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**The Slut’s Tale**

**The RA Volume IV, Part One**

**By Isaac Byrne**

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“Well you’re a pretty little thing, aren’t you?”

“And she knows it, too.”

“Good luck keeping the boys away from that one!”

“Fat chance of that, right?”

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“Holy shit, she’s actually…”

“She’s… oh fuck, she’s…”

“Oh my fucking god, what a…”

“She’s so…”

“I can’t believe she’s actually…!”

*Airtight*, Shauna thought, a bit peevishly. *Spitroast.* How could it be she was trying to split her attention between meeting the thrusts of her boyfriend’s cock in her pussy *and* not choking to death on his buddy’s cock meekly infiltrating her throat, and yet *these* idiots couldn’t even come up with the words for what she was letting them do.

The words for the act, that is. What they were also doing to her could less succinctly be called “making her come her fucking tits off.” Ruining her voice for a day or two at least. Making her google if her birth control was still effective against a gallon of baby batter flooding into her from both ends.

It was too bad they didn’t have a third. This would have been such a hot way to bust her anal cherry.

She grabbed the ass of the guy plugging her from the front and pulled him in as hard as she could, eyes flooding with tears, throat burning, lungs confounded as they tried to breathe in dick, something they for some reason hadn’t been designed to do. *Nice one, god, you fucking dickhead*, she thought, trying to snerk down the snot threatening to bubble out her nose. That would be pretty unhot of her. Although she couldn’t snerk if she couldn’t breathe, evidently.

Thankfully, he busted a nut before Shauna had to risk ruining the moment for him. Oh god, it shot right down her throat. She didn’t swallow; it just *went*. That was fucking hot for some reason. Reasons didn’t matter. His cum had actual goddamn velocity to it. Her stomach could actually feel it hit land, though partially because she hadn’t eaten anything that day. This was her breakfast, lunch and dinner. Shauna had hit her freshman fifteen by mid-September. She’d felt repulsive. Half her clothes didn’t fit right, including pretty much all of the hot thot shit she’d bought for her new life here at Lakeview. Two months later, she’d starved most of it off just in time for fucking sweater weather. Fuck.

Fuck.

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck, she was..

She was… Fuck.

The cock in front of her slipped out, still spurting into her face. A blob got her right in the eye. That made her come harder. Being jizzed on was hot as fuck, and having a guy come so hard for her he couldn’t even control where was hotter as fucker. That cock in her pussy was a fucking jackhammer. Between gasping for air, coughing up precum and postcum and not a little spit, she pleaded for him not to stop. Whined. Begged for it, like a little slut bitch. Her boyfriend – at least that’s how he saw himself, same as the other two guys she was seeing – had a really nice cock. It was why she put up with the rest of it. Presently, she was grateful for every lame pun, cheapskate move, and trashy pickup line. She was coming.

Better yet, so was he.

Shauna lay there in this stranger’s bed – her boyfriend had told Shauna his brother’s name, but she couldn’t remember, and didn’t especially care – basking in the glow of so much cum. (Frat brother, to be clear. Not that she’d care if they were for real brothers. That would probably be even hotter.) Plenty of the cum was hers, sure, but *theirs*. God. She *mmmmm*ed into the pillow at the sensation of it trickling out of her pussy. Cream motherfucking pied. There was no feeling the gobs and gobs of it that had gone down her throat, but her throat… Nothing like a take-no-prisoners approach to fucking a girl’s throat. This was hands down the best party she’d been to since coming to Lakeview. Even better than the one where she’d hooked up with that hot international student with his hot accent and his entitled assumption that American sluts like her would spread their legs for him the moment they heard it. Which she had, gladly.

The boys were talking, but Shauna was barely listening. The stranger guy was marveling that she’d let them do that; her boyfriend was sheepishly defending her virtue. Sweet. Too bad she hated sweet guys. She hadn’t enrolled in a university on the opposite end of the country because she was worried about her rep, seeking out some doucher to defend it.

“Do you think she’d let us swap?”

That, she heard, loud and clear. Shauna raised her hips, opened her mouth, and waited. She could be a heckin’ good bitch when her pussy wanted her to be. It was pretty good about getting what it wanted.

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“Did you wear my blue top, Shauna?”

Shauna glanced up from her desk. Tracy was holding up the garment in question, a pissed-off look on her face. “Oh. Um, yeah, I think so. You’re sure that’s yours?”

“Uh, ya, I’m sure *my* top is *mine*.”

“Oh. My bad.” She turned back to her laptop. Would this chick hurry up and fuck off so she could get back to swiping through tinder. It was hard to find the appropriately horny frame of mind with that shrill cunt taking up so much space.

“There’s a freaking *stain*, Shauna. Do you see this?”

Shauna didn’t bother looking back. Give a mouse a cookie, it was gonna want some milk. Then wonder what the particularly milk-like stain on its top was. “Oh, my bad. Put it in my hamper. I’ll wash it.”

“Like you washed my sheets after you and your flavor-of-the-week…?” Tracy couldn’t get the words out. Or maybe she didn’t know them. Shauna wasn’t sure.

She pivoted once again, adopting an expression of empathy. “Come on, Tracy. You know me. We’ve been living together for what, four months?”

“Yeah. About that.”

“Do you really think I’d waste a whole week on some guy?” She had, on several guys, but not by a lot. There were a *lot* of guys at Lakeview.

“You’re nasty. Like, seriously nasty.”

Shauna was already turning away from her. “You know it, baby. Woo!” It was a half-hearted woo, but enough to send Tracy storming out of the room.

Their RA, Aeriel, was in their room, Tracy on her heels, not ten minutes later. She knocked, as if she wasn’t being escorted in by one of the room’s residents. Shauna set down the textbook she’d picked up when she’d heard Tracy’s voice in the hall and looked up innocently.

“Hey, Aeriel. Oh wow, I love that skirt. You look super cute.” She smiled.

Aeriel gave herself a once over. “Really? It’s just a…” She caught herself taking the bait. If there was one thing that won over mediocre-looking girls, it was physical compliments from hot girls. “Thank you. Actually though, I came down here to talk to you. Do you have a sec?”

“Oh sure.” She acknowledged Tracy. “This is about borrowing her top, isn’t it. I’m really sorry. It’s embarrassing.”

Tracy shook her head, not accepting the apology. She knew better by now. Good for her. “Since when did you get embarrassed?”

Aeriel held up her hands to the petitioning party. “Hey now, let’s dial it back, OK? Obviously, there’s some emotions happening here. How about the three of us sit down and see if we can’t figure out how to improve the situation a bit. Is now an OK time, Shauna?”

“Aw, you learned my name.” She projected gratitude, though really, this chick had taken over a month of living here to stop calling her Shana. It was a small thing, but coming from someone she had no reason to like, it hadn’t helped. “Sure. Do I sit here, or…?”

“There’s fine. Tracy, you want to have a seat? And I’ll just…” Aeriel plopped down on Tracy’s bed, the lower bunk. “Great. So since Tracy is the one who came down to me with some concerns, why don’t we start with her, then Shauna, you’ll get the same opportunity to respond, air your own issues, whatever. Tracy, talk to me about your concerns. And if possible, try to avoid accusations, name-calling, et cetera. What you’ve seen happen, how it makes you feel.”

It was a dead giveaway that Tracy had been making all manner of accusations and no doubt calling some names down in the RA’s room. Shauna turned to her roommate to listen patiently.

Tracy had been thinking about this for a while now, clearly. She had a litany at the ready; somehow, today’s little cum stain had dredged it all to the surface. This was the second time they’d had a dialogue like this, after the Labor Day incident when Tracy had gone home for the three-day weekend and returned to find Shauna in her bed with a boy from her comp class. They weren’t even doing anything when it happened, but they had been naked. What were they supposed to do, fuck on the top bunk? It was Tracy’s own stupid fault for staking out the bottom one in the first place. So she’d tattled, and Shauna had promised not to do it again. She’d even been sincere about it when she said it.

Except that same weekend, she’d found out from a sophomore girl at a club that if your roommate left, you got the room to yourself until they filled it, no extra fee.

Tracy laid it all out there. Shauna having guys over, sometimes overnight. (This category went on in various levels of detail for some time, until Aeriel finally asked if there were other concerns.) Shauna borrowing her clothes. Shauna leaving an unwrapped condom on the floor. Shauna leaving a used condom on her bed. Today’s incident had simply been the straw that broke her back.

“It’s just… *disgusting*. She’s *disgusting!*”

“Easy on the judgments, Tracy. Feelings.”

“OK, I *feel* disgusted! My friend told me I should get a black light and see what all she’s contaminated in here, but I’m honestly worried I’d go blind from it. I don’t think I could sleep at night if I saw what all she’s–”

“Objection, your honor, speculation,” muttered Shauna. But she laughed and held up her hands apologetically. “Sorry, Aeriel. I just don’t want to get in trouble because of what she guesses I might have done.”

“You won’t. Although, I’ll be honest, some of these accusations, if they’re true, are pretty serious.”

“Do I get to tell my side of things?”

Aeriel nodded. “Yes. Go ahead. Same deal as Tracy. No name-calling, focus on your feelings and not assuming anyone else’s.”

Tracy folded her arms haughtily, refusing to make eye contact with her lecherous roommate. Shauna studied her, then sighed despondently. “Aeriel, I honestly don’t know what she’s talking about with half of that stuff. I’ve never–”

“What?! You freaking liar!”

Aeriel raised a hand. “Let her talk, Tracy. She let you talk.”

Shauna nodded. “Thank you. I mean, yes, I’ve had guys over, and yes, I used condoms. Tossing them all over the room, though? This is the first I’ve heard of that. Yes I’ve borrowed her clothes a couple times, but only because I saw her borrowing mine, so I figured that was just how she wanted to do it, which was fine with me.”

“What?! I *never*–”

Aeriel gave Tracy a stern look. “Tracy… Come on now.”

“But she’s not telling the truth!”

“That sounds like an accusation,” Shauna pointed out softly.

“It is! *Aeriel!*”

Aeriel, however, was refocusing on the roommate who was supposed to have the floor at the moment. “All right, so we have some differing accounts. Now Shauna, Tracy showed me the shirt you borrowed today, and I’ve seen the, erm, spot. On it. Do you have anything to say about that?”

“I told her I was sorry. I swear! But if you need to hear it, then I’ll say it again. Tracy, I’m very sorry I borrowed your top without asking, and I promise as long as you don’t borrow any of my stuff any more, I won’t borrow any of your stuff.”

“And the stain?”

Shauna arched an eyebrow. “I mean, I don’t think milk stains, but like I told her, I’ll gladly wash–”

“Milk?! Aeriel, this is such freaking bull! You know darn well what that is, Shauna, you… you *slut!*”

Aeriel gave Tracy a stern look. “Name-calling…”

Shauna gave her roommate a sympathetic look and shook her head. “What is it…?”

“It’s… It’s…!” Tracy had to really dig to get that one out. “It’s *semen!* From a *boy!*”

Shauna gasped, supposedly mortified. She’d been perfecting her indignant gasp for a while now. “Is *that* why you’re so upset? Oh my gosh, no wonder! No, it’s just…” She gestured to where, in the minutes since Tracy’s departure, a styrofoam bowl sat with a plastic spoon, a bit of milk with chunks of corn flakes clinging to the side. She’d prepped it that morning; not the most hygienic thing to leave in a drawer all day, but at least she’d finally provoked Tracy enough that she’d tattled. The last four bowls had had to be thrown away unseen. Shauna had started to think that fucking slob was never going to realize that blue shirt was somehow always at the top of her hamper. “See?” she pressed.

“YOU’RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS YOU FUCKING SLUT!” shrieked Tracy.

Their meeting ended with Aeriel promising to sit the two down with the Penderdast hall manager. Their RA recognized her limits, and this was bigger than she was cut out for. In fact, she suggested that such a meeting might be exactly what Shauna needed. A female role model to mentor her, to teach and support her as she transitioned from high school to college to the real world.

“No, totally, that’s exactly what I need,” she concurred.

That night, Shauna feigned sleep while Tracy did the predictable thing and swiped one of Shauna’s condoms from her drawer and dropped it, used, on the floor. In the morning, she went to Aeriel and told her what she’d seen – the truth this time, which was refreshing – and had her come in to check it out.

Unlike her roommate, however, Tracy hadn’t been rehearsing her bullshit for weeks on end. Faced with Shauna’s accusation, she soon broke into tears and confessed. Aeriel wrote her up, eyeing Tracy with plain suspicion.

Tracy was assigned five hours of community service, which she served after moving down to Wilkes Quad on the far end of campus.

As she hefted her last box, Shauna held the door to apologize. In a few minutes, someone at the Penderdast front desk would hit a few buttons, and Tracy’s key card would never open the room again.

“Just so you know Tracy, it wasn’t personal. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Get bent, whore,” sniped Tracy, brushing past her.

“That’s the idea.”

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“Oh hey, Aeriel. How’s it going? Your hair looks different. I really like it.”

“Yeah. I just had a very interesting talk with Cecile. Among other concerns – familiar ones – she told me… Well, no sense beating around the bush. She told me you had sexual intercourse with her boyfriend.”

“She said… what? Oh my god. I mean, she got in a big snit telling me I was flirting with him, and ever since then I never even spoke to him, much less–”

“She showed me their texts. So either he’s lying about cheating on her and begging her to take him back, or…”

“Oh.” Well, shit. The single room had been good while it had lasted. Going to work on Cecile had been greedy of her. “So now what happens?”

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Shauna sniffed in disdain. This place smelled nasty. The outside was ugly, too, one of the only brick buildings on a campus full of pristine limestone. Not technically on campus – right across Roberts Ave – but close enough.

It was quiet, too, she noted as she walked around, looking for a stairwell. There were lights on in most of the offices, dimly emitting from behind frosted panes of glass. That none of them had doors open, and all of them with those opaque windows concealing what was inside, gave it all a very closed off look. At the beginning of fall semester when she’d still been learning the campus, it had always been easy to just ask someone for directions. Here, in this fortress of sexitude, she was a little afraid of what might be behind those doors.

Not that Shauna didn’t like sex – a lot, actually – but there was fucking, and there was *studying* fucking. Compared to most people she knew, Shauna felt like she had some insights on pleasure. But these people, they *knew* things.

At last there was an elevator. Only as she pressed the button, then repeatedly mashed it, no response. “God damnit. Well, maybe this’ll get me out of this counseling shit.”

“I wouldn’t count on it,” said a voice from behind her.

Shauna nearly jumped out of her skin. Or at least, out of her khakis and Lakeview hoodie. Not the sort of clothes she often wore out and about, but when you were ordered to counseling for sexual misconduct on pain of some vague but very inconvenient sounding consequences, it didn’t hurt to look chaste.

The voice had come from a man standing in a now open doorway across the hall and down a little ways. He was an older guy, 40-something she guessed, with thick-framed black glasses. He was wearing a sweater vest and nice slacks, projecting a general professorial vibe. Not bad-looking, either, for someone her dad’s age.

She grimaced at her squeak. “Oh crap, sorry, I didn’t see you there. I, um, guess the elevator’s out of order, huh?”

“Yeah, sorry about that. It actually happens all the time. I try to leave my door ajar so people don’t have to stand there waiting for a lift that isn’t coming. Where are you headed? I can steer you in the right direction.”

“Oh, thanks. I’m looking for the counseling office?” That felt awkward to say, a euphemism for “*I got caught being enough of a ho that they’re punishing me for it.*” She tried not to sound embarrassed. “Um, Dr. Faraj? I probably said that wrong.”

“No no, you actually nailed it. Though he’s out today, unfortunately. Did you not get some kind of email?”

Shauna shook her head. “I don’t think so…”

The man frowned sympathetically. “Oh. That’s… egg on our face. Usually he has impeccable communication with his patients – as I’m sure I don’t need to tell you.”

“Actually, this is our first meeting. Or would have been. We’ve never actually spoken – they just sent me, um… Well it’s a long story. But that’s good to hear.”

“Really?” The man tapped his chin. “I hope I’m not being intrusive, but if I’m reading between your lines, this is an assigned counseling, not requested?”

Shauna nodded, embarrassed.

“Well, if you like, I’m available.” The man stepped forward, extending a hand. “Call me Austin.”

She shook his hand. Firm. Still something she was getting used to at college, calling old people by their first names. “Oh. Um, you’re a counselor? And… is that, like, OK? No offense or anything, really, just I don’t want to do this and have to redo it because they needed me to talk with Dr. Faraj specifically.”

“Astute. But no, we deal with this kind of thing not altogether infrequently. When your case came through, one of our interns randomly assigned you to someone, which I can easily re-assign. If you’d rather contact Dr. Faraj, though, I’d be happy to take a message for him. I don’t know when he’ll be back in, but–”

Ugh, the longer this dragged out, the more humiliating it felt. That nosey cunt Aeriel was giving her the stinkeye every time their paths crossed, and though she denied it, she’d told the whole damn floor. The bitch was just pissed Cecile decided to move out instead of waiting for the poky campus judicial system to schedule a hearing and force Shauna to do so instead. Apparently another week of cohabitation had been more than she could stand.

(Funny. Her boyfriend hadn’t seemed to object to Shauna’s company.)

“Hey, if you’ll take me, then call me grateful.”

The man – Austin something – smiled. It was a confident smile. *Don’t go working on a crush on your therapist, Shauna!* Fuck, that was next level. “All right, Grateful, let’s get the ball rolling then, shall we? Come on in.”

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“Welcome back, Shauna. You look well.”

Austin extended an arm, and after a brief shake, invited her to take a seat. He had three couches in this surprisingly spacious office. They sat in a U-shaped configuration, the faded carpet betraying lines where his desk chair had rolled to and from the open side until they were basically grooves. She picked a sofa and plopped herself down as he maneuvered his chair into its familiar spot.

“Thanks. Um, do you mind me asking… Is this a pullout bed?” It clearly was. Her parents had had one when Shauna was little. Her ass remembered the lumpy feel of it, her ears the creak of the support springs.

“Yes it is,” he answered. “When you’re furnishing an office on a budget and you find someone giving away a free sofa, you don’t trouble yourself about the innards. You just buy a pizza for your friend with a pickup truck, then haul ass to get it. If it’s uncomfortable, feel free to use one of the others.”

She held her ground, though addressed the next itch of curiosity. “Why three? For group therapy?”

“Sometimes. The department also meets in here sometimes, so it’s handy for that.” He grinned. “More furniture questions? I’ve got all the furniture answers you could ever want.”

Shauna smiled politely. She thought she liked him, but she was still making up her mind. The metaphorical gun to her head forcing her to be here was hard to forget. “I’m good.”

Austin crossed his legs, steepling his fingers. “So. First meeting’s over. Paperwork dealt with, i’s and lower case j’s dotted, t’s crossed. You told me why you’re here, and now I’ve had a chance to look over the documentation provided by our good friends in the Lakeview housing office. This week, I’d like it if we could start to get a better picture of you, Shauna.”

Her lips pursed to one side. “I told you where I’m from, basic upbringing stuff, my major, and you’ve read what I did to wind up here. What more could you want to know? I ain’t that interesting.”

“That’s just it. All those things, I don’t think they explain anything about what you’re doing here.”

“I mean, I slept with my roommate’s boyfriend. It was stupid, and I’m sorry, and… what more is there to say? I still don’t know why I had to talk to a shrink just to say what I already said. No offense.”

“None taken. I actually admire a person who’s frank with me. I tell you what, though, Shauna. I’d like to do an association activity. You know those survey questions you see on the internet sometimes, where it makes a statement and you mark one for strongly disagree, three for neutral, and all that?”

She shrugged. “Yeah, sure. Whatever you wanna do. You’re the counselor.”

Austin shook his head. “I’m your therapist, Shauna. Not your counselor.”

She held her palms up. “What’s the difference? Like, a PhD versus a master’s?”

“No, you’re probably conflating the distinction between a therapist and a psychiatrist. I do have my PhD, though. Several, actually.” He laughed. “Sorry, my mother passed years ago and everybody I regularly talk to has at least one of their own, so my juvenile need to be praised must not be being met.”

“Um, sorry to hear about your mom,” she said, lamely. “But multiple PhDs? In what?” Shauna was only barely interested, but the more he talked the less she had to.

“Human sexuality is the primary concentration of my work, along with sociology and psychology. I’ve got degrees in biochemistry and human biology as well.” There was a finality to his response, though, some subtle unspoken tone conveying that he knew very well what she was doing, and would play along, but not to try gaming his system.

Shauna pressed it. “That’s a lot of things. You use all that in your counseling?”

“I use all that in more ways than either of us want to sit here talking about. Counseling is one of them. To your original question, however, a counselor is someone a person someone sees for help with life challenges. A marriage counselor, for example. Your guidance counselor at Lakeview. A therapist is someone who treats mental health disorders. The difference between the guy at the gym who can tell you how much weight to put on the squats, and the physical therapist you get sent to when you ignore him.”

It wasn’t not funny, in his dry, charming way, but she was still stuck on one word in particular. A word she had not liked hearing. “Disorders? I don’t have any fucking disorders, asshole.”

He nodded, her barb bouncing off his sweater vest. “And I’m not saying you do. Though I’m sure a young woman bright enough to be enrolled at Lakeview understands that many people with mental health disorders don’t think they have mental health disorders.”

No sense pretending to be the happy, docile patient now that she’d snapped at him. “OK, so you want me to take your survey, and then you’ll tell me I’m a schizophrenic or whatever. If it counts as one of my sessions, do what the hell ever you feel like, I guess.”

“You’re not schizophrenic, Shauna. I can see you’re eager for me to get on with it though, so… let’s just begin, see how it goes. So I’ll read a statement, you give a numeric answer. One is strongly disagree, five is… yep, I already said that. Moving on.” He swiveled, retrieving a piece of paper from a nearby table. It was crinkly, looked like it had been held plenty in the past. “First statement, nice and easy: ‘I am a girl.’ They’re first person, so just… you get it.”

“Five.”

“Second: I am a woman.”

Shauna frowned. “What? I mean… Six. I didn’t… change my last answer to a three.”

Austin smiled. “It’s all right, Shauna. Though the purpose of these initial questions is to encourage you to slow down and think before you respond. Noted, you perceive yourself as a woman, not a girl.”

*Damn straight*, she thought. She hadn’t thought of herself as a “girl” since she’d lost her virginity in eighth grade to a high school guy at a party. Her tits had sprouted early, and plentifully; she’d convinced him she was actually the older of the two of them. Evidently she’d fucked well enough in her first at-bat not to disabuse him of this belief, which she still wore as a private badge of pride.

“Next: I have a vagina.”

It was weird hearing a man say that, exercise or no. “Five.”

He nodded, eyes on his list. “I have a pussy.”

“What? You’re not supposed to say… that.”

“I have a pussy,” Austin repeated.

“I mean… five. Again. And vagina retro to I guess, like, four? I don’t know. Are these all going to be trick questions?”

“It’s not a trick, Shauna. It’s to help me understand how you internalize your sexuality. There aren’t any right or wrong answers. Really.”

She folded her arms. “Fine. What next, you want to ask if I have breasts or bazongas?”

Austin set the list down, but upside down. Was there some secret on there, some kind of instructions that said *vagina good, pussy bad* or something? “All right. What term do you prefer to use for them?”

“Seriously? I don’t know. Depends on context.”

“Inside your head.”

Shauna knew the answer. It was just creepy to say out loud to some old guy, though. Like, this Austin guy was older than some of her professors. But hey, if he was supposed to be some hotshot sex doc…

“Tits,” she said confidently. “Big. Hot. Tits. How ‘bout that.”

She was impressed. The guy didn’t seem fazed in the least. “Tits, then. So, if I said, ‘I have big hot tits,’ you’d say…”

Shauna smirked. “Six.” This was starting to get a little fun. Naughty. A little creepy still, but naughty was fun.

“I like it when men acknowledge that I am as sexually attractive.”

“Five.”

“I like it when men pursue me for my pussy.”

“Five.”

“I like it when men notice my big hot tits.”

“Five.”

“I enjoy sex.”

Shauna hesitated. “Five, when it’s good.”

“When it’s not?”

Another moment to consider. “Four and a half.”

“I have a lot of sex.”

“Four. It would be a five, but, I dunno, this crap with Cecile has been harshing my vibe.”

“Mhm. I have sex with men out of habit.”

She frowned. “Habit? I dunno. Like, sometimes, I guess. I go on dates to set it up, and yeah, once in a while I kinda, you know, do it, even if they’re bleh. So, I guess four…?”

Austin smiled, amused, but quickly apologized. “I’m sorry. It’s just the transition from the phrasing of ‘big hot tits’ to ‘ya know, do it.’ Perfectly natural, it just caught me off guard.”

Shauna chuckled with him. It *was* kinda funny. “Fine, sometimes I fuck guys because I’m bored.”

Austin regained his composure. “I have sex… Sorry. I’ll restrict myself to your phrasing. I *fuck* to pass the time.”

“Five.”

“I fuck as a way to meet new people.”

“Hmm. I guess four? There’s some cool guys at Lakeview, I guess. And I get invited to a *lot* of parties. I’d need a twin – two of them – to make it to all the ones I get invited to.”

“Not sure one person can have two twins,” Austin observed dryly.

“Triplets then, OK boomer. Actually, did you hear the thing in the paper about those three triplet girls who rushed Sigma Chi? Outed all their hazing shit. I heard they might lose their charter from the national–”

“I often feel horny,” Austin said instead. It took a moment for Shauna to remember the exercise, and another moment to force down the feelings her misapprehension had engendered. God damnit, this was no time to develop a Daddy kink.

“Eh. Three.” She didn’t need to be horny to want to fuck. The fucking was what made her horny. His stupid little game didn’t seem to accommodate nuance very well.

“I fuck men even if I’m not attracted to them.”

“Two.” She wrinkled her nose. “All right, three. Sometimes it’s just proximity, you know? Besides, looks aren’t everything. My chemistry tutor in high school was a girlfriend’s five at best. But I told him I’d give him a handy – a handjob, I mean – if he let me copy his homework for the semester, and it turned out he was fucking *hung*.” One eye squinted shut bashfully. “And I cannot believe I just told you that.”

“You can tell me as much as you feel comfortable sharing, Shauna. No judgments. I did a study once on people convicted of engaging in sex acts with animals to better understand bestiality as a fetish. I promise, whatever you tell me, I’ve heard more sensational.”

“Fuck. That’s… Jesus.”

Austin moved on without further comment. “I enjoy rough sex.”

“Five.”

“I enjoy sex with multiple partners.”

“Simultaneously? Or like–”

“Simultaneously.”

“Five.”

“I enjoy sex more when I feel it pushes my limits.”

“Oh fuck, five. For sure five. Ten. Fifty.” Was she supposed to be turned on at therapy?

“I enjoy sex more when my partner practices unfamiliar acts, kinks, or fetishes.”

“Five.”

“My partner’s sexual satisfaction – i.e. ‘coming’ – is important to me.”

“Three. No, two.”

“My satisfaction in sex depends on the quality of my own orgasm.”

“Three. It’s pretty normal for me not to come.” She frowned. “Is that weird?”

“To quote a wiser man than myself, it’s normal for it to be weird. I did a case study in graduate school on a woman whose kink was to have her husband dress her up and do her makeup like a lifesize doll and take her out in public, where she’d sit there, comatose but with her eyes open and smiling. Which I *still* don’t consider ‘weird.’”

“Sounds pretty damn weird to me.” Shauna craned her neck. “So, you haven’t written anything down. Aren’t you supposed to be evaluating me or something?”

Austin uncrossed his legs, tilted the paper down. Now that she could see it, Shauna realized it was some kind of meeting agenda or something, just bullet points about nothing she understood. It definitely wasn’t the source of his survey statements. She didn’t bother disguising that she’d noticed. “What the hell? You’ve just been making this up as you go?”

“Does your dentist use a checklist?”

“Well, no.”

His lips spread knowingly. “I’ve found eye contact can make people uncomfortable during this stage, so I wanted to give you space. Really all I wanted was to get you talking. We succeeded. I learned a lot about your sexual psychology just now. It’s premature to make a diagnosis, but I can say, I’m glad they sent you to us.”

“Why? Is something… wrong with me?” *Please don’t be a disorder,* Shauna thought. *I’m way too hot to have to be drugged into not wanting to fuck.*

“I tell you what, Shauna. I’m going to give you two more statements. I don’t want you to respond to them right now. I realize we’re a little early, but I’m going to send you out now.”

“What about–”

“Your j-board sentencing, right. Don’t worry, you still get full credit. Let them worry about hours, and me worry about my patient.”

Shauna smiled. She decided at that moment that she liked him. “OK. Thanks.”

Austin nodded. “Now I want you to think about these, and next time we meet, I want you to have numbers for me.”

“OK…? I don’t know why I’m nervous. Like you said, there aren’t even wrong answers.”

“There aren’t.” Austin leaned in. “First: I am in control of my pussy.”

Shauna’s eyes shot wide. “I’m…? What?!”

“And second: My pussy is in control of me.”

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“Sorry about back there. A guy on my floor said the show was really good. I thought it’d be… I dunno. But sorry. At least we got out before the second act. Are you mad?”

Shauna slipped his hand into her back pocket by way of answer. “Mad? Pff. At least now if anybody asks me my opinion on the opera, I’ll have an informed opinion. Sound like a real college girl, you know?” Girl? Or woman? One of so many conversations she’d been having with herself since that therapy session.

Her rump received a squeeze for her tolerance. The opera had been awful. The bar was lower for collegiate performers, but it was hard to imagine anybody squawking out Italian gibberish at that volume without it being fucking irritating. “You know, I thought you had kind of a classy vibe when we first met in class. Don’t know what I was thinking dragging you there.”

She elbowed him playfully. “I do try to clean up if I’m having to pretend to like culture.”

“I’ll say.” He looked her over, just short of a leer. “Seriously, you look incredible, Cecile. That dress… Like a movie star or something. I’m not just saying that.”

Shauna smiled. Fake names for random dudes was an old trick. Kept them from getting clingy – hard to track someone down when you’d only chatted through the app and they only had a name and a face. “Thank you. You look…. Mm. Sexy.”

It was hyperbole, but not by much. The guy looked pretty decent. The suit helped a lot. Probably the only reason he’d tried that dumbass opera stunt, so he’d have an excuse to wear it. It was working for him, though.

“Thanks. So, now that we have the rest of the evening open, what do you want to do? I don’t know if you want to stick with the audience-style thing, maybe catch a movie? Or take advantage of our snazzy attire and find a club, get sweaty?”

Shauna wasn’t twenty-one, though she had an ID that said otherwise. Not that bouncers tended to care much when someone looked like her. They usually didn’t even ask to see it. Still, this dude wasn’t much of a conversationalist, and she wasn’t in the mood for talk. She hadn’t had sex with anybody but her electric toothbrush in over a week. She didn’t know if it was Austin fucking with her head or if there really was something fucked up with her, but her brief dry spell made her feel… Unattractive. Bored. Sad, a little.

But… was that her pussy talking? Or her? What was the difference?

She really ought to know the difference between thinking with her head and thinking with her pussy. That was a thing everybody knew, right? It had to be. She *really* ought to know.

Right now, though, she had a decision to make. Movie, or club?

“We could go back to your place, if you want. I wouldn’t mind just… hanging out.”

She jerked him off on the drive to his apartment, and fucked him bent over the armrest of his living room couch. She didn’t even make it in far enough to need to take off her heels. Her ass looked better in them anyway. His roommate walked in on them, spazzed a little, and darted into his room.

She fucked the roommate over the breakfast table while her date slept off the vodka he slurped up as it poured down her tits.

Her big, hot, tits.

Her therapist might be a little bit of a creep, but she had to admit: he’d gotten her thinking.

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*Shasha babe! Hey girl I’m in town*

*wyd?*

Shauna studied the text. Again. Six times now she’d read it, and it kept saying the same thing. She knew what she wanted to write. Instinct. But was that her thinking, or… Fuck. Fucking Austin! Getting in her head, making her feel like some kind of slut. Which, she supposed, she was, but still, she’d never felt bad about it before him.

(Should she have felt bad about it…? He hadn’t *said* it was a bad thing. But he had made her say it. God that had been hot. Therapy wasn’t supposed to be hot, damnit! But it was. She was such a slut.)

Fuck!

Only three more sessions and she could move on, stop feeling like she was damaged because she liked sex. Tomorrow, to tell him off, and then for the last two maybe she could do like on TV where she just sat there and blew him off until the session was over. Would she get in trouble for that? Shit, probably. Fucking Cecile and her douchey fucking ho of a boyfriend. Ex-boyfriend.

*Because of you. Because your pussy told you not to care if you wrecked things for them. Because your pussy controls you.*

*Shut up!*

She shook her head. The text was still there. She could just type, hit send, have a good little night. He’d been a fun lay in high school. What he was doing all the way out here, she had no idea. He’d gotten an athletic scholarship, she thought. His school was probably playing Lakeview or something. Those fucking abs, god. She could lick those things for a day.

*Because your pussy controls you*.

She growled, which became a rage screech halfway through. Damn it! There was nothing wrong with having some hot, casual sex – especially with a guy who was gonna be a thousand miles away in a day. There was no reason to feel like she owed her therapist an explanation for who she fucked and when. It was none of his business. Tomorrow, she’d just lie to Austin, the same way she’d lied to her mom and dad, to that dick Aeriel, to all the guys she promised she’d call back.

*Because your pussy controls you*.

Well, fuck it. Shauna picked up her phone and typed a response.

*You, I hope*

*Where might a pussy like mine find a cock like yours on a night like this?*

SEND.

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His cum was still a little wet on her tits when he fell asleep. God, she’d needed that. Opera douche had been such a let-down. All foreplay, no fun. Like the opera. The biggest thrill had been ditching him for his dork roomie. When she came, that had been all she could think about. Not cocks and pussies and tongues and tits. Just how fucking hot it felt to twist these little shitheads around her finger for a game. Sex-wise it had been nothing special. 6 out of 10 for her date, 4 for the roommate. So maybe her disorder was some kind of power thing, not sexual?

But damn, speaking of sex, tonight? That had been the good shit. No bullshit romantic pretense. Just I’m here, you’re here, we’re hot, let’s fuck. He was even more jacked than he had been in high school. Hadn’t won him the game, but who fucking cared. He wasn’t a winner or loser based on some scoreboard. He was a goddamn winner because he’d ditched the team pity party to stuff a hot chick’s tight wet pussy. She’d done it because just the idea of fucking some random in-town-for-a-night NCAA basketball player made Shauna leak down her thighs.

*Because your pussy controls you.*

She frowned at the underside of what had once been Tracy’s bunk, then Cecile’s. It was like she couldn’t get those words out of her head. Part of her thought it was kinda hot. Who would have ever expected a therapist to talk in terms of tits and pussies and fucking? He got it, kind of, even if he was being a judgey prick about it.

(Not really, but if he diagnosed her with Way Too Fuckable syndrome or whatever, she was bracing herself not to agree.)

The cum was dry by the time she gave up on sleep and made for the bathroom. There was enjoying sex, and there was being a full-blown skank.

Shauna hadn’t bothered with a shower; the sink was plenty. She lifted her shirt and dabbed at the impacted area – namely her big, hot, tits – inspecting and admiring them in the broad mirror mounted over the row of sinks.

She heard voices in the hallway, a man and a woman. The latter she was sure was Aeriel. Shauna perked up her ears.

“I told you, I have to escort you.” Aeriel.

“Seriously? You worried I’m gonna jump somebody?” The man.

“No, but it’s policy. I can’t write them up for letting guests wander around on their own if I don’t escort mine.”

“But, um, what if there’s somebody in there?”

“It’s two in the morning, babe. But sure, I’ll check. Take your shower, and I’ll camp out here and make sure nobody goes in. There’s another bathroom around the corner.”

Aeriel called out from the bathroom entrance. “Hello…?

She received no response. Neither did she see Shauna, who had ducked into one of the shower stalls.

“See? Empty. Go on. Just don’t take forever, OK babe?” A smooching sound followed.

“I’ll be fast, babe.”

Male footsteps approached. They walked right past her stall, at which point she silently opened the door and padded along behind him. Fuck. He was pretty much the type of guy one would expect to date an RA. Shorter than either Shauna or even Aeriel, doughy if not totally fat, his dark skin showing signs of poor maintenance, and hairy as all fuck. The towel wrapped around his waist was putting that fact on horrifying display.

Not that she hadn’t fucked some hella hirsute guys. They were *hot* guys though. Most of them. Huge difference.

She only had to follow him a few steps, but he didn’t notice until he turned around to close the door to his shower stall and found an equally topless Shauna. Even though she had the decency not to have any body hair in evidence, he yelped in alarm.

“You OK in there?” called Aeriel from the hall outside the bathroom.

Shauna knelt, and without a word, jerked his towel to the floor. Fuck, he was already getting hard before her eyes. In *seconds*. Her tits were that big, that hot. It wasn’t fair that her ass was cute at best, but she knew how to emphasize her strengths.

“I’m, um, yeah,” he called. That was all it took. “Just, uh…”

“Tell her you slipped,” Shauna said softly when he didn’t finish. She managed to fit two hands on his modest, if not useless, cock, jerking him fully hard.

“I , yeah, slipped!” His voice broke. It actually fucking broke. That was so hot.

It didn’t take long before there was no more point to jacking him off. She rose, turned around.

“I, um… Who are you?”

Instead of answering, she cocked out her butt and said, “You can take my underwear off, if you want.”

They were only boxers, but still, there was something appealing about that word. *Underwear*. It wasn’t as hot as *panties*, but these weren’t that, so *underwear* would have to do. Still, that was where her pussy was. A fact he seemed keenly aware of, considering how hastily he jerked those suckers down to her ankles.

She turned on the water, let it pour down her body, and planted her hands on the wall. The boy stood back, staring. Droplets of water occasionally splashed far enough to reach him, or at least that organic sweater of his.

“Don’t leave a girl hanging,” she said.

“I, um, have an, a, um, a…”

“A golden opportunity?” She kept her laugh low. This was a place of echoes.

He came up behind her. “I, ah, I’ve never actually…”

Shauna turned, looking concerned. “Don’t tell me she doesn’t know how to take care of you?”

“She… She…” He shook his head. “I’m sorry. You’re just so *hot*. Like, is this even–”

Shauna shut him up and got him moving. Got him inside her. Less than a minute later she watched his virginity swirl down the drain with his cum as it dripped out of her. She left him panting and dirtier than he’d been when she found him, strutting out of the bathroom still damp. There was Aeriel, gaping at the sight of her wet naked resident, holding her clothes in her hands.

“Shauna…? Where did you…?”

She put a hand on Aeriel’s chest and pushed until her back was against the wall. She kept her voice to a whisper. “If you interfere in how I conduct my affairs ever again, I’m going to go to your boss and tell her it was assault.”

Aeriel stared uncomprehending. “If… what…?”

Shauna reached between her legs and fished out a little blob, then smeared it on the RA’s forehead. “That. Good night – and by the way, you might want to do a better job escorting your guests.”

She rounded the corner. One of her neighbors, Alayna, saw her and rushed to her with concern. Apparently Alayna had overheard, but completely misunderstood the exchange. “Shauna? Oh my god, what happened? Did I hear… assault? Are you OK?”

Shauna sniffled, wiped her tears on her arm from when she’d deep-throated . “I’m fine. I just… I need to get back to my room.”

“Oh god. Did something happen? Should I get Aeriel?”

“Do *not* get Aeriel.” Her voice was hard as ice. “I’m… I’ll be fine.”

Back in her room, she was relieved to find that her first lay of the evening had used her brief absence to depart. There was a note on the bed, the paper ripped from her notebook. *Bus leaves early, thought I’d scoot so I wouldn’t wake you. Tonight was amazing, Shasha. I knew it would be – you never disappoint. Thanks, and double thanks to your sweet ass pussy ;)*

She read as far as the first three words, and collapsed into her bed sobbing. What the fuck had she just done? No, she knew. Ugh, she *knew* what she’d done, but… fucking *why?!*

*Because your pussy controls you.*

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“So yeah, a five.” Shauna held her head in her hands, as if not being able to see her crying would trick Austin into not hearing it in her voice. “What the hell is wrong with me? Why did I do that?”

Austin tossed a box of tissues from his desk over to her couch. It bounced off. “From what you’ve told me, I think I might have an idea. Are you familiar at all with the term ‘nymphomania?’”

“Yeah. Is that… this? Is that even real? I always thought it was just a search term for finding gangbang porn or something.” The words were out of her mouth before she realized she’d just told him more than she normally cared to say aloud about her porn browsing.

“It’s a dated term; nowadays it’s called hypersexuality. There’s not a lot of data about it. Like just about anything related to sexuality, especially where it pertains to women,” he said with a mildly irritated sigh. “Hypersexuality means a frequent and pronounced heightening of the libido, or sex drive. The neurological activity behind it can be so severe that hypersexual individuals can have their judgment impaired and act in ways contrary to their more developed desires.”

“That sounds like an excuse for being a ho.”

Austin shook his head. “It’s not entirely dissimilar to some eating disorders. A person might recognize they’re overweight, sincerely want to shed the pounds, but their brain is producing chemicals that instruct the body to eat.” He tapped his chin. “I meant that mostly as a metaphorical framework, but it almost makes me wonder if there’s a connection there. Two of our most primal instincts there, food and sex.”

“Yeah. Um, so… I’m a nympho?”

“It’s more important to me to use terminology that speaks to you and makes sense to you, so if that’s what you want to call it, sure. I mean probably. It’s a good starting point at least. Though I want to stress, it’s not just what you might have heard in popular culture. It’s not just having a strong sex drive. Plenty of people get horny but don’t seduce their RA’s boyfriend and try to hold them hostage with it.”

Shauna’s chin quivered, and then she was sobbing again. Having to say it all out loud had made her feel even worse about it, and she’d felt fucking awful for days. That look in Aeriel’s eye when they passed in the hall…

Austin was still speaking. “It’s often associated with bipolar disorder, which we’ll also want to screen you for. Periods of greatly elevated moods when your sex drive is active, and symptoms of depression when not. Worse, hypersexuality can exacerbate matters.”

“It… what?” She looked up and saw he was crouched in front of her, holding out the box of tissues. She accepted gladly, and he returned to his seat.

 “It makes things worse. During sex, the brain’s logical centers exhibit signs of suppressed activity, weakening inhibitions. Then during orgasm, the brain is rewarded with a nice yummy blast of dopamine. The jury’s still out, but preliminary studies show that both of these effects are substantially stronger in nymphos like yourself.”

“So, like, my brain tells me to stop thinking and start fucking, and then it feels good so I just ignore how I feel like human garbage other times?”

“More or less. Hypersexuality can also be associated with sociopathy. Myself, I find the evidence persuasive that the sociopathy is symptomatic of the hypersexuality. Orgasms chisel away at the brain’s ability to experience regret or hesitation, you see. We’re literally designed by billions of years of evolution to come – coming is basically the ultimate meaning of life, when we can get out of our own way enough to come. If you want to be philosophical about it.”

“Maybe later,” she muttered.

“Anyway, coupled with the tendency of hypersexual individuals to engage with many partners, it also hinders emotional intimacy. The power of that reward, your orgasm, in a hypersexual brain, it can be more powerful than any neurochemical rewards from what most people think of as healthy relationships. It’s probably why you’re feeling so low right now. Addressing your condition head-on like this is allowing a lot of suppressed memories and emotions to all bubble to the surface at once. You could think of it a bit like a drug addict suddenly getting clean and reflecting on their behaviors under the influence. Chasing your next orgasm kept your mind busy, but now you’re being given a moment to think about your behavior in another light.”

“Fuck. Fuck! Like, I knew I was kind of a slut, but… fuck! You’re saying I’m some kind of cock junky? Fuck!”

“No, Shauna. What you’re feeling right now, it isn’t clear either. Remember, I mentioned that stuff about bipolar disorder? Right now you’re at the other end of the pole. If you’re sitting there judging yourself, angry with yourself, don’t forget that this isn’t any more clear-headed than you are with a cock in you telling you you’re on top of the world.”

Shit did it feel weird to her therapist so casually say those words. At the same time, though, being able to actually talk about it all with someone who didn’t judge her, wasn’t merely pretending to listen so he could fuck her…

Whether they’d intended it or not, the j-board had been right. She needed him.

Shauna sniffled, dabbing at her eyes again with the tissues. “So what do we do? Chastity belt? Is there a pill or something?”

Austin issued a sympathetic smile. “I’m sure it won’t surprise you that the pharmaceutical industry hasn’t done much R&D for treatments that *weaken* the female libido. It’s not uncommon as a side effect of some drugs, that Micro Machines speed spiel at the end of the drug commercials, but it’s not predictable.”

“What the hell are Micro Machines.”

“Anyway,” he went on, grinning gamely at her jibe at his age, “your sex drive isn’t necessarily the problem either. Even if we were able to give you a magic pill to suppress it, the more likely case is that you’d lose your surest source of pleasure and happiness and be left feeling like you are now most of the time. And I wouldn’t want that from you. There’s nothing wrong with having sex. Nothing wrong with having lots of it, with lots of people, so long as you’re being safe.”

Shauna slumped back into the couch. “I don’t want to be some… pussy zombie. Wandering around like, ‘*cawwwwwcks…!*’” Shauna did her best zombie impression. It wasn’t good. “There has to be something. My RA sucks ass, but she didn’t deserve *that*. Cecile and Tracy, either. Like, I can hear that voice, telling me it’s their fault they couldn’t hang onto their guys. That if they were more like me, they never would have lost them. That they had it coming. That if they stick somebody else in my room, I’ll do it to them too, so I can keep having my own room, so I can keep…”

Austin moved to the seat beside her on the couch, patting her back softly. Oh great, now *that* was making her horny. Fuck! Fucking fucker fuckity fuck!

“We’re going to help you resolve this, Shauna. You can be stronger than you know.”

She moaned into her hands. “Tell that to my pussy! Because that thing is God-fucking-zilla!”

“We just need to find to get your pussy under control. This is the Hancock Institute, Shauna. This is what we do. With time, with discipline, with… well, some unconventional methods, I think you’ll be surprised at how well you can bring it to heel.”

Shauna grasped at Austin’s arm. That look on Aeriel’s face was burned into her mind – but no more so than her high school buddy growling out that thick salty sex gravy all over her big hot tits, the way it had set her pussy on fucking fire. She was so, so lost.

“Anything. Whatever it takes.”

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“Is it weird if I say I love your office?”

“Oh? Why’s that, Shauna? I mean, I like it here myself, but ‘love’ is overselling it. I love the work I do here, but the place…” He shrugged.

Shauna sniffed. There wasn’t a scent. Except there almost was. It was like whenever she took a deep breath in here, her pussy thrummed along with her lungs. Yeah, that was it. It was like Austin’s office was fucking her lungs. She didn’t know how to say that, though, so instead she said, “I just do. There’s something… nymph-friendly about it.”

“I suppose I’ll take it as a compliment from the nymphiest nympho I know.”

Shauna rolled on her side. Her tits flopped along with her, bouncing inside the plunging neckline in the slutty top she’d worn for her therapy session. She dressed sluttier for these appointments…

*No. Be honest with yourself, like he taught you.*

She dressed sluttier for *Austin* every session. He never made an issue of it. The man noticed, yes (he was a man after all, and she was *such* a woman), but never with more than his eyes. Even when it got conspicuous, when she wasn’t just wearing a v-neck and some flesh-toned leggings but a skimpy little dress with her thighs bared to the buttock and her tits bouncing out of the neck. Now that spring was here, the legs of her shorts rose with every degree on the thermometer. For Austin, she barely pretended she wasn’t dressing herself as his little sex kitten. Anywhere else, she’d be judged. Fucked.

What was she going to do, say no? She was way too horny to say no at this stage of her therapy.

“You know I’d sleep with you if you asked,” she said softly, licking her already moist, glistening full lips.

Austin regarded her for a moment. “So ask.”

“Fuck me?”

Her heart caught in her chest. She missed sex so much. Her pussy loved these sessions as much as it hated them. This was the man who kept it on a firm leash, but it turned out the thing wasn’t so hostile towards leashes.

“I’d rather not,” he said. Like she’d known he would say. Shauna didn’t deserve that much pleasure, she knew. “But I want you to know that it’s not because I don’t want to.”

“Then why not?” she whispered, slipping a hand down the front of her skimpy little shorts. Austin understood that sometimes she was too overwrought not to touch herself.

“Because I can help you better if I don’t, and I want to help you. I like you, Shauna. More than a therapist ought to like a patient. I want you to know that you’re special to me, that you’re more than your gorgeous face and your incredible tits and your wet little pussy. But I also want you to know that I appreciate that you are those things, too.”

Shauna nodded. She knew she was tits and ass and cunt. And face. It was nice of him to mention her face. “You could just pretend it’s not me. Like… roleplay, or whatever. I could just be a hooker or something. Or one of your interns who needs to be taught a lesson. Or–”

“You don’t need to sell me on your merits, Shauna. I *want* to fuck you, the same as you want to fuck me.” He let himself smile. “Well, I might not quite be able to match your intensity.”

She moaned, humping her fingers in her snatch, inserting a third. “You really can’t,” she pant-giggled.

“But that’s the real question, isn’t it. Even if you can get past the hurdle of attraction, if you can gain or manufacture mutual consent, even if two people – or three, or thirty – are so turned on by one another they can’t stop thinking about it… There’s still more to us, isn’t there. Something deeper than flesh.”

Shauna whimpered. “I don’t understand.”

Austin crossed the short distance between them and squatted in front of her. Her thighs parted automatically. He put a hand on the crotch of her shorts, over where her hand was busily diddling. His grip was feather-light, an easy signal that he wasn’t asking her to stop. Just touching her hand, blessing her needfulness, granting her poor parched pussy a momentary reprieve.

“I don’t understand it yet, either. But you’re helping me get there, Shauna. And I promise you, I’m going to make sure you and that wondrous, wet, willing and wanton womanhood of yours find peace and lasting satisfaction. I promise. Now be a good girl and come for me, and we’ll start our session.”

“Yes, sir.”

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Austin rose and greeted her with a hug. “Shauna! Great to see my favorite nympho. How was your summer?”

She laughed, hugging back. Mm, she wanted to fuck him. Just like old times, back in freshman year. “Not bad. I missed it here. I missed *you*! How was yours?”

“Busy.” Austin sighed, but with a smile. “Lots of work on a really exciting new research project. All very hush-hush, but between you and me, I think this could go beyond making my career.”

“Yeah? I like the new office, by the way! Very groovy. And you finally got somebody to fix that elevator, huh? I didn’t even know this place had a basement. Though between you and me, kinda creepy down here.”

He ushered her to a place on the only one of the three couches that had survived the office move into this veritable dungeon. He’d tried, but gray cinder block walls in a windowless underground room were hard to spruce up. “Tell me about it. And sorry about the security. The people I’m collaborating with, they’re… particular.” He rolled his eyes.

“What, some kind of top secret research? How to get laid without really trying?”

Austin laughed. “I already have you for that.”

“You are *so* bad. You’re just lucky Dr. Faraj wasn’t in my first day here or you never would have gotten a taste.”

“You’re lucky I enjoy brunettes with big hot titties.” They laughed together. How long since she’d gotten used to the both of them calling her breasts that? At some point, *tits* hadn’t felt slutty enough. “Anyway, enough about my boring job. Tell me about your summer.”

Shauna glossed over the bulk of it. Hanging out with her friends. Selling her childhood toys and books at a garage sale, which had hurt more than she’d thought, which she thought was a good sign of her progress. A relapse in the bulimia she’d developed during her treatment last winter. And of course, thrice daily masturbation. No more, though. (Except a few times.) Once in the morning, once at night and a third spontaneously as the day’s activities permitted, to keep a leash on the greed of her pussy. To keep it under control. At least a little.

“That’s very good Shauna. Very good.” She brightened. How she’d missed having someone to support her through all this. It was a lot to endure on her own. “I want to come back to some of that, particularly the purging. First, though, I noticed a distinct lack of men in your summer. Is that how the story unfolded, or is that just how you’re telling it?”

Shauna fidgeted. This was hard. “I…”

When she didn’t manage more than that, Austin joined her on the couch. “Shauna…”

“Please…”

“How many, Shauna.”

“T-Two.”

Austin heard the lie immediately. He knew her too well. “How many really?”

She looked down, ashamed. Aroused. She’d forgotten how much it turned her on, letting him dissect her behaviors and motives like she was a lab rat. With a cunt.

“Seven.”

“Seven loss of control incidents, or seven men?”

Shit. He noticed. She found herself sliding off the couch, down to her knees. “Men.”

“How many incidents?”

“I’m… I’m not sure. At least… ten. I think. Once, I sucked a boy’s dick at a party, and then I went home with him later that night and fucked him. I don’t know if that counts as one or two.”

“It counts as three,” Austin explained. “Once for sucking his dick. Once for the fucking. And once for letting your blowjob drive you into his car in the first place. You know you wanted him to fuck you there at the party, didn’t you. You were frustrated he made you wait. Weren’t you.”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“So at least eleven. Twelve, counting right now.”

“Yes.”

“Are you in control right now, Shauna?”

“No. My pussy is controlling me. It’s so *pushy*…”

“Do your exercises. I know we haven’t had a session since last semester, so if you need help–”

She shook her head. “No. I remember. Are… are you sure you don’t want to just…?”

“Not yet. If you need my help, I’ll help, but the goal is still for you to control yourself, without assistance. Go on.”

Shauna took a deep breath. In. Out. Again. Again. It helped, a little. All right.

“I am not a slut.” So easy to say, so hard to believe. “My pussy is powerful, but I control it. It does not control me.”

Austin patted her on the head. Her suggestion, that. She responded extremely well to physical expressions of support. During her exercises, it made her feel like *she* could know pleasure, not just her pussy. *Fuck* was she wet. She hadn’t been this wet since she’d seen that fubar shower fight back in her new dorm the other day. She really needed to talk to him about that. For now, though, on with the exercises.

“I am not a slut. I look like a slut, I’ve acted like a slut, I have a slutty pussy, but I am not a slut. I…” It had been so long. She’d gotten so lazy about her exercises over the summer. Back in May she’d said them to herself the whole time she was masturbating, but before long she’d shrugged it off, focused on the pleasure and not the purpose.

*Because your pussy controls you*.

“I…”

*Your pussy controls you.*

“I…” She looked up at her therapist. “Help?”

Austin sighed. “All right. Come on.” He patted his lap.

Shauna shed her shorts while still on her knees, her thong along with them. That was a concession she’d allowed her pussy. Nothing but thongs. Her friends had teased her so hard, how she had those little strips and straps and ribbons always creeping out of her shorts. Then she at last draped herself over her therapist’s lap, ass presented. One man who saw her as more than a set of big hot titties.

“Tell me what you want.”

“Spank me. Spank me into submission. Make me be a good girl. Touch me. Fucking touch me, pleeease Austin, please, I *need*–”

“That’s what your pussy wants. What do *you* want.”

Shauna’s whole body trembled. She’d forgotten how fucking horny these therapy sessions made her. That war between her will and her disorder. That rotten little nympho fucking whore that her pussy wanted her to be. The good girl Austin was helping her become. The touch of a man who wasn’t using her. A healer’s touch.

“I want to control my pussy.”

“Then why aren’t you?”

“I’ve… I’ve been away all summer,” she said, wriggling her ass hopefully. “When I’m with you, it feels so possible. I feel supported and cared for. Safe. Like I can talk about it all without feeling like such a fucking bitch slut. Over the summer, I was all on my own. I wasn’t ready.”

Suddenly there was a sharp smack on her ass. She moaned delightedly. Maybe today he would finally fuck her. That’s what her pussy wanted. Like if she got him to fuck her, he’d have to send her away and she’d be cut off from any hope at controlling herself. Everyone would see her as nothing but Shauna the cheating, sociopathic nympho fuck slut. No, not those labels. Just the slut part. Nobody cared about anything else about her. A woman couldn’t look like *this* and not have people immediately peg her as a slut.

*Mmm, peg me.*

“Stop touching yourself, Shauna.”

“But–”

Another smack. It really stung. Her ass was already on fire. She remembered the first time he’d spanked her last spring, when she’d been so horny that she’d begged him to fuck her, taken her clothes off and thrown herself on his mildewy office carpet and pleaded and promised to fuck him on command, at the literal snap of her fingers. Only the spanking had jerked her back to reality. It only forestalled her pussy though, never defeated.

Another slap, and she only then realized she was still masturbating. “I said stop.”

“Yes, sir.” Like she did during her really bad outbursts, she repositioned her hands on her big, hot, titties. Her pussy was easier to ignore if she was pleasuring herself elsewhere. Hard to slip her top off draped over Austin’s lap like this, but it was worth a little squirming and grunting.

Plus, if she squirmed enough on his lap, maybe he’d finally, *finally*–

Smack.

No he wouldn’t. He never did. Austin was in absolute mastery of his cock. It was the hottest trait she’d ever witnessed in a man. There was never an instant where he even hinted he would lose control, take her up on one of her thousand and one offers to fuck every last one of her holes and a few parts without. He’d made it clear he would never, ever fuck his patient, no matter how easy she made it. No matter how much she begged him.

His rejections were high tide for her pussy. Nothing else made her that wet – though the wetness was very familiar. Hell, Shauna had been wet the moment the Hancock Institute came into sight. Higgins was about the same long walk off-campus as Penderdast had been last year. The whole walk over, she’d felt her latest piercing rubbing, grinding, edging her poor swollen clitty.

It was all part of it. She couldn’t control her pussy if it wasn’t fighting her control. It was easy to tell herself she wouldn’t fuck any of her little brother’s friends; not so easy to resist when she came home and found one of the barely-legal shitheads snooping around in her bedroom, sniffing her dirty panties. All well and good to promise herself not to cheat on her summer boyfriend when they were hitting the gym together; not so easy when she was smuggling her trainer into the locker room to fuck him in a shower stall. And then harder yet not to cheat him with his whoever, then their whoever, until her whole summer had been a chain of cocks she needed her therapist to help her properly count.

Not being able to count all the cocks you’ve pleasured, Austin had helped her understand about herself, was a five.

“Does your pussy control you, Shauna?”

She shook her head. “No.”

Smack. Moan. Splash.

“No *sir*.”

“And who does?”

Shauna’s back arched, gifting her pussy the sweet feel of cool air. It was very comfortably cool down here in the basement. “You do, sir.”

“Only until you’re ready to take the reins.”

But the truth was, she didn’t want to.

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“Hi, Shauna. You got a sec?”

“For you, Spencer? I’ve got two.” She grinned. Like a normal girl would grin, she hoped. Not like a slut. “Everything OK?”

Spencer smiled that bright wholesome smile of his. Fuck, but she wanted to sit on it. “You are in *such* big trouble!” He laughed. “But seriously, you’re fine. I’m doing roommate agreements and RCRs with everybody this week. You don’t have a roommate, but I still wanted to check in, make sure everything was satisfactory, see how you’re doing.”

“Oh. Um, everything works, I guess. I need to sign something, right?”

“Yep.” He handed her a clipboard. She vaguely remembered filling out one of these with Aeriel last August, and again with her replacement, Molly. She still felt shitty for her part in Aeriel’s transfer. Sure, she’d done all the stuff they said she did, retaliating for that hanky panky Shauna had pulled with her boyfriend. It wasn’t her fault. Shauna knew she’d started it. She hadn’t even been allowed to apologize after the restraining order, or whatever the Lakeview j-board version of a restraining order was called.

She signed it without bothering to inspect and handed it back. Inwardly, she was trying not to think very hard about him having been alone in her room inspecting it for damages. Having Spencer alone in her room inspecting things featured *very* prominently in her morning come.

“Are you sure you don’t want to double check? I’d feel bad if I missed something and they tried to charge you for it on checkout.”

“You’re going to fret if I don’t look it over, aren’t you.”

“I am.”

Shauna patted his shoulder. “All right, just for you.” She made a show of looking around the room for scrapes, stains, scratches and scuffs. “So, how are you settling in, now that they’re letting you settle in, bud?”

*Bud.* Super casual. If she gave the guy even a hint of how thick and juicy her pussy oozed when she so much as saw him heading into a bathroom stall to take a piss, he’d flip his lid. After what she’d gone through last year, a little domestic tranquility was important to her.

“Great, actually. I know this is a weird situation, but this is such a nice group of people. Now, you’re a sophomore, right? How does our little kingdom measure up to…” He winced. “Crap. Pretend I didn’t just call it a kingdom and that I used some other word that doesn’t imply a king. Sorry.”

“Forgiven, your majesty.” She playfully swatted his butt with his clipboard. She’d eat that tight little ass of his in a heartbeat if he’d let her. “No, it’s cool. The girls seem pretty chill. Little rowdy, though, some of ‘em.”

“You’re telling me. Did you, um, see… it?”

“You mean your cock? One of three man-made structures visible from space, Spencer. Yeah, I saw it.” Well, shit. There went her pussy, trying to claw back control of her mouth.

He sighed. “I know I apologized to everybody, but again, from me to you, I’m so sorry. I didn’t have a lot of choice, but I regret it happened.”

Shauna sidled up, way too close. Her big hot tits brushed his pecs. “I don’t.”

“I… Err…”

“I mean, you saved that girl, right?” She smiled. Sweetly. Innocently. Like a nun in porno, right before the priest started stuffing candles in her holes.

“Oh, right. I mean, I guess so, yeah. Some of it anyway. Quinn had eight arms and a hundred claws. I’ve broken up fights with guys time and a half my size before who didn’t give me half the trouble getting them to back down.”

There, she’d managed to reassert control. Talk about normal stuff, not– “Are you really not allowed to hook up with residents?”

Spencer stepped back – again – and cleared his throat nervously. “Um, no. I’m really not.”

She followed – again – and dropped to her throatiest, most fuckable tone. “Well just so you know, I can be very, *very* discreet.”

Shit. Shit! Austin was going to be so disappointed. Her first test of control being alone with the guy, and she was already waffling. *You weak easy slut. You nympho fuck toy. You hot big-titted anytime anywhere all-day fucking gutter skank.* It didn’t help when her pussy made a valid point.

Shauna forced a laugh as he fidgeted with his clipboard toward the door. “Kidding! I mean, obviously. Just messing with you. I know a lot of these girls are boy-crazy, but you have nothing to worry about with me. I got your back.”

Spencer laughed, less awkwardly than her offense deserved. Some of these chicks were authentic sluts themselves, she’d observed. Her pussy wasn’t sure whether to resent the competition or be grateful for the appetizers to warm him up for her main course.

“Appreciated. Yeah, these freshman girls can be a handful.” His eyes went wide with embarrassment. “Oh god, I mean, not *handfuls*, obviously, not that, you know, handfuls, are um, what…” He pried his eyes off her out-thrust big hot titties. “My god, what is wrong with me? I am *so* sorry. Just… good grief. Truly, my sincere–”

“It’s OK,” she laughed, harder than necessary to make sure her titties bounced as much as possible. *Because your pussy controls you.* So big. So hot. “I’ll take it as flattering. And yeah, these kids…” Shauna rolled her eyes. “Nice to have another upperclassman around.”

Spencer looked relieved. “Likewise. So where’d you live last year? Big campus, but maybe we know some people. Your RA at least, probably.”

Shauna carefully avoided naming Aeriel, just in case. She invited him to have a seat on the edge of her bed and the two talked for a while. Get-to-know-you stuff, superficial. He complimented her galaxy light, which she’d gotten to help her facilitate her fantasies of fucking him outdoors, like at the beach or on a camping trip or if he chloroformed her and dragged her into the woods and tied her to a tree and fucked her to death. (Only a fantasy, of course, not something she actually wanted. She was a nympho, not a psycho.)

Whenever she caught herself doing it, she forced her thighs still, and made her fingers stop twirling her hair. She could control herself. He was just a cute, sweet, hot, hunky, gorgeous, big-fucking-dick-swinging-between-his-hot-fucking-thighs guy. That was all.

*I am not a slut. I look like a slut, I’ve acted like a slut, I have a slutty pussy, but I am not a slut.* Total bullshit, but Austin hadn’t told her to stop.

Before long, she was too distracted by her stupid mantra thing to hold his attention and he stood back up to head over to the next room. She heard enough bickering through the wall to know he had his work cut out for him with that flat-chested nudist and her bitchy roommate. She was simply glad he was leaving. She could control herself, but… for how long?

“All right, well unless you have anything I can do for you, I’ll get out of your hair. Which, by the way, you’re like a walking shampoo commercial. Gotta say, if you’re looking to put these kids to shame, nice work.”

Shauna grinned. A nice, relatively innocent compliment. A little flirty, maybe, but not like her hair wasn’t amazing. It was earned. “Thanks, Spencer. I think I’m good. Later, skater.”

She dove for her shower caddy, prying up the false bottom hiding her suction cup dildo so frantically she almost broke a nail. Would it stick to the walls in here? Fucking garbage fucking cinderblock bullshit *fuck!*

No, the mirror. It would do, right? It fell off instantly. God damnit! Fucking Windex fucking greasy fucking fuck!

The wood paneling on the closet door held it firm. Shauna jerked her thong aside and slammed herself down so hard she worried Spencer would hear the boom and double back. That would be fine. She’d give him a proper look at her big, hot, hanging, suckable slappable fuckable titties. Get his dick between them. Get his dick in her mouth. Get his dick. His dick. Fuck. *FUCK!*

*Unless you have anything else I can do for you*, Spencer had said. The shampoo shit was sweet, but those words, they would echo in her pussy for a thousand years.

“*FUUUUUUUUUUUCK!*” she howled.

“Shauna, holy… are you all right?!” He pounded. Again. She’d had just enough time to be able to see straight. Thinking straight would be a moment.

“C-come in,” she moaned. She was on the floor somehow. Good. She raised her ass to a good fucking height. “Break me in half. Break me like a fucking brood mare. Fuck me until I’m your fucking pet,” she babbled, incoherent even to herself.

“Shauna! Are you…? I can’t hear you. Are you OK? What was that?”

That was the most potent come she’d ever had outside of therapy. More, maybe. No, there was that time in February when she’d almost let herself stoop to fucking her anthropology TA just to see if he’d boost her grade for it, and Austin had kept for that divine overnight appointment, every tool and trick in his arsenal but his dick, never his dick no matter how much she begged, begged until she was hoarse, a whore, a horse, a rocking horse, a weak little toy, no control left in her, no control, completely his, owned earned bought and paid for and sold again to his day job.

She’d thought he’d had her down there for a week. Just the one night, though. It had helped a lot even so. Shauna totally blew off her appointment with her TA and just sat in her room eroding the veins off her dildo collection. (A birthday present from Austin – they were always his, in her mind.)

“Shauna, hang on, I’m gonna get my keys – unless you tell me you’re OK.”

“Is she OK?”

“What was that yell?”

“Should we call an ambulance?”

“It sounded to me like she was–”

“All right, everybody, back to your rooms. Everything’s under control here, just relax. I’m–”

Shauna opened the door. “I stubbed my toe,” she said. “Reaching for a box in the storage over the closet, just… WHAM. Sorry.”

Spencer let out a sigh of relief. “You had me going there. Your toe OK? Do you need to get to the health center? I’m not supposed to give you a ride, but I will if you want me to.”

Another glorious phrase to be deposited in perpetuity in her spank bank. She carefully held her ground, obstructing his view of the probably still jiggling suction dildo on her closet door.

“I’ll be OK. Like you said, everything’s under control.”

*Because your pussy controls you.*

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“I understand you’re feeling overwhelmed, Shauna. Maybe there’s another way of looking at this, though.”

“What other way? My pussy is molten lava every minute I spend on that floor. If he looks at me I can barely stop myself from ripping our clothes off. Whenever we–”

Austin nodded, holding up a hand with a little chuckle. “I was listening, I promise. You know, I think this might be the first time I’ve ever heard you use another man’s name in one of our sessions.”

Good to know he found this funny, trying to suppress her nymphomania living down the hall from a guy who pushed every single one of her buttons and then started in on her levers and dials. She didn’t even understand why. Spencer was nothing like her usual type. Usually she went for easy guys, dumb sluts, pretty idiots. Guys with nothing to redeem themselves – as far as she bothered to learn – but the possession of a cock and a general instinct for where to shove it. At least, with a willingness to be instructed.

Spencer? He was… a *dork*. He showed dorky movies in the lounge so he could crow about his woke politics. He walked the halls of Higgins 3 with a bubble wand, like some fairy dork princess. Half the girls on that floor – at least – would fuck his wholesome dick until it grafted itself into their pussies, but he made fucking *eye contact*.

He *cried* when his girls cried. This was a thing she knew some guys did. Just not a guy she’d ever crush on. Shit, she never crushed even on guys her type!

For the life of her she couldn’t make sense of it – and she’d tried. Diddling her leaky insatiable pussy raw, she’d tried and tried and tried. Was it *because* he was so different? Her lizard brain pushing her after the decent, sweet, respectful, beautiful, fuck lord of Higgins Hall in some unconscious hope he’d save her from her worst impulses. Or was it some sort of alpha female thing? A drive to take the man all these little brats were pretending they weren’t fighting over.

Whatever it was, it was fast becoming an obsession.

“So what do I do? Should I just… fuck him, get it over with?”

“From what you told me, it sounds like that isn’t an option. For now, anyway. I can imagine the constant presence of such temptation would erode any man’s resolve.”

Shauna shook her head. “Not Spencer. I’m telling you, he gets off on this RA shit. Except he doesn’t. The way you get watching me beg and telling me no, he’s like that with all of us, except he doesn’t go back home and beat off to it afterwards.”

Austin gave her tits an affectionate stroke. Should she tell him she’d had her first nipple orgasm after the floor’s beach excursion the other day? It had always seemed like a contrivance for porn, girls mewling in arousal as some musclebound dude pawed their boobs. She liked being touched, reveled in seeing a man beside himself at the opportunity to touch her, but she’d sure never come the least bit close to getting off to it. Apparently all she needed was to imagine Spencer ripping her bikini off and titty-fucking her big, hot titties right there on that shitty beach. The exhibitionism of it was barely part of it. Wherever, whenever, however he wanted to fuck her, she was up for it. She played her part of the casual dude-bro buddying up with him, but she’d fantasized over it so many times that if he ever actually did snap his fingers and point at his feet, she’d be kneeling with her balls nestled against her chin in a heartbeat.

Austin, however, wasn’t about to let her accusation slide. “Now Shauna, I’ve told you. I don’t masturbate to the thought of you. I don’t think about you when I fuck other women. When I fuck someone, that person or persons are the only thing I’m thinking about. You are my patient, and have nothing to do with any sexual satisfaction I have.”

“I know.” Shauna twisted her nipples, groaning. Even knowing it was at least partially bullshit didn’t help. She’d seen how his cock responded to her pleases and sirs. It was an involuntary reaction, but it was a reaction. Not that it did her any good.

She twisted harder. Austin was good at funneling her sexual anxieties into something useful. Maybe he could show her how to titty-come again.

“It’s important that you keep this in mind. I’m here to help tame and channel your nymphomaniacal urges into a productive direction. To help you get a handle on your condition. Even though objectively you’re a gorgeous young woman, fuckable as they come, I’m your therapist. I will never, ever fuck you.”

Shauna whimpered. “I know.” She could use a good fuck. She hadn’t fucked a single guy since coming back to Lakeview. Not even sucked one off. Every time she thought about it, she compared them to Spencer, and suddenly it was like imagining fucking a… a… a hat rack, or a lobster, or a wet bag of potting soil. Something that just… didn’t even make sense.

What she felt for Spencer didn’t make sense either, but try telling that to her pussy.

“Now, as for this RA of yours, this Spencer…” Austin stroked his chin. “Maybe this is the test you’ve needed all along.”

“Well it feels like I’m flunking it pretty fucking hard, no offense. I was literally changing my underwear twice a day, they got so soupy.”

“Was…?” he prompted.

“Sure. Now I just don’t wear any and sit around on a paper plate half the time. They got this kind with a wax coating so they don’t get soaked through.”

Rather than regard her with the disgust such an admission obviously deserved, Austin regarded her sympathetically. “We simply haven’t worked out a strategy yet. But think about it. What is your pussy telling you to do?”

“Fuck him,” she blurted instantly. Just saying it out loud made her even wetter. “Fuck him all day every day. Follow him to class so I can blow him while he takes notes. Follow him to the food court and make his cum my breakfast, lunch and dinner. Follow him to the bathroom and–”

Austin held up a hand before she had to finish that particularly graphic thought. “Exactly. Now be honest with me. A woman like you, beautiful, sexy, persuasive… You could fuck him if you really tried. Couldn’t you.”

“Yes. Probably.” At least she was ninety percent sure. No way she was about to tell her therapist about the other night, when she’d taken advantage of his open door policy to sneak into his room in the middle of the night and touch herself while she watched him sleep. She’d managed not to come, but barely. At least not until she was back in the hallway, and she’d muffled it with a big mouthful of her shampoo-commercial hair that he said he liked.

Austin probed a finger into her pussy. When was the last time they’d had a therapy session and she’d stayed clothed? She hoped seeing her naked and squirming and begging and frigging and coming provided him some tiny, tiny fraction of the pleasure that Shauna derived from following his instructions to do it.

“Of course you could. Say it like you believe it!”

“I could fuck him!”

“Why!”

“Because I’m so fucking *hawwwwt*!” Shauna squealed, spasming as she gushed a fountain of cum around her therapist’s knuckles.

He gave her a moment to calm down. Not that she did, much. Sometimes it felt like her therapy only fed her pussy’s egomaniacal rage. She never used to get *this* horny. Hadn’t that been what she’d said when he asked her to rate it? Like a three out of five horny. Now it was a thousand, always. But it was all focused on Spencer. And Austin. Both of whom had told her they absolutely wouldn’t fuck her. Sort of an improvement, still.

Austin petted her hair sweetly. Her cum was all over his fingers, but he didn’t care. He knew she liked having cum on her, even if it was just her own. Cum was hot. Being petted was hot. Getting fingered by her therapist was *crazy* hot. It was always a treat on the rare occasion when he let her put part of him inside her.

“That’s right, Shauna. You are. We’ve established your pussy wants to fuck him. Which you just said you knew you could – and I agree. So as long as you don’t – as long as you’re just amusing yourself in your free time with a stray fantasy or two–”

“Try a hundred.”

“A hundred, even. But so long as you decide how to act on your feelings, and you don’t do what your pussy is telling you to, then… who’s in control of Shauna?”

She considered. Maybe he was onto something. He usually was. The man knew more about controlling nymphomania – or at least, controlling this particular nymphomaniac – than anyone.

“I am.” Shauna giggled. “Or maybe Spencer.”

“Maybe Spencer,” he repeated with a laugh. “Well, if he’s half the fellow you make him out to be, perhaps that wouldn’t be so bad.”

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“I did something good this week, but I also did something bad.”

Austin smiled. “Oh, my dear sweet nymphomaniacal girl, why am I not surprised. Though I was, actually – surprised I mean – that you’re here today. I never mind a walk-in appointment with one of my most intriguing patients, but aren’t you on break?”

Shauna crossed her legs. In this tiny skirt, it flashed her thong, but that was part of the fun of these therapy sessions. She could pretend to be as much of a slut as she wanted without judgment. *I am not a slut*, she thought reflexively, but followed with her private new addendum, *I am a nymphomaniac.* Compared to all her efforts to mask it around Higgins 3, it was a tremendous relief to have somewhere to unwind.

“I am, but I didn’t want to waste money on a flight home for a week, so I’m crashing at a friend’s apartment, Ana. Actually,” she said, crossing her legs the other way, “that’s the good thing.”

Austin knew what she was doing – he knew her slutty antics better than anybody – but he let her, as always. “Oh?”

“Yeah. Tl;dr, her boyfriend was hitting on me pretty blatantly while she was at work, and I told him no. And not just ‘*giggle* you’re so bad!’ no. I told him he was an asshole and said if he even looked at my chest again, I’d tell Ana.”

Austin looked genuinely impressed. “Now that *is* quite positive. I’m proud of you.”

That shouldn’t make her horny, but, well, her inability to help it was why she was here. “You should be proud of Spencer. And, um, do you mind if I…?”

A perfunctory hand wave bestowed permission to borrow one of his vibrators from the Good Girl Drawer. “Your RA? Why so? What’s that oh-so-remarkable young man done this time?”

Shauna picked one of her favorites, a menacingly large black phallus that from past experience she knew pulsed like a freshly struck lightning rod at max setting, and plopped back down on his couch, thighs spread wide. Her thong had a slit in the crotch. (Most of them did, so she could put things in and out surreptitiously during class and such if she was having a high sluttiness day.) She permitted it to slide inside her as far as the limitations of her poor, mentally diseased pussy would allow, and switched it on.

“He’s why I said no. Like I said, this guy was being really blatant about it. Ana probably told him about my reputation – a warning, you know, but most guys don’t take it that way. But when I thought about fucking him, it was like I immediately compared him to Spencer, and I was just… no interest. None. Like he was a cucumber or something. Fuckable but pretty unappealing compared to the real deal.”

Shauna sat up, adjusting the vibie so she could ride it while they talked. She’d gotten pretty good at managing the distraction, so long as she didn’t let her imagination run away with her. Austin thought nothing of it – nothing he hadn’t seen dozens of times. Weird, to think that the first time he’d availed her of the Good Girl Drawer, she’d been pretty creeped out. Austin being Austin, though, he’d quickly made her feel comfortable, and accepted, and then made her come so hard she hadn’t felt the urge to fuck another random guy for days.

(Well, day. Still, pretty good.)

“Interesting. So would you say that at this point, your sexual energy is fixated exclusively on Spencer?”

Shauna sighed, grinding her pussy on the sofa cushion. “Oh yeah. Oh *god* yes. Yes. Yes yes yes yes yes *yesssssss…!*” Austin waited patiently while she came. It didn’t slow her down, though, Now that she’d gotten to thinking about Spencer, there was no stopping. When she could, she resumed speaking. “That’s, um, actually the bad thing, though.”

“Bad? To go from being a toy for any man with the guts to ask, to being a model member of a community with a crush, however strong, that you’ve kept under tight control? That sounds very good to me, Shauna.”

“No. I…” She winced. “You know how I said sometimes I, um, do stuff? To him?”

“I remember.”

She wished he didn’t. She wished she’d never told him, or better yet never done any of it. It was just so hard to help herself. Stealing Spencer’s underwear from the laundry room. The pictures she’d snapped over the wall of the shower stall. Shauna had needed to teach herself to make out the sound of him dunking his head under the water; there was a distinctiveness to it, if you listened hard. Stopping by Casey’s room to help her drink or smoke herself into oblivion so Shauna could listen through the wall as he dictated blowjob preferences to his girlfriends. (Fucking Vickie. She could listen to that grade A slut talk herself through a fuck for a year.)

She could be a goddess if she ever posted her pics and trophies to the Hottie Haven, but it was too much of a risk. The poor sweet boy still thought she was chill casual Shauna, platonic hot chick. Not the psycho pervert who snuck into his room to fuck herself with his hairbrush while he was doing RA rounds. If somebody betrayed the server again, it would be the end of everything. Shauna had expressed her concerns about privacy to both Terri, who managed the Haven, as well as Tori, who enforced its rules with her sexy iron fists. If he ever learned how much of a crazy fucking whore–

*No. Use Austin’s words.*

If he learned how atypically her disorder caused her to behave (much better), he’d never talk to her again, much less let her fuck him.

Speaking of, though, she continued her story, her shame already evident from her tone. “So… I went to Higgins the other day. Other night, I mean.”

“Higgins? Aren’t the dorms locked up for fall break?”

She nodded. “Yeah. But, um, I’d sort of stopped by a couple times earlier in the week, and–”

“Why?” Austin interjected.

“I don’t know, really. I guess just because I missed it. Missed him. I don’t know. I just like it there. It’s *home*, you know? Plus I was pretty drunk, one of the times, and you know I get nostalgic for old comes when I’m drunk.” She shrugged, then slammed herself down hard on her vibie. “But… yeah, when I was there, I saw there were lights on. On our floor. Spencer’s room. I know because I know where my room is and his is two doors down.”

“And because you told me you sit in your car sometimes and watch his window in case he gets careless undressing again,” Austin interjected. He always kept her honest.

“Um, yeah. That too. Sorry. I shouldn’t dissemble. Do I have to…?” She tapped the base of her vibrator and glanced sheepishly at the Good Girl Drawer. Sometimes if she was bad he rescinded privileges. It was just as hot as bestowing them.

“Not just yet, but remember, don’t hide your symptoms from me. I can’t help you if you aren’t completely honest.”

Shauna squeezed her tits until it hurt, hurt fucking gooood. “Thank you, sir. But yeah, it made me wonder if the building was open for some reason or something? The parking lot door was locked, though, so I went around to the other side. Only when I got there, there was a light on way over on the other end of the hall. A room I thought was empty. It had lights on, too. So I went back to the lot. A bunch of people left their cars over break, but his was definitely there, too. I didn’t know who else was up there, but I was pretty sure it was Spencer and someone else.”

“Interesting.” Austin leaned in, apparently engrossed by her retelling of her misbehavior.

Shauna tried to keep her voice steady. Just thinking about Spencer was making it hard not to go into nympho-come mode. One time she’d blacked out for almost twenty minutes, snapping out of it to find Austin was having a zoom meeting at his desk. She had to assume the camera angle didn’t include her naked splayed out body in the background, but it was hot thinking she’d been this sexy little decoration in his office for the guy on the other end to marvel at.

“Yeah. And I was like, that’s weird, you know? Sooooo, yeah. I couldn’t stop thinking about it, and I have jack shit to do all week, so, um, I went back a couple times and just sort of hid?” *Because your pussy controls you.* “And one time his car was gone, so I thought maybe he was out with whoever, you know? There’s this nook by the south entrance that’s out of the lights, and so I just sort of hunkered down and waited. I guess I wanted to know who it was. Like a friend, or… someone else.”

“What did you intend to do, Shauna?”

She shrugged, then moved herself to fuck that big black plastic dick on top of the arm rest instead. More resistance, easier to fuck herself on. “I don’t really know why I did it. I don’t think I would have done anything, just watched him go. But then he came downstairs, and he was with the hall manager.”

“The hall manager? His supervisor, you mean?”

“Yeah. I remembered her from orientation. She’s really pretty, one of those faces, bodies. Like me, I guess. Big, hot titties.” She giggled, but it became a moan. Objectifying that woman the way she objectified herself was hot. It was such a shame Spencer didn’t seem to go for easy sluts usually, though all his fooling around with Casey before break might mean he was turning over a new leaf. She could only hope.

“And what time was this, about?”

“I was there for…” She thought. “Hours. Like, from when it got dark out, and I think they came back at like ten something.”

Austin came up behind her and helpfully massaged her titties. It promptly ushered in one of those slow orgasms only he seemed to know how to elicit from her. They went on for whole minutes sometimes. Only like a third the magnitude of her usual climaxes, but for twenty times as long. That he knew how to manipulate her pleasure centers like that made her so fucking horny it was almost hard not to beg for dick sometimes.

“So you hid in the shadows for hours just to get a glimpse of him?” he asked from behind her.

“Y-yes.” *Fuck* she’d needed this. She was so glad she’d come to talk to him. Like always. “They came in, and they had little bags with them. L-leftovers, like they’d been out t-to eat.” Still going. God, still going.

“Unusual. Did they say anything interesting?”

“No.” She hesitated. Came. Kept coming. “Not at first. But… then I followed them upstairs.”

“You broke in?”

Shauna frowned, even as her body succumbed to little paroxysms from pleasure spikes. “I do live there. Not l-like I was some burglar or something. But, um, yeah. I caught the door before it latched. I waited a s-s-sec, so they wouldn’t hear me in the stairwell, but then I went uh-hup. My card still worked on the Higgins 3 door.”

He squeezed harder on her titties. Less pleasurable, but more domineering. Definitely a good trade. Plus it helped clear her head a little. This was the sort of touch she’d get off to later, not now. “Then what?”

“I heard them. They were in one of the empty rooms. Some ugly girls – no offense – moved out way back in August. People say it was some kind of inferiority complex. Anyway, they were in there. And, um…”

“And…?”

She had to wait until he finished pinching the shit out of her nipples to answer. “They… they were fucking.”

“He was fucking his manager?”

Her hips swiveled, grinding that baby every which way. “Not just… fucked. They fucked – oh *god*, did he fuck her – but he… he… oh *fuck…* He *dominated* her.”

“Dominated?” Austin stroked his chin with one hand, her ass with the other, lifting her skirt to make a belt around her hips so he could probe her asshole, like she liked. Because she liked everything he did to her. *Because your pussy controls you.* “Are you employing hyperbole, or did he–”

“She called him her master. Like over and over, like it was just what she called him. She begged him, *begged* him to use her. To stuff her full. To use her like, ungh, like a fucking *toy*, god…”

“Six eight one eight, you little minx,” Austin mumbled pensively. It meant nothing to her, and so she focused instead on more pressing matters. Like his second finger pressing into her ass. It hurt, but it was so slutty of her. So good. “And I can only assume, you being you, that you listened.”

“Anyone would listen!” she protested, humping his fingers, humping his dildo, humping his couch. Hump, hump, hump. “Not just a fucking, *ungh*, slut like me.”

“We’ve been over this, Shauna. Having urges doesn’t make you a slut. Masturbating to those urges doesn’t make you a slut. Only acting on those urges makes you a slut. Do we need to pause and give you a moment to do your exercises?”

“NO!” she howled. She couldn’t stop. Not now. Not when she was so close to another one! She was fucking always so close, always, her perfect counselor who knew every ripple in her cunt. “No, I’m not a slut, I’m not, I’m not, don’t stop, don’t stop!”

“They didn’t catch you listening, I take it?” Austin said. Apparently he was feeling generous today. To think her tuition covered this absolute godsend of a therapist. Though she did sometimes think it would be hotter if she was paying him to do this to her. All those years she’d thought it was so hot making boys do what she wanted. Such a waste, now that she’d discovered how much sexier it was when they made her do things for them. When they brought her inner slut out so strong she couldn’t help but want to pleasure.

“No. They fucked so *loud*, she came so mother fucking *hard*, like *I* would if I slutted myself to him, that they didn’t hear me. But, um… then…”

Austin slowed. That only made Shauna wriggle her ass into him harder, so he withdrew altogether. She whined, pleaded, but he held firm. “Then what, Shauna. I can’t help you if you don’t tell me everything.”

“They started talking. It was hard to hear – and I was breathing really hard, my heart pounding, so like… Anyway, I heard her say that soon he’d be doing that to ‘all of them.’ I think… I think she meant *us*.”

“She said that?”

Shauna nodded. *Tell him everything. Then he’ll use your ass.* “I wanted to keep listening, but I worried they’d hit the showers. I couldn’t see shit through the peephole, but it looked like they were moving around. But she definitely seemed, I don’t know, like she was cool with it. Like she thought it’d be hot for him to be a slut like her. Like me. Maybe she’s a nympho, too?”

“Maybe,” he said dismissively. “But what did Spencer say? He must have said something.”

“He did. Oh god please. *Please*, sir.” He gave her a punitive slap on the ass. It was even hotter because she knew he wasn’t fucking around. If she kept behaving like a bad little slut bitch, he’d make her put his vibie back in his Good Girl Drawer. She heeded the warning.

“Sorry. It was too quiet, though, so I can’t be sure, but it sounded like he said he would. I think. Only he didn’t sound excited? It was weird, even at the time. I don’t know. If his slut fucking boss was giving him a hall pass to ignore the rule about fuck his residents – more of us, I mean–” (Goddamn Andi, goddamn fucking Casey!) “then I know I would. There are some seriously hot girls on that floor.”

“I’ll say.” Austin patted her head with his sticky fingers affectionately, then at last put them back inside her. Fucking disgusting. So fucking hot. Shauna was a creature of holes and fluids and yes yes yes. She resumed her riding immediately. “So, he’s finally gotten himself formal permission, license to operate. No more red tape, even in perception. Total consent.”

Shauna wasn’t quite sure what he was after, but it sounded about right. All the girls on the floor wanted Spencer so bad they’d piss on their grandmothers’ graves to get a piece. Only made sense his boss felt it, too. She supposed if she got what she wanted, she was willing to be cool about him fucking all the others too. Plus, that hall manager bitch was a fucking *sub*. A sub’s sub. Even in her fantasies, Shauna barely begged and debased herself like that lady had. Bitch probably got off on being cheated on. It had been the hottest sex she’d ever witnessed, including her own.

Was… was that the kind of girl Spencer was into?

“Do you think he’ll really do it? Do you think I’ll finally get to…?”

Austin chuckled softly. “That’s up to you, Shauna. Not him. Remember, you control your pussy. You can, at least.”

“I want to. I want to be his first. When he comes back anyway. Do you think he likes women like that? Submissives?”

“Are you asking me if a young heterosexual man would want a hot little nympho like you to pledge herself as his fuck slave?” He laughed. “Shauna, for all your experience with cocks, you have a lot to learn about men.”

“Well Higgins won’t open again until Sunday…” She sighed as he stretched her ass with a third digit. “Teach me?”

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“I’m going to fucking kill her,” Casey announced darkly.

Jordyn took a big hit and passed the bong back. After a cough, she added, as angrily or more, “Not if I get to her first.”

Shauna’s turn, though she kept her toke light. “You can have dibs. I can’t believe that bitch took our shirts.” She didn’t trust herself if she got too high. Didn’t trust her sneaky bully of a pussy, at least. He was right down the hall, alone and vulnerable and just waiting to be consoled. She couldn’t tip her hand yet. If only there were some way to tell everybody what she’d heard over break, that if they just cooled their stupid jets they could all finally have a taste. There was no way to do that without outing herself, though, which meant she’d be last in line if she wasn’t cast out altogether.

Jordyn was still fuming. “I can’t believe everyone let her. Can’t believe I let her.”

Casey accepted her bong back. It suited her somehow, a little glass panda with a bamboo-styled pipe. She scratched at that hideous bandage on her head as she took her god-knows-how-manyeth hit. Casey took drugs like Shauna took cock. She was a fucking rock star. She’d probably die like one, too, if she kept it up.

Casey took a long hit, her voice squeaking as she slowly released the vapors. “It’s my fault, you guys. I sneetched us all up, got us worried about who all got the stars upon thars hating on him for my own shit.”

“Hey, no, you were hurting. I’m just glad to see you guys patched things up.” Shauna in fact did not care if they had patch things up. She didn’t like Casey – the lying cheating bitch was too much like Shauna’s pussy. Horny, greedy, relentless. In times like these, though, she needed allies. If she was going to stop Tori from ruining things on Higgins 3 right when they were about to finally become perfect, she needed help. If these two druggy idiots were all Shauna had, then she’d use them.

Jordyn seemed to harbor some of the same misgivings about their fledgling alliance, though. “No, she’s right. It *is* her fault. But you can’t craft a profound future if you keep trying to build on the ruins of your sins. You–”

Casey snickered. “I fuckin’ told you this shit was good, yo.”

“You gotta clear it out, make smooth the uneven place. Which for you means getting us back to the good times.”

Did Jordyn think people really spoke that way? Maybe she thought she sounded deep instead of tryhard. At least Casey was an authentic hippie and merely spoke the language of her tribe. Regardless. Shauna voiced agreement, as allies did. “Fucking Lex and her stupid little tantrum. Like he hasn’t seen her tits a dozen times. A hundred, probably, flat skank always flitting around topless like she’s the flat-front fairy of Higgins Hall. You know, I even went down to try to talk to her, tell her she needed to talk to him and work things out with him, and the little bitch told me to get out. Like *I* was the one in the wrong.”

Casey frowned empathetically. Empathetically with Lex, that is. That was the trouble with stoners, always trying to see things from someone else’s perspective when Shauna needed her to see things from *hers* and only hers. “She’s hurting. She splurged on those magnificent melons for him, felt stupid once she did, and then he comes along and says the dumbest damn thing. I love the guy – I fucking *love* the guy – but he gots to learn to speech before he… wait. Think. Think before… yeah. Whatever, y’all get me.”

“Disagree,” said Jordyn. “This is her not being willing to take an apology. The offending incident aside, he’s said and done exactly the right thing since. Seriously you guys, he’s always got such good instincts about the way he treats people. He does all these heart-to-heart talks in the lounge, and you know I’m always down there. I think he thinks I got music in all the time or something, but I just like to listen to him talk. I could listen to that gorgeous idiot talk to these kiddies all damn day.” She sighed. “But of course when the clock strikes midnight and he turns back into a pumpkin, he does it in front of New Tits McGee over there.”

Shauna seized the pro-Spencer sentiment and tried to push things from discussion to action. “So what do we do? I think we all agree that we want him to stay, but how do we make it happen? I heard he put in for a transfer, but they said they needed time to recruit somebody else for our floor.”

Casey gasped, openly horrified by the prospect of losing her shower buddy. “What? Says who?”

Shauna couldn’t tell them, of course. That had been a gift from Austin, who was apparently close personal friends with the director of housing. They played squash or something together, he’d said. Evidently the guy was venting about this staff member looking to bail on his all-female floor, and Austin recognized which RA he was referring to from his sessions with Shauna. Austin had been reticent to pass it on, he’d said, but considering how crucial Spencer was to her treatment, how important he was to her as a person, he’d felt it was worth sharing.

She’d never had a man in her life she trusted like Austin.

They’d spent the rest of the session combing through Hottie Haven on their phones – he’d had her login (ShaSha) and password (notaslut69) since early on so he could keep tabs on her, make sure she didn’t start getting slutty – and had jointly decided that organizing against Tori would be for the best.

“I forget. Somebody posted it, but of course Tori had to go and delete the post before anybody could feel sorry for the guy. Twice now he’s had to sit there waiting to be kicked off this floor, and she doesn’t give a shit just because he’s got a dick.”

“Oof, and what a dick,” Casey echoed, unconsciously squeezing one of her tits for a moment.

Jordyn scowled. “Shit. Well then we need to get serious on the resistance. I’m not giving him up just so they can stick some asshole like the RA up on 4 in here. You know she wrote somebody up for singing in the shower? Not even in the middle of the night or something. Fucking *singing*.”

“I heard she wrote someone up for giving her a dirty look,” added Shauna. Everybody hated that chick. Personally, though, she hated the RAs on the basement and ground floors way more. They actually got to fuck him. God, that night when they’d all sat around listening to him feed his cum, drop by drop, to that crazy hot one. Shauna had ducked back into her room just in time. Some of the girls had been sneaking around in their panties, but Shauna didn’t do sneaky. She’d been gagging herself to the point of weeping on a dildo while she played with herself, imagining she was that lucky bitch.

“OK. So, how do we hearts and minds this thing? ‘Cause I think we all know people are pretty pissed. Whether or not they should be, they are.”

“My lyin’ ass coming clean is a step, for sure. Ima tell everybody the truth, that I played him, so he’d play me. Fuck, I still feel bad about it. I can’t believe I…” The rest of her self-recrimination was muttered into her bong. Shauna was glad. Casey’s self-loathing for being a greedy stupid slut made it way harder not to empathize with her.

Jordyn nodded. “That’s good. When you do make the rounds, though, make sure you keep that bandage on though. Don’t want anybody getting so pissed off that they clobber your ass.”

Shauna rose, leaned against Jordyn’s wall against a smattering of printed off artsy stuff. She’d been researching resistance movements, counter-insurgency tactics, that kind of stuff. “We need a symbol. Something to unite behind.” The other two looked at her uncomprehendingly. “A way to show support for him publicly. Something like the shirts, you know?”

Casey frowned at her tits, clearly missing the way they’d spilled out of her Hottie half-shirt. “Well, that ship sailed. What else you got, my very hot homie?”

Shauna had come with the tactic in mind, but hoped either artistic Jordyn or popular Casey would have a sense for what could catch on. “We could make new shirts, right? Same logo and everything.”

Jordyn shook her head. “Custom design, small quantity… you’re looking at five hundo, conservative, up front. Plus those promote us Hotties, not our guy.”

There was a knock at the door. The bong disappeared in a flash even as Jordyn dove for the window, jerking it open and fanning the curtains. “Um, you guys? It’s Terri. Can I…?”

Casey rolled down the length of Jordyn’s bed until she could reach the door, her head hanging upside down off the end of it as she threw it open and waved their neighbor in. “Fast feet, chica.”

Terri scurried in, shutting and locking the door behind her. “Um, hey. Sorry, I was walking by and I sorta smelled… And it smelled *good*, and so I was sorta… yeah. Anyway, then I heard you talking and…”

Shauna’s muscles tensed. If this chick was going to betray them to Tori, she’d–

“I think I have just the thing.”

Casey looked upwards, probably seeing more up Terri’s skirt than of her face, giggled. “Yeah? Why you wanna help?”

Terri snorted. “Are you kidding me? You guys saw the vid. I’ve been living on that shit for weeks now. Me and TT – Toni, it’s a rebrand – anyway, we’ve been freaking out that he’s gonna quit or get fired or something. I mean, his freaking boss moving in just to monitor the guy’s every word and move! Fuck. That’s not OK. And where the hell is the–”

Jordyn slid open the closet door and gestured, producing a lighter out of seemingly nowhere. Terri promptly partook. “What vid? Not sure I saw any vid.”

The girls laughed. Of course they’d all seen it, and of course they’d all seen it a thousand times. Shauna had played it on loop every night until she fell asleep to it. God, listening to those sluts tag-team Spencer with that sexy ASMR slobber shit, not twenty feet from where she now stood. Shauna had listened to it so much she dreamed to it, dreamed it was her lips competing for space on his shaft, dreamed it was her moaning and slurping and purring and *mmmm*ing until he got so hard he couldn’t help but whip it out before it ripped through his pants, dreaming she was there across from his boss, competing to see who could beg the most convincingly for the gift of his cum.

That last part especially. She’d been dreaming about it so much that she’d nearly called him “master” when she bumped into him at the food court the other day.

*Because your pussy controls you.*

The girls plotted, and schemed, and smoked. (Shauna continued to partake, but only in moderation so as to make sure they stayed focused and didn’t try anything stupid.) Terri showed them her streaming site’s new merch. T-shirts, halter tops, pins, these earrings that had been a bit too ambitious and turned out horribly.

The moment Terri produced it, though, without hesitation, the upperclassmen agreed that it could only be the chokers.

“I don’t know,” said a hesitant Terri. “I don’t know how we convince everybody to put on a choker. They’re kind of, I dunno, sexual.”

“Naw, T, you’re only saying that ‘cause you got the ho-iest stream name on the dubya dubya web on ‘em.” Casey elbowed her playfully, nearly falling out of bed in the process. The three of them dove to make sure she didn’t hit her head again and worsen her concussion.

(Shauna held privately that Casey’s cognitive function hadn’t been 100% in the first place.)

“But don’t you see? That’s it,” she proclaimed.

The other three, intrigued by her confidence, turned to Shauna to hear more.

“What’s the one thing every girl on this floor has in common?”

“Perfect tits?” guessed Terri.

“Da hotness,” said Casey right over her.

Jordyn took that extra moment to consider, and got the right answer. “We all want Spencer.”

Shauna nodded. “Bingo. Think about it. He’s lonely, right? His girlfriends both dumped him, the Hotties have turned on him. He’s got to be feeling the need for a little TLC. He’s *vulnerable*. He needs us.”

Jordyn shook her head, that thick mop of hers waving. “So what, though? I don’t follow.”

Terri, however, had got it immediately. “No she’s right – that’s it! It’s not a symbol *about* him, it’s a symbol *to* him. Wear a choker, you get to… No, wait. I mean, he’s not a dick vending machine.”

Casey was high enough now that she openly caressed her slit through her little shorts. It really annoyed Shauna how alike they were sometimes. “Mm, Ima head down to the coinstar, start pumpin’ nickels into H3, homies.”

Shauna saw Terri’s point, though. “So we flip the order. You don’t proclaim for him by putting on the choker, then get some cock as a reward. No. You proclaim your support for the guy by satisfying his cock. Suck him off, fuck him, motorboat the guy, who cares. *Then* we give them the choker. Along comes another Hottie and she’s all ‘hey what’s with that super hot choker you’re wearing? That’s new.’ And just all sly like, we go ‘oh, I blahdy-blahed Spencer, and he gave me this.’ It becomes the world’s hottest participation trophy. They’re gonna want a choker just so everybody knows how they got it. The faster they get it, the more prestige, you know?”

Casey seized the one they’d been examining from the pile of HOTTEZ merch and, with clumsy fingers, fastened it around her neck. True to form, it was a little too tight, sinking into her slender neck. “And errybody already know how I earned mine.”

Jordyn put one on next, the only other one present. “I earned mine when that bitch censored my art. Watching her toss them in her shitty box, cart them off… fucking *felt* like I was choking.”

Not quite the plan, but Jordyn was committed. Shauna wasn’t going to insist she traipse down to 310 for a facial to prove it. More Spencer cum for her.

They made the arrangements. Terri or Toni would hand over what chokers they had. No charge, which Shauna thought was pretty classy for a scheme to fuck a guy for slutwear. When a girl demonstrated – or claimed – carnal knowledge, Casey and Jordyn would dole out their choker.

As for Shauna, she controlled herself admirably. She couldn’t distribute or promote, she said, because of some trouble she’d gotten into with Ramona earlier in the year. If this thing went tits up if and when she found out her RA was fucking his residents, she couldn’t be associated with it. She’d simply get the rumor mill started, and let the Hotties do what they did best. Namely, look for excuses to let Spencer flood their skimpy little panties.

All that, without giving in to her pussy on any single one of its endless suggestions. Shauna couldn’t wait to brag to Austin what a good nympho she’d been.

A few days later, she treated herself to a quick sloppy blowjob as he headed for the showers. Totally casual, same as that email she’d sent him, like she hadn’t been masturbating to the brink of unconsciousness thinking about it ever since that night she’d listened to him fuck his boss. If he found out Shauna was so horny that she’d leave Ramona in the dust with how eager she was to service his every sexual desire – then help him dream up some new ones and service those too – he’d freak out at her intensity. She’d never get her shot. “Don’t stick your dick in crazy,” as the saying went, and her nymphomania more than qualified her for that warning.

Not that she was crazy. She simply had a disorder that caused her to behave atypically, that was all.

Spencer pumped a more than generous load of his thick, creamy nectar down Shauna’s throat, patiently standing by as she sucked and sucked and sucked. Not that the girl was so cum-crazed that she truly needed every last drop; it was only that she had been dreaming of the taste of this dick for so long that she couldn’t seem to make herself give it up. She’d always been fine with the taste of cum (a pretty baseline requirement for a nymphomania diagnosis) but Spencer’s was honest-to-god delicious.

“Don’t know why I thought that would be hotter,” she mumbled, as if it hadn’t been her favorite sexual experience of her life outside of therapy. Maybe even that. He’d looked so happy, gazing down at her as she blew him, all while keeping an iron grip on her pussy’s leash. She didn’t even suggest that he fuck her.

After he left, Shauna crawled back into her shower stall and plugged her suction dildo into the wall, seizing that wonderful shower nozzle and spritzing it right on her clit. To think these had been a recommendation from Spencer’s ex, who worked right there in the same building with her therapist.

It was a small world when you were learning to control your crazy, crazy pussy. She couldn’t wait to tell Austin what a slut she’d not been, and to thank him for all the guidance he’d provided.

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“HAPPY HALLOWEEN!” Shauna crowed it as loud and as enthusiastically as any of them. She really did love this floor.

Spencer pretended to be shocked. Did he think this was a surprise party…? In any case, she was elated to see he’d found and returned their shirts. Her big, hot titties looked incredible in that thing. She’d gone for a size Small in the fall when they’d first handed them out, but the cotton was stretchy. She went for an XS this time. No way that thing would cover all of her nipples. Somebody else could have her old one.

She and Jordyn and Casey shared another moment celebrating the success of their coup, like they had last night after the Halloween Eve party. After Jordyn went to bed, Shauna had snuck next door into Casey’s room. She’d been so drunk, or high, or both, she clearly hadn’t remembered Shauna coming in and sucking her tongue, savoring the fleeting tang of Spencer’s cum from that unbe-fucking-lievable three-girl blowjob. He was so fucking badass. He deserved a world-class nympho like her, and she deserved him. This was going to be the best year of her life.

And yeah, it was sort of gay, what she’d done with Casey, but that was fine. Austin had assured her as such many times, whenever her fantasies ranged so out of control that they required additional hands and mouths. Maybe additional hands and mouths of men ought to sound better in that capacity. They used to. She remembered being spitroasted that one time freshman year, feeling like she was such hot shit. Those guys meant nothing to her, though. Less than nothing. She didn’t even remember their names. The other Hotties, though, this was her pack. A bunch of fucking shameless sluts, same as Shauna. They were the only hands and mouths she wanted to share him with. Plus she was sure he’d perform even better for her if she let in some of the other Hotties to help spur their stallion on.

Anyway, then she’d sat on Casey’s face, just to get a few of his lingering sperm cells in her pussy. Because her pussy controlled her, and for one stupid night in her life, she was going to sit back and let it work unrestrained. To be fair, she’d been gentle, what with the concussion and all. Besides, Casey was such a slut she probably wouldn’t have complained even if she’d been conscious.

(Fuck, had she committed a sex crime? Why did *that* turn her on? Ah, well. If Caseyever complained, should she remember it at all, all Shauna had to do was suggest it would probably turn Spencer on to watch. That bitch was almost as nymphomaniacal about Spencer as Shauna was.)

Before too long, Spencer made his way over to where Casey was still (at Shauna’s request) describing how last night’s blowjoborama had felt. Smelled. Tasted. She cut herself off as he walked up. “Sup, Ra. How’s your staff?”

“I’m sure the rest of the Higgins staff is enjoying time with their own residents. Heck, maybe some of them even have a life and are out partying.”

“You know that’s not what I–”

“I know.” He poked Casey playfully. Shauna had to hand it to her, she looked pretty tasty in her costume. It was inspired even. A mummy, draped in bandages like she had been after her concussion. Except now the bandages covered not just her head but her entire body – except for the many, many parts that they didn’t. Slutty, yes, but it had a story to it. Maybe the girl wasn’t a complete loss.

Spencer seemed to recognize it, too, as his face softened. She’d far rather sit on that than Casey’s, even with his lower lip all pouty like that. “I like your costume. Can’t say how glad I am that the bandages are fake this time. How’s your head?”

“Less full than last night, homie.”

Spencer rolled his eyes, but good-naturedly. “And let’s see, here we have… hmm. Oh! A canvas! You’re a canvas!”

Clad in what Shauna had until that moment thought was just a sloppy toga, Jordyn beamed. “Figured I’d let y’all do the painting for a change. Though don’t panic, I only brought markers. No messes in your court, my liege.”

“Yeah?” He looked her over. “Hasn’t anybody…?”

Jordyn reached into the baggy sheets shrouding her and pulled the promised pack of markers out of her bra.“I wanted you to be the first.”

Spencer accepted them. “Oh wow. I haven’t had an art class since, geez, like, freshman year of high school. Pressure is on.”

“There’s no right or wrong to it,” she assured him. “I’m only glad you’re still here to draw on me.”

“Pff, after what I saw you working on earlier, I’ll say there’s at least a little pressure.” He addressed Casey and Shauna. “Seriously, you should go check it out. It was… I don’t know the words for it. Beautiful.”

Jordyn’s smile brightened. She really was pretty. She belonged here. “You can’t weasel out of it with flattery. C’mon, doodle on me. Go nuts!”

Spencer took a moment, thinking it over, and finally uncapped a marker. He began small, so small Jordyn had to insist he “embiggen” it. It was a simple enough design that even his accurately described meager talent was up to the task. It only took a few minutes, but when he was done, there on her chest was a candle, the flame burning in orange marker on her tit. Wavy blue lines swept across the whole of her torso, a broad pattern of lightning behind it. Considering he’d drawn it on a person’s clothes, with no prep, it… well, still looked pretty bad. But it was from the heart.

“For a woman who knows how to keep a fragile light alive in a storm,” he said, returning the markers.

After a moment, Jordyn grasped him by the back of the head and pulled his mouth to hers. Shauna gaped, envious. Lots of the girls did. That lucky fucking girl. Getting to have his hands roam up and down her body during that drawing. He’d been a gentleman about it as much as he could, but he’d definitely gotten a feel of Jordyn’s awesome, perky tits.

What about *her* tits? What about her big, proud, sexy, bouncy, suckable, fuckable, whatever-Spencer-wantsable, hot titties? This party hadn’t been going half an hour, and already half a dozen girls had gotten felt up, kissed, pinched, groped, or otherwise been allowed to command some portion of his attention on their bodies.

*No,* she cautioned herself. Exercises. *I am not a slut. I look like a slut, I’ve acted like a slut, I have a slutty pussy, but I am not a slut.*

But… kisses.

*I am NOT a slut.*

One of the gay girls was giving him a lap dance.

*I look like a slut. I have a slutty pussy.*

People were bullying Tori, pulling her drawstring and laughing at her as she babbled one whorish phrase or another. *Pull.* “I love being on my knees!”

*But I am not a slut.*

“Actually Ramona was holding on to them for us. Wasn’t that nice of her?” Spencer was answering someone about the shirts. Ramona. His boss, his slave, Ramona. Ramona, who begged for dick from her subordinate because it was Spencer’s dick and therefore she like Shauna like all women were subordinate to its majesty. Ramona had kept the shirts because they were hot and slutty and turned Spencer on and she wanted Spencer turned on all the time because every man had his breaking point and Shauna and the Hotties could wear them and look hot and slutty for him until he pulled out his cock and fucked every last one of them including Shauna which was how it ought to be because the Hotties were all sluts just like her they were her home they were her family sluts all and together they would pleasure him forever and always because she couldn’t stop herself because…

*My pussy controls me.*

Oh, fuck it.

Shauna turned around, swept her costume up over her ass to reveal her bare pussy. It was so wet it was dribbling down her fucking thighs – like it always did when she was Spencer, or Austin.

“Fuck me, master!” she pleaded, shaking her cunt enticingly.

The party went silent apart from that hokey music Katrina was playing. She could feel the eyes on her. Spencer’s eyes too, though, so who cared if anyone else saw.

“Fuck me, master. I’m yours, master. Use me, master. I beg you to fuck me, master,” she gushed. Shauna was barely aware it wasn’t just another fantasy. She simply couldn’t contain it.

The dam had broken. Two and a half months of keeping herself under control, and suddenly, in the middle of this dorky dorm party, she was outing herself as the weak, easy, slutty, fuckable nymphomaniac that she truly was. Oh, she’d go back to her room later and lecture her pussy for this, but in this moment, presenting herself as a fuck toy for her RA, she finally understood.

Shauna *was* her pussy. Shauna’s pussy was Shauna. She’d always been in control of herself.

It was simply that herself was a dirty fucking slut.

Spencer stared for a long moment – as did everyone else, each and every one of them aghast – but finally snapped his fingers with a grin. “Aha! Slave Leia! I get it. Dang, Shauna, you had me for a second there. Embarrassed I needed the hint.” He patted her softly on the butt, then moved on to the next cluster of girls.

Oh right. The costume.

Some of the nerdy girls had started doing a weekly group viewing of whatever stupid Star Wars show they’d put on Disney Plus. Shauna had joined in, not that she’d ever been much of a fan. It just gave her a chance to sit behind Spencer and imagine what his hair would feel like if she came up behind him and buried his head in her big hot titties. Because she was a slut. Controlled by, and for, her pussy.

Still, Spencer’s rejection stung. Or if not a true rejection, then his dismissal, since he had so much pussy being thrown at him that even hers was mere white noise. Finally the man was giving in! Ready at last to harvest his Hotties, yet she’d been so focused trying to tame her basic nature that she’d kept herself completely off his radar!

*Fuck!*

Was it the costume? The costume was a chintzy thing she’d picked up at Target that afternoon. She’d cut off the stupid netting that supposedly preserved modesty but mostly just looked ugly, then spent the rest of the evening fucking herself with a smooth-handled plastic lightsaber she’d found in the toy department. Where she belonged. Another fucking toy, a girl he thought was cosplaying a slave when she was sincerely offering herself as one.

What was she doing wrong?

Shauna laughed at his reaction. The other girls laughed as the tension of her outburst became one more forgettable slutty anecdote in a party overflowing with them. Then she waited for a quiet moment to slip out. One soon presented itself as Nikki and Emma and Danielle and Jacqui and pretty soon half the floor demanded a dance with their RA, which swiftly became girls shamelessly grinding on him, shaking their bits, everyone ready to fuck as soon as somebody said Go. As the revels heightened, Shauna proceeded down the hall, stopping in her room to send a quick text, scrolling through contacts. Damnit. She always looked for him under Austin, and then under his last name, forgetting she’d entered him way back when they’d first met under his professional title, placing him in the D’s. Where Shauna wanted to be, she thought with a giggle.

She clicked on Dr. Austin Tacker, and typed quickly. *Had a major breakthrough tonight. Am slut. Thank you so much. Can’t wait to tell you about everything.* She attached a picture of herself in her sci-fi slave girl uniform blowing a kiss and hit Send.

With that, she made her way down to 303. No point in knocking. Shauna let herself in.

Ramona looked to be in the middle of packing. Interesting, but beside the point. “Um, Shauna, right? What can I…? You know, it’s considered polite to knock before you–”

“I know you’re fucking him,” Shauna said.

Ramona froze, choking on her rebuke. “Um, you know I’m fucking who, exactly?”

She wasn’t about to play games, though. “I know you’re fucking him, and I know you’re his sub. His willing slave. I know all about it. Don’t try to play a playah. Admit it.”

The woman slowly folded her arms across her chest. “I suppose there’s nowhere you could be hiding a phone or recording device in that skimpy thing, so… sure. I’m fucking him. What do you want?”

“How long has it been going on?”

“How long…? Is this some kind of jealousy thing? Honey, if Spencer showed some interest in you, you can’t take offense that he’s still seeing other women. Spencer’s not really a one-woman man, I’m afraid. Trying to blackmail me isn’t going to change that.”

Shauna blinked. “What? I’m not blackmailing you. What kind of person do you think I am?”

Ramona likewise looked confused. “Then what exactly can I do for you, Shauna?”

Shauna finally understood her relationship with her slutty pussy, why she’d never been able to control it. The same way you couldn’t put a leash on a dog and then put the lead in its mouth. They might do fine trying to walk themselves sometimes, but often as not it was going to leave a trail of mangled squirrels down the sidewalk. She couldn’t control herself. She’d tried and she’d tried, but she’d failed.

This woman, however, had shown her the way. She didn’t need to control herself. She just needed to give control to someone else.

Chin lowered, Shauna knelt at the woman’s feet. “Mentor me.”

The woman looked down at her, big hot titties overflowing the cheap plastic cups of her slave uniform, chest heaving at the thought of putting those titties into their master’s mouth.

Ramona lifted Shauna’s chin to meet her eyes, and smiled.