

And Other Duties As Required
- A Smutty Novel -
By Razmagurk
Part 3a

- Chapter 8 -

I awoke in mellow contentment. Horny, yes, but for the first time in a long time, satiated.

Once more I found myself in that familiar bed, waking up with no clue how I had gotten there. I was tired and I was sore, my mind still tracing over half-forgotten fantasies. Well - I bit my lip - maybe not quite so half-forgotten. I stretched out, luxuriating at the silky sheets against my smooth, sensitive skin.

What had happened? It couldn't have been too long after the handshake; my knees were still worn down and stiff. I held a hand to my forehead and pulled away a fleck of dried cum. Someone must have cleaned me off, but they'd missed a few spots. My mouth curled into a smile as I traced a path along my still-tingling lips.

I rolled onto my side, tits heaving like boulders. It hurt to move, but it was a good pain. My joints, my jaw, my throat, all oh-so delicious reminders of the carnal exaltation yesterday's event had been. How many guys had I gotten off? Hundreds? Thousands? I let out an exuberant titter, legs kicking in excitement. I'd been so good.

Wait, fuck. My eyes snapped open. Why was I happy about that?

The memory of that orgy of men drowning me in their thick, juicy cum sent shivers down my spine. I should be disgusted, and yet here I was giddy and giggling like a schoolgirl's first kiss. I could still feel - Mmm, fuck - I opened my mouth and stuck out a reaching tongue. In my mind I could still feel their hot spunk tingling on my flesh. It felt so good, so right, so sexy. My breathing grew heavy.

I had loved it yesterday too, hadn't I? Madeline had done this to me, hadn't she? Or... or maybe I just never realized how fucking amazing sucking dick was. Maybe this was some big secret girls kept from guys because they didn't want them to know how desperately cum-savage they all were. Maybe I should be thanking Madeline for showing me something I'd have never known I loved.

But no. The mere thought of gratitude towards my jailor brought me all too-painfully to sobriety. This was wrong. I shouldn't love this. And yet...

I let out a dreamy sigh as I ran a hand over my smooth flesh, falling back into one of those masturbatorial frenzies that was now an all-too-common feature in my life. I sucked gently on a finger, then another, carefully checking my face for any more delicious dried cum. I was ready to relive in fantasy every little moment of last night's adventure.

But I never got the chance.

There was a loud thump in the hall. The unmistakable sound of something heavy striking flesh, followed by a weird rattling. I snapped to attention. In the sorting order of primal instincts, fight-or-flight seized priority from fuck-and-suck.

Blood rushed to my head as I stood up. Something was different. The room was different. Was I still dreaming? Cocks of all sizes littered every surface. I gulped. Big, thick, masculine dildos, standing tall and proud as they played across my mind. My mouth watered. Fuck-and-suck were making a fierce comeback.

They called to me. What I wouldn't give to have them filling me up. To have one shoved down my throat and into my plump ass and into my gooey, torrential pussy. Plugging my every hole, filling every inch of me with every inch of them.

Fuck.

I tried to turn away, but everywhere I looked I was presented by more faux-meat; hard, horny, and aching to breed. And yet - I let out a soft sigh - a small part of me couldn't help but be disappointed. Even knowing the heights these wonderful tools could get me, I knew now that none of them had the raw carnal force, the sheer dramatic verve of a real man.

Men. Shit. Sure, Madeline had made me gay - or bi, or whatever - but before yesterday I had no actual experience with them besides lusting from afar. Now, after seeing just how amazing it was to have a guy pull my hair and shove me down onto his meaty cock? Well, now I don't know if I'd ever be able to go back. Men were just... oh wow.

I didn't even have to step outside to be reminded of that. The posters and art along the walls had undergone a rather serious metamorphosis as well. Before, it had been girly pop and cutesy kitsch. Now I was greeted by glossy, full-body images of half-naked hunks. Well-hung studs posed and flexed beneath coy, mysterious smiles. Clean, rugged alphas with sensitive hearts and strong hands. The thin, tightly bulging fabric of their underwear was the only thing keeping the river of my libido from overflowing completely.

I bit my lip as I grabbed for one of the dildos off the bedside table. I don't think there was anywhere in the room I could have stood where one wouldn't have been in easy reach. I knelt to the ground as I stared up at the firefighter making me weak at the knees. I gazed up lovingly into his deep piercing eyes as I pulled the dildo up to my - wait, no, fuck.

I threw the dildo down and squeezed my eyes shut tight. Stupid boys. Stupid, stupid boys. I jumped to my feet. Why did they have to be so fucking hot?

This whole room looked like a horny teenage fantasy had exploded out of control. Madeline had been making more changes. Either that or I'd been unconscious for way longer than I thought.

Madeline. Shit. Our deal. The immediacy of it slammed back into me like a truck. The memories of our argument - of our deal - were thick, like a fever dream or a bad hangover. A month. I had to spend another month like this. I had given up my chance at freedom, gambled it all away, on just the chance that I could save these girls. What the hell had I been thinking?

Anxiety swirled in my head. I fell back on the bed. Look at me. It had barely been a week and already I had come so close to losing myself - already I had lost so much. My hand twitched as I looked into the soulful eyes of my fire-fighting Adonis. Drool dribbled down both my lips. How easy it would be to just fall back to my knees, to just surrender into that bliss once and for all. I wouldn't have to deal with all this crazy bullshit. I wouldn't be fighting for my life. I just wanted to curl up in the comforting arms of a big strong man or three. Was that so wrong?

The world felt so much simpler when I was getting fucked.

But no. I grabbed my wrist and tore it from my crotch. Not this time. I was stronger than this. As much as I wanted to escape, to just run away and rut until my slutty brain consumed me, I had to face this head on. I had to make things right. I couldn't let that woman win.

I threw on a deep red nighty and opened the door to the hall. I didn't even bother to tug the lacey material over my round, rebellious rump; the flimsy thing could only cover my tits or my ass, and I had made my decision.

I stopped dead in my tracks as I stepped out. There was another loud thud and then a series of sharp wet thwacks. It was coming from the nook we used as a dining room. I grabbed a particularly cumbersome dildo - the change in decor evidently applied to the whole apartment - and brandished it like a club, ready for whatever horrors lay in wait.

I was not prepared, however, for the sight before me.

Splayed out, one foot twitching against the floor and one leg bent over the table, was Meiling, sighing needily as she slid her quivering body up and down on a fat, veiny dildo suction-cupped to the chair. Each time her pussy bottomed out with a loud slap, the butt-plug vibrating in her ass would rattle against the wood of her seat.

"Oh my god!" I blushed. "Meiling!?"

"Miki!" she tumbled off the dildo just as embarrassed and red as I was. I balked. The thing was the size of my arm and shaped like a horse's cock.

"This isn't what it looks like!" she looked down at the dildo than back at me. "I mean-" The battery pack for her vibrating plug swung behind her like a tail. It was still going. "I mean, it's exactly what it looks like but I... oh my god I'm so sorry."

"W-what?"

"I shouldn't have borrowed your favorite dildo without permission!" Her eyes fell to the ground in front of me, mistaking my shock for anger. "I'll clean it when I'm done! I promise!"

"It's... I..." my head swam. This wasn't right. Another dream? No - just another chapter in the nightmare that my life had become.

Dream or no, Meiling was different. The slender, innocent thing I had grown so fond of in the past week had been perverted and exaggerated. Just like my own body, her every sexual feature was played to the max.

It was jarring. This was a girl with curves that put even mine to shame, and an ass that... well, to put it simply, this was a girl with an ass like a dump truck. It was impossible not to notice as she wiggled there in front of me. It was an ass you could balance drinks on, an ass that men wrote songs about.

But - when I could finally draw my gaze there - It was her eyes that struck me the most. I recognized all too well the hunger in those eyes. I'd seen it a thousand times in the mirror: that perversion, that lust, a sea of need threatening to drown the sweet girlish innocence beneath.

What had Madeline done?

Well - some macabrely sardonic part of me thought - at least I wasn't going to be getting any more comments from Min about my fat butt. I had thought the prodigious size of my plump jiggling rump to be a curse, but compared to this it seemed downright tiny. I frowned. Why did that bother me so much? Because now all the boys would be staring at her instead? Because deep down I'd come to love that attention?

"Oh please." Min's head poked over the top of the couch, her glasses fogged and her face red from exertion. "Like Miki has any ground to stand on. She borrows our dildos all the time."

"What? I- I do not!"

She raised an eyebrow and glanced at the thick, veiny club in my hand. I gave a weak smile and set it down, wobbling, on the nearby table.

"Wait, what are you doing over there?"

"Uh?" She was sitting sideways, hunched over something. She blinked at me then looked down at whatever was in front of her. "Sucking dick? If I do it after breakfast I'll totally barf. Some of us still have a gag reflex, you know."

Min stood and walked naked over to the table. My jaw dropped, but not because of the floppy twelve-inch double-dildo in her hands, no. There, hanging down in front of her were the two biggest breasts I'd ever seen. Each was easily the size of her head. Hell, on the smaller girl's frame they were easily the size of her torso. They hung pendulously before her, forcing her to lean forward to support them. They swayed like bowling balls as she walked, each little twist of her body threatening to knock something over.

They were bigger than mine.

I mean, of course they were bigger than mine, look at them! They were like something out of some ridiculous fanfiction. No one had breasts that big, not really. These were a monument to mankind's folly. She'd need a structural engineer to get dressed. And yet...

I crossed my arms over my chest. My enormous melons already threatened to cross the line into the realm of poor taste. Hers were downright obscene, vulgar. No one in their right mind would want tits like that. So why couldn't I stop staring? Why couldn't I stop myself from wondering what it would be like to have all that extra titflesh for men to stare slack-jawed at? For them to pump their loads all over? Quivering, cartoonish, jizz-slick fuck-utters.

"Miki?" Meiling's evident arousal undercut the concern in her voice. "Is everything alright?"

"I..." I snapped back to attention. "What? Oh, uh. It's fine... you can use it all you want."

"Wait, really?"

"Y-yeah?" I looked at the pussy-slick horse cock jutting up from the chair. "Just uh..." I swallowed. "Just ask first?" I turned away and shook my head, trying not to gawk at Min slobbering all over her tits as she fed that wobbling dildo between them, or the still throbbing buzz of Meiling's vibrator. Madeline, what had you done? Welcome to the real world? Isn't that what you said? How the fuck? "Is there -" I stepped into the kitchen, trying not to worry the girls with my shock. "Is there no morning practice today?"

"We have to do the whole social media thing." Min chimed between heavy wet slurps. "Thank everybody for cumming and the staff for all their hard dick yesterday."

"Huh?" The memory of these two girls with their huge cocks fucking their way through their lines came all-too-easily to my mind. I wondered how they remembered it? I'll confess, I was more than a little disappointed that they hadn't kept those dicks. Probably for the best though, or else I'd have ended up spending the whole day bouncing back and forth, a cock in each end, getting absolutely nothing done.

"Work. Sorry." Min corrected with a laugh. "All their hard work. Shows you where my mind is right now."

"We have all morning though," said Meiling, her voice hitching as she lined the turgid cock back up with her engorged pussy and slid back down onto her seat. "So, no rush."

I pulled eggs and bacon out of the fridge. It was my turn to cook breakfast. The mundanity of it was a blissful reprieve from this horny nightmare I had woken into. All I'd had to eat yesterday were a few bananas and, like, a hundred loads of cum. I was famished.

"Madeline was here, wasn't she?" I put the pan on the fryer.

"Who?" Min looked up, a rivulet of drool connecting her to her dildo.

"Miss Martin?"

"Yeah." she nodded. "Just earlier. How did you guess?"

"Oh," the sizzle of bacon drowned out the wet needy shlorps of the two girl's frantic masturbations. "Just a hunch."

"Yeah, she said she wanted to do another inspection, apparently."

"Isn't it great that she's taking such an interest?" Meiling cooed. "I think she's got something big planned for us if this concert goes well."

"I'll bet she does..." I mumbled

"Oh, she left you another note." Min pointed the little envelope on the counter. My heart pounded. "That woman is so weird. Can she not just come at a reasonable hour and talk to you herself?"

"Nice of her to bring the poster though." Meiling gasped as her enormous ass slapped down against the seat of the chair.

"Poster?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, as sort of a memento." Min gestured towards the table in the living room, an action which caused her tits to drag across the table, dildo in tow. "A reminder - as she put it. She was having all the fans leave their mark on it as they walked out."

I placed breakfast down on the table and went to go look.

I smelled it before I saw it. All of the hunger I'd been feeling paled in the face of the new appetite that smell inspired. It stank. A pungent aromatic mix of a thousand different masculine musks. Awful, disgusting, and profoundly moving.

"Isn't it sweet?" chimed Meiling.

The poster was covered in cum. A thousand men had wiped their dicks with this thing. A not-so-subtle jab at my own state just yesterday. I swooned.

When we had arrived at the handshake, I had been surprised to discover that the poster had changed to feature us in our little bikinis from the shoot. Now it had changed again. Same poses, but we were wearing crotchless thong panties and little heart pasties that completely failed to obscure our areolas and our long hard nipples. The already impossibly-sexy proportions of the girls looked all the lewder after a healthy dose of photoshop.

Our names had changed too. Anal-bitch-princess Meiling, Pretty-hole-whore Min, Jizz-loving-idol Miki. The whole thing was a great big middle finger to us.

I swallowed sharply at the insult, a hand coming up to trace its way across my lips. Except... well... it wasn't wrong, was it? The pungent aroma tantalized at my memory. Fuck, what I wouldn't give for a fresh load right about now. If a guy was here right now, I don't know if I'd be able to muster even a token of resistance. Why would I resist when it was so fucking good?

Somehow, I found the strength to turn away. The smell of food - real food - distracting me long enough to make my escape before I started licking the poster.

“Good stuff, Miki” said Min, her voice strained from the heavy pounding her throat had endured. She was gulping the eggs down in big bites. I beamed at the complement.

“So we need to figure out what we want to say for this social media thing,” Meiling proposed, hips still rising and falling gently. “Something slutty, obviously. Maybe we get a good picture of the three of our pussies stacked on top of each other? Miss Martin was saying she wants more selfies and candid shots on our feeds. Oh- that reminds me.”

Meiling stuck her phone beneath the table and framed up a photo of her labia as it spread around the monster dildo inside of her. She had to shift a bit to get it glistening just right, which was a bit of a struggle given she was currently impaled on her chair, but she managed okay.

“What do you think?” she held the phone up for the two of us to see. When had she gotten a clitoral hood piercing?

“Cute!” Min chimed. “You really do have the sweetest pussy, Meiling.”

“Yeah, cute.” I nodded noncommittally. I was fighting back a frown. First off, my pussy was a thousand times sweeter. And besides, that shot wasn’t nearly as cute as that centerfold of me. I had done it so much better.

I furrowed my brow. Where had that thought come from? Was I actually jealous? Maybe I could get my clit pierced too...

Meiling punched in a caption and uploaded it to her social media, not even taking a break from her fucking as she went.

Seeing how well Meiling handled herself on a dildo seemed to cast her in a whole new light. I’d be screaming out in rapture just having that thing inside of me, but she was cool and in control. She was a consummate professional taking her pleasure at her own leisure, fucking at her pace rather than letting it overwhelm her. I swallowed. But that... that wasn’t what guys wanted, was it? They wanted a girl that squirmed and screamed at the slightest touch, right? She wasn’t... she wasn’t a better fuck than me, was she?

My head spun. I leaned into the table and stood up.

“Is everything okay?” She rose up to the cock’s full length, then slid sensuously down.

Was she teasing me? Did she know? Was this whole thing her showing off? Rubbing it in my face? I shook my head. I had to get out of there.

“Sorry.” I held up a hand by way of apology. “Washroom.” I grabbed the note Madeline had left. “We’ll do some brainstorming when I get back.”

I rushed into the bathroom, trying to ignore the six dildos of varying size suction-cupped at ass and mouth level onto the shower walls. They were placed such that if you worked at it you could probably get two or three holes stuffed all at once. Shit, I was going to have to try that later.

I took a deep breath. Something weird was going on. I couldn't place it, but I knew who was responsible. I looked down at the letter in my hands. Sealed with a heart. I hadn't wanted to open it in front of the others, hadn't wanted to let on that something was off, hadn't wanted to break down crying or scream out in frustration.

I opened the letter.

“Dear Mik-Mik.

From my heart to yours, Miki, my own private mix of vitriol. You think I'm a bitch? Take a look in the mirror and see how you like it. Enjoy your new friends while you can. They won't last. They never do.

Call me when you've come to realize that too.

I'll see you soon.

XOXOX
-Madeline“

I held the note trembling in my hand. From her heart to mine? What the hell did that mean?

-= Chapter 9 =-

I don't think I'd ever been so grateful for practice.

The gym-sweat odor of the dance studio was a breath of fresh air compared to the sapphically-scented miasma that had soaked into every inch of the house. Oh, don't get me wrong, I loved that smell, but it was inescapable, and where there was smoke there was fire. It was hard enough living as some kind of sex-frenzied nymphomaniac, but having two of them for housemates as well was a recipe for all kinds of ill-conceived hijinx.

Which... okay, sounds fun, sure, but this morning I had woken up more satiated than I had been all week. I wanted to revel in that lucidity. A house full of carnal distractions was a poor fit for that.

Besides, it broke my heart seeing the girls like that. Especially seeing as I was the one responsible. Their rampant, casual sluttiness was a punishment directed at me, and every flirtation, every little unabashed act of sexual indulgence, was a staunch reminder of that.

And what could I do but sit there and bear it? It was no fault of their own, even as they masturbated openly in front of me, even as they started gossiping about industry hunks and how juicy their dicks apparently were, even as I got dragged into discussions about who had taken the biggest cock at the handshake. It was so frustrating. Obviously, I had taken the biggest cock. I was salivating at the memory even now. God, I could describe every inch of it with my tongue. But those two insisted they had each taken bigger.

We'd arrived at the studio early and were limbering up. Meiling's huge butt - still plainly plugged - strained against the thin fabric of her skin-tight workout shorts. It rode up with every major motion, her round cheeks making a thong of the garment until she was able to fish it out.

Min was even worse off. No amount of bra could restrain the beasts wobbling out in front of her. She had put on three colossal sports bras and she still had to hoist them up with her arms to keep them from bowling her over. Her tight athletic tee was so focused on trying not to rip that it didn't even bother hiding her prodigious bra-clad underboob.

I turned away, doing my level best not to stare. Even under such extreme garments her nipples were painfully erect. The shower afterwards was going to be very interesting indeed.

I took a deep breath and returned to my stretches. The increased flexibility was one of the few perks of being a woman that I could actually let myself enjoy. Honestly? This wasn't so bad. I had spent the walk over here dreading Madeline's next big play, I had been jumping at shadows, letting my paranoia run wild trying to imagine the worst-case scenario. But if the best she could do was make these girls as whorish as I was? Then bring it on.

"Alright, you little sluts, listen up." The click of her six-inch stilettos against the hardwood presaged the arrival of our instructor. I turned, jaw dropping. Black latex hung to every inch of the former-idol's skin, a magnificent, jet-black coke-can-thick strap-on bouncing out in front of her.

Shit. I couldn't tear my eyes away.

"Your concert is in one month." Her words were sharp and clipped, her French-Canadian accent lending a sensual edge to her dominance. "Some managers believe in tapering off and letting you rest so you can give it your all. Yours is not one of those managers. That means I'm going to be working with you right until the last moment. When you go out there you can rest assured that I'll have gotten every ounce of training - every ounce of improvement - out of you. I know this isn't your first concert, but it is your most important. You're going to show the world what you're made of, and I don't want to hear any bitching along the way. Do you hear me, girls?"

"Yes, ma'am!" the other girls said, lining up into position. I picked my jaw up off the floor. Training? She was dressed up like something out of a dominatrix catalogue and she was talking about training? Maybe this wasn't going to be so simple after all.

I stumbled onto my mark as the girly music began to play. We held position through the intro, just like we'd rehearsed. I tapped my foot, ready to jump at my cue.

The bass dropped. I raised my arms, going through the hand signals as I transitioned to second position. I twirled back and winked, then skidded to a halt.

The other girls had fallen to their knees. Their butts wiggled in the air as they crawled like animals over to our instructor's massive faux cock. They cooed theatrically and giggled as they reached out to touch it. Min didn't even seem to mind that her tits were dragging along the floor.

Soon their workout shorts had come off, hanging down around their knees. Then, before I knew what was happening, the two were grinding against the instructor, up and down in time with the music, soft naked pussies humping and rubbing against firm black-clad thighs.

"Miki?" Meiling turned one worried eye to me.

My body shook. Even here there was no escaping it?

"Miki?" Madame snapped, "Again!? I thought we had gotten past this little block of yours." The girls fell off of her as she stood to the full terrifying height of those heels. "Is this going to be an ongoing issue? After all..." she advanced towards me, glaring down at me. "Naughty girls get spanked."

"N-no ma'am." I went straight-backed.

"Then fall in line." she growled. "Let's try this again!"

"Miki are you okay?" Meiling struggled to squeeze her ass back in her shorts as she and Min returned to their starting positions. "You're not feeling anemic again are you?"

"No - it's not that." I swallowed the lump rising in my throat. "I'm fine. Really."

But that was a lie, wasn't it? I wasn't fine. My body was tingling with pleasure at just the thought of that huge thing breaking me open. It knew all too well what was coming. But... but I didn't want this.

I mean, I wanted to get fucked. Fuck, I wanted to get fucked so badly. I'd spend all day getting pounded by something like that if I could. But dancing had been... well, as humiliating as it had once been, I had kind of grown to like it. It was nice to be able to move and exercise and lose myself into something that wasn't sex for a change. It was a chance to escape, even if briefly. Now Madeline had taken even that away, and she'd dragged these girls into the middle of it.

The music started over. I fell to my knees beside the others.

When I was dancing, my body knew what it was doing, but I had to push myself through each step. It was as much a mental exercise as a physical one, always keeping an eye out for errors, always failing to reach my own impossibly high standards as I faked my way through routine after routine. It was satisfying and challenging and I had come to enjoy it.

This? I crawled forward, hips swinging like a hound in heat. This was sex.

I was good at sex. All I had to do was what came naturally. Those instincts were baked into every cell of this body. And sure, it was satisfying too, on an entirely different level, but was it so wrong that I wanted my life to be more than that sometimes?

I let out a soft sigh. I hated that I couldn't even remember a time when I hadn't loved this. I hated how easy it was for me to lose myself in my passion. I hated that this was the only way to scratch that 10-inch itch inside me. This sinister addiction; How easy I gave into that toe-curling, kettle-boiling, clit-throbbing pleasure.

What I hated most of all, was that with each orgasm it bothered me less and less.

Seeing the girls just as far gone as I was, to have them there with me... it was an all-too familiar reminder of what I had become. I struggled to summon up the anger that had served me so well. But what could I do? For them, this was just the way life was. I licked my lips as I spread apart the clinging wet fabric of my lacey crotchless thong.

At least I wasn't alone. I reached out to grasp Meiling's hand, but she pulled it away to rub at the underside of Madame's cockhead.

What followed was a vigorous and truly acrobatic bout of fucking - the three of us were sprawled out on the floor, hands and bodies intertwined in the positions so lewd they'd put the Kama Sutra to shame. Our asses swayed as Madame fucked us to the beat.

Heaven forbid this should turn out to just be sex, no. This was - apparently - training. We had to improvise a routine of seduction and temptation, of rapture and release. Madame took on a man's role as we devoted ourselves to being the best sluts for her we could be for her. We screamed along to the music and fucked in time to the beat, artful in our seductions. This was a performance. Dance practice indeed.

"Harder Min!" our instructor yelled. "You call that fucking?"

Watching my friends get fucked was difficult. Wasn't this what I had sacrificed myself to save them from? But they took so naturally to it. I had thought myself a sexual dynamo, a roaring furnace powered by an ever-burning erotic flame. This was my element. The last thing I had expected was to get a run for my money from these two once-innocent girls.

Min pushed her petite body down the shaft of that cock. My heart pounded. This was the third that Madam had brought to bear, each bigger than the last. Min had overcome the girth but was struggling with the length, sliding slickly up and down along the unyielding inches as she worked towards the base. I swallowed. I remembered all too well the struggle from that photoshoot - though that, of course, had been even larger than this.

"You've got this, Min!" Meiling cheered. The two of us were licking at the balls.

"Y-yeah." I added, watching in trepidation. She was so close. She wasn't actually going to do it was she? She was already doing better than I'd expected. Meiling had been practicing on that horse cock at home and even she'd only barely been able to take it. Min was struggling but was stubborn. She was surprisingly good, even if not quite as good as me, right? Oh god, just one more inch.

"I can't!" she cried out as she pulled off with a loud pop. She fell to the ground, panting. I let out a breath I didn't know I'd been holding. We rushed over to make sure she was alright.

"I'll get it next time." she laughed.

"You'd better!" Madame dragged the girl over her lap and brought a firm hand down on the girl's shaking rump, leaving her moaning and dripping and red.

By the end of practice, we were exhausted. I had never known how grueling sex could be. I don't know how we managed to go as long as we could, but I guess we were young and athletic and though the specifics were different the broad motions were the same.

"Beautiful!" Madame grinned. It was the first time I'd seen her smile.

We had ten minutes left. This was the finale. I was determined to treat it as such. I was bouncing on her lap, grinding in a figure-eight as my tits quivered, my hypersensitive clit scraping against her silicone balls. I stared at myself in the mirror, head and tongue lolling as I slapped against her hips. It was pornography, sheer pornography, a flawless erotic performance. I spread my legs wider to give a better view to my imagined audience. I don't know if it was the hard-won praise from this stern woman, or just the sheer euphoria of being filled so good, but I couldn't stop grinning.

Min huffed. She hadn't been able to take even close to this depth. I may not have had her tits or Meiling's ass, but right now I was everything a guy could ever want. I cooed and I winked and I blew a wet sloppy kiss as I groped a hypersensitive tit, my mind filling with the vision of all those well-built horny men out there masturbating to the sight of me, getting ready to unload all over my hot needy flesh.

"You see, you two?" Madam dropped her hips then bounced me so high I almost fell off. "You could learn a lot from Miki here. Look at how intense she is. Look at that passion! She is having the time of her

life. That's what fans want to see. That is what being an idol is all about." She bounced me like a stallion, deep hard thrusts stabbing right into the pleasure center of my brain. I blushed at the compliment even as I screamed and squeezed my Kegel muscles around her cock.

Min frowned then glanced away, unable to meet my gaze. My smile faltered. Wait, what? Here I was actually enjoying something - actually being good at something - and she couldn't be happy for me? Was she jealous? I shook my head and tried to turn my focus back to the dick I was bouncing on. We were friends, weren't we? Weren't we supposed to encourage each other?

It was such a small thing, but it haunted me the rest of practice, taking all the fun out of it. What was wrong with her?

It wasn't too long however before we were onto something else entirely.

"Why..." I grunted. "Why are we doing this?"

It was thirty minutes later. The three of us were gathered in a corner, horny juices pooling on the yoga mats beneath us as we competed to see who - in a perverse twist of our vocal training - could cry out the loudest and the raunchiest. Despite the peculiarity, the girls sang no less passionately.

"Come on, Miki!" Min panted, one arm shaking under the weight of her mammoth tits while her other hand played over her clit like a guitar. "We have a concert coming up. We need to - ah fuck - we need to be ready."

"No, yeah, I get that part. But like-" my voice was cut off as my finger rubbed up against my g-spot. A roiling tide of pleasure drove the air from my lungs, turning my words to mewling whimpers.

"Ooooooooooh" Meiling moaned out, her voice carrying even above the buzzing of her vibrating plug as she sat in near splits on her pink mat. "Oh fuck!" she cried. "Yes yes yes yes! Fuck my needy cunt! Oh god, yes, yes!"

"Ooh, good one!" Min laughed. They exchanged a high five.

"I just..." I crossed an arm over my chest. I could do better than that. She had barely put any follow through in it. A girl should be panting after a moan like that. "I just don't see how any of this is supposed to help us on stage."

"It's all in the Itinerary that Miss Martin sent over." Meiling's voice lilted.

Of fucking course.

"Since when does she decide our schedule?"

"Since she's the boss?" Min's wet tongue probed hungrily out of her mouth as her strumming fingers picked up speed. "Yes! Baby! Oh my god! Make me cum! Just like that. Harder! Harder! Yes! Fill me up and never stop!"

I rolled my eyes. Just like that? Harder? Make up your mind, girl.

"She's not our boss though." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "She's the one who oversees all the managers."

"So she's our boss's boss. So what?"

"We shouldn't even see her most of the time, let alone get micromanaged like this!"

"Look, all I know," said Meiling, licking her fingers clean as she pulled a hand away from her cunt to fish out her phone, "is that this is the new itinerary she gave us this morning."

She held the phone out, this week's schedule pulled up. Sure enough, there was an hour and a half just labeled, "Moan and beg like the bitch whores you are."

"I just..." I frowned. This slothful masturbation had turned my thoughts to fog. Madame's fuck practice earlier had been focused, intense, it had left no time to concentrate. Now I was adrift on a lazy river, calm enough that I could think, but still oh-so-distractingly wet. "I just don't see how being able to scream out like a whore is going to serve us on stage."

"What are you talking about, Miki?" Min laughed. "This is the stuff we need to be working on the most."

"How!?" I shook my head. I should know better by now than to argue.

"Oh, I think I get it." Min smirked

"You do?" hope swelled within my breast.

"You're just jealous," Min stuck out her tongue, "because this is the one part of being sexy that we're better than you at."

"I- I am not!" I went red. I wasn't... how dare she!? "First of all," I rose to my full height, or as much as I could while still sitting with a hand buried in my cunt. I may not have been tall, but I could still loom over the petite form of Min. "First of all, I'm great at this! As stupid as all this is, I make this a fucking art. Second off, you're the one who keeps fucking up your lines. If anybody should be jealous here it's you!"

Min shrunk back in surprise, the shit-eating snicker fading from her lips. My breath was hot and short and angry.

"Miki, it's alright." Meiling put a slick hand on my shoulder. "She's just teasing you. It's not a competition. You're doing great."

"I-" I went all the redder. What the hell was I saying? "Y-yeah." I swallowed the lump in my throat and turned away. What was I doing? Deep breaths. What did I care if they thought they were better than me? At what? Being a moaning harlot? Why did it hurt? Because they were right? Because now all of a sudden, they were muscling into the one thing I was apparently good at?

"I..." I put a hand to my head. "I'm sorry. I think the stress of the concert might be getting to me."

"Yeah, well," Min swallowed her own outrage. "Geeze, rookie, don't take it out on me!"

"I think we're all a little stressed right now." Meiling nodded. "Mmm, you know what would help?" her lips curled up into a coy grin.

"What?"

A moment later her lips were pressed against mine, her hand adding its weight to the assault on my pussy.

"Ah, fuck." I pulled away gasping, then bit my lip. I caught the cry building like a sneeze in my throat. I'd been about to just scream out like some kind of armature. I had to show them how it was fucking done. I took a throaty breath, then let out a long low moan that built in heat and intensity as I put more and more of my soul into it. I seared it in the raging fire at the core of me, tempering it until it became a keening howl of carnal delight and need - an essay on the deep-seated anguish of my lust.

The sweetest of smiles crossed Meilings lips as she joined me in my chorus.

"Oh come on." Min whined. "Now you guys are just showing off."

She joined in as well. Three voices as one. Horny animals howling at the moon. I held the cry long and loud and hard. I held until my lungs strained and longer even still. It felt so good to let it all out. Min's voice fell off shortly, but Meiling kept going, her volume - her intensity - almost as great as my own and somehow still rising even at my plateau. I pushed every ounce of wind from my body, straining in the last gasps, willing her to give out. I couldn't let her surpass me.

Finally, her voice died, and mine shortly after.

The two girls cheered at my accomplishment. Euphoria and relief washed over me as I gasped for breath. I had won.

Not... not that it was a contest or anything.

Eventually it was time to shower. After all we'd been through, Lord knows we needed it. Meiling was hoisting Min's soapy boobs, massaging the feeling back into them after all that torture her bras had put her through. God, how were they so big? Hot water pounded down past my own aching tits. I felt so small next to them. Normally I'd join them but today... I don't know. Something held me back.

There had been something bugging me all day. Something I couldn't put my finger on. It was like I couldn't relax around them, couldn't enjoy these little moments of shared solace and comfort.

I took a step back. There had been a period those first few days where I was afraid that if I enjoyed their comradery, I'd be taking advantage of them. This, whatever it was, was different. Now - as painfully hot as it was - their sapphic sluttiness seemed... distant? Like they didn't want me there. Maybe it was for the best. I didn't want to get dragged down to their level.

The walk to the office for our etiquette lessons and check-in was just as bad. The grace and elegance that had once sparkled out of the two of them was now soured by the lurid note of their whorish bodies. Their ridiculous proportions, well displayed beneath scandalous clothing, swayed and jiggled with each step. Nothing was left to the imagination. It was enough to make even me blush.

Was it any wonder that everybody was staring? No one had paid us much mind before - everybody seemed to treat us like we were normal no matter what Madeline had done - but today we were the center of attention. Wait, I frowned, was this her doing? Had she pulled back the wool over their eyes so that they could recognize us for the whores we were? Or were these girls just that much more eye catching than me?

“Oh my god!” came a voice from behind us. “Aren’t you the Love Hearts Trio? Could I - could I shake your hands?”

I turned. My pulse spiked. A man.

Mmm, and what a man. Tall, well dressed, middle aged. His face was nothing special, but that didn’t matter. He was holding a briefcase. A lawyer? Accountant? Whatever he was, he had shoulders that could span a chasm. I bit my lip then furrowed my brow. There was something about him that seemed familiar, but I couldn’t quite put my finger on it.

Officially, there are protocols to follow if an idol gets greeted by a fan on the street. See, most fans will recognize that you’re just trying to go about your day and respect that. But for those that approach and engage, there are a few things to remember. First, keep in character, obviously. Second, take a bit of time to show that you respect the fan and appreciate their support. Shake their hand and make small talk, but keep the topic light or plug your upcoming events. Don’t spend too much time with them and don’t get too serious. Keep it casual. The last thing you want is for other fans to get jealous.

You can imagine my surprise then when he whipped out his dick. His long, pulsing, musky dick.

Deja-vu washed over me. I recognized that dick. He’d been at the handshake last night. I whimpered. Was - was this going to be an ongoing thing? Was this just a part of my life now? I sucked cock instead of shaking hands?

My breath drew short and my blood pounding through my veins. That all-too familiar fire flared within me, burning away the core of my reason and threatening to leave me little more than a yearning hole begging to be filled. But no, I couldn’t do this. Not here. Not now. Maybe- maybe I could pull him into an alleyway and fuck him there?

I turned to look aghast at the girls, but they had beaten me to the punch.

“Oh hi!” said Meiling, dropping politely to her knees. One of her hands wrapped itself delicately around that turgid flesh. “Always nice to meet a fan.”

Min dropped too, a hand holding her heaving chest to keep it from spilling out as her other found itself fondling his balls.

This was not proper protocol.

My hand clenched into a fist. My breath was short and hot. I couldn't believe this was happening. What the hell were they doing?

Those bitches were stealing all the cock.

I dove in after them, knees pressing to cold concrete as I pulled down my tube-top to give me something to compete against Min with.

I don't know why I was all of a sudden so desperate. Well, okay, he was a man. He was broad-shouldered and well-hung, with - fuck - with balls like ripe eggs. But it's not like I was going crazy for just everybody on the street. I certainly hadn't been about to fall to my knees and run my tongue along the underside of his head. Not in public, at least.

Was this just what the sight of cock did to me? No. It was more than that. There was just something about the idea of these other girls, kneeling in front of him, that just made me want to throw them aside and show them how it was done.

And I damn well did just about that. The three of us warred over him, each trying to top the last as we slurped and stroked and put on a gasping, needy little show.

"Hey guys, check it out! Idols!" A crowd had gathered to watch us, several of them sporting juicy erections of their own. Was this normal now? Did people just suck dick in the street? Or was it a special privilege just for us? I could hear cameras flashing. I held my fingers up in a peace sign and blew my audience a sloppy little kiss.

Okay, I couldn't deny I loved the attention.

The man's bountiful cum cooled on our faces as we finished the walk to the office. Meiling was scooping it off of her cheek and feeding it to Min, who had gotten the least of it. I was hungrily sucking as much of it off my own face as I could.

"All I'm saying," Min slurped a sticky finger, "is that his balls were positively *churning*. I could feel it. And everybody knows that playing with a guy's balls is how you make him cum the hardest. That's just a fact. A fat load like this clearly means I must have done the best."

"Yeah, but you barely even touched the shaft, Min." I crossed my arms over my chest. Was she really trying to take all the credit for this?

"So?" she laughed "Don't underestimate balls, rookie. Some guys - the ones with big swinging golf-ball sized nuts - they can get off just by playing with them."

"Can they?" Meiling's mind was already wandering to ball-filled fantasies.

“Of course.” Min gave a confident nod and a smirk. “Though I mean, guys can get off to anything if the girl doing it is skilled enough.”

“I think he only really started getting into it though when I started doing that thing with my fingers.” Meiling demonstrated her double-twist flutter technique in the air in front of her. “I’m sure that had at least something to do with it.”

These skanky bitches! I had been the one with his dick in my mouth. I had been the one licking and sucking around the head. That’s the most sensitive part! I had been the one to push him over the edge. I huffed. I’d have gotten more than just the tip too, but those two had been so greedy with it. What ever happened to teamwork?

We made sure to reapply our makeup before etiquette training. I’m sure these girls were fine walking in a jizz-stained mess, but I, at least, wanted to look good.

Honestly, the etiquette lessons had become this whole weird thing. It had been a struggle, but I had come to terms with my simmering hate-lust for our instructor, that arrogant wannabe alpha-male. At this point I really just couldn’t deny that I found his uber-masculine bravado and derogatory confidence agonizingly arousing. His confidence just set off these deep primal urges inside me. An ancient drive to be dominated, to procreate and to be bred. Fuck.

That did not, however, mean that I liked it. If anything, it meant I could recognize it for what it was: another bullshit desire put into my head by Madeline. An impulse to be ignored and fought against. And yet, with how today had been going, I fully expected to spend the next two hours with him bending us over a table and pounding his fat babies into our fertile little wombs.

I was left sadly disappointed.

His classes for us today focused around flirtation and seduction - as though we needed the practice. It somehow just seemed to make things worse. Here we were, having to play coy as we begged and pleaded and competed for his attention when we knew all too well he’d fuck us at the drop of hat if he had the excuse. That was probably the worse part - we were throwing ourselves at him and he did nothing to reciprocate.

His big alpha dick was the one thing this ass had going for him and here he was keeping it all to himself. It pissed me off so badly. You know what? The less said about it the better.

Needless to say, by the time our final appointment of the day rolled around it was hard to believe that I had woken up sated. I was whimpering for satisfaction. Had I not spent all day getting fucked by Madam’s dildo and masturbating? Did that not count?

Meiling let out a long sigh. The girls were feeling it too.

Surely our manager was going to fuck us, right? Fuck. At this point I just needed a man’s dick inside me so bad. Oh sure, the strap on had been huge and those fingers had known just where to press, but they lacked the *je ne sais pas* of a real cock, of knowing I was driving a man wild. I frowned. Come to think of it, I hadn’t experienced that particular sensation either, had I? I still hadn’t been fucked. Not for real.

Shit, that just made it worse. Oh, but I could imagine. It would be so good. I'd be so good. Fuck. Those men didn't know what they were missing.

Alas, our visit with the manager was just as mundane as ever. He thanked us for our work at the handshake, told us the numbers, and went over projections for the concert and how excited everybody was, how this could be a huge break for us if everything went well.

I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop - for that sexy twist - but nothing.

I'm sure we must have made quite the sight to an outsider: three horny, nymphomaniac beauties trying to sit still as this rich-voiced hunk went on about figures and training plans. It was like a porno waiting to happen. I'm sure somewhere Madeline was laughing.

About twenty minutes in, Meling stood and excused herself. Min joined suit a few minutes later.

I realized with painful abruptness that I was all alone with a man. With this man.

My face flushed red as he poured his attention on me. He wasn't trying to ravish me, sure, but maybe I could do something to fix that? How hard could it be to just lean in and seduce him? To drive him wild with carnal temptation until his blood boiled over and the next thing he knew he had me pinned against the wall, pounding all of his pent up frustration into the boiling kettle of my well-trained cunt? What would it be like when the girls returned to see that I had gotten what they had only desired? I smiled. Maybe after he was done with me, they could join in and-

"So, what do you think?"

"Huh?" I blinked. Shit, what?

"About the new backup dancers?" he leaned in, a gentle smile shining from beneath the deep wells of his soulful blue eyes. "You know it really does speak highly of you girls that Miss Martin is getting so involved in this event."

"I-" Steam poured out my ears. I jumped out of my seat. I had to get out of here. If I didn't do something soon, I don't know what I was going to do. "You know what? I'm going to go check on the others."

I didn't even wait for an answer. I ran to the bathroom and threw the door open, then stumbled to a halt.

Meiling had a leg up on the sink, legs spread wide and plug vibrating in her ass. Fingers plunged at the splayed depths of her snatch while others ran under her blouse and bra. Min was pressed up against the wall next to her, bent over with her tits pressed up against it like pillows, one arm reaching around her back to finger her slit from behind while her other hand played along her puckered, sucking lips.

"Really!?" I cried

"Sorry!" Min moaned. "We couldn't wait."

Thirty minutes later the three of us squeezed back into the tiny office, apologizing to our manager about womanly troubles. He waved it off. In whatever reality we lived, this clearly wasn't the first time this had happened. Anybody with a nose could imagine all too well what we had been up to. Mmm... would he be thinking of me when he was masturbated later?

It was late by the time we got home. I collapsed onto the couch as soon as we got in. Meiling ran into the bathroom to change into a bigger plug and Min decided that she was going to have another round of deepthroating that floppy dildo from this morning.

I laid back, hand on my head. Somehow the day had been more exhausting than usual. God, and we weren't even training, not really. We were just fucking around. Madeline had so perverted our schedule and these girls that we didn't have a single opportunity to work on the skills we'd actually need for the concert. All we were going to be qualified to be at this rate were well-fucked whores.

I slammed a fist into a pillow, forcing the tears from my eyes. I couldn't let this get to me. I couldn't let her win.

The sex that night was hollow. It lacked the tenderness I had grown to expect. The two girls were as enthusiastic ever - hell, more so, - but, just like in the shower, I couldn't help but feel distant. Even as they brought me to new slutty heights of bliss, I just couldn't relax, couldn't enjoy their tender touch.

All day long it had been bugging me; their cattiness and their attitude. Jealous looks and glances. Now it seemed to all be coming home here in the soft night when I was most vulnerable.

They were fine when they were together, so soft and delicate and natural, but they felt so apart from me. It turned my heart cold just looking at them. I yearned to be a part of that, to take comfort in it, but whenever they shifted their attention to me there was something sharp and bitter beneath it. Pity? Condescension? It felt like the only reason they would include me is because they felt bad for me. Like they'd rather I not even be there.

Had this been Madeline's doing? Had she changed them? How? Think. I closed my eyes and tried to sort through all the bullshit swirling around in my head.

I furrowed my brow. It wasn't them at all, was it? My pulse quickened. It was me. I'd been short-tempered and petty and jealous all day.

But surely that was natural for someone in a situation like mine, right? Or... fuck, who could say? I clutched a hand to my head. I felt like I was going insane. But how else could I explain it? The way I'd snapped at Min... the way I'd kept trying to show them up whenever I could... the disquiet when I wasn't the center of attention?

Why was I being such a bitch?

My eyes snapped open. The word sent Madeline's stupid note fluttering to the forefront of my memory.

"From my heart to yours."

I screamed.

-= Chapter 10 =-

Day after day went by like that. With each cut my heart seemed to grow angrier and more bitter. Each new trial pushed me further and further from the man I had once been. I tried to fight against it, but I found myself slipping inch by inch with each frustrating practice, each perceived slight. It was Madeline's rigged game, setting me up to become just as awful as she was.

The fact that the emotions were fake did little to stop me from feeling them. My attraction to men was proof enough of that. They clouded my judgement, forced me to act before I realized what I was doing. It was so... *thorough*; so palpable yet so subtle. Sometimes I didn't know where I ended and where I began. It was a constant struggle not to snap, not to take it out on the girls.

I couldn't let them know what I had become.

Madeline wanted me to know her pain? I had her body and now... what? Her heart? Her cold, ugly, hateful heart? Well, it hurt alright. It sickened me to even consider myself one iota of that woman.

Was it not bad enough that the threat of her haunted my paranoid fantasies? I knew she was out there, laughing at my suffering. I had already felt her at the periphery of my existence. Now I had a special piece of her in my heart? I wretched.

I could see her out in the world, living my life. Every night I would spend what little time I had looking up all of the horror she had inflicted that day. As much as I wanted to distance myself from her - as much as I wanted to turn my back and run - I couldn't look away. I was like an orphan with my face against the glass, staring at a train wreck.

She was systematically destroying everything I had worked my whole career to build. She was so focused in her poetic justice that she was prepared to let the world burn to get it.

I wasn't the only victim of her magic, that much was for sure. Women who had been low on the totem pole in the company were now executives. Executives were now secretaries and office ladies and worse. Particularly troublesome men seemed to find themselves in particularly compromising positions. The CFO was now a bikini model - though he at least had kept his old body. It was a struggle to even keep up - more seemed to shift every day.

And that was just what I could piece together from the sidelines. I had no idea how far things had truly gone.

What was her goal? To reverse the roles? To empower women and make the men who had made their lives hell pay for their privilege?

The world barely noticed the difference. No one seemed to regard these newly promoted women as such. They'd slipped so perfectly into their new lives that nobody saw any difference between them and the men they once were. And of course, this being Madeline, reports of sexual harassment of said former-males was through the roof. Would someone investigate such claims? What would she do to if someone figured it out? Tried to stop her?

And here I was, simmering impotent in my hate. Was all of this some sort of carefully crafted gift to me? A special little “fuck you?” Or was this just my new jealous heart assuming everything was always about me?

I reclined in the computer seat and let out a long breath. The anxiety building up inside of me was too much.

I had never known hate in my life, not really, not like this. Now I knew it all too well. That was the funny thing, I think, that the hatred I felt for that woman was her own loathing shining back out through my breast. It drove me forward, so keen and cold and ready to lash out. Oh, the things I’d do to her if I got the chance. She thought this was suffering? I’d show her suffering.

I gripped a fist. Pink nails and white knuckles. That wasn’t me. Was it? I didn’t want to think that way.

It was only at moments like this - when I sat back and thought about it - that I even realized I was doing it, that I realized how far I’d fallen.

I shook my head and checked my email. There was an email from “dad” that I was in no way prepared to deal with, a handful of dick-pic fan-letters that the company wanted me to respond to, and another message from Mia Michaelson, the girl who had been living Madeline’s life.

Mia and I had been trying to stay in touch. She was struggling just as much as I was. She was the one person in the world who could come close to understanding what I was going through. Hell, she had tasted first hand Madeline’s jealousy - she had a lifetime of experience with it, even if it didn’t seem to carry over onto who she was now.

But she was difficult to talk to. I had to couch myself behind layers of deception and allusion. And honestly? It hurt. Her optimism, her cheerful insistence that everything was going to be alright and that everybody could be forgiven? The advice she was all too happy to administer in regretful hindsight rained down upon me like arrows, cutting to the core of who I now was. Every message from her felt like an attack. Like it was all so simple and she was so smart and I was such a fucking idiot for struggling with it.

I tried to type out a response, but it was infuriating. What did she know anyway? How could someone who had lived a life like that still be so weak?

For the third time that night I deleted the draft I’d been working on. I’d find my own way through this.

-

“Dance with me.”

“What?”

It had been a week since the handshake. We hadn’t sung or danced once in all that time. The concert was going to come and we were going to humiliate ourselves in front of everybody because we’d spent all our time fucking instead of training. We were going to lose unless I did something about it.

But of course, I couldn't tell them that, could I? In their minds getting plowed by Madame's strap-on every day was an important part of getting ready for a concert. It wasn't their fault, I knew that. But that didn't make it any less difficult to deal with.

My heart pounded at the thought. I could already imagine the crowd, hidden behind the glare of the spotlight so that only their cruel grins shone through. I could hear them sneering, jeering, laughing at the uncoordinated mess we'd be trying to pass off as a show. I let out a terse breath. The fear of it somehow struck me harder than what Madeline would do with us afterwards. I had to do something - anything - to give us an edge.

If it was just me, fine, I'd work myself to the bone if I had to. But for good or for ill, we were in this together. I couldn't do it alone.

"Dance with me." I held out a hand invitingly, "Come on. I want to go over our moves for the concert."

"Miki..." Min came up from her dildo with a slobbering shlorp and a weary expression. "We've been training all day. Isn't that enough?"

"Yeah, but despite that we haven't danced - or sang - once! What are we going to do when we get on stage? We need to be going over it daily."

The two exchanged a worried look. They were crashed out on the couch, watching Min's soap operas and masturbating. We didn't have a lot of free time; a scant few hours a night. This was basically asking them to give up their whole life outside of work.

"Miki, it's okay." Meiling's motherly tone was undermined by the soft husk of arousal her masturbation had engendered. "You're nervous. That's fine. It's alright to be nervous. But it's important to still take the time to rest and relax."

"I- I am not nervous!" I reeled, face red. She was right. I was nervous. I was terrified. It was going to be a nightmare.

"Please." I closed my eyes. It hurt to ask. "I'd just... I'd feel a lot better about all this if we were doing this. Think of it as a... a teambuilding exercise?"

They laughed. My fist tightened.

"Okay, Miki." Meiling stood. "I'll dance with you."

"Aren't we..." Min looked incredulously between me and Meiling, then down to her tits. She had just taken her bras off not thirty minutes ago. "Aren't we a team enough?"

The knife in my heart twisted. We were supposed to be. Apparently, they wanted nothing to do with me.

"Min..." Meiling spoke softly.

"Fine." She rolled her eyes.

I hated it. That condescension? That pity? But if this is what it took, this is what it took.

An hour later, Min came crashing tits-first to the floor. Rage flashed through me as she struggled to get back up. She stumbled three feet then crashed down onto the couch, cradling her boobs. What was she doing? We had just started. Was she just giving up already? Meiling rushed over beside her. The next song started without them.

They... they weren't even trying. They were acting like girls dancing around at a sleepover, not... not *professionals*. We needed to be better than this. We had to be better than this!

Sure, conditions weren't ideal. We were competing for space in front of the full length mirror we had moved into the living room. We had pushed the couch and tv out of the way to make room, but there still wasn't a lot of space to maneuver. It was the best we could do though, and we had to make it work, even as I kept getting bowled over by Meiling's big fat butt and Min's gigantic tits.

That was another problem. The two of them were having as much trouble with their new endowments as I had. What little dancing we did manage to pull off looked like a porn-parody of an idol act. Damn these salacious, horny bodies. The new sexual fire burning with them, - within us, - it left a smouldering refrain in every little motion. God, the lusty implications of three horny girls pressed close together was tempting enough, but the way we moved and swayed and bounced... we looked like we were warming up a bachelor party.

I looked over at Min on the couch, groping at her huge aching tits. This whole thing had been a complete disaster, but that was no reason to give up!

They weren't taking this seriously, that was the problem. Here I was trying to help them - trying to improve them - and they were giggling and joking and making out between sets. They cared more about having a good time than putting in the effort.

"Again."

"What?" scoffed Min. "We've been going for an hour!"

"It's not good enough! You're moving around like amateurs!"

"It's late, Miki," Meiling's voice was soft but stern. "We're tired."

"Tired!?" did they think I wasn't? That it wasn't a pain to struggle through every move? A day of fucking had left us all sore in places I didn't even want to think about, and now we had to push muscles that had already started to fall out of practice. Of course we were tired.

I could feel it first hand. All that struggle I had put into that first week was so rapidly spinning apart. The moves were there, but they were sloppy and my endurance was shot. I was a disgrace. That was the part that hurt the most- that somehow, despite not even trying, these girls were still doing better than me.

I roiled. How quickly the knife dulls, how absolute the pursuit of perfection must be.

“Fine.” I turned away. I was shaking but not from the exertion. “Fine! But when we’re up there on stage making idiots of ourselves, I’ll remember that it’s all okay. After all, you were tired. That makes everything better, right?”

The two stared, shocked.

“Miki...” Meilings voice was equal parts concern and warning.

I huffed as I stormed out of the room, head spinning. Couldn’t they see how important this was?

“Miki wait.” Meiling’s warm bust pressed into my back as her arms wrapped around me from behind. “I know your worried. It’s a big concert. But everything’s going to be okay. We’ve been working hard. When the time comes, we’re going to do great. Just you wait and see.”

“I...” water welled in my eyes. I blinked them away before she could see. “We’d better.” I stepped out of her arms and into the bathroom, locking the door behind me. Silent drops fell on my knees as I sat down. I couldn’t let them see me like this.

Somehow, I managed to convince them to agree to two hours of practice a night. Meiling had talked to Min about it and they could both see that it was clearly important to me. More of their pity. In my more lucid moments, I could recognize it for the kindness it was. Those girls deserved better than me. I hated that I had to put them through all this.

We struggled every night. Madeline would be looking for even the slightest flaw, she’d take any excuse to declare victory. Worse, that bitch was going to cheat. We had to be ready for anything.

But two hours, no matter how exhausting, just wasn’t cutting it. We made progress, sure, but it wasn’t enough. We were too tired to focus, too distracted to correct our errors. Day after day of the same mistakes over and over. Was it any wonder it wore at me so?

I slept poorly. Each night I would lay in bed, the two of them cuddled next to me in a post-coital bliss as worst-case scenarios played through my head like nightmares.

Another week went by like that. Of me pushing us all to our limits, of our morale slipping, of my patience wearing thin. I tried to keep it all bottled up inside, I tried to keep my witch-heart from controlling me, but when it spilled out it mixed so seamlessly with the anger that drove me.

And then on Saturday everything came to a head.

Meiling pushed into the jump section. She was the lead for it - all eyes would be on her. The choreo called for it to look effortless, almost accidental. It was the key to selling the whole mood. But her big fat stupid butt kept throwing off her landings. She was making the timing, but the movements were sloppy and exaggerated.

Min dove to the front for the rap portion, slurring and stumbling her way through each line, just barely hitting the last words. She kept insisting that her tongue was tired, and that the last words were the only ones that mattered anyway. Of course her tongue was tired - she spent all her free time with it wrapped around a dildo.

She fell back, I stepped forward, squeezing my way through their curvy bodies. I stared in the mirror as we held our hands out into a heart, hips bouncing in time to the music. My grin did little to disguise the agony in my eyes, the resentment. I grinned harder.

We'd just been over this yesterday. And the day before. Somehow, we'd gotten worse. I pushed and I pushed but they were so slow to learn and there was so little time. If this was just me I could... I don't know, I could stay up all night working, I could push through no matter how exhausted, no matter how hurt. I could endure any pain. But these girls - the revelation hit me like a freight train - these girls were holding me back.

I should have run when I had the chance.

My already intense breathing grew ragged. Where had that thought come from? I shook my head. All I knew is that I was angry.

Harder. We dove into the next section. The girls were still off their marks and had now fallen out of sync. We were fucked. If this was all we could bring to the table, then what hope did we have? Madeline was going to win and there was nothing I could do.

"Harder!" I screamed as we moved on through one more pass. "Can't we have one take where we don't look like fucking elephants?" The girls sighed and went into it.

And then, like the clouds parting after a storm, a ray of hope peaked through the bleak sky. They actually hit their marks. Oh, they were struggling, but this... this was passible. I don't know how, but through some accident or miracle, we were actually doing it. A clean run. Everybody was hitting their marks. Everybody had just the right amount of energy.

We swayed, hands to chests, beating to the sound of the music, beating to the pump of my heart, to the desperate cloying adrenaline in my brain. Rising to the crescendo.

We almost had it. We were going to do it. Hope.

And then it all came tumbling down.

We were in the final section. Meiling landed hard. Too hard. Too much weight. Her ankle wobbled and caved, her knee bending, her mass not stopping. She barreled forward, stumbling to recover herself before crashing down onto the table, taking all of my hopes with her. The lamp teetered and shattered, broken ceramics and glass everywhere.

The song ended. Silence.

"You..." My fist shook. "You stupid bitch!" I slammed a foot down. "Can't you do anything right!? You fat useless cow! We were so close!"

Her eyes were on the verge of tears. My stomach lurched. I felt like I'd just kicked a puppy.

"Miki!"

I stumbled back. Heat flushing through my face, my own tears welling hot.

"I- I'm..."

Apologize. I had to fucking apologize. Why was this so hard? It was a battle just to force out any words at all. So I didn't. I turned and I ran, head swimming, vision blurring. I was moving on instinct, running for my life.

What had I done? What had I done?

"Miki!" cried Min, her delicate feet pounding the floor behind me. I didn't know how someone with boobs like that could move so fast. "What the actual fuck!?"

I stepped in the study and slammed the door shut behind me. My breath was short and ragged.

"How dare you!" Min's hand pounded against the door "Meiling is */crying!/"*

"How dare I? How dare I!?" My fist shook. "After a display like that? What would people think if that happened at the concert?"

I swallowed hard. What the fuck was I saying?

"The concert? Jesus christ, Miki, get your priorities in fucking order! All day long we work our asses off for this concert. Don't you dare belittle that effort! Don't you put her down like that for one little screwup! We don't fucking turn on each other like that! She could have been hurt!"

'I-'

"What the fuck is wrong with you lately, huh!? God, you've always been a bitch, but at least you've cared."

"I care!"

"Well you have a funny fucking way of showing it. Ever since the handshake you've been nothing but distant. You keep swinging between acting like you're too good for us or jealous out your ass. Christ, you act like you'd be better off without us."

"No!" Had I been so obvious? "You... you have no idea what you're talking about! The sacrifices I made for you! I'm trying to help!"

“So why don’t you fucking act like it? You’re a grown-ass woman, Miki. And we’re your teammates, your friends. But don’t go and assume we’re going to put up with this kind of abusive bullshit!”

A hot tear ran down my eye. How dare she lecture me. “I... It’s not like that!”

“I don’t want to hear it. I’m going to go check on Meiling. You need to grow the fuck up.”

She walked away. I slammed a fist into the wall, then slid down and pulled my knees into my chest.

They didn’t get it. They couldn’t see I was trying to help. Fuck, it was all falling apart.

I was shaking. I couldn’t let it end like this. I had to do something. Anything. But what? No matter how hard I pushed, it just made things worse. I had to take drastic measures.

There was one person capable of helping me. It was crazy and desperate. Even though the thought of turning to her made my stomach churn. I’d rather die than admit that kind of defeat - but this wasn’t just my life on the line was it?

I picked up the phone. I just had to pray she was in a forgiving mood.

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There was a knock at the bedroom door.

“What do you want, Miki?” came the response.

“I came to apologize.”

“Yeah, well, too little, too late.”

“Please.” I swallowed the lump in my throat. “Please hear me out.”

“I said beat it. You’ve caused enough harm.”

“I-” I leaned against the door. “I wont. I need to make this right.”

“I don’t want to fucking hear it! You’ve done enough damage as is.”

“You told me I needed to grow up, Min. Listen, you -” the words struggled from my mouth. “You were right.”

“Huh?”

“It’s... it’s really hard for me to say.” I leaned my back against the door and took a big breath “But you were right about everything. I *was* jealous. And bitter. And a huge colossal bitch. And I did think I would be better off without the two of you. And I want to say that none of that is me, not really, but I can’t help but feel these things all the time and I hate it.”

There was a pause.

“What are you playing at, Miki?”

“I... I can't help what's in my heart. And a lot of what's in there is...” I squirmed, trying to find the words. My blood boiled with humiliation. I had to fight through every instinct to run. I was putting my neck out for these hungry wolves, just waiting for them to strike. But - I took another breath - but that wasn't true was it? “A lot of what's in there is dark and hurt and scared.”

There was shuffling noise from the bed. Someone was coming closer to the door.

“When I see you struggling with something like dancing it hurts because I know how good you can be. Because I want us to be the best! And I'm terrified that we're not going to live up to our potential - that we're going to humiliate ourselves on stage and that everyone will laugh. I-” my face was red - “I don't want that. So I push. And I push and I push, because we're so close and I can push myself to the grindstone until I break - I can endure all that punishment, but I can't force it upon you. And that makes me feel helpless and impotent and like no matter what I do it won't be enough. So I lash out.”

“Miki - you know we would-”

“No, Min, please. This is hard enough. Let me finish.”

“Because see, I've also been jealous. Watching you two succeed hurts. Because you're good. Because you're so much better than I am. And logically, I know that it's great. I love you two so much and I want to see you successful and happy... but whenever you two step into the sun, it terrifies me. It terrifies me because I feel like I won't be able to compete. Like I'm going to get left behind. Like as soon as you come to bear, I'm not going to matter. And, god help me, that makes me want to fight: to kick and to scream and to push you away so I don't get shoved down hill. But please, understand that hurting you is the last thing I want to do!”

“Oh my god, Miki. What the shit are you saying?” Min opened the door, I tumbled inside.

“I spoke to Mia.”

“Who?”

“Mia Michaleson.”

“The washed-up Idol? Wait,” Min shook her head. “How do you know Mia Michaleson?”

“That's not important.” I rose to my feet and took Mins hands into mine. Meiling was on the bed, her arms wrapped around a tear-soaked pillow. “What is important is what she told me. Because, see, she has a whole lifetime of jealousy and bitterness behind her. She let it drive her, let it feed her behavior, and look at where she ended up. She pushed away everybody she could have ever called a friend. Now her life is in ruins and she has nothing but ghosts and regrets.”

"Miki, you're not -"

"And when I spoke to her, she told me that I had to let myself be vulnerable. I had to trust the people in my life. I had to be honest with them instead of keeping it all inside. Because yes, it's a black spot in my heart but it's something that affects us all. And I didn't want to hear it, I didn't want to face that it wasn't something I could handle, I didn't want to admit that keeping it locked up is only going to make it worse. But I have to. I have to accept that I'm broken and that I can't fix myself. Not alone."

I paused to consider that actual Madeline didn't regret a single thing, but I don't think she could see the forest for the trees. Oh, she hurt, I was sure -- but she doubled down on it. I almost felt bad for her. She didn't have people to feel vulnerable for.

"Oh my god, Miki, you're being such a drama queen. What are you trying to say?"

"I'm saying I don't want that controlling my life! I don't want to be that woman! But it's hard. This whole time I've been letting my heart guide me, because that stubborn little ball of anger has been working like crazy to push me forward, to keep me safe. But now it's lashing out at everybody that tries to get close - at you and Meiling and Mia. So now I need to set it aside. I need to let myself be open, trust that you aren't going to hurt me, that you aren't going to betray me or abandon me or cast me aside, even..." I turned my quivering eyes to Meiling, "even when you have every right to. This darkness... it's not something I want. But it's something I'm going to have to live with."

God, who had hurt Madeline I wondered? Is that why she was so angry at me?

"I..." Min stood stunned, trying to process everything. She didn't like what she was hearing.

"What I did today was unacceptable." I gripped her hands tighter; tears fell down my cheeks. "What I've been doing the past week. I never wanted to hurt you. It'll take work, but I want you to succeed. I want us to be in this together! I want it to be the three of us, standing on the stage showing Madeline, showing the world, what we're made of."

"You-" Min was shaking. Her voice was dark. She turned her head away and took a step back. "You think you can just come in here with that crap and expect that to make everything better?"

"No." I took a step closer. "No, I don't. I can't promise I won't be bitter or jealous. Seeing the way you two light up a room is still going to make my heart ache. But I'm going to stop and take a breath and ignore the pain, push past it, not let it decide who I get to be. I'm going to be open and honest about what's happening. It's my heart, damnit, regardless of what's swimming around in it. Sometimes that will be easier than others. I just... I hope you'll stick with me."

"Miki," Min pulled her hands away and stuck them on her hips. "I don't know what kind of epiphany you think you've had, but what you've done is -"

Before she could finish though, Meiling rushed over to pull me into a hug.

"Meiling!" Min sighed.

But she was pulled in too. The three of us in mutual embrace. Meiling's hugs were inescapable. Min's stubbornness melting in the arms of her two best friends.

She would come around. I'd see to that. If I couldn't convince her through words, I'd do it through deeds. I'd prove it, one day at a time. I'd show her that I was going to be a better person, that I wasn't going to end up like Madeline no matter how much of her I had inside of me.

And though it was a struggle, I let myself hurt, I left myself open and honest. And you know what? We thrived because of it.

I still felt the emotion, still wanted to clamour over them like a crab trying to pull itself to the top of the bucket, but each time I would catch myself and I would be honest with them and myself about what I was feeling, and they would respond in kind. Whenever I caught that jealous bile rising in my brain, I'd take a step back and I evaluate what I'm doing - what I wanted to do, what I felt justified in doing - and I'd push those emotions away, or bring them up. When they bottomed out on a cock, when they pleased a fan, I'd cheer rather than jeer. I'd encourage them and try to take solace in the happiness of my friends.

And even in those moments when my heart flinched away, tender and fearful, no harsh reprisal was forthcoming. They didn't treat me as pathetic or weak, even when I felt that way. They were my friends. Supportive, caring. When I fell, they picked me up and pulled me into the light with them.

And yes, it was hard. Probably one of the hardest things I'd done. Harder than a week of dance practice. Lord knows I fucked it up as often as I pulled it off, but it was worth it. I wasn't pushing my friends away anymore. I found the joy and warmth that I had thought lost.

I screamed my support as Meiling bounced happily on Madam's strap on - as all her warming-up at the breakfast table played off and she bottomed out better than I had, as she traced concentric four-leaf clovers with her slick cunt. She was doing so good, showing me up in every way, but I didn't let the hate land. I found instead joy in my friend's success. I loved that she was happy. Besides, I'd just have to try all the harder. She wasn't about to leave me behind.

Madame didn't know what the fuck was going on, but she wasn't complaining. We were all working harder, fucking all that much better - I was sharing, advising, helping. All my slutty urges and skills now a source of shared inspiration, buoying us up in sisterhood.

And you know what? It did more for us than any amount of my anger, any amount of my screaming. We were able to work together. We became a coherent unit. Dancing, singing, we soared to the heights I knew we could. If Madeline thought this would stop me - stop us - she had another thing coming. Now I had something that she had never had.

But with only two weeks remaining before the concert, and with our training time relegated to the slim margins, I just hoped it would be enough.

To be continued.