

MY GOOD GIRL
by Paul Watson

Stephanie Stevens, Steph if she likes you, which she won't, Stevie if, well, we'll get to that, huffed as she walks purposefully down the college corridors with the other students. Her dark brown hair falls to just above her hunched shoulders, framing a pretty face, enhanced with subtle makeup, but even that can't hide her pursed lips and furrowed brow. Her blouse hangs half-open over a halter top with jeans clinging to her legs, her boots clicking on the floor. Her bag dangles from one shoulder, stuffed with papers as she looks down at the text messages scrolling through her phone screen.

"Hi, Stevie." he comes up behind her, taller, slim, not exactly well built but not bad, sandy hair, cocky grin, intense blue eyes that you can fall into for days and days and...

She speeds up, "Don't call me that, Mark." she hisses.

"Awww, why not?"

"You know why not. I'm already late and I don't have time for..."

"Can't I even ask how's my good girl?"

The words slither into her mind, caressing her sense of self, opening doors that she was only dimly aware of. She stiffens, a soft sigh escapes her lips as her shoulders relax, "Yessssss..." she sighs.

"That's better, isn't it? No more worries, no more stress."

"Yessssssss..."

"Good girl."

She shudders, her face flushes with arousal and embarrassment, as her body reacts to that delicious trigger phrase, trying to keep her orgasm quiet.

"What is your wish, Master?"

"Well, there's a party on Saturday and we're going."

"We are?"

"We are. Listen, obey, and forget."

She nods, listening, taking all the information in, and locking it tightly behind the doors in her mind. She blinks, pulling her hands away from her chest, looking around, but not finding him in the crowd, glancing at her watch, "You asshole!" she mutters to no one there as she sprints down the corridor, wondering what her subconscious has agreed for her to do now.

That weekend, sometime before early evening, she goes to get changed, pulling on a light summer dress that provides no support whatsoever, threatens a wardrobe malfunction if she walks too fast and is just long enough to preserve her dignity unless she turns a fraction too fast and it flares all the way up to her waist. She doesn't remember buying it, or setting it out, or going commando, but she knows she did all without thinking about it, letting Stevie do it all behind her back. She finishes getting herself ready. Nice makeup, not too much, fiddling with her hair. She doesn't try to change into something less problematic. What would be the point? Stevie wouldn't let her. She also notices in the mirror that the dress is thin enough that in the right light it's near enough transparent. She tries to pretend that her blush is entirely due to embarrassment at that thought and deliberately ignores the reaction between her legs.

How did she let this happen? Why did she? She sighs. She knows the answer to that. Freshman party, sure she was too strong-willed to be hypnotised by this jerk who thought he was God's gift to womankind. Finding out that she was very wrong. That had been embarrassing. But more embarrassing was when he came around and she let it happen again...and again. They weren't lovers. Oh, he and Stevie fuck like rabbits, every chance they get, but that wasn't her. Well, ok, it was, kind of, but...is referring to a part of your mind as a separate person psychologically healthy? Mark comes by to pick her up and she gives him a twirl, the dress floating up. "You're a bastard, you know that?"

"I do, yes, but you know..."

"I know, I know, I can't be made to do anything I don't really want to do."

"Exactly."

“So, this party...”

“Don't worry, Stevie knows all about it.”

“That's what worries me.”

Mark leads her to his car, his hand resting on her thigh once they're inside. She doesn't say anything as the hand slides up under her skirt. What would be the point? If she did, Stevie would just override her, and probably give him a blowjob to make up for it.

“No panties. Good girl.” he withdraws the hand teasingly and drives off.

She tries to get him to say anything about the party, and especially about what Stevie's agreed to do there, but he deflects every time. It can't be anything she doesn't really want to do. But, as she's embarrassingly discovered, what she thinks she wants and what her kinky little slut of a subconscious actually wants are not always even in the same zip code.

“There are...” she swallows, as she looks at the cars parked all around their destination, “...a lot of people here.” she looks more closely, “These are all people from our classes! You asshole!”

“What?”

“Don't give me 'what?' like you're all innocent. I know you and Stevie have something humiliating planned.”

“And yet, here you are.”

She folds her arms, scowling as he parks the car.

He opens the door for her. “Are you coming?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Of course not, that's what you want.”

“I hate you.”

“I love you too, Stevie.”

“Don't call me that!” She shoves him out the way as she storms towards the house.

Inside, the party has already started, drink flowing freely. She walks around, waiting until something reminds Stevie of what she's promised. And stops, staring at the self-proclaimed 'Stevie's Relief Station'.

“Mark, that better not be what it looks like.” she points at the list beside the mat and sign.

'Naked \$500 (one off)

'Photo: \$1 each

'Slap (Arse): \$1/slap 6 for \$5

'Slap (Tits): \$2/slap. 6 for \$10

'Feel up (Tits/Arse): \$10

'Feel up (Pussy): \$20

'Blowjob/Pussy licking (Giving) \$50

'Pussy Licking (Receive): \$25'

She stops reading at that point, glaring at him.

“What's the problem? Stevie really wanted...”

“I don't care what that...”

“Hey, hey, be cool, I wouldn't do anything bad to my good girl, would I?”

The doors open in her mind and she finds herself falling back, looking out from behind a screen as Stevie steps forward. “Nnnnnnnn, no, Master.”

“And, of course, you'll get your cut afterwards, like we agreed.”

She nods, “Whatever you wish, Master.” She walks over, kneeling on the mat. She looks in the basket below the list. “Master, I think there's more than \$500 here already...” she smiles and strips the sundress off in a smooth motion.

“Enjoy yourself.”

“Yes, Master.” she waits for the first guest needing to relief.

Stephanie gives up trying to take control back and waits along with her. It might not be so bad. It's not like she'll have to see the people here again after she graduates. Not even, especially not, that bastard Mark. I mean, ok, she'll probably keep in touch, and maybe they'll meet up for some fun once in a while, but that's not that bad a thought, is it? It's not like he's ugly. And maybe... The first

of her patrons arrive with his \$50 ready, and his zipper already undone and it becomes hard to think as Stevie dominates her consciousness.

Much, much later, after every item on her list has been gone through repeatedly, mostly with pictures for evidence, because who'd believe Stuck-Up Stephanie Stevens would ever do something like this?, Mark comes back. "Almost time for the auction, get yourself washed up nice."

Auction? What auction? Auction for what?! Stephanie thinks as Stevie heads for the shower, warm water cascading over her, hands soaping her body up, taking more care than necessary between her legs and over her chest, and emerging flushed but clean...ish.

They make their ways downstairs, where it seems like everyone is waiting. Stephanie wants to run. Stevie walks through them all with a contented smile on her face and onto the slightly raised stage.

"Ok, everyone, the finale of our evening is the auction. Only two lots, so, starting at \$500 and you know that's cheap, you get Stevie for the rest of the weekend to do with as you like."

Stephanie starts to protest when a memory opens for her, of the second to last item on the list, which is exactly that 'Stevie for the weekend: Auction (Min \$500)'.

The bidding starts as Stephanie begins an internal debate about how she can't possibly want this and yet Stevie obviously agreed to it, but she can't to anything she doesn't want to do, but she agreed to it, so she must, but...

The debate, although fascinating for the participants and rather dizzyingly circular for the impartial observer comes to an end as the gavel bangs down on a price of \$5250, a number that even manages to penetrate Stephanie's busy brain.

"Sold to House Gamma Kappa Phi. And now, the final lot of the evening, the ultimate graduation gift, for a reserve price of \$100,000, your one and only chance to buy Stevie outright."

Stephanie blanches internally. Buy? Buy her? What the fuck?! But, she had agreed, well, Stevie had but that's the same thing more or less, and she can't be made to do anything she doesn't really want to do. Can she?