

Going away to college was bittersweet. I wanted, no, needed to get out from under my parents' roof, and I saw this as my opportunity to redefine myself. Most young people, I think, have that same hope when they strike out on their own, be it for college or just into their first place.

For me, there was an additional level. I'm lesbian and have known that since middle school. Coming out to my parents, however, had never seemed like a prudent move, what with my religious father constantly railing against the degradation of society by "them gays." Looking back, I suspect he may have been struggling with some same-sex desires and fighting them with vitriolic anti-gay conviction. Regardless, I never felt safe in their home.

I spent most of my time, when I could, at my best friend's house. Her parents were divorced, and she lived with her mom, whom I adored. For a while, I even had a crush on her. She was confident and successful, pretty and stylish; the kind of woman I wanted to be. And, most of all, she never said anything offensive about gender or sexuality or anything else, for that matter. I just felt way more comfortable there.

My best friend, Lauren, was a clone of her mother, no matter how much she tried to convince others that she was *nothing* like her. She had the same sassy, sometimes bossy, attitude, the same tendency to laugh at dry humor, and the same naturally auburn hair, except that Lauren had decided to "rebel" by having a long pink streak down the back. Oooo, so edgy. I hope you could feel the sarcasm there.

The bitter part of moving away was the separation from my BFF. We still talked all the time and texted almost constantly, but it wasn't the same. And before you jump to any erroneous conclusions, no, we were not romantically involved. Not that I hadn't thought/fantasized about it on occasion, but neither of us wanted to risk our friendship over hormones. Also, Lauren was...unstable when it came to intimate relationships. She went through boys and girls like someone with a cold goes through tissues. Blow them until they are all wet and limp, then throw them away for a fresh one. I had never seen her keep dating someone beyond the excitement of the courtship. Once she had them, Lauren no longer wanted them.

When I mentioned how fucked up that was, she just shrugged and said that she didn't know what she was looking for yet, but knew when it *wasn't* going to happen. I could kind of understand that, even if I felt for the people she dumped.

I had dated a bit in secret, at least secret from my parents. None of those turned into lasting relationships despite my best efforts. They were passionate and hot, but I kept attracting girls questioning their sexuality, only for them to decide that they were straight after being with me for a while. It seemed like I was the opposite of the lesbian converting straight girls; I was the one chasing them back into being straight! After the third version of that, my ego and confidence were in the dumps. Being a femme lesbian who is attracted to femme lesbians, however, means that finding your match seems hopeless, no matter how open you are. Closeted? Forget it.

So, arriving at college, I was determined to up my game. I was going to be out and proud. I was going to learn how to be the lesbian my father worried about ‘turning’ his little girl.

Pledging to a sorority did not go as I had hoped. Not one of the women there tried to abuse their position and have me perform sexual favors for them! Trying to hook up at parties was a total crap shoot. Meeting other women was possible, but I had a moral problem with getting too intimate with an inebriated person. I still got some nice makeout sessions and some heavy petting, but nothing beyond second base.

All this resulted in me coming home for the first winter break totally down on myself and my romantic prospects for college. If you looked up the term ‘sexually frustrated,’ you’d find my picture. Lauren, on the other hand, had blossomed. Not only had she met someone, she had brought them home for the break!

I learned this only after she invited me over to hang out shortly after we were both back in town. Lauren met me at the door, stepping outside to give me an excited, squealing hug. This was slightly out of the ordinary, not because of the hug, but because she came out and closed the door rather than just letting me in.

“Hey,” she said after we let each other go. “So, I want you to meet someone.”

My eyebrows rose. Meet someone? The look on her face was nervous, girlish excitement. I had never seen her look this way about anything since, well, ever. Was this what ‘smitten’ looked like?

“Okaaay,” I replied.

Lauren opened the door and took my hand, guiding me inside. At first, all I saw was a head from the back and long blonde hair cascading over the cushions of the couch. When the door closed, the figure rose and turned around.

I swear, it was like she was turning in slow motion. The woman wore a cream-colored dress that looked like it was out of a magazine. The top fit perfectly, the conservative back becoming, as she turned, an alluring exposé on showing just enough skin in unexpected places to tantalize without looking slutty. The front looked like two separate pieces flowing over her shoulders, meeting at her breasts, then continuing to opposite sides, leaving her midriff exposed. The pieces swirled together over the top of her legs like an incredible, flat braid that left small strategic holes where her thighs could be glimpsed. With a graceful jerk of the head, the woman’s hair swung around to cascade over her shoulder, and her blazing blue eyes connected with mine.

Until that moment, I had never experienced being utterly speechless by a person’s appearance. This woman was more than pretty; she was something out of an Insta post with the glam filter on. But there was no filter.

Somewhere deep in my head, a voice was screaming for me to act normal, but I couldn't hear it over the rushing of blood through my ears.

The woman was curving around the sofa and coming toward me, hands reaching in my direction.

"Oh, my goodness, I've heard so much about you!" she said in a subtle, but unmistakable German accent.

She stopped a foot away and leaned forward, kissing the air beside my right, then left cheek.

"That's la bise," Lauren said from beside me. "It's a European thing."

"Ahch, she already knows that!" the goddess of a woman in front of me said, giving Lauren a dismissive wave of her hand. Taking my wrists, the woman took a half step back and spread our arms out. "And you are even more exquisite than my beautiful Lauren described you. Shame on you," she scolded my best friend, "for not telling me how captivating she is."

I was blushing with the praise and doing my best not to look enthralled. The silly grin couldn't be controlled, though. If those words had come from almost any other person, I probably would have laughed in their face at how obviously they were trying to butter me up, but in that moment, I was drinking it in as though I'd found an oasis in the middle of the desert.

"Stop it, Bianca, you're embarrassing my friend!"

The blonde's bottom lip jutted out, and she let go of my arms.

"Very well. I will just have to undress her in my imagination," she finished.

"Bianca!" Lauren shot, but the blonde did not seem fazed.

"I am being honest," she shrugged.

Then she winked. At me. I got the impression that this was all to embarrass Lauren more than me.

My friend huffed, but turned to me.

"Ali, this is Bianca. Bianca, my very best friend Alison."

"Umm, hi," I forced from my throat. "It's...good to meet you." The shock was starting to wear off, but the charged aura around this woman still had me, and wasn't letting go.

“I feel like we have already met, as much as Lauren talks about you,” Bianca said.

I looked quizzically at my friend, who was acting embarrassed.

“I don’t talk about her *that* much,” Lauren defended herself.

“Darling, I know as much about Alison as I know about you.” Then she smirked. “Very well, not quite as much in some ways.” Her eyes roamed over me, emphasizing her innuendo.

Damn, this woman had bravado oozing from every pore. It was, frankly, incredibly sexy.

“So,” I interjected, deciding to steer the conversation in a safer direction, “how long have you two been dating?”

There was an uncomfortable silence that left me baffled. That wasn’t supposed to be a trick question. Bianca looked at Lauren, waiting for her to answer, but Lauren wouldn’t meet my gaze.

“If you are not going to say it, I will,” the German woman announced. “We are not ‘dating’ in the usual sense. I am...how do you say...her slut.”

I laughed. It was clearly a joke. The flat delivery, the absurd phrasing; it was right out of a Monty Python sketch.

But I was the only one laughing. My best friend looked like she wanted to crawl into a corner, while Bianca just watched me with a bemused expression.

I started looking around for a camera.

“Am I being pranked? Is this going up on TikTok later?”

Again, there was silence in response to my questions.

“Did I say it wrong?” Bianca asked Lauren.

“N..no...No, you...got it right,” my BFF replied, not looking around.

“What the fuck?” I was starting to get perturbed. “What the actual fuck? Lauren, you’d better explain this.”

“Uhhhgg,” my friend groaned. “I was trying to avoid this, B. Fine. Can we sit down first?”

We moved to the living room. I walked faster than the others and sat. My best friend plopped down across from me, and the blonde model took a spot on the floor with one elbow across Lauren's legs. My brows rose at my friend, but she ignored my expression.

"I met Bianca on the way home from a night class," Lauren began.

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It was dark and raining as Lauren walked across campus, taking the absolute shortest route to get out of the downpour as quickly as possible. The umbrella kept her upper half from getting wet, but the driving rain still soaked her legs and shoes with every step. After a month at college, she knew all the paths from anywhere to her dorm room.

Cutting through a rarely traveled walkway between a parking garage and the psychology building, she caught something, an unusual shadow, coming from the alcove in front of a heavy metal door. Lauren stopped and looked back to see a woman. The girl was curled into the corner of the opening where anyone coming out of the door would squish her, but she was at least partially protected from the rain.

Lauren froze, unsure what to do. The woman looked like she might be another student, but it was hard to tell. The attempt to stay dry had failed miserably. Her hair was stringy and matted around her face. What looked like a windbreaker hung on her shoulders, barely concealing a light garment underneath that left her legs bare. The white material was nearly see-through and plastered to her skin, revealing an amazing figure.

The woman with the umbrella wasn't thinking about that at that moment. Her mind was frantically trying to decide how to react. She couldn't ignore this and leave the woman here. But why was she out here like this? Did her boyfriend abuse her? Was she a homeless person? Or, based on her clothes, a prostitute who was abandoned to the elements when her john was done with her?

Pushing all of these irrelevant thoughts to the side, Lauren stepped into the brick alcove and covered both of them with the umbrella as she squatted down. The creature looked up, one blue eye visible, the other covered with wet hair.

"Let's get you out of the rain," the auburn-haired woman said, offering the other a hand.

"N..nein, Mis....Mistress will b..b..be mad," the girl said, shivering through her words.

There was a slight accent Lauren couldn't place.

"Whoever that is, they're an asshole for leaving you out here. Now come on!"

When the girl still wouldn't take her hand, she reached down and brushed away some of the hair clinging to her face. The poor thing flinched like she had been hit, but didn't pull away. She stared up at Lauren with a strange, blank expression. Even in the dim light and soaked through, Lauren could tell that the woman was striking. In a different situation, even this wet look would have been sexy.

"Sweetie, you can't stay here like this," Lauren explained in as soothing a voice as she could. "You're going to catch pneumonia or get attacked or something. I'll take care of you, I promise."

The blue eyes blinked, water dripping off her lashes and down her cheeks.

"Care...promise?" she muttered.

"I promise. You're safe with me."

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"So, that's how we met," Lauren explained. "Or, I guess you could say, how I found her. No ID, no money, and no memory of anything before the next morning. She doesn't even remember me taking her from that doorway."

"Weird," was all I could think to say.

"I know, right? She didn't seem to be in immediate danger health-wise, so I took her to my dorm, got her warm and dry, then called the police."

Lauren explained how the authorities had insisted that she take the woman to a hospital. She was physically fine. Later, a police detective had fingerprinted her and taken pictures for a facial recognition match, but nothing had come up yet on either front. There were no missing person reports that matched, and nothing in their databases connected to the prints or her picture. Lauren had also done some amateurish social media searches and found nothing.

"She's a mystery," she concluded.

I looked at Bianca in a whole new light. Even so, Lauren's story didn't answer much.

"And what's with this thing about being your...you know?" I gestured to the blonde kneeling contentedly at her feet.

"That's part of the mystery. She gets agitated when you ask her to exercise any free will of her own. Her name, for example, 'Bianca,' is something she picked out because she liked how it sounded, but that took nearly an hour of me convincing her that it was okay for her to pick one instead of me. I thought she was going to have an aneurysm!"

“Sooo, your *relationship*... It’s just for her comfort?” I asked, skeptical.

“Completely!” Lauren assured, but looked away quickly.

I just stared her down until our eyes met again, and she cringed.

“I mean, yeah, mostly.”

“Mostly?”

“Well...it’s not...fuck...it’s not like I don’t get something out of it!” Lauren said defensively. “Who wouldn’t want a willing servant who seems to actually enjoy being told what to do?”

“A servant is not a...a slut, Lauren,” I pointed out.

Again, she chose not to look at me as she answered. “Bianca has, well, other needs too.”

I should have let that drop. It was none of my business, but my curiosity about what my BFF and this beautiful enigma were doing in private got the better of me.

“Like what?”

Lauren sighed. “Let’s just say that she gets anxious if she hasn’t...gotten me off recently.”

“Gotten you...oh, my god! You’re serious! What is ‘recently’?”

The redhead put her face in her hands, but answered.

“Ali, you’re killing me! Twice a day, okay? Happy?”

My best friend was having sex twice a day with a blonde bombshell, and she was asking *me* if I was happy. Swallowing a derisive snort, I cocked an eyebrow and smirked.

“Are *you* happy?”

Lauren didn’t answer, but the smile creeping onto her face and the twinkle in her eye told me everything. I took in Bianca again, feeling a little strange talking about her like she wasn’t right there in the room. For her part, the blonde seemed attentive but unconcerned. Her head was resting on my friend’s thigh as her bright eyes watched me.

I’m a little ashamed to admit that in that moment, I was jealous. A whole semester had passed with zero action for me, but my best friend came home with an enthralled supermodel. My life sucked.

“How has your mom taken you bringing home a girlfriend?” I asked.

“You know my mom,” Lauren replied, relaxing when the topic changed to something less charged. “She was surprised, but totally warm and welcoming.”

Increasingly, the conversation drifted away from the sexy blonde elephant in the room to more mundane happenings like rumors about classmates, rumors about teachers, rumors about parents, and just rumors in general. The whole time, Bianca stayed quiet, neither looking perturbed nor disinterested.

I confided in Lauren about how frustrated I was with my lack of a romantic social life, and she gave me encouragement, telling me to be patient and not to give up. All nice platitudes, but it didn't lift my spirits any.

Only toward the end of my visit did the blonde begin to seem distracted. Her hands began to casually rub Lauren's leg. A few minutes later, she was slowly closing and opening her eyes as she rubbed her cheek against my friend's thigh. When she started making quiet whimpers and licking her lips, I couldn't stay silent any longer.

“Is she okay?”

“Oh, yeah,” Lauren assured, looking down at the blonde and putting a hand on her shoulder. “She's just getting a little horny. She's got another half an hour before she starts touching herself.”

“I thought you said that she needed to get *you* off?”

“Anyone, really,” my friend answered. “She keeps getting more and more flustered until she can't control herself and will make herself climax wherever she happens to be.”

“Bianca,” I tried to get the blonde's attention. Her eyes fluttered and focused on me. “Are you okay, sweetie?”

She sat up, and all of her nervous jitters were gone, replaced by a feral, horny feline. Going to all fours, she began crawling to me. For a moment, the eroticism of her movements and the hungry look in her eyes made me pause, caught in her aura, but I brought it under control. This woman was not responsible for her actions.

“Let me please you, Miss Alison,” Bianca purred, nearly to me.

“Whoa there, B,” Lauren was saying as she stood up and grabbed Bianca's long blonde hair somewhat roughly, pulling her to a stop. The girl just whimpered and looked pleadingly at me. “Go into the bathroom and make yourself cum, then you can rejoin us.”

The blonde's bottom lip quivered, but she turned and crawled to the restroom, not bothering to stand or close the door behind her.

"That's some major conditioning going on there," I commented while Lauren sat back down.

"There's a small army of psychologists and psychiatrists trying to figure out what was done and how to reverse it. The best we can do is to keep her calm and sane by letting her fulfil her...her programming."

"My god, that sounds awful," I said, thinking of poor Bianca.

Lauren shrugged and looked embarrassed again. "It's not *that* bad," she grinned.

From the other room, we began to hear moans as the blonde hottie was clearly enjoying whatever she was doing to herself.

"Lauren!" I exclaimed. "Surely you can't be enjoying this?" Even as I said it, though, my words felt silly. Why couldn't she enjoy it?

"I'm just saying that I've had worse jobs, and a lot worse relationships."

I looked at my oldest friend with a new perspective and saw something there.

"You're...you have feelings for her?" I asked, cocking my head to the side.

"Maybe...I don't know," Lauren admitted. "It's so hard to say. We are intimate a LOT, and that does something, you know?"

The sound coming from the bathroom was rising in pitch and tempo.

"Sex isn't all there is in a relationship," I pointed out.

"I know that! But it's really good sex," Lauren blushed. "She's really enthusiastic."

As if to underline her point, the moans from the bathroom became a desperate crescendo of ecstasy, effectively drowning out any conversation Lauren and I might be having. We both just looked at each other for the several seconds it took for Bianca to finish. Silence persisted for another minute until the woman walked back out of the room like she was on a modeling runway, perfectly put together with no sign of what had just happened.

She returned to her kneeling position on the floor next to Lauren and brushed her hair over one ear.

"Thank you, Miss Lauren. I feel better now."

My best friend smiled and petted her hair like she was a pet.

“That will hold her for about an hour. It lasts longer if she has a partner,” Lauren explained.

I guess that explained why my friend had to be involved at all, but the whole thing felt off in a way that I couldn’t put my finger on. That wasn’t really a topic I wanted to go into, especially in front of Bianca, so I let it drop.

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Two weeks later, I arrived at a Christmas party hosted by one of our old High School friends. Technically, it was hosted by his parents, but whatever. I was wearing my LBD and my wavy brown hair in a ponytail. The house was in one of the nicer areas of the suburbs with a circular drive and concrete lions framing a staircase to the front door. It was large and ornate in a way that felt fake. There were plenty of ostentatious elements, but they all reeked of being factory-made rather than custom, like the lions. Still, it was way better than my place, so who was I to judge?

I had never been the social butterfly, go figure, but I wasn’t a hermit or outcast either. For that reason, I got invited to lots of parties. None where I would be anything more than in the background, but I still had fun, and there were still people, like Lauren and a few others, who I enjoyed hanging out with.

After handing my present to the host, probably the real reason I was invited, and saying the customary greetings, I wandered in search of someone I knew. I quickly spotted an unusually large group hovering around...Bianca?

As I got closer, I got a better look at her. She was wearing a long red dress with a subtle vine pattern embroidered to emphasize her curves. It had a deep cowl neck that accentuated her cleavage with big red bows on the straps going over her shoulders. She looked absolutely stunning. In my head, I thought she would look fantastic in a burlap sack, but in that outfit, she was downright radiant. The crowd around her proved that I was not the only one who thought so.

Looking at the surrounding people, I did not see Lauren. I recognized some people from my graduating class among those close by, but no one I would consider a friend. Edging through, Bianca noticed me and gasped.

“Ahhh, Alison, I’m so glad to see you!” the blonde called, stepping toward me and encircling me in a hug. I returned her embrace, which lasted a fraction longer than I was expecting. “Lauren said you would be here. Everyone,” her voice rose a little in volume as she let go and turned to the people around. “This is my very good friend, Alison!” I looked around with a closed-mouth smile. “Oh, but I’m being silly. I’m sure most of you already know each other.”

This was not the timid creature I had witnessed just a few days ago. Today's Bianca was vivacious and charming. Had she had some kind of breakthrough? Or maybe this was just how she normally was in groups. After all, I had only seen her in the privacy of my friend's house. Either way, it was nice to see her acting so...normal.

Leaning close, I asked, "Where is Lauren?"

"She went to get us drinks," the blonde replied. "She should return any moment."

With that, she threaded her arm with mine, effectively locking me to her. Maybe she wasn't quite as at ease as she let on, I thought. Fine, I could be her support. I wasn't planning on going anywhere anyway. Besides, how could I not be flattered to be on the arm of the most beautiful woman in the room?

"Did you all know that Alison placed second last year at the Junior Racquetball Nationals?" Bianca said excitedly.

"It's not that big a deal," I added quickly.

Okay, it was a big deal to me, but it wasn't the same as other sports. Racquetball wasn't mainstream, and anyone could compete in Junior Nationals if you registered, paid your fee, and could get there. Still, people didn't sign up unless they thought they could compete, and second place was one of my most proud moments. Lauren must have mentioned it to her. It was still sweet of her to boast about me. The onlookers were impressed, which was a jolt to my ego, but also went against my desire to remain unnoticed.

Luckily, Lauren returned before I had to really respond to that. She was also looking cute in a fitted red sequin mini with white Santa fur at the hem. On her hands were matching finger-loop gloves. To finish off the look, she wore a fur choker with a tiny red bow in the middle and a pair of small, reindeer antlers and ears on her head. The whole look was subtly naughty. The LBD I was wearing suddenly seemed almost drab.

"Aww, you look adorable," I praised.

Instead of her face brightening when seeing me, my best friend's eyes flashed to my arm, entwined with Bianca's, and squinted momentarily. Then she smiled, but it seemed forced.

"Doesn't she?" the blonde jumped in. "We went shopping yesterday and picked these out."

"You both look beautiful!" I said.

"Here's your drink," Lauren interjected, almost speaking over me.

The rest of the party was overtly tense between us. There wasn't anything blatant; it was just her body language and avoiding eye contact. She seemed nervous and unusually subdued. Maybe she was afraid that Bianca was going to blurt something about being her slut again.

For her part, the blonde seemed completely at ease the entire time. If she was feeling any of the arousal build-up that I had witnessed the other day, she was doing a great job of hiding it. The more I watched, the more I was certain that it wasn't an act.

When Bianca excused herself to go to the restroom, I took the opportunity to whisper to Lauren.

"She seems very relaxed. You two must have had quite a session before the party," I teased, nudging her gently with my elbow.

Her eyes flashed with something. Worry? Surprise? Then she smiled and gave an amused grunt.

"Something like that."

"Well, whatever you're doing, it seems to be working," I noted. "She seems...normal. Is it too personal to ask?"

Lauren blushed and looked away.

"The doctor said that to counter the conditioning, we should encourage her to express herself and...do what she wants," she explained.

"It seems to be helping."

"Yeah," she answered just as Bianca returned.

"Did you miss me?" the blonde said as she stepped in close.

I thought the question was just your standard joke greeting, but she was staring right at me. The focus of those incredible blue eyes made the statement feel way more personal, and I let out an involuntary giggle.

"You're so cute," Bianca grinned at me. "You both are," she added, turning to Lauren as well. "But Lauren, dear, I think we need to go home."

There was an unspoken signal that passed between them, and my friend's eyes opened slightly wider as she answered.

"Oh. All right. We'll just say goodbye to..."

“Now,” the picturesque blonde insisted.

Without waiting for an answer, Bianca grabbed Lauren’s hand and started dragging her away. My friend looked back apologetically, but the two of them were out the door a moment later. Bianca might not have been as recovered as she was making out to be, and it seemed like she had hit her limit rather suddenly.

I milled around for a little while longer, but left soon after saying goodbye to those whom I knew well enough to notice if I left.

No sooner had I gotten into my car when I got a text from Lauren. It said that she needed my help and to come to her place quickly. My mind immediately went to Bianca. I replied that I was on my way and started up the vehicle.

On getting to Lauren’s front door, it swung open before I could knock, with my best friend waving me inside. She didn’t let me get very far, however. Blocking me from leaving the foyer, Lauren stepped close and took both of my hands in hers.

“Thank goodness you’re here!” she began. “I’m really sorry to put you in this situation, but I don’t know what else to do.” I’d never seen her so scared.

“What is it? What do you need? You know I’m here for you,” I said, trying to calm her down.

“I’ll explain everything later. Right now, I need you...” She closed her eyes briefly and took a breath. “I need you to have sex with Bianca.”

“What?!” My back straightened, and I looked at my friend like she was crazy.

Where the hell had that come from? Don’t get me wrong, the notion was not unpalatable, just shocking. No matter how much I might have fantasized about that multiple times since meeting the woman, having sex on command was not exactly on my radar.

“Look, she wants you,” Lauren explained. “She’s not responding to anything...anyone else, and I think she’s regressing by the minute. Please, Ali, I know this is a lot to ask...”

Her words faded from my comprehension. Possibly the most classically beautiful woman I had ever met in person wanted me? Months, maybe years, of pent-up sexual energy and need bubbled to the surface.

“I’ll do it,” I blurted.

“Y..you will?” my friend sounded pleasantly surprised. “Great!”

She let go of my hands and stepped to one side, putting a palm on the small of my back. Together, we walked into the living room. In the corner was a completely naked Bianca curled into the fetal position and shaking. She looked so helpless and frightened. I couldn't imagine what she must be going through, but my heart ached for her.

"Bianca, look who came to visit!" Lauren announced and urged me forward with a little push on my back. I suddenly felt like a sacrificial lamb.

"Hi, sweetie," I greeted, stepping forward slowly. "How are you feeling?"

Her chin rose, her eyes gradually focusing on me.

"Alison?" she squeaked.

As if flipping a switch, her trembling body settled, and she began unwinding herself. As she stood up, I got my first unobstructed view of her form, and it took my breath away. She was a goddess. I consider every woman's body to be a work of art, but I couldn't deny the perfection approaching me.

The scared girl in the corner from moments ago had morphed into a predator - and I was the prey. I stood there, watching her close the distance, wondering what I had just agreed to, yet feeling my body already responding.

As the blonde got within arm's reach, she licked her lips and took my face in her hands. In the next instant, the naked woman was pressed against me, our lips enmeshed like long-time lovers.

For several seconds, I hung there in her hands while her tongue slowly but insistently breached my teeth and circled itself around my own. When she moved from my mouth to my jaw, I felt the loss and wanted her back. Then she kissed my neck, and I let myself melt into that sensation. My hands took her hips, enjoying the smooth skin and the taper into her waist. Reaching further, I slid to her rear and reveled in how her butt both resisted and conformed to my grip.

Vaguely, I was aware that the zipper on my dress was being pulled down and welcomed the promise of her skin on mine. She exposed my back, then my shoulders, then the rest of me as the black dress pooled around my feet. I stepped out of it, kicking off my heels in the process. Without the extra height, the German woman stood a couple of inches above me.

Bianca's lips tugged on my earlobe, then nibbled, sending tiny sparks through me. I pulled us closer, caught up in the meshing of our bodies like a puzzle. I could sense her heartbeat, her firm breasts, her nipples, our legs moving against each other, and the warmth of her sex hovering at the top of my thigh. My fingers traced her spine to the small of her back, and how it so elegantly became the crevice between her cheeks.

“I’m going to make you so happy,” Bianca whispered in my ear.

To my disappointment, she stepped back and put her hands on my shoulders, urging me to turn around. I did, abruptly putting me facing my best friend, still dressed in her naughty reindeer outfit. In the brief time since Bianca and I started, I had forgotten that Lauren was still in the room. Now I was nearly naked in front of her. Instinctively, I put my arms across my chest.

Bianca pressed into my back a moment later, her arms folding around mine and grabbing hold of my wrists.

“It’s alright, Ali, she doesn’t mind. Do you, Lauren?”

My friend moved her head slightly from side to side, her eyes scanning me.

“Do what she wants,” Lauren added, finally lifting her eyes to mine.

I resisted her moving my arms for another heartbeat, then relented, letting her put them against my sides. Lauren’s gaze drifted to my exposed chest. Like a physical touch, my skin tingled where her eyes traced, my nipples hardening in response. Behind me, Bianca’s hands moved to the waistband of my panties. I looked over my shoulder to catch her squatting behind me and my underwear going with her. Stepping out of those, I turned back to Lauren, who took in my now fully naked body.

Fingertips, like flower petals, touched my ankles and traced up the outside of my legs, making me shiver. As they reached my hips, the fingertips became hands gripping me and bringing me back into contact with the woman behind me. Her presence was comforting, and I let myself rest against that soft warmth.

Arms enveloped me, reaching around, one resting on my mons, the other just below my right breast. Why did she stop?

“Isn’t she beautiful?” the voice behind me asked.

I thought she was referring to Lauren in her red sequined dress that showed off her legs, her auburn hair with the pink streak down the back, and the cute reindeer ears and antlers. I was about to answer when my best friend spoke up.

“So beautiful,” she replied.

Then a finger found my already damp labia just as the other hand lifted my breast and a finger strummed across my stiff nipple. I could count on two digits the times anyone else had touched me in those places, and my mind was reeling. My head inclined back against Bianca’s shoulder as a soft moan escaped my throat.

What would Lauren think of me, I wondered, acting like this in front of her? I had intended to lead Bianca to a bedroom, but everything happened so fast. Now I was being fingered in front of my best friend and couldn't bring myself to break the mood. I wanted this too much, and what she was already doing felt too good for me to risk stopping it even for a moment, even if that resulted in Lauren seeing me as a sex starved deviant.

A slick finger circled my clit while another circled my nipple in unison. My eyes closed, and I moaned again, louder. A second finger joined the first in both locations and continued to manipulate me. Then they split and came back together with both my erotic buttons captured between them.

They squeezed, and my knees went weak with the sudden, almost overwhelming pleasure. It was on the edge of rough, but felt incredible. To steady myself, I grabbed hold of Bianca's strong thighs behind me.

"OOHHH, my god, yeeesss," I heard myself utter.

Bianca's lips were on my neck again, her teeth dragging sensually across the tender skin. I melted. My legs almost gave out again, but the blonde held me up against her.

Just as I was regaining my balance, another sensation rocked me that I wasn't expecting. A warmth engulfed my left nipple and sucked it in.

"AAHHHNN," I cried, then looked down to see Lauren's puckered lips attached to my chest.

Her cheeks became concave, and my nipple was pulled deeper. I couldn't believe what I was seeing or experiencing, but I was beyond caring about the consequences.

Our eyes met, each of us searching the other for confirmation that this was okay. In answer, I brought my hands to Lauren's head and pressed her closer, deeper. She responded by swirling her tongue and coaxing another pleased moan from me.

In my primed state, and with so much stimulation, my orgasm rose quickly. No sooner had I relaxed with the idea of having sex with my best friend than the dam broke.

"Oh, SHIT!" I exclaimed in surprise. "I'm gonna...AAHHHNN!"

I couldn't finish the warning before my body convulsed. My two lovers continued their assault and held me up as I rode the wave shooting through me.

As the euphoric tail began and my muscles relaxed, Lauren straightened up and took me into her arms. I held on, still not sure if my legs would hold me.

"That was so hot," she whispered and kissed my cheek.

I was so wrapped up in Lauren's embrace that I hadn't noticed Bianca getting to her knees behind me. The next thing I knew, hands were pulling my cheeks apart, followed quickly by a tongue licking my dripping hole. My eyes shot open, and I sucked in a breath. Instinctively, I leaned forward into my friend and arched my back to give the blonde better access.

My sex was so sensitive! Every touch seemed amplified. I jerked with even the softest caress of my clit, this time from her warm tongue.

"Just relax and enjoy it," Lauren said.

Relax, she said. A beautiful blonde woman was giving me my first oral experience, and she wanted me to relax? I almost laughed, then a tongue spearing my hole cut that short.

"Oh, fuck..." I groaned, leaning further forward, resting my head on my friend's shoulder. "She's really good at THAAAAT...!"

A string of little vocalizations followed with each movement, each touch. To my amazement, another orgasm started to build. This one came more slowly, giving me time to appreciate every nuance, every erotic moment of sensual escalation. Lauren must have noticed.

"Are you going to cum again?" she asked, her voice sweet and encouraging.

I nodded, gripping her tighter as the pleasure built.

"Don't," she ordered. "Not yet." I whimpered, but wanted to follow her lead. "Hold it off for as long as you can. It will be better that way, I promise."

As I practically hung on her, Lauren reached under and took hold of both my breasts like she owned them. The forceful treatment momentarily broke my concentration on the impending climax while also making my senses buzz.

"MMmmnn..." I voiced.

"You like it a little rough, Ali?" Lauren asked rhetorically. "I had a feeling you might."

She groped me again, harder, this time including my nipples in the treatment. At the same time, Bianca's tempo had increased and started to focus more on my clit again. I was trying to let the climax build, but I wasn't sure how much longer I could do that.

"Lauren, I'm...getting so close..."

"Just a little longer. You can do it," she urged.

I whined, but I didn't want to disappoint her. I wanted to make her happy with me. Was this what Bianca felt?

"NNNGG..." I groaned as I tamped down another attempt by my body to let go.

"You're being such a good girl for me," my best friend cooed. "I'm going to count down from ten, Ali. You ready?"

"Oh, my...fuck, yeesss!"

"Ten...nine...eight..."

Bianca shifted, her lips surrounding my button as her tongue whipped against it.

"Seven...six...five...four...almost there, babe."

My whole body started trembling with the effort and approaching bliss.

"Three...two..."

My clit was sucked between the blonde's lips, in and out quickly. FUCK! I wasn't going to make it!

"One...zero...cum for me, Ali!"

My mind and body exploded with a lightning bolt of pure ecstasy. That initial strike was followed by rolling thunder that kept cresting one after another. The distinction of whether those were separate events or one long orgasm was irrelevant while I shook in the throes of each one washing over me.

I couldn't tell you how long it lasted. Probably less than a minute, but it might have been longer. As the last peek faded away, my first indication that my perceptions were suspect came from the fact that I was on my knees, still in Lauren's arms, with a thin sheen of perspiration covering my body. She was hugging me close and stroking my hair as we rocked gently.

"...gonna be so good together," she was saying.

Inclining my head, I looked up into Lauren's caring face and smiled.

"That was..." I sighed, "amazing."

"You don't know how long I've wanted to hold you like this, Ali," Lauren said.

"That's enough, Lauren. I've got her now," Bianca said in a commanding tone from above.

"I...I was just..." My best friend's voice suddenly sounded timid.

"Go tell your mother to bring us some water, then wait in the basement," the blonde ordered.

What was going on? My heart hammered against my ribs. *Lauren, say something*, I pleaded silently. *Tell her no*.

"Yes, Bianca," Lauren murmured. She let go of me and walked toward the kitchen.

I was left alone on the floor, naked and trembling, as Bianca turned her gaze on me.

"She was so easy to program," Bianca said, her German accent sounding richer, more melodic, and infinitely more dangerous. "Lauren has spent her whole life trying to be like her mother. Strong. Independent. Successful. It took a while, but ultimately, it was a very simple matter to show her how exhausting that lie was. I gave her the gift of not having to choose anymore."

"Lauren's... mom?" I croaked, my mind racing back to the woman I had once had a crush on.

"A lovely woman," Bianca smiled, and the coldness of it made my skin crawl. "She needed a relief from the stress. I gave her that and more."

I should have run. I should have bolted, but her melodic tones kept me focused on her words as she joined me once again on the floor, wrapping her arms and legs around me from behind. It was a prison I could have escaped, but something deep wouldn't let me leave. It wasn't control, I knew; it was desire.

"She was the one who told me about you, Ali. She told me how much you craved a structure you could trust. How your home was more of an emotional cage, and how much you longed to find where you belong."

Her breath caressed my ear as her warmth enveloped me.

"You belong with me. With us. Surrounded by people who love you as you deserve, who will keep counting down to bliss..."

She began to count, but it wasn't Lauren's brisk, encouraging pace. It was slow. Hypnotic.

"Three... all that matters is inside this room. Two... Lauren was just the invitation. One..."

She kissed the pulse point on my neck, and a wave of heat, different from the one before, darker and more demanding, surged through me.

“You aren't just Lauren's,” Bianca breathed against my skin. “You're mine. And just like Lauren, and just like her mother... you're going to find that the most beautiful word in the world is 'Yes.'”

Part of me wanted to fight, wanted to scream for Lauren to come back and save me. But as Bianca's hand slid down my stomach, sure and possessive, my body betrayed me. My legs spread of their own volition. I didn't want the rescue. I wanted to know what happened when she reached zero.

Her hand slid lower and found its target unprotected, willing. I trembled as her fingers entered me, claimed me.

“I can't control you, Ali. I can only make it easier for you to realize and embrace what you really want. Who you really are.”

Just then, a woman entered wearing a thick black collar and nothing else. It took me a moment to realize it was Lauren's mother. She was even more beautiful without her clothes, her body barely showing her age. My lust spiked despite my recent orgasm, or maybe because of it. Feeling my body respond, Bianca hummed in recognition and stroked my insides gently.

“Here is your water, Mistress,” the older woman said, setting the drink on the coffee table and turning to leave.

“Wait, Joyce,” Bianca ordered. The woman stopped and turned back around. “Lauren's price for joining me was you,” she whispered in my ear. “Give yourself to me, and her mother is yours,” she gestured to the woman with auburn hair so much like Lauren's.

The movement inside me focused on my G-spot while her thumb slowly, but expertly, stroked my clit. Another climax was approaching.

“You know the word I want to hear,” Bianca's lips brushed my ear as she spoke. “Three... you know it's what you most desire. Two... this feeling all the time. One... what's your answer, Ali?”

I wasn't afraid anymore, and I didn't want to be saved.

“Yes,” I whispered, the word feeling like both a prayer and a surrender.

Bianca smiled. “Good girl. Zero... cum for me, Alison. Give yourself to me.”

My head rocked back, and I cried out. There was no holding back. Every fiber of my being embraced the ecstasy and the promise. Every time I thought the orgasm would subside, Bianca coaxed another peak from me. Throughout, she spoke into my ear about enjoying my submission, about how obedience would make me happy, about being a good slut.

“Yes...yesss...yeesss...” I heard myself muttering as wave after wave of bliss jolted my brain.

After she finally let me come down, I was aware of being led downstairs, then told to kneel, which I did without thinking. Following the pair of crossed legs in front of me, I inclined my head to see Lauren's grinning face.

"As promised," Bianca stated, "your new slut."