**The Toy’s Toy**

Chapter Seven: At Applbee’s

The stupid bastard gave me the opening I’d been waiting for. “It’s time, Brian. Time to *die!*” I pulled the trigger and was immediately rewarded with a huge splash of blood as my bullet pierced through the back of his head.

Pete, Brian’s friend, groaned in commiseration, shaking his head at the tragic sight. “You’re right, Dev. He was begging for it.”

Brian frowned, setting down his controller. “I told you, I don’t like violent video games.”

“You don’t like me kicking your butt at them, you mean.” I moved my joystick forward, already loping toward where he’d respawned given what I could see on his half of the TV screen.

“They glorify murder!”

“You don’t like murder, better hustle after that body armor pickup in the east corridor,” I advised him. “I’m taking you out with the fucking Klobb, man. Have some self-respect.”

“You have two of them!”

“Getting killed by *two* wet noodles makes you no less pitiful than being killed by one.”

Pete laughed. “She’s right, Bri. Keep trying. It’s only a game, remember. We’re all friends here, right?”

“Some of us are *boy*friends, and some of us are *girl*friends,” I snickered.

Brian picked his controller up, cheeks flushing. “I asked you not to say that. She’s *not*– I’m *not* her boyfriend.”

“But you *are* taking me out on a date!” I countered, rounding the corner and laying into him with my dual Klobbs. Even restricting myself to this stupid gun, even letting him play as Oddjob, it was no contest.

“It’s a *practice* date, not a *date* date,” he said as his character sprinted his face into a wall. “Just to help you get a better sense of how to conduct yourself. That’s all.”

I rained bullets in an oval around him, pixelated holes framing Oddjob’s body and dreaming of a day when video games would let me point each gun individually so I could box him in on both sides at once. “But it’s still a daaaate!” I called out in singsong.

“How are you shooting me? I can’t even see you,” Brian complained, mashing the buttons to switch guns. Guns he didn’t have, at that. He did manage to score a melee attack against the wall.

Pete shook his head. He’d been drinking, and if he wasn’t drunk, he insisted he was having more fun watching us play with his N64 than he would joining in. Indeed, I’d been smoking him in Mario Kart almost as badly as I had Brian. “I don’t mean to sound like a war historian, but it’s technically possible to be shot by someone you can’t see. Actually sort of the point, a lot of the time.”

“Won’t that be a fun thought when I’m trying to fall asleep tonight.”

“I promise I won’t shoot you in your sleep,” I promised him as I riddled his body with clumsily dispersed bullets. “Not until after our date, anyway.”

“Unless it goes well,” Pete joined in.

I liked Pete. Not only did he bring over violent video games and have a sense of humor about Brian’s Brianiquity, but he was also a man, and therefore had a penis. There was just something about people with penises that I found very, very appealing.

I shot Brian to death in the dick. Tragically, the game did nothing to notify him that this was the fashion of his execution, just my goofy blocky character wildly firing two goofy blocky machine guns in his general direction, then walking over and squatting repeatedly on his face.

“What’s that? What are you doing? Is that how you level up?” Brian asked, frowning as he respawned in the direction I was now sprinting.

“It’s called teabagging.”

“Why is it called teabagging?”

“I’ll tell you when you’re old enough.” I fired after Brian’s feet as he ran away from me into a room with no exits or weapons.

“This is so…” He didn’t finish the thought. He’d said it plenty tonight already, that it was unfair, it wasn’t fun getting destroyed on the scoreboard, it sucked being killed, it sucked being ridiculed. So I’d pouted until he considered that I didn’t exactly have a lot of things going for me and maybe he could just let me have this for an evening.

“So… what?”

“So… fun. So fun.” His smile was patently insincere, but it was chased by a flash of a warmer one.

“Get him, Dev!” cheered Pete, cracking the tab on what was to be his fourth and final beer of the evening, Brian and I having split the rest of the sixpack. Brian had been surprised when he found out I wasn’t a big drinker. I don’t get why. Lots of carbs and sugar, nasty taste in your mouth, expensive, and all just to relax enough to settle for some loser? I didn’t need any of those things.

When Brian discovered I wasn’t pursuing him into his ill-conceived hiding spot, he peeked out and blundered right into my dual proximity mine trap. “DUNN.” I smirked. “DUN, DUN, DUNN. DUN, DUN, DUNN. DUN, DUN, DUNNNNNNNN.”

“You’re hunting me?”

I threw my head back and crooned, “*It’s the eye oh so golden, it’s a kill on the Bri, rising up, then back down to teabaaaag him!*”

With a frustrated, competitive laugh, Brian pinched me on the leg. Right above the knee. I think the boys mistook my squeal as I flooded my panties, coming in blinding elation, for something more innocent.

Brian had touched me. On my thigh. Brian *touched* my *thigh*. With his *hand*. On my *bare. SKIN.* Of my *LEG.*

Everybody knew that the legs were the second sexiest body part you could legally expose after cleavage. Everybody!

Here I’d been hoping date night might get him to hold my hand a little, maybe by the end of the night have him give me one of those shitty “I want to kiss her but maybe for some dumb reason I shouldn’t use a girl for what she was put on the earth to be” faces, like guys did on TV when they wanted to string along a romance. Like, look at this guy. All it took to get his hands on me was putting out huge adorable dork girl vibes. (Seriously, can you imagine? Guys getting turned on by a *girl* playing *video games?!* ha! Maybe if she did it in her underwear or something.)

He actually *touched* me. My master – I mean, the guy Master gave me to – *touched* me.

“Hey, earth to Devon! Oh man, I might actually score a point this–”

I switched to my rocket launcher and blasted him into the ceiling. That was that, match point.

“Didn’t figure a skinny little girl like you would be a *Rocky* fan, Dev,” Pete said. “Nice improv, even if you can’t sing for shit.”

I was actually a great singer, when the occasion called for it. Master wanted His girls to be able to provide any sort of pleasure He could think of, and he’d enslaved this girl who had some serious talent. We all speculated that she might have used to be a professional before Master took her. Hannah. At least that’s the name He gave her; who the hell cared what her name had been in her worthless stupid boring garbage bullshit pre-enslavement life.

Which, weirdly, was the other place my mind drifted to after Pete’s comment. Sitting in a familiar room I had no memories of, next to a Dad I’d never met, with my whore cunt cum-gobbler of a mother leaning against me, her arm around my shoulder while these two freakishly buff dudes raced one another down the beach on a TV screen. *Rocky III*, I knew somehow. That song was playing, and this “Dad” fellow was singing his own funny version of it over the TV while Mom and I laughed and playfully jeered at him. Now *Dad*, there was someone who couldn’t carry a tune in a–

I slapped myself in the face. Then with the other hand. Once more each. It *really* hurt. Thank god. God. Church. Former Youth Pastor Nick. Lawsuit. Prison. Softcore lesbian porn. Guards. Brian. Raisin Bran Crunch. Carbs. Fat. Slit wrists. Skin care. Moisturizer. Facials. Blowjobs. Master. Bitchwhorecunt mom. Dad. Rocky III. Eye of the FUCK FUCK FUCK SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP OW OW OW OW OW OW Pain. Nipple-twisting. Nipple orgasms. Master. Home. The pool. 8-ball. Bent over a table being fucked from behind. Spanked. Beaten. Goldeneye.

What had we been talking about? I shook my head, the thoughts clearing slowly, like moldy queefs.

Pete and Brian were staring at me in horror.

Oh shit, *had I* queefed? I sniffed. Oh fudge, snot bubbles. Rank. I wiped my nose on the sofa’s armrest cover. Shit, that was probably impolite. Oh, well. I’d wash it.

“Rematch?” I said, grinning.

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“Well…? Say something, Pete.”

“Sorry. Just… damn. I know you said you had a truth bomb for me, but when she strutted out, I figured that was it. I gotta say, the only thing I would have thought less likely than you shacking up with a teenager is Jeff being some kind of… human trafficker… fucking… supervillain! Jesus.”

I could picture Brian’s suppressed grimace at using the narthex’s name in vain. He flinched at f-bombs, too. I made sure to hold still, ear cocked up toward the open window above me, wishing once again that we’d torn out these prickly-ass holly bushes.

“Believe me, it took me a while, too. He really did a number on her. She’s deeply troubled. I can’t say enough prayers for her. The things she says about herself sometimes, the way she’s internalized his abuse, it’s just… It breaks my heart wide open.”

“She sure seems grateful to all you’ve done for her, I’ll say that much.” I did?

“Bah, she sees me as the buzzkill I am. She’s young and confused and looking for anybody she can focus all those, erm, ‘feelings’ Jeff stuffed into her on. And I do mean *anybody*. Let me tell you about this foul-mouthed pharmacist who called himself ‘Cottonmouth’ sometime.” Oh, Brian.

“So… are you going to?” Pete asked.

“Am I going to what?”

“Let her… focus those feelings on you.” He chuckled. I slapped another mosquito. Fuckers, that was my *skin!*

“There it is again. Are you hearing that?”

“Answer the question, man. You’ve kept this poor lost girl off the street, even though it sounds like she tried to sleep her way through every last member of your church folks, she got you excommunicated…”

“She didn’t do it on purpose.” Ha! What a sweet little sucker my Brian was. “Devon just has, I don’t know, impulse control problems.”

“So for the *third* time, why aren’t you letting her lose control a little? Or… did you already?”

“Oh come on, don’t even joke about that.”

“Joking? Who’s joking? I mean, have you *looked* at that girl? If she’s half as hot to trot as you say she is… Come on, Brian, you sly–”

“I am *not* going to take advantage of her. It’s not right, and if you could think with your other head for a minute you’d agree. She’s not some loose woman. She’s a victim of serious abuse, and she’s only behaving like this because of it.”

Pete muttered an apology, though I could hear it in his voice how much it felt like a betrayal of how badly he wanted to fuck me. Attaboy, Pete. “Is she seeing anybody? A shrink or whatever?”

“She won’t. Same with police. If it has anything to do with Jeff, she clams up. You saw that meltdown she had earlier. I don’t think the man just swung a pocket watch in front of her until she got sleepy. What he did is… advanced. Goes deep. There are hard, serious reactions and some truly horrible ideas baked into that girl.”

Ideas? Me?! The nerve!

“Damn. So. Then.”

“So then what? You mean… Damn it Pete, I told you–”

“All right, all right, all right, have it your way. She’s lucky Jeff dropped her off on you instead of somebody like me, I tell ya.”

I heard Brian sigh. “Don’t sell yourself short. Not like I’m not tempted, same as you.”

Really? Had he beaten himself off while listening to me make fake phone calls to Mr. Burcea? How tempted was he? Good news, regardless! I’d nail his stupid god’s coffin shut and suck his soul out his pee-hole sooner than I’d hoped, maybe.

“Well you’re one miracle down the path to sainthood for doing this, Brian. Look, I need to head out, work in the morning and all that. But if you need any help – a few bucks, a babysitter, just to vent, whatever – you let me know.”

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll manage.”

“I’m serious, man. You’re saving a life here. You don’t have to do it alone. Any–” He fell silent as I squished another rotten little mosquito. “OK, I definitely heard that.”

“Shoo!” Brian’s voice barked out the window right above me. “Darn raccoons. Guess they didn’t get the memo from the HOA about keeping our cans in the garage. Shoo! Go on, shoo! No trash here!”

“Shh, you wanna wake the kid up?”

I waited until the boys got back to saying their goodbyes and crept back along the front of the house toward my open bedroom window. I hastily changed into my favorite boxers, this pair that looked super casual when I was standing up. Then I scurried into Brian’s room and settled in right beside his pillow. I squinted my eyes shut and thought my horniest thoughts. I focused in on this incredible night at the ranch where Master picked me out specifically and had me suck on His toes while He read Harry Potter books, and how the light from Master’s lamp hit me right in the eyes until I could barely see and it heightened my other senses so I got this insanely perfect sense of the distinct delicious flavor of each toe, and when this sudden splash hit my face I didn’t know whether He’d spit on my face, splashed His drink on it, or splooged right in my eyes. Not until I smelled it, anyway. How hard I’d come on His living room floor when I found out it was spit. And again when I licked it up.

Brian’s door swung open right as I was beginning to leak through my boxers, providing a nice smell treat of my own for him. “Devon?”

“Hi. Sorry to intrude. I wasn’t sure if I’d hear you go by through my door, and I didn’t want to leave it open. You know, so you and Pete could talk privately.”

“Oh. Thanks. Wish the dang raccoons showed the same courtesy. Anyway, what’s up?”

I wriggled my hips, smearing his sheets with the limited dribbles I could conjure through the thick cotton of my boxers. “I just wanted to thank you for tonight. I had so much fun. You were right – having some company over was fun. I keep making so many dumb decisions about who to spend my time with, but your friend was really nice.”

“I had a hunch you two would get along. I’m glad.”

“I hope I didn’t spoil your fun with the game and all. I was only teasing, I promise.” More or less true. I’d toed the line of being polite with my behavior, Master’s parting command, but Brian hadn’t seemed to care enough to get his feelings hurt. “Are you mad?”

“Over a video game? Of course not. I’m just relieved we found an outlet for all that energy that doesn’t involve, you know, your other vices.”

“Good.” I hopped up, flouncing over to Brian and wrapping my arms around his next, pressing my body firmly against him. *Pinch me. Pinch me, you fucking pussy. Pinch me and I’ll fuck you for a million years. Pinch me and I’ll crown you my master and never let your cock be dry or cold or soft ever again.*

Brian didn’t pinch me again that night, but when I closed his door behind me, I saw his eyes darting away from where my boxers had ridden up like the skimpiest bikini. Sitting down, they were a *problem*. “Good night.”

“Sleep tight, Devon. We’ve got that big night tomorrow.”

He laughed, but I didn’t. I was going to make him make me come if I had to nail Jesus back onto those logs and bleed him out of existence myself.

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Practice date night. Not *pretend* date. That was what Brian had tried to call it at first. Then I called it practice date so many times that he switched over without realizing it. A pretend date was a game. Fake. Bullshit. A practice date was a date, where you did date stuff. Like letting the hot girl you’d suckered into going out with you blow you in the restaurant parking lot. I didn’t want to *pretend* blow Brian. I wanted to *practice* blow him.

It had been over a month since we’d invited Cottonmouth to dinner. Almost a week since he’d ordered me to dump Mr. Burcea. I’d even stopped working with the Ruby Pythons running drugs (or running trains, on a good day), not after they’d gotten really pushy about sampling the merchandise. Brian put up with a lot of my halfwit decisions and whorish depravities, but straggling in coked out of my mind wasn’t going to fly if I wanted to hold onto my place in Master’s proxy’s house. Which I did. If Master came to take me back home, I needed to be findable. If He didn’t, well, I’d sunk a lot of time and energy into forging a new master in Brian. Heck, maybe tonight would be the night.

I spent most of the day getting ready. Every last hair below the neck – gone. Remaining hair washed, brushed, sprayed. Toofs scrubbed, then scrubbed some more, then flossed, then rescrubbed. Makeup – on point. Ribbon dress –

“Christ in heaven, Devon, what in the name of God are you wearing?!”

I preened. “Pull the ribbon if you don’t like it. It will all go away, just like that.” My chest thrusted outward, inviting him to tug on the big frilly bow on the front of the rows and rows of ribbons wrapped around my body.

“Pull the…! What, and unravel it all the way?!”

I giggled and swatted at him playfully. “I’m kidding, goofball. I wanted to see how you’d react. And don’t worry, the bow is separate. It wouldn’t have done a thing to the rest of it.”

He finally remembered his gentlemanly duty to avert his eyes, looking away from where so many of my bits were squishing out between the narrow bands of pink ribbon. “It wouldn’t need to! Devon, you can’t possibly go out in public like that!”

“No, I know. I thought maybe we could just stay in, cuddle up on the couch, watch a movie… maybe other things…”

“Devon!”

Shit. So much for the direct approach.

I giggled giddily. “I was *kidding*, obviously! Oh my gosh, you should see your face right now. ‘Gorsh, Devon, you can’t go out to dinner wearing ribbons like a total ho-bag.’ I *know*. I just wanted to mess with you. It took me like three minutes to do this. Now I just gotta get the skizzers out and snip this off, then see if I can’t find something cute to wear. I know, I know, not *this* cute. Chillax.”

He frowned, or at least he sounded like he was frowning. He didn’t trust me enough to turn around. Maybe he didn’t trust himself enough. “OK. No more teasing, though, OK? I haven’t been on a date in a while, so go easy on your old buddy.”

“You got it.” I leaned up and kissed his cheek. It was the first time I’d ever kissed him that I could remember. Still, as Brian shuffled down the hall to wait for me to get dressed for real, I patted myself on my half-bare back. I’d planted the seeds. The way he’d been going on and on and on and on about how this was just to teach me to behave myself and try to form real connections and not just be a slut, he was due a reminder that dating was also a precursor to naked bodies and soft, wet lips.

The ribbons didn’t take long to cut off. I’d made myself so damn dizzy, spending all afternoon wrapping myself up in that spool I’d swiped from Hobby Lobby while Brian was off shopping for who the hell knew or cared what, that I’d fallen down more than once. No more spinning. I needed my A game for tonight, and stumbling into a bush on my way out to the car wouldn’t do.

I had my real outfit picked out, of course. Much as I wanted to look like a total easy fuckable plaything slut whore slave, like I was used to at the ranch when I’d been expected to entertain a man, that would only make Brian even more nervous. He was no Pat Sajak, a smooth operator with decades of experience in bimbo maintenance. He was, well, Brian.

So I’d gone with, of all disgusting stupid awful hideous unflattering ugly-bitch things, pants. Snug pants, and a cute top. Sleeveless, as daring as I dared go, but buttoned almost to the neck. One of the perks of not inheriting my idiot bitch mother’s titty genes was that I didn’t lose as much covering up. Dressed demurely like this, I could capitalize on the more subtle, noble aspects of my sex appeal: all this tantalizingly smooth skin that promised to be even softer to the touch than it was to the eyes; slender shoulders that accentuated my feminine delicateness; a narrow waist with the tiniest strip of visible taut belly skin as a reminder of what lie above and below; a tushy men couldn’t scope out without wanting to ram their tongues up my b-hole and eat my butt until I splashed their chins with my chick juice.

And not to get gross or anything, but I was feeling *really* pretty today.

It took me like two minutes to get dressed. Then, I sat there for another forty-five minutes, just to give Brian time to ruminate on what he’d turned down. Ribbon dress had been fucking hot.

“Devon?” he eventually called from down the hall. “Are you about ready?”

“Almost!” I yelled back, casually rising and giving my hair a few brushstrokes, fixing any traces of pillowhead. After one last check in the mirror, I slipped out of my room. Brian, to my surprise, had taken my “almost” seriously and was still waiting down the hall.

He didn’t look pleased by the sight of me, though, which I hadn’t anticipated. “What? Did I miss a button or something?”

He blinked, shook his head, wiping away that frown. “No, it’s just… Sorry, I expected I’d wind up having to ask you to tone it down or something. But you look… wow. I just didn’t think… Sorry.”

Aww! “Thanks! You look nice, too.”

“This is just the same suit I wore to work, but with a jacket. You saw me in it at breakfast. You’ve seen it dozens of times.”

“You looked nice in it those other times, too.” I grinned. “And why would you think you’d have to ask me to tone it down? Some guys actually like taking out smoking hot babes on dates, you know.”

“No, I didn’t mean… It’s just, you’re hard to keep up with when it comes to… that.”

I beamed. “If you ever think I’m overdoing it, just let me know. I’ll start calling you Uncle Bri so people don’t think you’re nailing a hooker or something.”

Slowly he reigned in his jaw. “I’ll… thanks. I think.”

“You’re welcome! So. Shall we?”

I followed him to the living room. We nearly collided, though, as he stopped right inside the room. Brian pivoted to the side, then turned to face me. In his hands was, of all things, a bouquet of flowers!

Don’t get me wrong, I wasn’t one of those selfish, gatekeeping cunts who needed a fancy present before she’d spread her legs and gratify her date’s every perverted whim. Still, most of my sister slaves and I thought it was sweet when a john brought us a little something. Usually it was a prop, like a paddle or a costume or one time I got this adorable matching strapon and gimp mask so the guy could do some kind of ultra-hot gender bender cosplay where he jacked me off from behind while fucking my ass, then ripped my dick off and transformed me from a helpless 12-year-old-boy to the super hot but totally legal wink wink chick that I was. He even let me keep it! And the cynical slaves said that there’s no such thing as romance at our Master’s secret fuck toy ranch.

Still, flowers? That was something boys did for girls in normal relationships. Like, the sort of boring dry-cunt bitches who they wanted to introduce to their moms or record in the bathroom or, I dunno, whatever one did with regular girls.

“They’re nothing special,” he said as I sniffled. “Fake, actually. I picked them at Michael’s while you were window shopping. Figured we could use a new centerpiece at the kitchen table, and why not bring them in as a prop. It’s a little old-fashioned, I know, but I thought–”

I clutched them to my chest. “I freaking *love* them.”

I did. I couldn’t have even said why, really. It was like they were this beautiful, artificial adornment, a treat for the eyes, a fake token of feigned affection, a symbol of love provided as a petition for sex. Scraps, garbage cobbled together in a way that was aesthetically pleasing but no less disposable. These plastic flowers would stay fresh and vibrant and beautiful forever – until one day they weren’t, and they would be thrown away with the same lack of ceremony with which they’d been acquired. They spoke to me, deeply, in a way I hadn’t thought such gestures could.

I wanted to say something poetic about them, but what did a dick-slobbering girlbrained cunthead like me know about poetry? *Roses are red, violets are blue, I love my face best when it’s coated in spoo.* Best I got.

Brian didn’t object to me bringing them along as he escorted me to the car. He even opened the door for me! I wonder if any boys had ever done that for me back when I was just another useless normie who didn’t know how to take two in the ass. With that sweet gesture, Brian and I were off to our big fancy practice date.

Showtime.

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“Applebees? Wow!” I stared at the big shiny sign out front. One of the e’s was burned out, but it was the first one, so even a semiliterate toddler-IQ butter-cunt like me could still tell what it said.

Brian arched an eyebrow, amused. “You a big fan?”

“I’ve never been! I only ever saw it in commercial breaks when Mas–” I took a slow breath. “When… *Jeff*” EW EW EW KILL ME KILL ME KILL ME MASTER IS SECRET MASTER MUST BE PROTECTED no no no Brian already knows it’s OK relax but he probably SHOULDN’T KNOW DROWN HIM IN THE DITCH STOP HIM GOLDEN GUN ONE SHOT ONE KILL STOP HIM FOR MASTER no hey whoa there this is what Master wanted, eeeeeasy Dev “used to let us watch TV with him. It always looked soooo good, but we never got to leave the ranch.”

I left it unsaid that I couldn’t eat all those carbs and sugars, obviously, but it always looked so pretty and fun. Master made sure most of His slaves knew how to cook a tasty meal, but I’d never developed any talent for it. Bad sense of smell, it turned out, though that made me really handy for some sixty-nining or rimjobbing and whatnot. We all had our strengths.

“Well tonight’s your chance. Go nuts.”

There was a normal girl waiting inside who greeted us and asked if we’d rather have a booth, a table, or sit at the bar. “Bar!” I said hastily. I bet in my old life we went to restaurants all the time, but since Master dumped me on Brian, nobody had really wanted to take me out with them anywhere. This was so exciting! The bar?! Oh man, like in a Western or something! That was always where shootouts happened. That would be so freaking cool.

“Sure thing. Just need to see some ID.” She’d plainly meant the request for me, though she gave Brian a polite smile as he flashed his driver’s license.

“Oh, I don’t actually have one,” I said, frowning, trying to look pitiful. “I was human trafficked at a tragically young age but I’m probably like twenty-two or twenty-three or something, so–”

“Booth will be fine,” Brian interjected, giving me a stern, but not *too* stern, look.

The hostess showed us to a booth, setting menus and placemats and silverware down. (She didn’t let me have any of those crayons I’d seen sitting in a bin by the other stuff, though. Bitch.) Our waiter arrived bustled up right as we were settling in. She had this greasy complexion, stringy hair and a huge round cow butt, super pear-shaped. I made sure not to smile back, lest she think I would want to be her friend.

I asked Brian to order for me, sensing the headache waiting to explode on me if I tried to read this whole frigging menu. He asked for a garlic parm steak for himself, and then sweetly placed an order for me. Of course then I had to clarify that obviously I couldn’t eat a fatty horrible steak myself, and the same for – *ugh!* – a *hamburger*, and again for the sauce-soaked wings he tried to pivot to. Finally I asked if this was the sort of place that sold any healthy food, and they suggested a salad. Brian frowned through my explanation of what those foods did to one’s body, then glumly ordered a salad for himself as well.

I did meet Brian halfway on his drink order and got a *Diet* Coke. In moderation, I supposed, but it was important to be careful. Like anyone would want to fuck a hole out the back of my skull if I had bad teeth.

As the waitress went to fetch our orders, Brian reasserted a smile. “So! Here we are. Isn’t it crazy to think we’ve been living together all this time but we’ve never gone out for a meal together?”

“Is it?”

“Well sure, Devon. Heck, you’ve been staying with me for almost five months now.”

“Oh. Cool! Sorry, I’ve never had a boyfriend before – not that I remember – so I guess I didn’t know the rules and norms.”

“It’s only a first date, and a *practice* date at that. I wouldn’t call us boyfriend/girlfriend.”

I rolled my eyes and lied with sociopathic confidence, “I meant a friend who’s a boy. Don’t go reading so much into everything. Girlfriends hate that.”

“Actually, from what I hear, most women like men who pay close attention to them, learn to read between the lines.”

“Nothing says sexy like reading.” I stuck a finger down my throat for rhetorical effect, but not far enough to purge. I had a feeling this salad might require that later – this restaurant had a major ham-cubies-and-croutons-with-extra-dressing vibe to it – but for now I was only being jokey.

“Yeah, aside from the one book, I can’t say as I’ve done much reading in recent months myself.” I made a curious face. He’d said it like I should know which book he meant. “I’m being tongue-in-cheek. I meant, you know, the *good* book.”

My mind raced. “Oh, that one about the benign growth on your back?”

Brian choked on a strawful of Coke. I hurried over to his side of the table and patted him between the shoulders. Was I patting the thing? “I meant the Bible, Devon,” he managed, still coughing a little. “Sorry, just… How did you even know about…?”

“There’s that book about it on the coffee table, in that envelope. You got super tense when I started using it as a coaster so I got curious and gave it a read. I understood nothing, and got bored by the third chapter. So probably a pretty good book.”

“It was a *letter*, from my doctor. It was like two pages long.”

“Yeah, but front *and* back? With that tricky super long foldy paper? But the part about the growth was pretty interesting. I’m really into skin.”

He smiled, I guess in camaraderie with a fellow literary type. “Well just keep your voice down about it, OK? It’s kind of embarrassing.”

I nodded, leaving my hand on his back. Yep, there it was. “Why is that embarrassing? I’ve seen the thing before. It’s tiny. I kinda wanted to see what it would be like to suck on it, honestly, see if the creepy little thingy turned me on or what.”

That made him smile for some reason. “I think maybe the young woman who acted like I was trying to poison her when I tried to order her steak ought to be a little more understanding about people’s physical imperfections.”

I shook my head, doing that labradoodle tilting move that made guys so horny for me. Men *loved* to explain things to dimwitted cum-slurpers like me. In this case, though, it was sincere confusion. “Why would you worry about trying to look perfect? You’re a boy.”

“I think you mean ‘man,’” he corrected, and god did I lube up for that one, “and I think everybody wants to look attractive. I realize it’s minor, but still, it didn’t used to be there. Someday when you’re on my side of 30, maybe you’ll understand.”

“But if we’re guessing I’m twenty-three-ish now, then I’ll never be in my 30’s at the same time as you.”

“Not what I meant, but fair point, I suppose.” He squirmed a couple inches away from me, so I squirmed a few inches after him. “I just mean aging… I’m still relatively young, I guess, but I’m old enough to remember when guys my age now seemed old. I’ve already started to notice stuff. A few gray hairs, random soreness, the start of what will eventually be wrinkles.” He wrinkled his nose. Oh gosh, was that irony? Dang, Brian was smart. Such a boybrain!

I touched his arm softly. “I think you’re very attractive. I like the way you look.”

“It’s hard to know if you’re being serious, or if you’re just doing another wacky Devon flirtation.”

“Serious.” I closed the remaining distance, gave his bicep a little squeeze. “I’m not exactly hard to turn on or anything, but that doesn’t mean I don’t mean it when I say you do it for me.” Every guy did it for me, but once in a while, that dorky, paternal smile of his actually felt kinda good. And not just in my drippy, soupy, hammer-hugging pussy. It felt good in some other place, inside, that I didn’t have a name for. In addition to my pussy.

“That’s… sweet. For you, at least. Though, um, maybe you’d better go back to your side of the table.”

“Why? You smell nice. I like being close to you right now.”

Brian shook his head. “This is only a practice date, Devon.”

“So on a real date, if a guy gets me flowers and dresses nice for me and buys me a healthy meal even if I’m being bratty and makes himself smell real nice for me, I’m not supposed to act like I like it?”

Brian scooted away even further this time, but only so he could turn to look at me. I allowed it. “I don’t know how you manage to continuously surprise me with how sweet you can be sometimes. You really can be–”

“All righty, got your salad here, young lady,” interjected our waitress, smiling brightly as she set my plate down in front of me.

“WOULD YOU FUCK THE FUCK OFF?! WE WERE HAVING A FUCKING MOMENT!”

She dropped Brian’s plate. Typical fat girl, a dumb fat cow, hooves to horns, couldn’t even carry a plate of food they’d probably sheared off from her own fat midsection. Unlovable and disgusting and worthless. God I hoped I never ever ever became even a tiny bit unattractive. I would beg to be allowed to die. Bigtime closed casket ambitions down that road.

She blurted apologies and hurried away, she said, to have the kitchen whip up a new one.

“Devon! That was very rude.”

“She interrupted you! Right when you were saying those nice things. Go on. Say more. You were talking about my sweetness.” I spared a glower toward the kitchen for that dumb bovine bitch.

“I think maybe you ought to go back to the other side of the table,” he said more firmly. I wasn’t about to disobey an implied order, so around I went.

“Are you mad?”

“Knowing you, I’m sure I won’t be for long.”

I shoved my plate into the space between us. “Here, you can share mine while you wait. I couldn’t stuff all this down anyways.”

“It’s a salad.”

“It’s like five salads. I can *hear* what that French dressing is threatening to do to my butt.”

“You want some advice for future dates? Maybe don’t make your partner feel so self-conscious about everything he eats.”

I skewered a couple leaves that looked mostly untainted. “Why would you feel self-conscious?”

“You’re expressing guilt about a salad. I think my meal’s a good 1500 calories.”

“So? You’re a guy. Girls are supposed to be beautiful. Fit. Thin. Sexy.” I shrugged. “Guys just have to be nearby.”

“That’s a pretty low bar, don’t you think?”

I laughed around a mouthful of lettuce. “You know me, Brian. What am I ever going to bring to the table but my looks and my willingness to–”

He cleared his throat pointedly, and I remembered I wasn’t supposed to talk about how I was ready to get any or all of my holes stuffed by every man in the restaurant during a casual friendly date. Especially not with that family of five at the next booth. The creepy little boy in the high chair kept looking at me. Try me once you hit puberty, kid.

“I meant, it’s a low bar that *you’re* setting for your date,” he clarified. “Seriously, though, Devon. You’re not at the ranch any more. You’re out here, in the real world. Three and a half billion men out here, and even if only a hundredth of a percent of those are remotely compatible, all that, that’s still hundreds of thousands of viable candidates. What are *you* looking for in a man?”

“Looking for…?” More labradoodle. What was he talking about? I know girls on TV were always gossipping about their dream lover, or chewing out their husbands for some stupid problem they should have taken care of themselves, but that was TV. It was full of lies and trickery, like the news, or science fiction, or the idea that women should be loved for who they were on the inside.

Brian sighed. “I mean… OK, suppose it was a date night, except instead of me knocking on your door, it was a hundred guys, all of them eager to take you out. How would you pick which one you’d go out with? And don’t say–”

“Sounds like a pretty hot date, me and a hundred dongers!” I cackled at my half-joke. The creepy kid at the next table laughed, too. His mom did not, but the dad looked intrigued. I nodded to him. Mom didn’t like that, either.

“I’m serious. If you had to pick one, out of all the men out there, how would you pick? Is it only a matter of physical attraction, or are there some personality traits you find especially appealing? Traits you find *un*appealing that would help winnow it down? Are there financial considerations? Religious? Proximity and lack of inhibitions aside, what kind of a man do you think might make you, Devon, happy?”

I smiled. Here it came, the coup de grace, my golden gun trick shot. “I dunno. I’ve been with so many guys since, you know,” not about to bring up Master in a public place, “and some were really fun, some were nice to me, some were… Mmmm. But for someone who makes me happy? I guess I just want–”

Not gonna lie, I about lost it. Before I could finish my thought and give Brian his little squee moment, we were again interrupted. The Applebee’s assistant manager came to our table, cow-waitress in tow. In this smug, shitty tone, he told us we’d harassed his employee and needed to leave the restaurant. Just because he was a big deal didn’t mean he had to sound so condescending to the likes of me and Brian.

“What? Excuse me, but he most certainly did *not* harass her! I’m not going to sit here and listen to you slander my friend!” I stood up, planting my hands on my hips the way Master had taught – well, not “taught” so much as “brainwashed” – us sluts to look when a visitor wanted us to look like a snotty little brat just waiting to be broken and stripped and violated. “*I* was the one who said she looks like a whole pen of cattle, not him!”

The manager looked at her, aghast. “What? She didn’t say that!”

“Maybe you didn’t *hear* me say it, but it was implied pretty loud, right? Surely you must have heard everybody else up in here thinking it! Am I right? Who’s with me?!” Was I whipping up a mob? It felt like I was whipping up a mob! Just like in the commercials!

“We’re so so sorry,” Brian interceded, taking me by the elbow and hurrying me out. “I apologize, she’s not usually…” With a sigh, he saved his breath for the rush to the exit.

“And don’t come back!” barked the manager firmly. Some of the fellow restaurant patrons cheered. Somebody yelled the b-word, probably about me. My mob didn’t rise up or anything. Kinda lame, but oh well.

“Cool, free salad,” I said as we emerged into the night air.

“Devon! You humiliated that poor girl! And you sure embarrassed me!”

“Oh man, I’m sorry. I figured once we were already being kicked out, the date was ruined so I may as well run up the score a bit. Boooo Team Fat Girl! Yaaaay Team Hot Girl!”

“That’s…” Brian shook his head, then stormed across the lot towards his car. “I don’t even know what to say to you right now. I almost feel like I’ve spent all this energy helping prop up someone who’s only out to hurt people.”

“What? Hey no, I could make you feel so–”

He held up a hand, and it was severe enough that even I shut my yapper. “Not another word. Please, I’m begging you.”

*I’m the one who’s supposed to be begging you*, I wanted to say. But I’d been given a command by my master, and if it wasn’t my Master, he was still a man, and I was going to obey.

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One time at the ranch, I’d gotten myself into big trouble.

The night before, Master had chosen me for His bed. I remembered the sex vividly, like I remembered everything I’d ever been ordered to do by Master vividly. Pretty vanilla sex, really, but that had been what was so great about being used by Him. The men who came to the ranch always had some perversion or another. Bondage, roleplay, humiliation, humiliating, hitting, spitting, kissing, pissing, blissing. Typical stuff, an honor to serve and all that. The men, they came to us for an experience. It was a story they’d carry to the grave, or at least until their next visit.

Master, though? He took us because he loved us for what we were. Perfectly programmed sex toys, sets of warm wet holes that could interpret and obey any command we were given with total passion and unflinching servility. The Man just… got us. It was romantic, when you think about it.

Anyway, that night was incredible as ever. Master lie there in His bed and watched porn on the ceiling TV while I mounted Him and did all the work, exactly the way I liked it. If I did something wrong, He’d just twist my nipples or slap my ass or say something mean and permanently break off a piece of my soul. Surprising how much you could teach even a fuckstick dumbtardarina like me with methods like that.

Anyway, I was being a good toy, and as such, Master eventually came. Like a slothful titan, He was! Ah, the good old days. Only, as I’d been jack-sucking Him at my face, all of the sudden… He’d sneezed.

It happened in the blink of an eye. The sneeze, an involuntary pelvic thrust, and then His cock shooting into my mouth so hard that for a thrilling moment I thought Master had stabbed through the back of my throat and out the back of my head, spraying my tiny girlbrains on the bedroom wall. Hands down my favorite death fantasy since that moment.

Only, before I could even blink, it jerked back out. I watched it like in slow motion, probably because Master had been snorting cocaine off my tits and He’d smeared some around and then I’d licked it clean. But yeah, His cock flipped from the downward angle at my face and up toward His own, and while He was prone to impressively slow, dribbly cums, the speed of the thing flipped it up at Master’s face like a spitball shot out of a straw.

It went up His nose. It went up there just as He was inhaling after His violent sneeze, and He snorted it right down. Suddenly there was Master gulping and snorting and spurting and hacking and whuffing until finally, with a big round bubble of violently expelled air, it sprayed upward from his mouth somehow, then splotched back down all over His face.

On any other face at the ranch, it would have been art.

A moment after, my ability to hold it down after His throat assault failed, and I barfed all over Him.

That wasn’t why I’d gotten in trouble. Master was always very fair to us whenever He felt like it, and He decided it had been an accident, an act of god. (By that time, I understood that this figure of speech wasn’t intended to refer to Master. Back when I’d thought it had been capital-g “God” instead of just a nonexistent figure of speech. Ha! Brian would love that tidbit, if I were allowed to talk.)

Anyways, the next morning at breakfast, I told everybody. I’d only meant it as a little good-natured braggadocio. Look at me, I got to make Master come in the middle of His violent dick-throttling of my face, and He adored me so much that He’d even forgiven me for my part in nearly choking to death on His own jizz. Nobody would believe that I could ever be His favorite – not with these bitty titties – but still, there was a ladder, and surely such magnanimity signaled I was climbing.

Master, apparently, thought the story was embarrassing for some reason. He was right, of course. Obviously, stupid stupid worthless idiot stupid moron girlbrain Devon was completely wrong for even wondering for a second if Master could be incorrect about anything ever for any reason despite incontrovertible evidence that He might be. It was only that I was equally sure that Master’s cum was a special, precious gift. I got not wanting to choke, but choking on *that*? How could He think any of us slut slaves could think *less* of anyone for inhaling the nectar of bliss? If I’d had to choose between inhaling Master’s cum and choking a little, or inhaling a whole mountain of primo cocaine, I’d pick the first one eight days of the week. Clearly my confusion stemmed from how dumb I am about every single thing.

At least Master punished me for it, like I deserved for displeasing Him in any way ever even for a split second. There was more dignity in catching the infraction yourself and asking one of your sister slaves to help punish you, but thankfully, I didn’t care about dignity. Master’s sentence was a simple one: no sex, no orders for a month.

It had been torture.

Not getting used, that was bad. I was an insatiably horny nympho fuck whore, so not getting dicked in all my holes on the regular, or even settling for the mediocre fun of being quintuple-teamed by a group of super model calibre beauties for hours and hours night after night licking and sucking and coming in endless tangles of perfect tits and thighs and cunts? It sucked, no doubt about it.

But no *orders.*

It was amazing the difference between waking up to the day’s breakfast bitch calling down the hall, “Rise and shine! Get sexy, get fed!” and, for that entire month, “Rise and shine, everyone but Devon! Get sexy, get fed! Except Devon, who can do whatever she wants!” Every activity, an “except Devon” was baked into it.

So… I had to make myself get up. Master wasn’t going to use me, so… did I still need to get sexy? I’d choose to, most days, then off to the cafeteria where the breakfast bitch wouldn’t portion out my food. I had to decide what to eat. How much. For myself! I could overdose and become unfuckable! I guesstimated best I could, kept myself on the edge of starvation just in case.

And so on, through the day. That was what filled the hours at the ranch, obedience and servitude. Somebody needed punished, so they knocked on your door and told you to tie them to a tree and slap their titties until they cried. No prob. Or the cleaning cunt would have chores to dole out to anybody who wasn’t busy rehearsing in one of the constant sapphic bitchpiles. Once in a while, we’d really luck out and get a command from Master Himself.

By the end of the first week, I’d gotten so desperate that I’d fallen to begging my sister slaves for anything I could do for them. Chores, favors, pointless humiliation just for their amusement. Anything. Before much longer, I was screaming for it, shrieking like one of our bitch/brat mommy/daughter theater scene Mom and I used to do, just to get them to order me to shut up, to stop throwing myself on my hands and knees in front of them, quit laying across the bathroom sinks so they couldn’t brush their teeth without having to spit all over me. Even then, they obeyed Master and refused to even give me so much as a “please stop.” They *got* to obey.

By the time the month was up, Master had forgotten He’d ever ordered it. I was relieved, frankly. He shouldn’t have to waste His precious alpha brainpower tracking the minutiae of His worthless disposable nothing-but-holes girltoys. Still, my sister slaves were there for me, and it was months before I stopped being grateful for every last abusive, petty, tedious, degrading, disgusting assignment. My mom liked to joke that if I’d been that eager to do my chores in our old lives, maybe she wouldn’t have begged Master to enslave us out of our boring pointless uninteresting don’t even wonder about it lives.

God, I hate that evil old bitch. Still, at least she’d done that one thing right. (If she’d really done it. It sounded really implausible to me, but who was I to question Master’s smirking explanation of how we’d come to be in His service?)

My punishment had been a rough month. Still, at the far side, it had brought me closer with the harem and taught me to never accidentally embarrass Master ever again.

By the time we got home from Applebee’s (or was it Applbee’s? Fuck, I forgot how to spell again), I was looking forward to hearing how Brian would punish me. He was right, and not even in that unquestionable way that Master was right even if He would otherwise obviously be wrong. I’d gotten caught up in my fantasy, made a scene, and lashed out when confronted with my fuck-up. I’d embarrassed him. I’d meant to show him a fun night, be sweet to him, submissive, adoring, vulnerable, easy, fuckable, so mother-fucking fuckable, and instead I’d gotten him tossed to the curb.

How would he do it? Embarrassing me back was out, obviously. I was super bad at dignity. Still, there were physical punishment options. Pastor Foley had told me about barbaric old Christian traditions like self-flagellation. I listened in rapt fascination when I wasn’t peppering him with questions about it while he was binding me up on the altar to give up my butt as a sacrifice to the almighty narthex, praise be its name. Or whatever we were supposedly doing. Religion is weird.

A beating didn’t seem likely from old Brian, though. What, then? Make me gain weight? No more *Wheel of Fortune*? No more flimsy excuses to lounge around in just a shirt and panties? Man, that would *suck*. I really, really liked lounging around in just a shirt and panties. Like, a *lot*.

“Well?” I asked right before he entered his bedroom. He still hadn’t said a word.

“Well what, Devon.” He sounded exhausted. It wasn’t even 8:30.

“Well, what’s my punishment?”

“Your… what? Devon, don’t–”

“Girls are supposed to be good. Bad girls are bad. Bad girls get punished.”

“Don’t start your creepy sex slave talk, *please*,” he grumbled testily.

“You wanna spank me? My ass can really take a pounding. You can swing as hard as you–”

“I said STOP!” he shouted.

I stood my ground, jaw trembling. But… “P-please? Punish–”

“*GOOD NIGHT!*” he roared, entering his room and slamming the door behind him.

No sex. No orders.

No punishment was my punishment.

I was crying so hard I didn’t hear him talking at first. Not to me, but down the hall. The phone, I surmised. I knew from Brian’s snooping on my fake phone sex with Mr. Burcea how easy it was to notice when someone picked up the other phone. I grabbed a halter top and a thong as I crept into the hall, just in case I got caught so I could tell myself I was obeying Master’s order to be polite to Brian. He hated nudity, but had gotten pretty cool about the shirt and panties thing lately. I’d really appreciated his letting me dress slutty. Was… was that love? I didn’t know.

I cautiously put my ear to Brian’s bedroom door.

“… I’m telling you, I can’t do this any more. I thought I could, I prayed, I…”

“No…”

“No, I know…”

“I know. But I’m asking.”

Then a longer pause.

“No judgments. Honestly.”

A pause.

“I mean it, Pete. I know you’re half-joking, but there’s that other half. I hate to say it, but part of me thinks she’d be better off like that. Happier, at least. Happy Devon might not reach out and destroy quite so much. Maybe… Maybe some things just get broken and can’t be fixed. They need to be dealt with the way they are, in God’s time, not the way we try to make them in ours.”

What…? Was he…?

A very long pause, then.

“All right. I’ll tell her to pack her things at breakfast. Shouldn't take her too long if I make it an order. Give her a few hours for it, and then… Yeah. She’s yours.” A deep sigh. “It’ll be weird coming home to an empty house again.”

Well, fuck, just my luck. Brian finally acknowledges himself as my master, and he does it by acknowledging his right to give me away to his friend.

Still, Pete seemed cool, the one time I’d met him. I guess I wouldn’t mind being his slave for the rest of my life. If I was eavesdropping right, it sounded like I’d finally get used for what I was. Cool beans.

Only… why was I still crying? And why was I still holding those flowers?