

Warning, this chapter includes boobs too big to fit through a window, masturbation, nightmare scenarios, lesbian blowjobs, educational anomalies, canine behavior, dynamic action, dildoes, kung-fu cheerleaders, tactical stealth gameplay, burning passion, role swaps, cheerleader teleportation, cheerleader threesomes, and a terrified girl running for her life.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 20 – Dumb Blondes =

By Razmagurk

Note: For the sake of readability, the following has been translated to keep it in accordance with the level of linguistic skill Ellen has previously displayed. Trust me, you don't want to read thirty pages of the alternative.

I thought sleeping would help.

It didn't. If anything, it made things worse.

I just kept lying there, staring up at the ceiling, alternating between fits of confusion and anger and terror. And I was horny too. Stupid libido.

Something was wrong with me. Deeply, intrinsically wrong. I couldn't tell what or how, but it was there. I felt... dumb. I felt like I'd try to grasp at a thought or idea and it would slip away, leaving me with nothing but an overwhelming sensation of mental impotence. My brain was a sieve through which everything I had once prided myself on knowing had all leaked out. Words, math, facts... all gone.

I was damaged. Broken. Confused.

So little of what I heard or saw made any sense to me. Things I know I used to know now seemed strange and mysterious. The text books on my shelves might as well have been wizardly tomes for all of my understanding of them.

I kept trying to grasp at the words to describe what was happening, to codify or express what I was feeling, but they just weren't there. I tried to look up what was happening to me but all of the articles I found kept using all these words I couldn't understand. The worst part was that I could remember knowing these things. I could remember using these words, saying these things that now made no sense to me. What the hell was happening?

It was like clutching at mist; like someone had pulled out all the connections in my brain and now none of them led anywhere. It was that agonizing sensation of having a word on the tip of your tongue, but so much worse.

And it wasn't just words forgotten, even reading the words I did know felt slow and difficult.

I shivered in panic. I literally couldn't conceive of a worse nightmare than this, and here I was living it. I'd been top of my class, hadn't I? I'd always worked so hard. I'd always... I'd always...

I thought back to my time as an elementary schoolboy at St. Dominics. It was an all boys school on the west end of town. My mom would drive me down each morning on her way to work. The memories were as vivid and sharp in my mind as if they had just happened yesterday. But I hadn't been top of my class, had I? I'd struggled with math and with... wait...

I pulled away from the memories like a hot knife. I'd clutched my head. This didn't make any sense. In my memories I wasn't me. Had that been some kind of dream? It all seemed so real.

I thought back to when it had happened. Had Elizabeth been the one to do this to me? It seemed so hard to imagine, and yet who else could it have been if anyone? We were fighting when it happened. But, no... she was my friend, wasn't she? Why would she do this to me? How? Had that weird little device she and Evan had been fighting over fried my brain or something?

My heart beat faster at the memory. The fight between her and Evan. Never have I seen that side of them before. The look in Elizabeth's eyes as she pointed that thing at me. She was so angry and yet it wasn't hate in her eyes, no, it was something else. Sadness? Disappointment? Bitterness?

I curled up into a ball and shrank. What had I done to deserve that expression? She was my best friend in the whole world. My planet spun around her star. All I'd ever wanted was to see her smile. This was the worst possible kind of rejection.

Had she wanted me hurt? Well, she got it. Only she could strike me at a point so vulnerable.

I rolled over and tried to get back to sleep. I didn't know what else to do. I'd considered going to the hospital. Time and time again the idea bounced around my big empty head. But how was I going to explain it to them? What was I going to say? If nothing I could think of made any sense to me, how was it supposed to make sense to them? I screamed into a pillow. I had to be going crazy. It was the only explanation that was even remotely plausible. What could the hospital do about that? Well, lots of things, I was sure, but I didn't want to risk that they'd keep me long term. I had too much to do.

My last thoughts before I drifted off again were of Elizabeth. If she did this to me, somehow, maybe she could fix it?

I woke up some scant hours later screaming, throwing myself from one nightmare into another. The golden light of the morning poured into my room. All was quiet save the pounding of my heart.

"Fuck." I said. The word rattling as it crawled out of my parched throat. I collapsed into my pillow.

I don't know if it was the sunlight or what little sleep I'd gotten, but as I lay there the situation seemed somehow less immediately horrifying than it had the previous night. The sharpness of the terror was dulled by the stillness of the world. In the light, all my anxieties seemed somehow less real.

I don't know how long I lay there, staring up again at the ceiling unthinking. Not long enough.

I squirmed. I don't think I was getting back to sleep. I wasn't sure if I even wanted to. I sighed and reached for the glass of water I kept on my bedside table but my hand bumped into my morning vibrator instead, plugged in and ready to go, just where I always left it. I bit my lip.

"Fuck." I mumbled again. This was not the time.

I glanced back over at it as I returned the now empty glass of water. No, I chastised myself as I withdrew my hand, how could I even think about that a time like this?

And yet...

I let out a whimper of frustration as I grabbed the thing.

It was fine, wasn't it? There was nothing wrong with this, right? I did this every day, didn't I? It was *routine*. It was *normal*. Why, if I didn't masturbate, then wouldn't that just be admitting how broken I was? I tried not to think too much about it. I tried not to think too much about anything.

I slid one hand along my soft, sensitive body, still sensual and relaxed from my slumber despite my nightmares. I traced out the paths of my desire along one breast, writhing in the warmth of the covers and letting out a soft sleepy moan as I plucked at one of my stiff, yearning nipples.

I purred as the humming vibrator slid home, and thought no more.

An eternity later, just shy of climax, my phone buzzed, struggling to be heard over the sound of my passion. I let out an exasperated grunt and opened one eye, craning my neck to see who it was.

Twenty missed calls from Elizabeth, ten from Evan, all from last night. That was... that was more than I could deal with right now. Above that though, from just now, there was a text from Emma.

"you ok?"

I just stared at it. No, I was not okay.

Wait, fuck. Emma had been there. I dropped my vibrator and grabbed the phone. I'd forgotten all about her and Sam. I'd been so caught up in my own shit that I didn't even realize I'd left them behind. Oh, my god, I'd left them behind at the mercy of whatever that box was that Elizabeth had.

"Ema@" I typed, "R U + SAM Ok? WTF Happened?" I typed back. I was angry at how childish it looked, but too worried to really care.

All of my anxieties came keening back with each heartbeat I spent waiting for her response. The phone rang in my hands. I answered.

"We're fine." came Emma's voice, concerned. "Why wouldn't we be?"

"Emma!" I squeaked "Something really stupid is going on since last night!"

"Wait, what? What happened? Is that why you ran off?"

"Elizabeth and Evan were fighting! And then Elizabeth had some kind of weird box thing and she was waving it around and it made this zapping noise in my head and now I can't speak or math good anymore!"

"Wait, wait, what? Slow down."

I blushed. Fuck. What was I saying? Not only was I speaking like an idiot, but now she was going to think I was crazy too.

"Slut?" The concern was even heavier in her voice now.

"I... I..." I closed my eyes and hunched myself up. I couldn't keep this in, I needed to tell someone. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Listen, Emma, you're going to think I'm crazy but please just... just listen to me, okay? I think that thing fried my brain or something because nothing makes sense to me right now."

"It's okay, it's okay. I'm here for you."

"I..." tears were welling up. "Thank you."

"Okay. Slow down. Go through this again, what is this thing you're talking about?"

"Elizabeth. She had some kind of box? Like a, uh, some kind of weird device that she was waving around and Evan kept like, freaking out about and Evan kept uh, ducking whenever it got pointed at him like some kind of gun or something.

"Wait, Elizabeth had a gun?"

"No, no, like, not a gun, but like a gun. It was like a gun." I rubbed my head. "I- I can't describe it. Like a little box? A garage door opener? With buttons and stuff? You don't... you didn't notice anything weird?" I tried to hide the quiver in my voice. "Maybe I am crazy."

"Hey, come on, don't say that. I'm sorry, I don't remember seeing any box or anything. I remember getting up to go change Sam and then running around the dog park chasing sticks until it was time to go home. That's about it."

"Oh," I frowned. "That sounds all normal doesn't it? You really didn't notice Elizabeth had anything... weird... or whatever, going on with her?"

"No. She said that you had said that something had come up and that you had to run, but nothing out of the ordinary. Sorry, Slut."

"M-maybe I really am going crazy. God, I just feel like such an absolute idiot. It's awful. It's like I can't use big words or think clearly. Everything feels like such a... such a... everything feels really hard. I mean, listen to me, I'm speaking like an child."

"Aw, honey, what? You're speaking like you always do."

"Huh?" My heart leapt in my chest. What did she mean by that?

"And you're not an idiot."

"I am! I can't do math or read things good and I keep seeing things and thinking things that don't make sense. Like, there's all this stuff that I know I should know, but I don't know any of it! I can't even do like, high school math."

"Well, there's nothing out of the ordinary about that."

"What?"

"I mean come on, you've never even graduated grade school."

"What are you talking about? Of course I've -"

I gripped my head. I thought back to school. An all boys elementary school. I could remember it like it was yesterday. I could remember Elementary school, but no farther. No middle school or high school, no college. An all boys school. All boys.

"Slut?"

"No... no..." I threw off the covers and stormed out of my bedroom. That wasn't right, I could prove it. I ran over to the plaque I had hanging in the living room. "Look, I've got my high school diploma thingy right here, it clearly says-"

I dropped the phone.

That wasn't my name.

"This doesn't make any sense... I'm in college, I'm top of my class. I'm- I'm *smart*, aren't I?"

This had to be some kind of stupid prank or something, right?

"Slut are you okay?" Came Ellen's tiny voice. "You're worrying me."

"No... Look..." I picked up the phone "I- I'm in college, right?"

"Uh, yes?"

"So how could I be in college if I never finished grade school? If I never did good in high school?"

"What? Why would that have anything to do with it?"

"No, no, that's like, that's how it works isn't it? They... they don't let you into college unless you do high school, right?" I asked half for confirmation, I wasn't too sure about it myself.

"Right."

"So, if I'm in college, I must have been in high school."

"I'm not following." Emma said, confused. "What's that got to do with anything?"

"If I didn't graduate," I said slowly, surely, desperately clinging to my thread of logic. "then how am I in college?"

"Why wouldn't you be in college?"

"Because you're saying I didn't graduate!"

"Slut, are you sure your okay? You're not making any sense."

"*You're* not making any sense!" I screamed.

Silence from the other end. I almost dropped the phone again. Oh god. Here she was being patient and compassionate with me and I go and yelled at her. What was she going to think? I took a deep breath and slowly let it out, trying very hard not to panic. I had barely known this girl for a week and here i was having a full fledged psychotic freakout.

"Listen, Slut," she said, slowly and evenly. "you sound like you could use a friend right now. I've got to take Sam for his walkies, do you want to meet up at the park in like, half an hour? We can talk it out? Maybe get some coffee? There's this great cafe nearby with just the cutest waiters. You won't be disappointed."

"That..." I sighed in relief. "That sounds really really good, actually."

"Great. I'll see you then."

I fell back onto the couch, the phone falling to the floor. I was still stunned by the absolute whirlwind of emotions. I was lucky. Emma was a good friend.

I looked back up at the diploma on the wall and shook my head. A part of me wondered if being smart was just some kind of lingering dream. What if this was the awful truth? I shook my head. No. I wasn't going to let myself think that. Something weird was going on. I just... I had to figure it out somehow.

I considered, briefly, calling one of the girls on the squad. Stacey always knew what to do. I was worried though. If I brought it up to any of them then soon enough the whole squad would know and I didn't want to appear weak in front of the girls. Not that they'd take advantage of it or anything, but, well, even though I was the junior member of the team, some of them really looked up to me. I wanted to be a good role model. Plus, trust was really important, and how could you trust a girl to catch you if you know she was acting all crazy?

I let out another sigh. My gaze drifted down to the rabbit vibrator on the table. I must have forgotten to put it away after getting dressed for dinner last night. It was probably still half charged. I bit my lip. Emma's call had interrupted me before I could cum. Would it really hurt to just lay back and lose myself in pleasure once more?

No. Fuck, I had to get ready. I was meeting up with Emma. I stood up and headed towards the bathroom, then stopped and sighed as I came back for the rabbit. Maybe I could do both.

The shower was a godsend. Even if I had to rush it, I've always found that a handful of good loud orgasms really does a great job of clearing my head in the morning.

Not too long after I was clipping on my leash and stepping out the door when when my phone rang. It was Elizabeth. My head swam as I looked at the name.

I begged myself not to answer. I pleaded with myself to just ignore it, to pretend it never happened. But lord help me, I needed to talk to her. I needed answers. I needed to know that it hadn't been her. I just wanted so badly to believe that this was all a big accident and that everything would get solved and things could go back to normal.

I mean, she was my best friend, right? Maybe I just needed to trust her enough to give her the benefit of the doubt.

"H-hello?" I answered, failing to hide the trepidation in my voice.

"Slut!" came Elizabeth's beautiful low voice on the other end. She sounded almost embarrassed to say my name. "Where are you?"

"W-what?" I squeaked. "Where am I? Elizabeth, what the hell happened last night?"

"Okay, okay, you're confused, I understand. It's okay. Listen, whatever is going on right now, I can fix it. I can fix everything, okay? I promise. I just need to *get* to you. Where are you right now?"

"I-I'm at home. Elizabeth what happened? I'm so scared."

"I know. Listen. I'm on my way. Stay there. I'm coming for you. I'm going to make everything better." There was a quaver in her voice as she said this. I knew her too well. It meant that she was up to something. It meant that she was lying.

All the terror and grief I'd been pushing back seemed to crash down over me all at once. Raw panic surged through my veins. She knew where I was. I had to go. I had to get out of here.

I threw the phone to the ground and ran.

I didn't know where I was going, just that I had to get as far away from home as possible. I couldn't risk being anywhere nearby when Elizabeth arrived. It took me maybe five minutes to realize that I still had to meet up with Emma and Sam. Maybe... maybe there would be safety in numbers.

Maybe it was just my nervous pace, but somehow, I still managed to get to the park early. We hadn't decided on a meeting location or anything and I didn't have my phone with me so I just sort of waited on one of the benches, fiddling with the handle of my leash. I think a part of me expected Elizabeth to just jump out of a bush and grab me or something.

You know how in movies the weather always seems to match the mood? This was not that. It was annoyingly gorgeous out. Pleasantly warm with a gentle breeze. It was kind of frustrating, actually. It was like the world itself was oblivious to my plight. It all just made me question my own sanity further. How could anything so horrible as this be happening on a day like today?

"Slut?"

I perked my head up. Emma was walking up the path holding Sam's leash. She was wearing a super casual white tank top with these little denim booty shorts, and I don't know if it was the sun catching her at just the right moment or what, but I swear to you, she looked like an angel.

Following a few steps behind was Sam, wearing a cute frilly little dress that she was having a hard time managing in the breeze. Sam's head kept turning to track some of the dogs playing on the lawn nearby.

"Emma! Sam! Hi!" I smiled up at them. It was good to see they were in one piece.

Emma sat down on the bench next to me. "Sit!" she said, looking at Sam. Sam sat down next to us, smiling, but her attention was still on the dogs running around nearby.

"Good boy." She ruffled Sam's hair.

"I'm really, uh, super happy to see you both okay." I blurted out. "I was... I dunno, I was worried maybe Elizabeth had maybe done something real bad to you or something."

"Done something? To us?" Emma laughed and gave a devil-may-care smile.

"See? Its so... so... It sounds so dumb. But like, she had this box, and she did something with it, and now nothing makes sense. I'm terrified of what she can do." I cradled my head in my hands. "She called me just before I left, did you know? She wants to see me, but I'm so scared of what that means, what she might do."

"You know she's probably just worried about you, right?"

"No," I shook my head. "I know her better than anyone. There was something about her tone of voice. She's up to nothing good." I sighed. "I don't get it. Normally I'm the one who's getting up to things and she's the one who has to come rescue *me*." I sighed again, a note of wistfulness in this one. "She's always been the sensible one. I... I don't understand what's happening."

"I don't know what's going on," Emma said, put an arm around my shoulder supportively. "But I'm hear for you, okay?" She pulled me in for a half hug. I blinked back the moisture in my eyes.

"I- I'm so glad you guys got away safe." I sniffed back a tear. "You have to stay away from her though. If she tries to uh, if she tries to get in touch with you or something, you need to, just, not go anywhere near her."

"Hey now, I appreciate the concern," Emma laughed. "But you don't have to worry about us. What's the worst that she can do?"

"Emma?" chimed Sam.

"Yeah, boy?"

"Can I go play with those dogs over there?"

"Sorry boy, I can't let you off the leash. Maybe later."

"Aw," she sulked, "okay." she continued to stare at the dogs, but the look of excitement on her face just a moment ago was now tinged with a sense of forlornness.

"I'm sorry," Emma said, turning back to me. "I laughed, but this whole situation must be really hard on you."

"I- yeah," I frowned "I barely slept last night. I'm sorry to pile all this on you, but I just... I need to talk to someone. You know? I'm sure you probably think I'm going crazy or something... maybe I am. I don't know."

"Look, whether I believe it or not, its obviously had an impact on you"

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for starters, when I got here you didn't even seem to notice the squad of hotties over there playing full-contact frisbee golf."

I turned to look. Damn, she was right. I'd been so caught up in everything that I'd completely missed that.

"Come on," she said, standing. "Let's go to that coffee shop. They have cute waiters and I've always found that most of life's problems seem easier when taken alongside coffee and sex."

I laughed and forced a smile as I stood up to follow.

“So, are you sure this is something you don’t want to go to the hospital about?” Emma asked as we left the park. You could tell she’d been trying to think of a diplomatic way of saying it. “You sound like you might be legitimately in need of medical condition. Are you sure you didn’t hit your head or something?”

“No!” I cried. “They’d for sure think I was crazy. I mean, even you think I’m crazy and you’re on my side about all this. Hell, even I think I’m crazy.” I sighed in frustration. “But I’m not crazy! I remember being smart, being top of my class! I remember graduating high school...” I furrowed my brow “I mean, I don’t remember the specific details of it, but I remember that it was a thing I had done. How could I be a college student otherwise, right? The details just don’t add up.”

“Well, when you put it like that,” Emma frowned, “you’re right. You do sound crazy. Well, perhaps not crazy, but confused. Delusional. Are you absolutely sure you didn’t bang your head or anything? Like, Irrefutably so?”

“Irre- what?”

“Like, your sure?”

“Yes! Look, it’s not just that I’m remembering things weirdly, there’s other proof! Like, like, right now I have a high school diploma on my wall with someone else’s name. Why would I have someone else’s diploma on my wall?”

“Wait, did you steal someone’s diploma?”

“It’s my diploma!” I cried, “I worked hard for it!” I sighed “I... I think I worked hard for it at least... I can only imagine. But now its like none of that ever happened. I can’t think good, I can’t read good, hell I can’t even use big words when I’m talking. It’s awful!”

“Look, Slut, I’ve only known you for like, a week, but I assure you, that’s how you’ve always talked.”

“What? No. I used to use big words all the time. I distinctly remember I was... that I was all... that I spoke good!”

“Slut, listen,” she put her hand on my shoulder “if you want to improve yourself, if you want to become a better speaker or study more, that’s fine by me. It’s great, in fact, but you don’t have to pretend that you used to be anything other than what you are.”

“I’m not pretending!” tears welled in my eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m just saying... you’re my friend.” she smiled at me. “I like you the way you are. I hate to see you beat yourself up like this.”

“I... I thank you for that, Emma, but I’m not...” I sighed. “I just want things to go back to normal.”

We stopped outside of a quiet little coffee shop which bore the rather ignominious name of Flick's Beans. Like all colleges everywhere, there was a glut of cute little coffee shops in the areas around campus. Honestly? This one didn't really seem to stand out. I think I must have walked past it a dozen times without giving it a second glance.

"This is the place. Here, I've just got to tie Sam up outside and we can go in."

"Stay!" she said, tying Sam's leash around a pole nearby.

"Sure thing." Sam said, taking a seat on the bench outside. It was unfortunately not quite as close to the pole as it could have been, so the lead was a little tight. Sam had to sort of lean into it a bit to make it work.

I took a sip of my coffee. Emma was right, it was good. Ooh, I had needed this.

The staff was exactly as advertised as well: sexy as hell. The two of us had tag-team flirted with the tight little redheaded girl who had taken our order. She got all flush and flustered and was just the cutest damn thing. I was currently eyeballing her hair chest, but my gaze kept drifting to the hunky barrister in the tight jeans. He looked familiar, but I couldn't quite place it. Regardless, his tits were straining tight against the shirt of his uniform and he had an ass that was absolutely out of this world. I wondered if he had a big dick. Maybe I could convince him to step away and take his break?

"Feeling any better?" asked Emma.

"Maybe a little?" I sighed. "This is... it's nice. Normal. Between you being so kind about everything and the coffee and just doing something so... so everyday as flirting with a cute girl. It's like, yeah, it helps. It's peaceful."

"I'm glad I could help." Emma smiled.

"Don't get me wrong, my brain still feels like it has a hole in it, but all the panic and the uh, the worrying is on pause. For now, at least. It's like... I think whatever is going on, panicking isn't going to solve it, you know? I'm sick of panicking. I'm going to face this thing head on and not let it ruin my life!"

"Look, I'll tell you what. I've got no classes today. How about I look into this for you? Maybe see if I can't help you get to the bottom of it?"

"Wait, does that mean you believe me?"

"Well, I wouldn't go that far. But I want to help."

"You'd really do that for me?"

"I - yeah. Of course. What kind of a question is that?"

"Thank you. I..." I was tearing up again. "I don't know how good I'd be able to research stuff right now - I feel like I can hardly read."

"Hey, hey, it's okay. Nothing wrong with that."

"No! There *is* something wrong with that! It's awful. I hate it!"

Emma frowned.

"I- I don't know how I'm going to get through class today." I continued.

"You'll just have to try your best I guess, right?"

"Yeah, but... I don't remember ever having set foot in a college classroom. I don't know what to expect."

"Well, I mean, you haven't ever set foot in a college classroom. It's no big deal."

"What!?" I blushed as I realized I'd set it a little too loudly. "I thought you said I'm a student here."

"Yeah, of course you are." She seemed surprised by my outburst.

"But I've never been in any classes?"

"That's my understanding, yeah."

"How does that make any sense!?"

"Well, you said yourself, can you remember ever being in a class?"

"N-no." I blushed again as I looked down at my cup.

"Well there you go."

"Wait, so if I go to class are people going to act weird about it?"

"Why would they?"

"How does that even begin to make sense?" I growled in frustration.

"How does it not?"

I sighed and took a deep breath, inhaling deep the scent of coffee before I downed the last of the cup.

Emma just smiled at me patiently.

“Okay. whatever.” I shook my head. “Regardless, I do plan to go to class today, despite all my worries. It’s going to be hell, I’m sure, but I’m going to do it and I’m not going to let this beat me. I’m still smart, even if I can’t think good. You’ll see!”

“See?” Emma laughed. “That’s the spirit.”

I stuck out my tongue at her.

“I’ll do what I can to look into it and call you if I find anything. And don’t worry. I’ll keep away from Elizabeth.”

“Thank you, Emma.” I said, pulling her in for a hug. “I’m glad I have you as a friend.”

“Anytime.” She laughed again. “Now come on, we should probably get going. You seem to be doing much better, and I don’t like the idea of leaving Sam tied up outside for too long”

“Aw, you two are so cute.”

“Thanks.” she grinned. “He’s a big sweetheart, isn’t he?”

I breathed a sigh of relief as we stepped back out into the warm air. Sure, everything still sucked, but who knows? Maybe Emma would be able to find something. It was good to have friends.

I was anxious the entire walk home. I was convinced I was going to arrive just in time to bump right into Elizabeth. I couldn’t avoid it though, I couldn’t go a whole day without my phone and if I was going to tackle classes I would need my bag, right? I just had to be there when Elizabeth was not. I just had to play it safe.

I doubled around the back of the building as I approached so that I could see if Elizabeth’s car was in the lot as I approached. It wasn’t, so that was a good sign. I felt like a spy or something as I worked my way up towards my unit, peering carefully around corners, constantly on alert for enemy activity.

There was no sign of her, but there was a note on my door: Call me.

I shuddered and crumbled it up as I unlocked the door and pushed my way in. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed. I sighed in relief. She must have realized I wasn’t here and left.

I didn’t have time to worry about this. Now that the coast was clear, I had to get ready for class. I started packing, unsure exactly what one brings to a classroom. Did I need to bring an apple for the professor? I remember seeing something like that on tv once. I’d need to stop by the little corner store and pick one up on my way. I wondered if he’d be hot.

I almost decided to not bring my dildoes, but, well, if I wasn’t going to let this beat me, that was the first thing I’d need. A girl should never go out without a dick in her pocket. That said, today was definitely a no-plug kind of day. I know it was bad to of me - I needed to keep training if I was going to reach my plugging goals - but today I really needed to concentrate.

Honestly, I wasn't even sure what classes I even had. I had to check the school's website just to figure out my schedule. To my surprise I was apparently a chem major and I was enrolled in several classes that reflected this, but there were no clues about how that could happen if I hadn't completed any of the prerequisite classes. When I asked the system for my grades for the previous years it just turned up a blank.

Walking across campus was surreal. I knew my way around well enough, and I could remember walking up to classrooms in the past, but it was like all of a sudden, I had never been in any of them. I couldn't for the life of me even recall what they looked like. It was just more holes in my memory to stew over.

I arrived just on time to my first lecture - it was some sort of chemical theory class or something. I was shocked when I stepped inside. This wasn't what I was expecting at all. I was thinking of a room like my elementary school class, but this was set up more like an enormous theater packed with students. I was about to put the apple on the desk at the front when I noticed that no one else had done so. Maybe I was wrong about that? I sheepishly veered off and took a seat somewhere in the back, silently praying I wasn't taking someone else's spot. I was terrified I was going to make some kind of huge faux-pas and that everyone was going to laugh at me.

At least it wasn't all bad. There were a lot of cute boys here. One, in fact, gave me a great big smile as he sat next to me. I bit my lip. I found I kept glancing over at him as I tried to follow suit with what everyone else was doing and set up my laptop. I was considering striking up a conversation, maybe seeing if I could get his help, but that's when the professor walked in. He was not hot.

What followed was the most disastrous two hours of my entire academic career. No sooner had the professor begun than I had gotten completely, hopelessly lost. I tried my best to write down everything he said, but he kept using all these big words that I couldn't even come close to spelling. Honestly, I felt like he had to be making at least half of those words up, but no one else in the class seemed to bat an eye at it. In fact, everyone else was hardly even taking notes. I almost wept when he switched over - right in the middle of a tricky sentence I was trying to write out - to a series of complicated diagrams and equations.

Was this... was this all stuff I had known? It must have been. But that idea sounded so foreign. These teachings were so arcane and impenetrable that an understanding of them seemed impossible. How could I have known any of this? How could I have forgotten it if I did?

I struggled to stay focused, to keep what was being said in my brain, but it was no use.

It probably didn't help that that cute boy next to me kept glancing over at my tits. Fuck, he was so into me it hurt. I could feel his heart pounding. It was okay - the feeling was mutual. I just wanted to crawl under the desk, forget all this science nonsense and let his big fat cock fuck my needy little throat until I choked out an orgasm.

No. I shook my head. I needed to focus.

But, hmm... maybe a hand job? No, then how was I going to take notes? And a foot job would be tricky at this angle. I let out a horny whimper. I would just need to wait until after class, I supposed, then I

could drag him away to one of the bathroom stalls and just have him fuck my brains out. Until then, well, I was trying to use my brains for something else.

Not that I was able to put them to much use. I don't think I retained a single thing the whole class. My notes were a disaster of messy diagrams and poorly heard sentence fragments. I had learned nothing had been too stubborn to give up

"Remember," the professor concluded, driving the nail home, "we'll be doing a unit test on all this next week."

I cradled my head in my hands. Oh my god, what was I going to do?

It was okay. I took a deep breath then let it out slowly, trying and failing to banish the panic. It was okay, I was going to get through this somehow.

Today was a light day, academically, but there would be no time for dragging my sexy classmate into a bathroom stall and having him fuck me senseless - I had forgotten that I had a chem lab right after the lecture, and then once that was done I was... well, not home free, but I'd have some time to think. I'd need to figure something out.

As it turned out, my sexy classmate just so happened to be my partner for the chem lab. Brandon, his name was. That probably explained why he'd sat down next to me, actually. I hoped he hadn't thought I'd been ignoring him or something.

The lab, as you can imagine, was a complete disaster. I kept fucking everything up and couldn't even remember, much less follow, basic lab protocols. Brandon had to hold my hand the whole way and just tell me what to do step by step. It was completely embarrassing, but at least it got us through the lab without too much trouble.

Honestly? It was weirdly hot. I'm not used to finding guys who are smarter than me, but the fact that he knew exactly what to do and I didn't, made him seem so... I don't know... confident and in-control? It took all my willpower to not jump his bone right there in the lab.

In the end, we were so far behind that we had to stay after everyone else had left just to finish things up. He was trying to explain to me what was going on in the experiment as we started the final phase, but I couldn't understand half of what he was saying. My mind kept drifting, either to his crotch or to the cute girls who had evidently decided they were going to do yoga on the front lawn.

"Here, you try." he said, thrusting a glass tube into my hands.

"Oh, uh, are you sure?" I blinked up at him.

"Of course. Come on, let's finish this up and get out of here. As much as I enjoy spending time with you, I've got a buttload of homework to get done."

"Oh, yeah?" I shuddered at the idea of trying to do homework in the state I was in now.

"Yeah, it's awful." he sighed. "It's like, it's so obvious that the professors don't coordinate about how much homework they give, so they have absolutely no idea what sort of workload we're under. Like just yesterday, my literature professor gave us an assignment to go out and suck as many dicks as we can. It's like, okay, fine, I get where he's coming from, but honestly, who has the time for that?"

"Oh my god, yeah that does sound rough."

"So of course, tonight I'm going to have to try to go out and suck a whole weeks worth of dicks all at once and hope that that'll be enough, but if that doesn't work I'll probably have to spend my entire Saturday blowing guys just to be able to keep up."

"Aww, that totally sucks. I wish I could help you out with that, but I don't really know anything about literature." I glanced outside as I sighed. "Honestly, at this point I feel like I don't really know anything about - oh my god!"

"What?" Brandon turned to look.

There, making her way across the lawn towards the front door of the building was Elizabeth.

How had she found me? Did she just have my schedule memorized or something? Did she know I'd be finishing up and had come to meet me? Normally I'd find that sweet. The idea of spending some time with her after class would be enough to keep me going all day, most days. But this wasn't most days, was it? This was bad.

"I- I've got to get out of here!" I stammered.

"I know!" he laughed "That's what I'm saying. Let's hurry up and finish this up."

"No, you don't understand." I said, making for the door, "I've got to go. *Now.*"

"But we're not done with the experiment."

I opened the door a crack and poked my head out. Shit, I was too late. The whole stupid building was one long hall with classes coming off it, and there she was standing right between me and the only exit. I pulled my head back just as she turned to look in my direction. She had been looking in on one of the other classrooms. She must not have known specifically which room I was going to be in.

Okay, okay. This was good. I couldn't run, but I had a bit of time.

I looked around the room, it was full of long tables and benches and chemical storage units, that sort of thing. I rushed over and tried to open one of the windows, but it opened at a weird angle and not nearly far enough for me to slip through. I had a brief vision of getting caught half way, tits sticking out one end and my ass the other, just free and available to anyone who happened to be walking by. Definitely not the position I wanted to get myself caught in. Well, not at the moment anyway.

Maybe I could hide in one of the storage units? But no, they were all full of stuff, and, well, I'd probably have the exact same problem. Damn my sexy hips.

"Is everything okay?" Brandon looked concerned.

"Shh!" I put a finger up to my mouth "We've got to hide! Quick!"

"Hide? From what?" he walked over to the door and was about to stick his head out to look when I grabbed him and pulled him back.

"Hey!"

"Shhhhh!" I put a finger up to his lips. "She'll hear you."

"Who'll hear me? What's going on?"

I pulled him over and spun him around so that we were behind one of the chem tables. It went low enough that we could probably remain hidden behind it if we were low enough. I was ducked down behind it while he - unable to take the hint - was still standing there like a dope. I reached up and pulled him down to my level.

"What are you doing?"

He was having a hard time fitting behind the bench. There wasn't a ton of room, especially not for two people, and especially given how bulky and muscular he was. I tried to pull him closer, but he tripped and fell on top of me instead.

"Oh my god," he said, pulling his hand off my left breast. "I'm so sorry."

I stared angrily into his eyes for a moment, but they were confused and cute and I just couldn't stay mad at him.

Fuck, why'd he have to be so hot? And so close. I could feel the heat of him on my body, the blood rushing through our veins.

I wrapped a hand around the back of his head and pulled it in for a kiss. Maybe this would shut him up.

It took him a few moments to realize what was going on, then a few more to decide what he wanted to do. Then he reciprocated, his lips across mine as he fluttered my hair with one hand. He grabbed me tight and held me in against him, his tongue pressing sumptuously against mine.

He shifted his weight, repositioning to something a little more comfortable as he got an arm behind my back and pulled me in tighter. Ooh, he was strong, and a good kisser. I liked that. It was no time to get carried away, but being in his arms felt warm and safe.

We rolled around a few times until we found a position that suited us both but kept us both hidden. After a few more delicious minutes of making out, he pulled away just long enough to give me a curious little grin.

“Are we really going to do this?” he mouthed. He seemed surprised that a hot girl would be so into him.

I nodded as I, without breaking eye contact, undid his belt and fly. He raised his eyebrows at this, but I gave him a wanton smile to show him that I was serious.

“Well, it beats spending the afternoon in the library giving blowjobs.” he laughed.

“Shh!” I put a hand on either of his cheeks and pulled his face into mine, pressing our lips together anew.

He gasped in surprise as I pulled out his dick. It wasn’t the biggest I’d ever seen, but it was a good size and was girthy. A goofy, lustful smile crossed my lips as I completely failed to hide my arousal. I kissed the head of it gently with my pussy lips, then impaled myself upon it.

“Oh god, yes!” I gasped out as he began to thrust.

He raised an eyebrow at me smugly.

“Sh-shut up!” I whispered.

I bit my tongue as I struggled to keep my own moans and gasps in check as the bliss washed over my body with each fevered stroke. We were at an awkward angle, me on top half ducking to not be seen above the table, him lying on the floor crumpled up against the table. It was a weird position, but it let him hit so fucking deep as I bounced on top of him.

Wave after wave of pleasure washed over me as he made me his. His heated strokes becoming more and more desperate and animalistic as his own pleasure built.

I don’t know how long we were fucking for, but we were both horny and desperate and it wasn’t long before hot gooey pleasure was exploding out through every inch of my brain.

“Oh... Fuck!” I cried, “Almost... almost...!” I let out a loud moan, kicking out with one leg and slamming my back into the table by accident, sending something shattering to the floor.

And that’s when the door clicked open.

My heart pounded, half in uncertainty and half in lust, as I pulled myself away from Brandon’s chest and froze just well enough for him to realize that something was wrong. He stopped too. We listened.

Silence. Had she heard us? Could she see us? I could imagine her poking her head into the room and craning her ears, hunting for any trace of noise.

Each beat of my heart seemed to stretch out in perpetuity as I silently hoped for a miracle. A bead of sweat rolled off my face and crashed to the floor with what seemed to me to be a deafening roar.

And then, that silent eternity later, there was a sigh of frustration, then the sound of a door closing, and footsteps echoing down the hall.

I collapsed on top of Brandon in relief.

We lay there for what felt like forever, still silent, not wanting to tempt fate.

Finally, Brandon gave an experimental thrust of his hips, low and gentle and silent. Given that he had his dick buried hilt-deep inside me, this had quite the effect. I let out something that could have been a laugh and could have been a moan of pleasure, then bit my lip and nodded.

Not too long after, he was pumping into me once more. This time, I was able to let myself get a little louder, and Brandon followed suit. After the initial silence, he seemed to take every opportunity he could to make me cry out and gasp and moan and squirm. He was playing me like an instrument and I loved every second of it.

We rolled around once more, no longer restricting ourselves to hiding behind the table. Soon he had me pinned good and proper. God I could feel the heat rising as his dick pounded into me harder and harder while I cried out for more. He was jackhammering into me, each thrust causing my tits to bounce and my toes to curl. I was lost in a sea of sensation as I once again approached that pinnacle that Elizabeth had so rudely interrupted. Once more he had me on the verge of screaming out.

"Wait wait," he said, suddenly stopping. "do you smell that?"

"Huh?" I opened one eye. "What?"

"Is that... smoke?"

Fifteen minutes later, the fire was out. Brandon and I were sitting out by the firetruck - our campus had its own fire department, apparently - with those little blankets put over our shoulders and water bottles in hand. Brandon was trying to explain to one of the firefighters how he'd accidentally knocked over some of the beakers and then been so engrossed in the experiment that he didn't even realize what was happening until it was too late. Basically, he was taking the blame. Fuck, what a sweetheart.

I, on the other hand, was trying as hard as I could to just shrink up and disappear. This was probably the most embarrassing moment in my whole life. I should have known better. I should have been cognizant of how stupidly dangerous those chemicals could be. But.. but no, I had no idea those chemicals could start fires. Or worse. Brandon had said we got lucky. God, I felt like such an idiot. Was this what my life was going to be from now on? Just a series of colossal fuck ups because I was too stupid to know better?

A crowd had formed. Half the people were students who had to be evacuated, half were people who had come to out to watch the commotion. They cheered as one of the firefighters emerged from the building to give the all clear.

Fuck.

There, standing a head taller than most of the rest of the crowd, was Elizabeth. Of course. She probably hadn't gotten very far. And now she was scanning through the crowd. Did she suspect I had something to do with this? Or maybe that if she'd missed me inside, she'd now find me here, in the group of evacuated students?

I turned my back to her, hoping to not let her get a glimpse of my face. The firefighters had wanted a statement, but they were still busy talking to Brandon. Maybe I could slip away without them noticing? I felt bad leaving Brandon behind. He seemed sweet and he was a good kisser, but it was probably best he didn't get caught up in all this. I hoped he'd be okay.

I stood up and started to walk away as casually as I could muster. Not too slow, not too fast, pretending for all the world that everything was fine. If anyone looked at me, I was sure, they'd see just another student in the crowd, hurrying to class.

I didn't look back, but I could imagine Elizabeth's eyes burning into the back of my head. I kept feeling like I was going to round a corner and run right into her, or that I'd feel her hand on my shoulder at any moment. As soon as I had cleared line of sight, I started to run.

When next I had a chance to think, I was sitting in the gym changeroom waiting for cheer practice to start.

I hated being early for cheer practice. Normally there was a certain smell about the changeroom from all the girls present. It was like a soft medley of perfume when everyone was getting ready for practice and like hot sweaty sex when everyone was changing back. I'd always loved the way girls smelled. Today though, I was the first one here and the whole place just smelled like, well, a changeroom.

I was over an hour early, but I couldn't think of where else to go. I just had to hope that Elizabeth wouldn't be able to track me down here too.

I fidgeted a little as I sat on one of the benches in the back. I kept glancing over at my bag. I knew that now really wasn't the time, but I hadn't quite managed to climax when I'd been fucking Brandon and I was still all worked up from it. Don't get me wrong, I love my libido, but sometimes it was a bit of a pain in the ass.

I took a seat and spread my legs, pulling out the larger of the two dildoes I had packed away earlier. I ran my tongue up its length while I rubbed at the folds of my needy pussy lips with the other. These two were a matching set. I liked to call the big one Jack and the little one Jill. Get it? They made for good all purpose dildoes. Not too long, not too short, good grip and texture, and they both had balls at one end so you never had to worry about them slipping and getting lost in your ass like that one time. Sure, they weren't the best dildoes in my collection, but they did the job well enough and I could navigate them around a toilet stall if need be, unlike some of my larger toys.

Honestly, it shouldn't have been much of a surprise that I broke down and started masturbating. I mean, ordinarily, I'd have had like, a dozen orgasms by now, but today, well, it had been a weird day and I was

all squirmy because of it. It probably didn't help that my ass felt so empty. It had gotten so used to a plug that now that I wasn't using one it was just begging to get stuffed. I pinched one of my nipples and moaned. Once I had a good head of steam built up, I decided, I was going to get both of these babies going at once and give my ass the good hard pounding it really deserved.

"Oh, fuck yes!" I groaned as I buried Jill to the hilt inside me. I shivered in delight as I crushed my thumb into my throbbing clit. Jill was bigger than Brandon had been, not to mention firmer and less real, but right now that didn't matter. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine I was still fucking him again all the same, imagining his warm tongue across my lips, finishing what we had started. I gasped again.

That's when the door opened and someone stepped inside. I dropped Jill in shock and my whole body went into survival mode. Someone was there. I couldn't see them, but I could hear them. Was it Elizabeth? Had she found me somehow? I darted my eyes around, looking for a place to hide. Maybe I could shove myself in a locker? No, she'd hear me clamoring to get inside. Plus, again, there's no way these tits and ass would fit.

I managed to take cover behind one of the rows of lockers just in time to hear footsteps rush past. I guess I had to hope that she'd be just as superficial in her inspection of the changeroom as she had been in her inspection of the chem lab. This was good. If I could move quietly enough, maybe I could out-manuever her.

"Are you sure no one's around?" came a familiar voice.

"Yeah," rose a response, "I just checked. Besides, we have like, an hour before practice. No one's around."

Wait, that wasn't Elizabeth. That was Sandra. and Kiley? They were the two youngest members of the squad. What were they doing here? I peeked one eye around and had to bite my tongue to stop myself from laughing. In one of the opposite corners, where they evidently thought they wouldn't get caught, Kiley was pressing her body into Sandra, running kisses along the girl's tender, muscular neck.

"Okay, look. Before we go any further" said Sandra "I just want to remind you that this doesn't mean I'm gay."

Kiley just grinned as she leaned up and kissed Sandra full on the lips. Their tongues intertwined as they spent what must have been a full minute swapping spit before coming up for breath. Kiley pulled away, gently biting Sandra's lower lip as she went.

"Does that mean," Kiley asked, moving down to kiss at Sandra's neck. "That you're not going to suck my dick?"

"What? No, hey, I never said that." Sanda clarified as Kiley started to undo her blouse, "A bet's a bet."

"God, you have a great body." Kiley said, running her hand along one of Sandra's well-developed arms before caressing the firm muscle of the girls' muscular chest.

"You're not so bad yourself." Sandra teased; her eyes locked on Kiley's tube top.

"Not gay, huh?" Kiley laughed.

"Oh, shut up." Sandra blushed and adjusted the erection poking free from her skirt. "Come on, what are you waiting for? Do you want me to suck your dick or not?"

Oh my god, I thought. I had to say something. I couldn't just keep spying on them like this, could I? This was wrong, this was a massive betrayal of trust, this was... fuck. This was actually kind of hot. Shit. I really shouldn't be here, but... I bit my lip to suppress a moan as I lowered my hand to my juicy clit. Where had I left that dildo?

When I returned, Sandra had taken to a bench and Kiley had taken to her knees. She was using a backpack as padding so that the cold hard floor wouldn't hurt her knees. Smart girl. Kiley leaned her head back and grinned triumphantly as Sandra patiently, almost teasingly, undid the other girl's zipper.

Personally, I'd be putting on a great big show to let her know just how eager I was to please her dick - girls love that - but Kiley was playing it coy, acting like she didn't especially care if she sucked Kiley off or not, like she was reluctant. It was a play designed to make Kiley feel powerful. Based on the look on Kiley's face, it was working.

Kiley grinned as Sandra finally freed her cock from her shorts. It flopped before Sandra's face, its already rock-hard form all but filling her field of vision.

"Yeah, you like that, huh?" asked Kiley.

Sandra rolled her eyes. "I'll tell you what." she said, a sly smile working its way across her lips as she grabbed Kiley's dick in one hand and started to gently stroke. "I'll bet you double or nothing that you can't keep quiet the whole time I'm sucking your dick."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're always prattling!"

"I don't *prattle*! It's dirty talk! It's sexy!"

"Yeah, cause that's totally what a girl wants to hear when she's sucking your dick."

"Th-that's exactly what I want to hear when I'm sucking a girl's dick!"

"Yeah, but you're so bad at it."

"Sh-shut up! You're one to talk!"

"Make me" said Sandra, sticking out her tongue and winking.

"What? Oh!" Kiley grinned "Oh, I see how it is. Maybe I will make you shut up!"

And with that Kiley shoved her dick deep into Sandra's mouth. She gasped a little in surprise, which quickly turned into her gagging and then a fit of coughs. When they started up again, Sandra took her time to acclimatize to the other girl's sizeable portion of meat, but soon she was bobbing her head up and down as Kiley's hips bucked and shivered.

"Oh fuck!" Kiley gasped in pleasure. "I needed this so bad."

Sandra had her skirt flipped up, her own considerable member drawn. She was jacking off with one hand while she used the other to stabilize and pump Kiley's dick as it pounded in and out of her throat.

My own masturbatory pleasure was mounting. I let out a small moan as I worked Jill deeper into my pussy, thankful that they couldn't hear my cry over the cacophony that was their cunnalingus.

Kiley grabbed Sandra's pigtails and started to use them as handle bars, forcing Sandra to fuck her face with a renewed sense of urgency. Sandra moaned as Kiley bottomed out in her throat, a sensation that threw Kiley into a frenzy.

I sighed. They were enjoying themselves, sure, but honestly, Sandra's technique left a lot to be desired. She had the general idea right of course, but she was really making Kiley do all the work. Not that I could fault her for it, I supposed, it seemed to be working

Still, I could tell that Sandra was getting desperate for some release of her own. I couldn't blame her; I knew that feeling all too well. I wished I could get in there and help them out. And I was pretty sure that it wasn't just selfish envy saying that, too. I mean, just at look at the way that poor girl was squirming. God, what I wouldn't give to have some of that...

Wait. A grin spread across my face. Who's to say that I couldn't?

"Oh fuck," gasped Kiley, driving Sandra's hot mouth into her crotch, "That's so good, I'm so close."

"Well, well, well." I said, stepping around the corner and trying to sound for all the world like I'd just caught them with a hand in the cookie jar rather than with a dick in the mouth. "What do we have here?"

Sandra coughed as she choked in surprise. She pulled her head back, sputtering and wiping at her mouth as she turned to hide her bare, muscular chest.

"It's not what it looks like!" cried Kiley, trying and failing to stuff her massive throbbing cock back in her tight little shorts.

I couldn't help but laugh.

"Wait, Slut?" asked Kiley, realization slowly dawning. "What are you doing here?"

"Jesus, Slut!" said Sandra, between coughs. "You scared us half to death!"

"You look like you girls could use a hand." I tried and failed to suppress a giggle.

"Huh?"

"Or, if not that," I grinned "maybe one of these." Like a magician, I pulled my out from behind my back, a wobbling dildo ready for action in each.

Kiley's jaw dropped as she realized what was happening.

"Wait, hold on, what?" said Sandra, trying to hide her excitement. "Why were you were just walking around with those?"

"Hey, you never know when your going to need them." I shrugged. "Like right now. Come on, butts in the air, girls."

Each of the other girls looked to the other for approval before turning back to me. Their eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"Mmm, okay," shrugged Sandra, still playing it cool. "but this still doesn't mean I'm gay!"

"Oh my god, Sandra." Kiley laughed. "Its fine, we believe you."

The two girls started to enthusiastically strip off what few articles of clothing they had remaining.

"Wait, wait, hold on." whined Kiley. "I'm not done with my blowjob."

"Oh my god, what?" asked Sandra, incredulously.

"I won the bet fair and square!"

"Here," I said, sliding up to her "why don't i help you out with that?"

I crawled over to her, my plump ass wiggling behind me as I went. A look of utter lust on my face as I stared at Kiley's hard dick.

I wrapped one hand around her hot wet dick and started to pump gently while I sniffed and sucked at her delicious balls. Kiley had these great big testicles that were always slipping out of her panties. She loved getting them sucked and I was more than happy to oblige.

Kiley got down on her knees next to me and started to kiss and worship Kiley's shaft, bobbing her head up and down along its length, swirling with her tongue. I grabbed Sandra's dick and started to stroke, matching the rate at which she was going down on Kiley's cock. Oh god, she was practically purring.

"Y-yeah..." Kiley moaned. "You like that, huh? You like my big dick?"

"I win!" said Sandra, pulling off just long enough to laugh.

"Oh, fuck! No fair!" gasped Kiley "You - oh! - you used Slut as a distraction! I-" whatever else Kiley had to say it was drowned out in a sea of moans.

She was close to cumming, but I didn't want her cum just yet. We were only getting started. I pulled off of Kiley and took Sandra with me.

"Aw, come on, what the heck?"

"Not so fast." I chided "If you cum now it'll bring everything to a premature end."

"Aw," she whimpered, "but I wanna cuuum."

"Then bend over." I said, grinning as I brandished Jack.

The two of them bent over and I began to rub some lube into their tight holes, starting with Sandra, who I was gentle with, then Kiley, with whom I was not. She was still so worked up from the blowjob that she practically exploded as soon as my finger found itself inside her tight little hole.

"Sensitive?" Laughed Sandra.

"Sh-shut up!" Kiley huffed. "I bet you cum before me!"

"Ha!" She cried. "You're on!"

"Girls," I said. "if this is going to be a fair, uh, a fair fight, you're going to have to both take a more like, even stance than that."

We ended up rolling around a few times until we found something that was fair and comfortable. I was lying down on my back while the two of them lay on either side, alternating between competing to see who could lap at my pussy better and to see which was the better kisser while I, all the while, of course, drove my dildos home into their tight, eager asses.

That was the idea anyway. For two girls who are so competitive, they were remarkably distractible. No sooner did I have a rhythm going than the two started to get so engrossed by their own pleasure they stopped paying attention to anything besides their own moaning.

It didn't take long for things to evolve into a pile of writhing, muscular girl flesh as the two of them started to grind their dicks against whatever was convenient, starting with my tits and then eventually each other. I tried to time my thrusts to keep pace.

Soon the two girls were howling in pleasure as I grinded my phallic proxies into their prostates with each deft thrust. Sandra was shivering with each burst of pleasure, cooing in delight. Kiley reached out and they held hands.

“Oh fuck!” cried Stacey at last, her toes curling and her whole body going stiff as rope after hot juicy rope of cum shot out of her twitching dick and all over Kiley’s stomach.

“Ha!” shouted Kiley “I wi-oh god!” she moaned out as I gave her a particularly deep thrust.

“Oh my god!” came a voice from behind us. “What the fuck is this?”

We turned. Jenny and Stacey and what had to be half the rest of the team were all standing, staring. Their expressions ranged from shy bemusement to wonton envy. We’d been so loud we hadn’t even heard them come in.

“Girls, girls!” Stacey yelled. “Come on! You can’t wait till after practice?”

“Sorry Stacey!” said Sandra.

“You could have least let the rest of us know!” Jenny laughed “I’ve been sitting in the lounge playing on my phone this whole time.”

“Wait!” groaned Kiley “I’m not finished yet, I still haven’t - oh god - I still haven’t - oh, oh, oh - cuuuuum!” She cried out as she said this, my perfectly timed thrusts and her bucking hips bringing her right over the crest of euphoria. Cum sprayed out of her dick like a fire hose, splattering across her stomach and the changeroom floor.

“Great. Thanks for that, Slut.” said Stacey, one hand on her hip. “Now they’re going to be a puddle of goo for the entire practice.”

“Worth it.” said Kiley as she and Sandra leaned on each other for support. Sandra put an arm around Kiley as the two began to cuddle.

“Keep the snuggling brief you two, we don’t stall practice for nothing.”

I rose to my legs, knees sore and still horny. The girls were good, don’t get me wrong, and there was something really sweet and gentle about a nice sapphic licking, but I think they’d spent too much time making out and not enough time getting me off. I mean, normally I’d not have minded, but I was starting to get desperate here.

“Oh hey,” said Jenny “You coming to the bars with us tonight, Slut? Were you with us last week? I can’t remember.”

“Oh, yeah, that sounds like fun.” I nodded. There would probably be some cute boys there. Had I been there last week? I couldn’t remember.

Stacey and Jenny turned and looked at each other, frowning.

“Is everything okay?” asked Jenny.

"Yeah," I looked up and smiled as genuinely as I was able. "Everything's fine." Shit, I didn't want to let it all out in front of these girls. They were my friends yeah, but we all knew that the practice came first, and I didn't want them to think I was going to be a liability or anything. I needed to be strong for them.

"What, no, hold on." said Stacey. "Somethings clearly bothering you."

"W-what do you mean?" I glanced around nervously. Was I so obvious?

"Well for starters, you're not even wearing a buttplug."

"Oh my god!" gasped Jenny, grabbing my jiggly ass and spreading my cheeks. "You're right. Slut what's the matter?"

"How-" I blushed. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"Well, the last time you weren't wearing a plug it was because you got snubbed by your girl crush, wasn't it?"

"Jenny!"

"What? Its true!"

I blushed deeper.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Stacey said, "We're not going to pry or anything, but you know you can tell us if anything is bothering you, right? We're here for you." She looked around at the other girls. They all nodded.

"I... I..." my eyes were welling up but I blinked them back. "Thanks." I was trying my best to stay strong, but I melted when Stacey went in for a hug.

"Come on," she pulled back to look me in the eye "you can tell us."

And, well, I spilled. I told them everything. About the fight in the restaurant and the little box and how now I was an idiot and I was going to start failing my classes because of it, and how I had to leave a good kisser behind after almost burning a building down, and how all day long Elizabeth has been after me.

I expected them all to hate me, to think I was crazy or to dismiss me as a lunatic, but instead, they all just joined in on the hug until it was an enormous girly pile of love and acceptance.

"Feeling any better?" asked Stacey as the hug came apart.

"A little?" I laughed. "It's good to know you girls care."

"You're in a bunch of Professor MacArthur's classes, right?" Stacey asked. "I'm a biology major, but I've had to take some of his chem classes as prerequisites. Maybe I can tutor you? No way am I about to let one of my girls flunk out. "

"How hard can it be, right?" Chimed Jenny. "And look, I wouldn't even worry too much about what happened in the lab. If you weren't certified to be handling those chemicals then they shouldn't have let you anywhere near them. I can look into the specific campus bylaws regarding it, but I'd say you've got a pretty solid case if they try to get you in trouble for it, and I'd be willing to argue your case before any authorities who try to say otherwise."

"And if that Elizabeth girl shows up here, declared Kiley, making a fist in the air, "I'll kick her ass!"

"Oh my god, Kiley." laughed Sandra

"What?"

"The point is, Slut," said Stacey. "no matter whats going wrong with your life, we want to help out. We're there for you."

There was a smattering of agreement from the rest of the girls.

"I- I don't know what to say."

"This is where you say 'Gee thank you,'" said Jenny "I don't know what I did to deserve such amazing and beautiful friends"

"Thank you, Thank you all." I laughed, holding out my arms for another group hug. I'd been so surprised by the last one I hadn't been able to really participate, but this time I gave as good as I got. Maybe it was just the sex buzz I still had going on, but being crushed by a comforting wall of feminine muscle really made me feel safe and accepted.

"Now," chimed Stacey. "Not to put a damper on things, but times a wasting. We've got a practice to do."

Everyone laughed.

Practice itself was another bit of strangeness. My memory of the cheer routines and terms was... incomplete? Some of them I felt like I'd known my whole life but others caught me completely by surprise. Luckily, even if my brain didn't know what it was doing, my body did. My muscle memory was as sharp as ever. I just had to trust in my body's autopilot and avoid overthinking. Easier said than done.

Still, everyone was remarkably understanding about everything. Even Stacey, who comes down like a hawk on any little imperfections, was telling me that I was doing really well considering it was my first time learning a lot of these concepts.

What I was trying very hard not to think about was how terrified I was about the notion that this... whatever it was... extended to my cheerleading. Was there no avenue left untouched? What else was I

missing? There could be huge chunks of my life missing for all I knew and I was just completely ignorant of it. At least... at least it only seemed to have taken part of my cheer knowledge. I wondered why?

After practice, some of the girls had offered to keep me company, which was sweet given that today wasn't an orgy day or anything, but I turned them down. As much as I needed to get off, I needed to get home and study even more. I needed to have the basics down at least if Stacey's tutoring was going to be of any help, and I had a long way to go if I was going to make enough sense out of everything to pass this upcoming test.

The first to be done changing, I said my goodbyes and stepped out into the cool evening air. It had gotten dark, but the gym was close enough to the center of campus that a few people with evening classes were still milling around. Everything seemed so peaceful and quiet. The world smelt of fresh rain as wet asphalt sparkled a reflection of the streetlights and water clung to the grass like morning dew.

"Oh my god! There you are!"

My heart froze in my chest. That voice.

"I've been looking everywhere for you!"

"E-Elizabeth!" I tried not to let the terror in my voice through.

"You weren't at home, you haven't been answering your phone, I couldn't find you anywhere on campus... you have no idea how worried I was."

"W-what did you do to me, Elizabeth?" I clenched my fists. All I wanted to do was run, but I was so sick of trying to hide. Besides, I needed answers.

"What?"

"What did you do to me, Elizabeth? Nothing makes sense anymore! Nobody else even sees that there's a problem, but I do. I know I do. I'm not crazy. I know you had something to do with it. You and that weird box thing. What was it? What did you do?"

"Shit." Elizabeth's smile faltered as she let out a sigh. "That's what I was afraid of."

"What did you do!?" I yelled.

"Okay, calm down." She reached for her bag. "look, things went wrong, okay? I understand that. None of this was supposed to go this way. But that's fine, I can fix it. I'm fixing it, Ellen."

"You can fix it?" hope rose in my chest.

"I can. When I'm done, this won't even be an unpleasant memory."

What was that supposed to mean? I took a step back.

"You can start by telling me what the hell is going on." I said.

"Look," she sighed and gave a kind of exasperated shrug. "It's... it's a really long story, okay?"

"I- I thought you were my friend, Elizabeth"

"I... I am! I swear to you I am. That's why this is so important!"

"Then how could you do this to me? And now you won't even tell me what you did? Why Elizabeth? Why?"

"I was angry," she glanced down guiltily, "and stupid, and I just... I thought that you needed to know what it was like."

"To be dumb? "

"To be looked down on. To be me."

"What?"

"But of course, what good did that do? You were still so happy, somehow, and I wasn't. And I couldn't even look at you without feeling like a fucking monster. I still can't. And yet despite it all, you still turned against me. It just... it made me so mad. And in the heat of the moment I did something I regret.

"What are you talking about, Elizabeth? How are you not happy? You have a great life! You're smart, you have a well-paying job and you have a perfect boyfriend who loves you just as much as you love him."

I tried to look her in the eye, but she turned away, refusing to meet my gaze.

"Yeah, now I have all those things. But what good have they done me?"

"You've always had a great life Elizabeth; you've just never been able to see it."

"Don't give me that crap. I'm nothing compared to you! We've always known it. I'm practically a sidekick, a secondary character in *your* life! The fuckup who suffers as a moral example."

"That's not true!" "You've always been the one I look up to most. My world revolves around, Elizabeth, you know that!"

"And yet look at you. One day without me and you made new friends. You were happy despite it. And even with Evan, I... I wasn't. Even with the deck stacked in my favor I'm still the loser."

"What? You and Evan are the happiest couple I know! You two love each other more than anything. That's why it was so hard watching you fight."

"That's how it's supposed to be, I know." she sighed. "Which means that the problem is me, isn't it? I'm not an idiot, I can see that much."

"Huh?"

"And that's why I've got to fix this, Elles." she gave a weak smile. "Because I've burned too many bridges, but I can still make things right, I can use this device to make everyone happy. I can make things the way they're supposed to be. What do you say, Elles?" she looked up at me. "Will you let me set things, right?"

There was a pause as I tried to pull some sort of consensus from the swirling emotional chaos that was my brain.

"No." I said, shakily clenching a fist as I taking a step forward.

"No?"

"I- I can't *trust* you, Elizabeth! What you did to me... its the most horrible thing I can imagine. Do you know what that's like, Elizabeth? That hurt, that betrayal?"

"Yeah, Elles. I do. I'm sorry... you... you weren't supposed to know."

"I wasn't supposed to know? Like that makes it better?"

"Not better..." she glanced downwards, "just... not as bad."

"I can't believe you! I trusted you! I cared for you! You are the closest thing in my life I have to love and you were not just going to subject me to this... to this awful nightmare, you were going to make it so that I didn't even know what was happening? How could you?"

"Elles..."

"Stop calling me that!" I cried "Why are you calling me that!"

"S-slut." Elizabeth said, blushing.

"See? Look at you. You can't even say my name after what you've done." tears were streaming down my face. "I- I may not know what's going on, I may not know much at all any more, but I do know one thing, Elizabeth, and that's that after what you've done I never want to see your face again."

"What!? I'm trying to make things right!" she growled as she started walking towards me. "Why won't anyone just let me fucking help them!"

"No!" I took a step back. "Get away from me!"

“Look, I’m sorry,” Elizabeth said, darkly. “I didn’t want to do this, but you leave me no choice. It’s for the best, I promise you. You might not appreciate that right now, but its true.”

Elizabeth pulled something out of her bag and pointed it at me. Panic flushed through me as I saw it. That was the thing. The weird device. What was she going to do now? Had she already done not enough? How... how much worse could she make things? An image of me so dumb I couldn’t even read or speak flashed through my mind. I had to get out of there.

I turned and I ran, leaping off the front stairs and sprinting off down the lawn.

“Oh, come on!” she yelled.

There was an angry sigh and then I heard another voice crying out in confusion.

Zzzztzzttt

I gasped. She had one hand firmly gripped around my collar.

“Stop running!” she hissed. “I am trying to help!”

I glanced around as best I could for some way to escape. I couldn’t believe I’d let her get so close. In the distance, someone, confused, turned and started scampering off.

I struggled against her, grabbing at my collar with both hands, practically choking myself in the process. I fumbled desperately for the little clip but it was no good. I couldn’t... I couldn’t... there!

I fell away. Elizabeth stumbled backwards as my collar suddenly gave way, her grip around it still tight.

Oh god, I was naked. My instincts told me I should try to cover up, to try to hide my shame, but my other instincts were telling me good and loud that speed was more important than being prude right now.

I tried to spring away, scampering over the grass, but it was no use. Elizabeth had recovered her balance and swung an arm out. She caught one of mine and pulled, sending me spiraling to the ground. I crashed into the soft wet grass of the lawn with a thud and a roll. I was crawling away from her, still desperate to get away, but Elizabeth was walking towards me faster than I could escape.

“Don’t worry, Elles.” she said. “This’ll all be over soon.”

Thwak!

Like a blur, something had struck Elizabeth. She stumbled back, clutching at her face. Blood was pouring from her nose. The device fell to the ground with a soft thud.

“This girl bothering you, Slut?” came a voice.

"Holy shit," came another. "did you seriously just do that?"

I turned and I looked. Kiley was standing between me and Elizabeth, holding her arms up defensively. Sandra was standing over me protectively. Stacey and Jenny were rushing forward, their bags dropped over by the gym doors they had just come out of.

"What the actual fuck!?" Elizabeth raged "Did you just fucking *punch* me? You absolute bitch!"

"Leave her alone!" said Kiley.

"I don't fucking believe this!" she roared. "You don't understand! I'm just trying to put things straight!"

"I think," Jenny said, "maybe you've done enough already. Why don't you-"

"Jesus Christ, Kiley! You can't just go around fucking punching people like that!" interrupted Stacey, going into full damage control mode. She turned to Elizabeth and tried to put a supportive hand on her shoulder. "Look, you'll have to forgive my friend, this all some kind of misunderstanding. I'm sure that -"

Elizabeth shrugged off Stacey's hand and took a lunge at Kiley. Sandra took a step back in surprise. Kiley was too quick though, she twisted aside just in time and shoved Elizabeth off balance as she passed.

"Its alright, girls." Kiley laughed "I got this."

"Come on, Slut," said Sandra, helping me to my feet. "let's get out of here."

"Kiley! Be careful!" I warned. "She's got some kind of weird box!"

"I'm sure she'll be fine." Sandra said. "Box or not, she does this martial arts crap all the time. Now come on, move your feet."

Elizabeth sprung forward and tried to shove Kiley out of her way in order to get to me, but Kiley deflected Elizabeth's blow with one hand and punched back with the other, landing a blow to Elizabeth's gut. She doubled over in pain and stumbled back. A bloodsoaked look of confusion and anger crossing her face.

Elizabeth lashed out at Kiley again, but the results were the same. Kiley's hands were so fast that in the dark I couldn't even tell where she was hitting.

Finally, Elizabeth tried to tackle her, grabbing at her body as she charged into her with all her weight. Kiley rolled with it, falling back and slipping out of Elizabeth's grip, sweeping at her legs as she did. Elizabeth fell forward as she slipped on the wet grass, her open bag spilling its contents as it went flying. Elizabeth looked around and grinned a bloody grin. There, maybe 5 feet away, was the box. She scampered across the slick grass and grabbed it, clutching it to her chest protectively.

"Watch out!" I cried "Don't let her use that thing!"

“What thing?”

Zzzzttttt

Elizabeth kicked up onto her feet. going from prone to standing in the blink of an eye. Kiley charged forward and tried to punch, but Elizabeth dodged to the side and grabbed Kiley’s extended arm. She spun the poor girl around and kneed her square in the stomach. Kiley fell to the ground like a sack of bricks.

“Kiley!” I yelled. “She knows martial arts!”

“Kiley, I swear to god, so help me, if you are too hurt to perform...” said Sandra as she and Jenny rushed forward to see if Kiley was okay. Elizabeth had left the girl behind and was walking towards me and Sandra.

“I’m fine...” coughed Kiley. “Did you get the number of that truck?”

“Come on, Slut,” said Sandra, tugging on my arm, “we’ve got to go”

“But what about Kiley?”

“She’ll be fine. That girl is after *you*, right? We’ve got to get out of here.”

“No! I’m not leaving her.” I turned and tried to dig my feet in, but it was no good. The grass was slippery and Kiley, despite her size, was much stronger than she looked. I was being physically dragged away.

“They’ll be fine!” Sandra grunted “But we won’t unless you move your feet! Come on, run!”

I turned back to look. Stacey was helping Kiley back on her feet while Jenny stood between us and Elizabeth. Elizabeth was saying something to Jenny, but I couldn’t make it out. She saw Sandra and I making an exit and started to run, diving around Jenny as she went. Jenny turned and gave chase, which was all the prompting I needed to start retreating in earnest.

I don’t know how far we got, but we were definitely putting on distance. Glancing over my shoulder I could see that Elizabeth was outpacing Jenny, but not us.

“Keep running!” Sandra gasped.

I glanced back again. Elizabeth had stopped and had grabbed one of the random students milling about. She was pointing the device in my direction.

I didn’t know what that thing did or what sort of range it could do it over, but I did know that I did not want to be its target. Not again, not ever again. I threw myself to the ground as I dove around a corner.

Zzzzttttt

I was all alone. A confused bystander the only one around. I don't know how she had gotten to Sandra so fast, but her words were still echoing in my ears. Keep running. Maybe if Elizabeth was chasing after me, she'd be too distracted to do anything to them. That's what I had to hope for.

And so, I climbed back onto my feet and I took off once again, running as fast and as far as I could. Not looking back, not stopping. Running until the air pounded in my lungs. Only then did I stop for breath.

I was completely and utterly alone. Did it work? Did I get away? Well, for now at least, I supposed. But what about my friends? And how much longer could I keep living like this? Constantly running and hiding?

I jumped as I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Hello again, Ellen." came an unfamiliar voice. "I've been looking all over for you. We need to talk."

To be continued in chapter 20: Breast laid plans.