of blood.


"See?" Brenda said, leaning back in the remains of the car like it was a beanie bag chair. "I can handle myself! Those guys aren't so tough anymore, are they?" She bounced down on the car's chassis a few more times for good measure.
I was in shock. "Oh my god Brenda, you just killed three guys!"
"Three bad guys, you said it yourself!"
"Jesus, Brenda... I don't even know what to say!"
"How about you apologize, for saying I couldn't handle myself! You can see how well I handled those three!"
Brenda clearly wasn't focused on figuring things out. I surveyed the scene. The place was deserted... for now.
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"Okay, let's give it a go..." Brenda tried to lift the car into the air, only for it to roll out of her hands. "Shit, cars are heavy!"

The easiest thing would have been to turn off the car's brake and simply push it forward, except the cabin was too mashed-together to do that. Instead, Brenda pushed the car along its side, rolling it end-over-end into the river. A few moments later, the car splashed into the river, bobbing up and down on the surface before slowly sinking.

"Fuck," I said, "you just killed three guys..."

"Hell yeah I did! 'Cuz I'm a bad bitch. If you're worried some creep fuckboy is going to mess me up... Don't be worried about me. The fuckboy's the one who's got to watch himself, okay?"

"We've got to keep this quiet. Nobody else knows. We don't even talk about this, you and me."

"Whatever. I'm not scared about any pussy-ass cops. I'll fucking squash them too."

I didn't argue with Brenda. It was folly to argue with her. If she made up her mind, trying to talk her out of it only made her mad, and I knew now what she was capable of when she was mad. I hoped that she was only talking shit because she was drunk. I decided right then that I needed to be careful about getting her drunk. Brenda might be dangerous to most people, but I at least always knew she had my back. Tonight, I didn't feel so sure.

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The next day was the worst Sunday of my life. I woke up with a splitting hangover. I'd only had a few drinks at the bar; I was just a high school kid; I wasn't exactly used to heavy drinking. I pushed through it for just long enough to check the news on my laptop; to my relief, there was nothing about any unusual car crashes, or missing people. Maybe they really were bad guys, the kind of people who wouldn't be missed by society.

A few hours later, once my migraine faded away, I worked up the courage to call Brenda.

"Brenda?"

"Hey Raven, what's going on?"

"Hey, I just wanted to talk about last night."

"Shit, I don't even remember last night! Did I get wasted?"

"Well, yeah, but there was something else I wanted to talk about."

"Holy shit, you're right! I just doubled my instagram subscribers! Wait, no, tripled!"

"Brenda, that's not it. Don't you remember--"

"Oh my god, I'm going viral! Damn, I can't believe I blacked that all out, I was fucking hot out there!"

I flipped open my laptop and went on instagram. To my surprise, A video of Brenda shaking her ass at the bar had almost a hundred thousand views, and it had been posted just a few days ago.

"This is awesome!" Brenda yelled over the phone. "Holy shit, I could get famous from this! I need to get drunk more often!"

So Brenda didn't remember the incident that night. I couldn't find the courage to tell her. Ultimately I decided it might be for the best not to bring it up after all. Telling her was probably the right thing to do, but I didn't know how she would react. Would she even believe me? I didn't want to risk ruining what we had. There was a lot to take in. Brenda's temper, her violence, her power... I wasn't sure how to feel about all of it.

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Brenda was especially cocky the next day at school. Her growing instagram stardom had only inflated her ego, and she was being more aggressive than usual. Usually I did most of the talking for us, but this time I just let her take the lead.

At lunch she scoped out a place between a few preppy girls. "Mind if I sit down?" She asked, giving them barely enough time to scoot over before her huge ass slammed down onto the seat. The seat buckled, nearly splintering under her weight.

"Hey friends," Brenda said.

"Oh... Hi Brenda," Jennifer Fromm said awkwardly. Nobody got up; they were all afraid of upsetting the giantess. Brenda's butt squeezed Jennifer up against against another girl, but she sat still, uncomfortably pressed against Brenda's ass fat.

"Is something wrong?" Brenda said with faux compassion. "Aren't you happy to see me next to you?"

"Of course," Jennifer said.

"And the rest of you are happy to have me here too, right?"

"Umm--yeah, of course Brenda! you're the best!" Jessica Byden said nervously. Her nose still bent sideways from the last time Brenda had sat down at that particular table.

"Sweet! So anyway, I had a story I wanted to tell you." Brenda went on, amused by the other girls' fear and discomfort. "Saturday night I used my fake ID to go to this bar with Raven, right? I got blackout drunk, but I heard that I pounded like twenty bottles of vodka. Everyone saw how sexy I was, and they were cheering for me to dance, so I shook my ass so hard it just about brought the whole place down!

'Everyone there was watching me, they were all taking videos on their phones. Then I wake up yesterday, and guess what, someone uploaded it online, and the video got 200,000 hits! That's fucking big, right?"

They weren't exactly enthused, so I kicked in. "You girls hear that? Brenda's going to be a celebrity!"

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"Like Chole K., except twice as hot! No guy would ever take [illegible] ever tries to fuck with me, she'll end up under this booty!"

"That's, uhh, that's really cool Brenda," Jennifer stammered. The rest of the girls weren't exactly enthused either. That didn't make Brenda happy.

"You're damn right that it's cool!" Brenda fired back. "See, this is an all-girl's school with a bunch of white bitches, so you don't really know what's going on. You think guys like boring skinny bitches like you, but really, the real guys want a girl like me. They want a girl with some fucking meat on her bones!"

The other girls laughed nervously as Brenda continued her monologue. "I've got a lot of sexy to maintain. Speaking of which, I didn't bring any money for lunch. Can I have all of yours?"

"You want our lunches?"

"That's right, I said I'm hungry, didn't I? Pass them over."

Jennifer passed her plate over to Brenda. Jessica followed soon after.

"That's right," Brenda said downing a slice of pizza. "I've got a really big appetite too, I'm gonna need all of your food."

"Umm, sure," Ashley said timidly, handing over her plate. Obviously embarrassed, she started to get up out of her seat.

"Wait," Brenda said, stuffing her face with a muffin. "Where are you going?"

"Umm, I was just going to get some more food, since you took mine--"

"Don't you enjoy my company?"

"Of course, It's just that lunch is almost over and I didn't get anything to eat yet--"

"Fine Ashley. You can get up, but buy me a coke and some protein bars. And hurry up, okay?"

"You want me to buy you food with my own--okay, okay. Sure." Cowed, Ashley walked over to the school store.

I was starting to worry that Brenda was taking this too far. Somehow this seemed crueler than the broken noses and cracked ribs she was usually responsible for, not that this altercation couldn't end up resulting in some of those too. "Brenda," I said, "do you want to head to class?"

"What's the rush?"

"Yeah Brenda," Jessica shot back at her, "I think it would be a good idea if you left. Like right about now. Okay?"

t"You want me to leave? But I was having such a good time hanging out with my friends. In fact, I was going to show them some of the dance moves I was practicing the other day."

"I'm not sure if that's such a good idea..."

But Brenda was already getting out of her seat and getting ready to dance. "Okay everyone, I'm going to show you the dance that made me famous!" Every head in the room turned towards Brenda.

There was no music playing in the lunchroom, but Brenda danced like there was a deep bass track thumping through the entire hall. She shook around, spinning her gigantic backside in circles, while the whole school stared slackjawed. Then she bent over and pulled up the back of her skirt, so that it rested on top of her ass like a shelf. That's when Brenda started twerking, like it was 2013.

I couldn't help but stare, it was quite a sight. Brenda's ass far shook like crazy. It was like a shockwave going through her whole lower body. She shook up and down over the lunch table, bringing her ass down nearly all the way to the table, and shaking her booty to the sides so that it almost hit Jessica's head. As she bent over I could see clearly that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Her pussy was on full display to me and the other girls.



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Even that didn't stop Brenda. Every jaw on the room had hit the floor. Brenda was shaking her ass like crazy. She was getting careless, almost stumbling as she twerked as hard as she could. I thought back to that night, the incident with the car. An incident like that with 800 witnesses could easily put her in jail. I had to do something. As much as I liked the show, I knew this wasn't likely to end well.

"Brenda, stop!" I yelled, "That's enough!" The girls sitting behind Brenda were paralyzed, too scared to get up, I imagined, because any perceived insult of Brenda could result in retaliation. They were probably right, too.

"Brenda," I yelled again, "you're going to get both of us in trouble! You need to stop this right now!"

"What did you say, Raven? Drop this?"

She wouldn't, would she? "No, no," I said, "stop this--"

That's when Brenda fell back. This time, I knew it was no accident. She thrust herself onto the table, which instantly cracked in two under her weight. Every girl on the table went flying. One of them was trapped under her, legs kicking wildly, the girl's face caught between the table and Brenda' enormous booty.

"Brenda!" Brenda stood still. This time, it wasn't my voice, but the vice principal, Mr. McDowell. He was absolutely fuming. Brenda looked almost embarrassed. She stood up and slipped her nipples back on her top. "Come to my office right now! You too, Gwyneth!"

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Five minutes later, we were sitting in Mr. Mc[illegible]'s office. Brenda, who could barely squeeze through his office door, was kneeling down on the floor. He stood behind his desk, trying to look imposing. But Brenda was much taller than him, even when she was kneeling down.
"Okay, listen girls. Brenda, you've behaved worse than any other student I've had before. You've skipped class. You've seriously injured other students."

"Accidentally," Brenda said with a sly smile.

"I'll be the judge of that. You've openly mocked and bullied not only other students, but teachers as well. You've completely ignored the dress code, and dressed in an immodest and outrageous fashion. Now I realize the headmistress has decided that much of this was due to your... unique physical proportions. Maybe some of the incidents were actual mistakes. Maybe you actually can't find reasonable clothes that fit you. But today, your behavior was completely inexcusable.

'I'm not going to mince words. I know your mother has been extremely generous with this school, and I think that, consciously or unconsciously, that affects the headmistress's judgement. The headmistress told me that she wanted to deal your behavioral issues personally, and so far I've stayed out of this. But after this latest incident, with the whole school watching, I felt the need to take things into my own hands. Effective immediately, you are expelled from this school."

I was stunned. Brenda, on the other hand, just sat perfectly still, almost emotionless. I couldn't tell what was going through her head.


McDowell looked Brenda straight in the eye. “I have never seen such terrible behavior from a student. Or from anyone, for that matter. You’re a danger, a menace. Utterly disrespectful, cruel, and vulgar. And you, Gwenyth,” he said, turning towards me, “you’ve enabled and even encouraged that terrible behavior. “So? Do you not have anything to say for yourselves?”
“About what?” Brenda said. “This nothingburger of a meeting? Do you really think you’re just going to expel me, for what, a little joke?”
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Brenda shoved the desk aside, and [illegible] overpowering him, she dragged the little man towards her.

"What do you think you're doing? Let me go this instant!"

Brenda grabbed his hand firmly, placing the Vice Principal's had on her gigantic chest.

"Mr. McDowell?" Brenda said in a scandalized tone, "What do you think you're doing, grabbing me there?"

Brenda looked over at me. "Come on Raven, help me out with this!"

Of course! How did it take me so long to get what Brenda was doing? As smart as I could be, it simply hadn't occurred to me to try something so audacious. She was framing Mr. McDowell for assaulting her. Brenda and may have technically been adults, but we was still students, so it was easily a fireable offense. Not to mention the humiliation it would cause if such pictures got out. I grabbed my phone and started snapping photos of McDowell "groping" Brenda.

"What? Stop that! This is completely inappropriate!" Mr. McDowell tried to pull his hand away, but Brenda's grip was far too strong.

Brenda looked over to me. "Did you get some good shots?" I nodded.

"Do you want to call it?"

"No way, I'm just getting started!"



"Gwyneth, you've got to stop this! What if somebody comes in?"

"That would be bad for you, wouldn't it? And from now on, you're going to call me Raven."

"Yeah," Brenda said, "and from now on, you'll call me Boss Bitch."

"Brenda, please, let me go!"

"What's my fucking name?"

"...Boss Bitch," Mr. McDowell said grudgingly. "Boss Bitch, let me go!"

"Only if you say please," Brenda said.

"Please, I beg you! Let me go and delete the photos!"

"Maybe," she said, letting him fell back to the floor. But do you really want me to let you go? Let's see..."

Brenda caressed the inseam of McDowell's pants, her hands slowly making its way to his crotch. Her hand came to a stop at his groin, and made a fist around something. Something hard.

"You nasty old pervert! You don't really want me to stop, do you?"

"Of course I do, just let me go!"

"Liar!" Brenda said, pulling down the front of McDowell's pants. His erect penis shot up through the top of his underwear. Brenda popped it out. "You've got a fucking boner for me, and you're trying to tell me you don't want this? Every guy on this planet wants me, and right now your dick is longer than Pinocchio's nose!"

"Now get some of me jacking him off!" Brenda didn't seem keen on actually grabbing his penis, but her hand pantomimed the motion around his erect cock. "Oh god, oh god, what the hell am I doing...." McDowell said to himself. Brenda let go of his dick, which was wet with precum now.

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McDowell hung his head low in resignation. It took him only a minute of pause before he walked up behind Brenda, spread his arms wide, and mounted her ass.

"That's it," Brenda said, "now thrust!"

Brenda's legs weren't spread wide enough to let McDowell come anywhere near penetrating her. As big as her ass was, it was quite a barrier to a normal guy getting in there. His cock wasn't small, but it wasn't THAT big either. But still, he dutifully thrusted against Brenda, while I snapped yet more incriminating photos. The material was absolutely damning now; I had Mr. McDowell mounting a female student, who was bent over in a submissive position. Of course, Brenda was far bigger and stronger than Mr. McDowell, and it was far easier for her to coerce him than the other way around, but somehow I didn't think the school board would see it that way.

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"You like that, you little pervert? Hop up on the desk and start pumping away if you don't want to end up as a stain on my booty! Hey Raven, how's my o-face?" Brenda asked, contorting her face into a caricature of a face in orgasm.

"That's good, maybe just a bit more subtle. Just imagine you're really enjoying it..."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, you lezzie?" Brenda joked back at me. She did a more convincing face this time. She really looked like she was in ecstasy.

"Ooh yeah," Brenda said, "how do you like that you little perv? You like my huge ghetto booty? I'm not your average barely-legal girl, am I?" Then she dropped the expression, turned back to Mr. McDowell. "That's enough, you old perv. Get off of me!" She butt-bumped Mr. McDowell so that he almost fell of the desk.

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I was starting to get a little nervous. It was only a matter of time before somebody walked in, and even though that would be a lot worse for Mr. McDowell, it wasn't exactly great for us either. And Mr. McDowell, I just felt bad for him. As much as I hated Mr. McDowell, he looked so pathetic now.

"Hey Brenda," I said, "we should probably be leaving. I have plenty of photos, we should go before anybody gets suspicious..."

We wasted little time getting out of there. I grabbed by backpack and walked out of his office. Brenda followed behind me. I didn't look back. It wasn't the last time I saw him, although it may have been the last time he seemed like himself. I almost felt bad for that old asshole. Almost.


We walked out together without saying a word. Brenda was almost casual; I, on the other hand, was on the verge of an anxiety attack. I told myself what happened that day was out of character. I told myself it was a one-time thing, something Brenda would never do again. Little did I know how far things would go, as Brenda and her ambitions grew.
END OF PART 2
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