

"Let me be your girlfriend," Laurel demanded as she sat down across from Wesley Plunkett at his favorite campus coffee shop, Hallowed Grounds.

Wesley blinked, uncomprehending. Having not seen Laurel since they happened to cross paths on the sidewalk on day last fall on their respective ways to and from class, this was not what he'd expected from her urgent summons. In fact, he had assumed it was one of their old classmates from high school pretending to be Laurel again, as happened all too often when one of them grew entitled. Or desperate. Those poor 6's, never quite able to believe they could hack it on their own, yet never able to give up.

"I don't understand," he said after a moment.

"I said, let me be your girlfriend. You win, OK? Let's... date. You and me. Give it a try. I admit I was wrong at the pep rally last May, so let's just... do this." Laurel frowned as she smiled, which he had not known she was possible and did not like. It reminded him of the face she'd made when they were making love at the party where he'd first wooed her, which he liked less.

"No, I heard you. And I mean, that's... I don't know. Is that great? I was going to say great. But I don't know if it's great." He frowned. He'd never been much for words. That was why he'd tried to win her over with a big display. Talking to a girl was frightening. Brainwashing every hot girl in school into wanting to be with you and brainwashing everyone else to support them and/or stay out of the way was easy, if you had a knack for that sort of thing. Wesley Plunkett did. Or had once.

"You said you wanted this. You..." She leaned in, lowering her voice to a hiss. "You brainwashed every popular girl in school into your adoring sex slave just so you could fucking spurn them for me, so... here's me. Just say yes, and we can go do dinner and a movie or Netflix and chill or whatever the hell you think is a romantic evening."

I shook my head, but I couldn't help smiling. "Are you serious? Is... is this because it's Valentine's Day? You realized what I did to show you how I felt, finally?"

She nodded. "Yep. That's what happened."

One of the baristas walked over to our table. She was scowling, a bad look on such a beautiful face. One of the most beautiful he'd ever seen. "Is this... *person* bothering you?"

Laurel shrank into her seat. "Oh. You work here. Fuck. Um, hi, Rose."

Rose had been one of the most pious and virtuous girls in their high school (yet also agonizingly disappointingly gorgeous, abstinent as she was). One of only a few 10's at Eastern Township High. Here, with so much more competition, she might be a mere 9.5, but since she wasn't enrolled as a student, it wasn't an apt comparison.

Rose ignored her. "You don't have to let her tease you again. I can call the police." She looked Laurel over and made fists out of her hands. "Or handle her removal personally."

"So she's still like that, too, huh," mumbled Laurel, looking desperately at Wesley for a life raft from the wrathful coffee shop employee.

"It doesn't wear off, or hasn't yet at least. It's fine, Rose. We're just talking."

"I know you want her, and I want you to have her, but she refused you. She deserves a place in the outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, out of your divine sight."

Laurel gaped. "What is she...?"

"I forsook my false god. He lied to me, told me I was to save myself for him and for a husband. I now know Wesley overpowered his weak will for me with his brainwashing device, and so now, my soul belongs joyfully and eternally to him."

"And probably five percent to Starbucks," said Wesley with a chuckle. Rose laughed delightedly, enchantedly, adoringly. "She works part time here, part time there. They unionized and nullified their noncompetes."

"Great, very happy for her. So... can you and I talk? Privately? *About our relationship?*" she finished, much more loudly.

"Please let me stay my lord. If she bears good news, that she has reformed her evil ways, I wish to join her in pleasuring you. If not, I wish to be on hand to console and revive your spirits, as the whore Mary Magdalene no doubt did for the false Christ."

Wesley simply nodded, and Rose hastily darted to the door and locked it, switching the *OPEN* sign off, then returned and took a place under the table where she rested her cheek on his lap as her fingernails gently massaged his thighs.

"Wow. God, Wesley, what you did to them..."

"I know what I did. I did it for you."

"You shouldn't have."

Wesley folded his hands atop Rose's soft hair as she mumbled into his crotch about his various manifestations of greatness. He tried to be especially kind to the ones who'd followed him here without enrolling. They'd given up their whole lives just to be near him. He hadn't asked, but they hadn't either.

"Why are you really here?"

"I... I want to be."

"Really."

"I..." Laurel groaned, her head slumping into her hands. "I can't take it any more. I run into your goon squad constantly, and they keep getting worse, and worse. I thought I could ignore it and they'd give up, go away, but... like you said, I guess it doesn't go away. And if that means I have to be your girlfriend to make it stop, then fine."

"Mmmm, I love you with all my heart and holes, my lord," murmured a dreamy voice under the table, kissing up and down his zipper. It was sweetness, but it was also a condemnation. She went back to her dreamy mutterings.

"Are they bullying you? I *told* them to stop that. I swear I did."

The aftermath of his failed ploy for her affection had been hard on both of them. For Wesley, it was the obvious consequence of rejection. *Public* rejection, at that. For Laurel, it had been the fury of dozens of their classmates all aimed constantly and full force at her. It started as glares, then girls "accidentally" body checking her. Former

friends she sat with in the cafeteria began spitting in her food in front of her, so she had to bring meals from home and eat in a bathroom stall. The week after the pep rally, Lizzie had ambushed her in the bathroom and dunked her head in the toilet.

Once Wesley learned of it, he intervened, and he believed it stopped. If they'd started up again...

"It's not bullying. Not quite. They're... I don't know. They're... trying to... *get to me.*"

He shook his head. "What does that mean? Do you mean like, breaking into your apartment?"

"No. I mean, like, my head. Can we *please* talk privately?"

"No. If Rose has been mistreating you, I want her here so I can deal with her."

"You don't hear her?"

Wesley cocked his head. Laurel kept quiet, and he could just make it out. "Wesley Plunkett is beautiful. Wesley Plunkett is the center of my universe. The most important thing in my world is pleasing Wesley Plunkett. I please him with my deeds, by entertaining, by pleasuring. I please him with my words by deferring to his every desire, by pouring my endless affection into my every utterance. I please him with my thoughts by loving him in the truest depths of my heart and lusting for him with every inch of my body."

She didn't stop, but that was where Wesley stopped listening. "That bothers you that much? I must have gotten used to it. I didn't even notice."

"It bothers me because they follow me. Everywhere. They *all* do it. They sit behind me in lectures and whisper it at me. They sit by me in the food court, or at the park, or in the movies, or any goddamn public place, and they *do. That.* Wesley Plunkett is the best dude in the world, and here's a million more ways to put it. I had to move out of the dorms because they kept finding ways into my room. My roommate freaked. She almost pressed charges."

"How did they get in your room...?!" he demanded. This made no sense.

"They'd seduce an RA who could get them a key, or bribe them, lie to people to get let onto the floor... whatever. It was a ground floor, so sometimes they'd just be at the window."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since forever. August. I have to live alone. I called the cops until the cops stopped responding. I don't know if they just sucked off the chief of police to get a pass or if they just got tired of being called three times a night. I threatened to get a gun, but they said you said if I attacked them they could defend themselves, and that *they* meant to defend *themselves.*"

"I tried running back home, but it was worth there, and I didn't want my mom and dad to find out."

"They wouldn't have cared. To cover, the parents were all... it doesn't matter. So... my god. That's... I'm so sorry. I'll—"

"No. I..." She looked down. "I came here today because..."

"I get it. But I won't make you say yes. I wanted to impress you, not—"

"Because it's working."

Wesley fell silent for a moment. "What?"

"It's working. I hear them in my head whenever it's quiet. I have to take these pills to sleep, and then I dream it. Dream *you*. And... fine. I can't stop them. I haven't even tried in so long that I think I've accepted it. 'Wesley Plunkett is sexy. Wesley Plunkett should fuck anyone he wants any time he wants. Wesley Plunkett can use me, and I'll be grateful for it.'" Laurel shivered. "I'm just not so far gone that I want it to get worse. So I thought I'd cave before it did. While I can still resent you for making me feel this way."

She waited for a reaction. When she didn't get one, and when the deranged mutterings of the brainwashing zealot under the table started to get to her, she snapped her fingers at him. "Well? You're getting what you want, aren't you? I'll be your... your girlfriend. We'll date. Fool around, whatever."

"But you said you would resent me."

"Not *would*. *Do*. You're a real fucking asshole, Wesley Plunkett."

That struck something. Something deep inside. Something he'd been grappling with ever since that day. 8 months now, he'd tolerated the aftermath of the pep rally and his mad scheme to impress this girl. That they'd gone to the same college had been incidental; half the collegebound kids at Easter Townships were going here. But when he had, those girls had followed, transferring schools or uprooting their lives so they could be near him. They got jobs at his favorite places to see him and serve him and do him favors and beg him to let them do more. They took his classes, rode his buses, delivered his Doordash, washed his car and would wash his cock if he let them. They were a feature of his life now, a daily reminder of what he'd done, and what he'd failed to do. There was nothing they wouldn't do for him – including the one thing he couldn't do. Hadn't wanted to.

They'd brainwashed his Laurel. The pretty girl with the nose piercing that gave him a shot at a party, who laughed at his jokes and dragged him into a strange bedroom and made him a man. And they were making her like he'd made them.

There was only one thing to do.

They were all invited. Adrienne rented them a huge party cabin on Bear Lake for nine days, two weekends and the days between. Her father succumbed to his daughter's pleading as he had when she'd tantrumed her way into those tacky fake breasts she'd gotten as a graduation gift. He'd been ready to give her a car, but she raised hell, apoplectic, desperate for the things. He'd feared she wanted to impress some stupid boy, but she remained single, and so he contented himself with fresh lessons in maintaining

eye contact at the dinner table. She asked, of course, and he agreed it was an improvement, upping her from a 6 to a full 8. They really looked great on her, all the boys she asked to pass judgment said. She could talk to Wesley without hating herself for wasting his time on a flat bitch who wasn't pretty enough to fuck without big tits.

The cabin had an indoor pool and water slide. There were twelve bedrooms, a tight fit, but nobody minded. It meant they all got to be close to Wesley, which was closer to bliss than they'd ever dreamed they would achieve in their drab, unwashed imaginations.

It was cold out this time of year, but you'd never think it to look at the girls. Wesley, he dressed sensibly, and packed clothes appropriate to the season. The girls dressed like fuck toys. That was no one's judgment. It was their intent. Tight and skimpy, low-cut and revealing, short and high as it would appeal to the male gaze. Everything was riding up into something or drooping down to reveal something.

Sasha met him at his car, exchanging the leash between her teeth for his bag. Wesley accepted the exchange awkwardly, but without passing judgment. The first day, he'd nearly driven the former goth queen to despair saying he wasn't much for that aesthetic. She'd come at him later in a pretty pink dress, and he'd eschewed that, too. When she at last presented himself to Wesley as his literal bitch, he worried another rejection might be more than she would recover from. He refused to let her sleep in his bed, but felt bad refusing to let her stay on his couch, curled up in a little naked ball. It cost him nothing, and she'd become hypersensitive to anything resembling criticism from him.

They all had some of that in them, that dread that they'd done something wrong and a desperation to never ever ever risk doing it again. The orgy after the pep rally had been the highlight of their lives. That he hadn't touched them since, they were sure reflected some inadequacy on their part.

He and Sasha walked past Jayne in the outdoor hot tub, passing a joint around in a tie-dye bikini with a few of the cheerleaders – the hot ones, that is; they still considered themselves a squad, if only because it was such a classic fetish. Some of them waved and said hi. Jayne offered the joint, bright red with the cheerleaders' fiery lipstick. The rest just started making out. They'd been denied permission to throw their bodies at Wesley, but everybody knew seeing a bunch of hot sluts fuck each other turned him on at least a little, and was therefore worth becoming bi over.

They looked pretty out of it, so he waited to ask for updates on the status of Laurel's arrival until he and Sasha encountered Harper just outside one of the cabin doors. The Asian honor roll student was standing in what he initially mistook for a swimsuit that he realized closer up was actually a bra and panties. It wasn't in the 40's out.

"Wesley! I'm so glad you're her. I feel like we haven't talked in ages, so I've been waiting for you. And warming up, and waiting, and warming, and... I was just about to go in. I'm so glad I didn't."

Wesley laughed. It had been hard, once, but over half a year of their adoration had normalized it. They weren't creepy-sexy-schoolmate-things any more, just people who happened to be brainwashed. "What, so you would have had to wait eight more seconds to see me?"

Harper nodded seriously. She'd given up a full ride to accompany him to school, and she was so glad she'd done it. Her parents had been furious – at first, until she told them Wesley Plunkett was going there. "And share the radiance of your smile with the others. You're so beautiful, Wesley. I hope you know that. I don't just want you to fuck me because you made me. I want you to fuck me because I want to be fucked by the most beautiful brainwasher in the universe."

"I know. You've said that before. Several times."

She laughed at her unoriginality. "I'm sorry. Knowing you, though, you didn't want to hear me gush about what beautiful babies you and I could make if you ever let me remove my IUD and accompany you into your bed."

He nodded. "Laurel?"

"No sign of her yet. If it would bring you the smallest iota of happiness, I would be honored to be chosen to stake out the parking area and watch for her. I'll run and inform you the moment she's here. Please. Please use me, Wesley. I haven't been used by you since—"

"That would be nice. Though you might want to put on something warmer first...?"

"I'll bring along a few of the slutty cheerleaders," she said, nodding to the hot tub in its little nook. "We'll keep each other warm."

"Good thinking." He squeezed past her to get into the cabin. She didn't budge, leaving him little choice but to gently brush her hips as he passed. She was still rubbing the spot on her skin where he'd touched her as she ordered the cheerleaders to stop eating each other out and do something useful for once.

Wesley was curled up on a chair in the corner of the massive main room when Harper returned, sprinting up the way and somewhat dangerously around the edge of the pool. It had been over two hours. Wesley had arrived twenty minutes earlier than they'd agreed, wanting to get here first and make sure everything was in place. Instead, he'd sat here watching his collection of brainwashed babes playing together in the pool.

That was where most had gravitated, dozens of girls in bikinis, or partial bikinis, and a few one-pieces with enough empty spaces that they showed at least as much as the two-pieces. It made sense, after all. The pool was the perfect place for girls like them. Pools were for giggling, and splashing, and bouncing, and glistening. They showcased them for their greatest value. Rose and Lucy (now the head cheerleader in exile by virtue of her perfect 10 rating) were lying on the tile beside the pool gazing, looking every few seconds to see if Wesley was watching, and gazing harder if he was. The rest of the girls lined up behind the 10's in descending order. All the way on the far side of the pool, the mob of 7's shuffled around, self-conscious of their asymmetrical faces or their six extra pounds or their two missing cup sizes.

"She's here!" Harper shouted into the din of pleasure slaves endeavoring to be pleasing. "Wesley! Laurel! She's here!"

Laurel herself was not far behind. The naked cheerleaders who'd been out there waiting (and freezing) with Harper were escorting her like she was a prisoner. Which, in a way, she was. He kept his place, aside from taking his feet down off of his Sasha footstool. (She'd offered, and it *had* been more comfortable.)

Laurel stopped only a few feet away. There was ample room on the coarse, water-resistant sofa beside him, but she remained standing. She was taller than him, too, so it was more of a loom.

"What the hell is this, Wesley? I drove back and forth for an hour trying to find the place. I saw this had the address you texted me, but I couldn't imagine you'd rented this indoor stadium for the week. What gives? What are they all doing here?"

"You were the one complaining they were stalking you everywhere. Once things with us are squared away, I figured you'd want me to tell them to stop."

"Yeah. Like, via email." Clad in a dress that was pretty, but that only a blind man wouldn't instantly pick her out as the odd girl out, she glared around her at the mob of staring, dead silent girls. The only sounds were the water running down the slide and the drops of water falling from girls who'd stopped their sex play to observe this treacherous snake who'd slithered into their midst.

Laurel shrugged it off. "So... what happens now? Am I supposed to get right to it? There's bedrooms, right?"

"You want to dive right in?" he asked softly.

"We already slept together. And call me crazy, but your bimbo battalion strikes me like the sorts of girls who'd feel a lot better if I got with their shitty little program."

Wesley's jaw clenched as that knife twisted once again. Deprived of words, he resorted to gestures. A simple snap of his fingers, and a point. That was all it took.

In middle school, before Sasha had embraced the full goth attitude and aesthetic, Wesley had once dared to ask her to dance with him at a school sock hop. She'd told him her nipples were probably bigger than his dick, and if he tried to prove her wrong she'd chop it off and feed it to her gerbils.

Five years later, he'd programmed the school's PA system to brainwash her into falling completely in love and lust and undying servitude with him. She'd been there for the post pep rally orgy, but after that day, he'd never once given in again. She might have a key to his place, one of the only girls who did, but he never touched her more than he'd needed to. (She'd fallen asleep on the TV remote once). She'd offered a thousand times, but, like Laurel, he'd said no.

Eight months after that, he snapped his fingers and pointed at his dick and she started sucking it in an instant. No one would believe she hadn't been trained by him to do this every single day.

All around the cabin, girls began to moan. There it was again, Wesley Plunkett's suckable, fuckable, perfect, unparalleled, unparallelable dick. Sasha's mouth obstructed

it, but that was a good thing. His dick belonged in them. Seeing it put to its natural use again, at long last, was an incredible relief.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Laurel snapped, hands on hips. "If you're going to be my boyfriend, you can't go messing around with these sluts."

"Because they're just sluts?" he asked cryptically. "Because they're just pieces of flesh, toys, things I amuse myself with?"

Laurel frowned, unsure where this was going. Sasha didn't seem to resent the description at all. If anything, she was beginning to sweat with the effort to focus exclusively on Wesley's pleasure. "I mean... yes?"

"Because they're only with me because I made them?"

"Yes."

"Because they don't care about me, nothing they think or feel for me is real, and if I were standing in the middle of a room with them I'd really just be alone because they're nothing but extensions of my libido?"

She rolled her eyes. "You've obviously put more thought into the terminology here than I have. Now get her out of—"

"So they're like you."

She halted. "What?"

"That's why you're here. I wanted *you*, Laurel. Not another one of them, but less attractive. I'm sorry, but it's true. I would never have said that, never have even thought it, but now...? What's the point? If I can't have the real you, why would I want a you that's just a worse version of them?"

"It's *me*, though," she said, not liking at all how this was going. "You like me. You... you love me. Right? You said—"

"I'm not going to sit here and let you try to spin this. They got you, like I got them, and now you're... this. I don't want this."

She crouched beside where Sasha was deliriously fellating him, whimpering in her throat like a good little puppy whore. Laurel tried to act like she wasn't there. Lucy and Rose were crawling closer, too. "But... I think maybe I do. You have to at least let me see if I want it, right? Come on. Just... send them home, and you and I can... do whatever you want. Within reason."

She heard her mistake the moment he made it. But not before it was made.

"I'm going to leave," he said. Those who were close enough to hear him sent whispers rippling across the room. The hottest girls of last year's Eastern Township graduating class whined in dismay, some pleading, others embracing one another in despair, and because they would look sexier to Wesley grieving with their tits pressed together.

"But—"

"I'll be back tomorrow. Until then, if you really want to be like them...?" He gestured to the adoring assembly, reassured by the promise of his return. "Be like them."

"Meaning... what? Put on a skanky bikini and eat pussy? No way."

"They won't stop," he said. "It would be crueller to stop now than to finish. And besides that, I don't want them to. So you can let it drag on for another eight months, watch your sanity and freedom dissolve in slow motion, or you can get it over with. Let me brainwash you, with them, until you're no different."

Lauren shook her head, trying not to hear Sasha's malicious giggles vibrating into her not-quite-boyfriend's cock. "You said you wanted me. Don't do this. I'll be good to you. I want to. I do. I'll... I'll suck your dick. I'll do it so good. My boyfriend – my other boyfriend, my ex-boyfriend – he swears I'm the best he's ever had, and he's a frat guy. Come on. Let me—"

Wesley held up a hand. Laurel fell silent. It seemed like he might like that, and for some reason that was important. (*Wesley Plunkett's desires are the most important thing to me*, the voice of one or a dozen or a hundred of her classmates whispered in her mind.) Then, he took that hand, planted it on the back of the head of the bitch who'd been sleeping naked and dripping on his couch, who'd threatened to chop his dick off, and forced it down her throat. His cum went straight into her stomach. Sasha clutched Wesley's ass to hold her mouth down even as her gag reflex fought to reject him, muscle over mind. It wasn't a battle Wesley had left her in a position to win very often. His balls drained, he stood up and headed for the exit, Sasha lurching along on her knee pads in his wake. Her leash was soaking up most of the cum that dribbled back out of her mouth.

"I'll reward anyone who helps train her," he announced. And with that, he looked down to Sasha and ordered, "Sit. Stay. Good girl." Wesley Plunkett left with Sasha writhing on the ground in bliss as the 7's, 8's, 9's and 10's of Laurel's graduating class descended on her.

"Wes man!" greeted Jayne as he returned the following afternoon. In the hot tub again. Or still. Alone this time, though. "Welcome back!"

"How's it going in there? Any idea?"

"I don't just sit around the hot tub getting stoned, man." She laughed a laugh that proved she was doing precisely that at the moment, however. "Not that I did much. But I heard, you said, train your girlfriend. I don't know anything about training people, but I know I feel like shit sinks in better when I'm high, you know? So I made a donation, and I think they've been keeping her this far from seeing stars all day." She laughed. "That's some good shit they got her on. Hope it helps."

Wesley smiled. "That's good work, Jayne. All right, you can pleasure me. Whatever you like."

She nearly drowned, sucking his cock. Every time she came up choking and coughing, she swore she was fine, that she got carried away but she'd be all right. Then down she went again, adding the subtle distinction of the warmth and wetness of her

mouth to the warmth and wetness of the water. When at last she came up heaving up lungs full of cum, she smeared the upheaval into her chest as he quietly excused himself right back to his car a short ways down the path.

"Tell them what happened, and tell them I'll be back tomorrow."

The following day he walked past the handful of girls clearly waiting for him in Jayne's place and went inside. He found her pretty much right away. She was splayed out on a rug in the living room off the big pool area. Lucy, Tracy, the inseparable Maryanne and Emma, Marjorie and Lilli, the whole cheerleading squad, were surrounding her. Tracy had one huge boob in Laurel's mouth as she moaned Wesley's praises into Laurel's ear. Marjorie had the other. Emma and Maryanne were coordinating on Laurel's nipples. Lucy was going right for the clit.

"It's their shift," explained Bri. She'd grown up around the corner from him. Before her family put up a privacy fence, he used to be able to see her in her own backyard pool from his bedroom window. There was no more privacy now. She was wearing a bikini with extra slits to show off side- and underboob, and she was doing it well. "We can't torture her, since you said last year not to hurt her, so instead we've been trying to erode her free will with constant pleasure. I can't take credit for the idea, but I did help set up the schedule. That way nobody's tongue gets too tired."

"Good job. Wait for me in one of the bedrooms. I want to fuck you. I've wanted to fuck you since forever, until I met her, but now I think I changed my mind back."

With a squeal of elation, Bri ran upstairs. Wesley watched Laurel squirm and thrash for a few minutes, then headed upstairs. Bri was waiting naked on the bed with the door open. She'd adjusted her pose so her cunt would be at exactly the right height so he wouldn't strain his back or have to do any work to accommodate her. He didn't. Her discomfort didn't matter to her, so why should it to him?

Just like Laurel's.

He creampie'd his boyhood crush, then was ambushed at the door by Ms. Quinn, who had taken the week off to reconnect with her old students and pleasure the only man she ever wanted to pleasure. She was divorced now; Wesley had confided in her that he wasn't into pregnant chicks and her husband wouldn't stop trying, so she left him. Best decision of her life, to the extent it had been a decision. She hugged and kissed Wesley at the bedroom door, and invited him to wipe Bri's cum off his cock with her hair. It was very soft.

"Tomorrow I want to hear *her* saying it," he said at the door, and again left.

They did not make much progress on that front. Every time they took a tit or a cunt off of Laurel's mouth, she just got back to begging to be released. It sounded entirely unconvincing, the same case his morbidly obese uncle made every Christmas when he ate too much and swore he was miserable, then went back for more pie. But even as the rapture of serving and worshiping and adoring Wesley Plunkett sang out from every other lips, Laurel didn't.

Wesley took one look around. Lizzie raised a hand. She'd put on a little weight since high school, but it suited her. Her tits had plumped up, and her thighs had more curve and less lean muscle. Her rating had gone from a low 7 to a solid 8. "I thought maybe we could spank her? Or you know, twist her nipples and such? Not *torture* torture, just rough play. Like, say the fuckin' words, girlfriend bitch, or we'll see how many fingers your asshole fits." She watched Wesley for a reaction.

"Don't hurt her. Brainwashing isn't waterboarding." He looked around. Nobody had any other progress to brag about. They'd tried – the river of girl cum coating every inch of Laurel's body attested to that, especially the wide puddle between Laurel's own legs – but they wouldn't try to bullshit someone they respected and adored like Wesley Plunkett.

The next day, they'd saved a presentation for him. He walked in on an argument, in fact, but it had only just resumed when news of his return got out. Adrienne was arguing with Juliana, former head of the Eastern Township Thespian Society.

"Just let me fucking try it!" shouted Juliana.

"No fucking way! You'll ruin everything we've accomplished!"

"All we've 'accomplished' is giving this ingrate bitch a few million orgasms and not so much as a goddamn thank you!" Juliana threw her hands up in despair. "I'm an *actress*, you guys. I understand *motivation*. And I'm telling you, we can eat this bitch out until our tongues rot off and she's still going to fight it because, guess what? *We're picking a fight!*"

Wesley considered a moment. He didn't know what Juliana wanted to do, but seeing Laurel lying there, head reeling, eyes heavy-lidded and vacant, but her jaw notably locked, he didn't want more of the same. Half-measures wouldn't have gotten him inside Bri's pussy. "Go on, Juliana. I trust you."

She stuck her tongue out. Actually stuck her tongue out. Precisely why everyone hated her so much. It was bratty enough that he added, "And if it doesn't work, you're out. For good."

She froze. "But... I'm a 9.7! Practically a 10! You deserve every slutty scrap of hotness in the whole world! I can't deprive you of—"

"Just fucking do it already," interjected Adrienne. "If it doesn't work, we'll just go back to the drawing board."

Juliana studied Laurel. She was present enough to look back, if not much more. "No. If it doesn't work, she's done, and she can go. Tell them, Wesley."

He sighed. If it didn't work, then Laurel was just ruined altogether as a person and they may as well. "Fine. Now quit dragging your feet."

Juliana nodded. She knelt down by Laurel's head, their faces respectively upside down to the other. From inside Julianna's shredded denim shorts, she produced a set of keys.

"These are yours. You recognize them?"

Laurel managed a frown. "Let... let me go. Stop... stop touching my... everything."

"Hey. *Hey*." She tapped Laurel's face aggressively. It wasn't quite a slap. Eyes watched Wesley nervously from all around the room, but he let it happen. "Wesley's here. He's watching. He hears you when you talk, understand?"

Laurel tried to look around, but the busty blonde actress wannabe didn't let her. "Wesley?"

"Right. Now... are these your keys?"

Laurel squinted at them dangling over her like a baby's toy. "Ungh. Yeah. Mine. Where'd you—"

"If you ask me to, I will give these to you. And then I will walk you to your car and watch you drive away, and none of us will ever talk to you ever again. No more break-ins, no more hacking your phone."

"You... hacked my phone? Izzat why I heard..."

"But Wesley won't talk to you either. Ever. He gave you this chance. He wants you to be his fuck toy. Why, when he has me – us – I can hardly begin to fathom, but if he wants it I want it for him because Wesley Plunkett is..."

"Everything to me," murmured Laurel. "No, I mean... But..."

"There she is. So that's option one. Keep your disgusting dirty unwashed fucking bitch brain and no more Wesley ever again. Option two... I hide these somewhere, and you stay and rehearse your lines with me like when we were in theater together. Remember? And I'll tell you exactly what to say. And when you learn how to say it, and mean it – to *feel* it – then we'll show off what we turned you into to Wesley, and maybe, if you can be a good enough little toy, he'll still let you be his girlfriend."

Juliana looked up at Wesley, grinning. "Once in a while. We'll work you into the rotation behind the 7's, Little Miss Lumpy Tits."

With effort, Laurel managed to look up and find Wesley. Her neck shook after days of having steaming hot pussies fuck it. Now, did she want to give that up for a nice hard Wesley Plunkett cock, like she'd mostly enjoyed once before? Or... replace it with nothing? Nothing, and no one, forever.

"What do you want me to say?" she whispered.

A chorus of cheers went up through the cabin.

"What you should have said in the first place, you lucky, ungrateful bitch."

Juliana bent down and kissed her upside down lips. "Yes, Wesley."

Laurel's head fell back to the floor. Her eyes slid shut. "Yes. Yes, Wesley. Yes."