

XIX - Homecoming Queen

Alkim

Like every human that has ever had the misfortune of flying into Los Angeles, Alkim fucking hated LAX. It was perhaps the unluckiest horseshoe ever conceived of by mankind. He wished everyone involved in its creation would be cursed to spend their afterlife driving these multiple miserable lanes; forced into Sisyphean torment of dropping off a passenger at the upper Southwest terminal, then picking up another from the ground-level United terminal and then repeating this task for all eternity.

But just this time, he could ignore the gridlock, the honking, and even the people loading or unloading in the red zone. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and in mere minutes he would have picked up Vicky and they would be getting the fuck out of here. He could shoulder the traffic if it meant Vicky didn't have to walk a mile and a half to the damn rideshare lot and pay seventy bucks just to get home.

Friends don't pick each other up from LAX. Best friends do.

Sure enough, Alkim found his friend right where she said she would be, and wearing what she said she would be wearing; black leggings, and a sweater zipped almost all the way open. Her bright, blonde hair, exposed cleavage, and wolf tattoo were as good as any lighthouse beacon.

He waved and pulled up in front of her.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUT?!?!?” He greeted her.

“WHAT UP SLUUUUUUUUUT?!?!?” She returned. The second “slut” was always longer and slightly deeper in tone.

“Well, get in ho, so we can get the fuck out of here.”

“On it!”

With the convertible top down, Vicky was able to quickly toss her bags into the back and hopped over the door into the front seat.

“Thanks so much for picking me up! It's so good to see you! I really missed you out there.”

She hugged him around his chest, Alkim reciprocated with his right hand while keeping his left on the wheel.

“It’s good to see you too! I wouldn’t have come to the worst place in the city if I didn’t miss you too.”

“Right?! The vibes here are awful.”

“Don’t need to tell me twice. Just gonna put the top up and we’re out of here.”

He waited for the mechanical roof to click into place, found an opening in the flow of traffic, and gunned it into the only open lane. In short order, they were back on the highway heading home, and he was finally able to refocus on their conversation.

“So, how was your flight?” he asked.

“Good! No delays for once. I slept the whole way back though, completely fucked up my sleep cycle.”

“Oh yeah? You know what that means?”

“What?” She smiled.

“It means we can party all night long!”

“Yessss! God, I missed you so fucking much, dude. You’re, like, the most down-ass bitch I know.”

“Saaaame, ho. The house just hasn’t been the same without you.”

“Oh, how is everyone? What’s been going on since I’ve been gone?”

Where to start? I got drug-based superpowers, I gave Kate giant, lactating honkers, my orgasms can fill coffee mugs now, Mikaella became addicted to my dick, then we started recording porn together... Oh, and we all might lose our house in three months.

“Not much!” he lied, “Quit that Benihana job, good fucking riddance.”

“Hell yeah! Fuck that restaurant.” Even though Vicky was the one who had gotten Alkim his job there, she probably hated it the most, on account of one particularly handsy manager. “So what are you doing now?”

“I sent out a bunch of apps for lab jobs and this TA position, but for now I’m making some side cash on this photography thing. I started using that two-thousand-dollar Nikon I got from my uncle to shoot some, uh, modeling stuff for Mikaella and Kate. Hope you don’t mind, but we used your ring lights.”

“Ooooooh siiiiick! Maybe I should pay you to take some new Insta photos later!”

“For you? Free, always.”

“Awww, thanks bitch.”

“Anytime, hoe.” Alkim smiled. It was good to have her back.

Out of everyone in the house, Vicky went the farthest towards making him feel like one of the girls, and their friendship was perhaps the most unlikely one of his life, even more so than his friendship with Kate.

They’d first met more than eight years ago, in their high school’s Chinese class. Vicky was a senior, and a decently popular one at that. She was always surrounded by hotties, while Alkim was just a lowly, nerdy freshman, barely a year into puberty. They had a decent rapport in class, and Vicky had even invited him to his first ever high school party, hosted at her house as part of the Asian American Student’s Association.

But she graduated, and Alkim rarely thought of her again, while Vicky probably thought of him even less.

Then, years later, for Alkim’s twenty-first birthday, a friend from his old school paid him a visit and really pushed for them to visit a strip club in North Hollywood. And there she was, perhaps the last person Alkim ever expected to see again, especially behind the bar of a strip club.

But he couldn’t deny that she more than looked the part.

Vicky was a proper bombshell; Korean, five-foot-eight, and very curvy, with bleached blonde hair, pretty sizeable tits (though nothing like Kate’s), a half dozen tattoos, long legs, and thick thighs that united into what one could call an Instagram booty, as her twenty thousand followers would confirm.

Vicky was equally shocked to find one of her little brother’s classmates had grown into a strong and handsome man, moved to the West Coast, and could now legally drink.

When Alkim tried to hand her a tip, she laughed and told him he could tip her like everyone else. Ninth-grade Alkim could never have imagined that, eight years hence, he’d be on the other side of the country stuffing dollar bills into Vicky’s cleavage.

That interaction set the tone for their friendship.

After that, he spent the rest of the night doing his best to overwrite any memories she still had of his shy, little ninth-grade self. He wanted her to see only a tall, outgoing college boy with a bright future and a powerful liver, who would never say no to a night out.

He succeeded in leaving a positive impression on her, but she never went farther than flirting and occasional grinding at the clubs. Still, Alkim never thought of Vicky as having “friend-zoned” him. It would be much more accurate to say she had “little-brother-zoned” him, so long as one

didn't count the flirting, grinding, stuffing bills into her cleavage, and the handful of times he'd woken up after some very drunken night spooning her on some stranger's couch. He'd assumed that had more to do with safety from strange drunken hands than actual attraction.

Regardless of the occasional confused signal, Alkim was happy to stay in Vicky's bro-zone, especially since he'd been fully cut off from his real family. He'd never had an older sister, but he figured he could do a lot worse than Vicky. Especially since older sisters weren't generally known for bringing their brothers along to party with their hot friends.

It was one of those nights when Vicky introduced Alkim to Kate, and that was that.

Still, while Vicky was not romantically interested in Alkim, that didn't mean she never took an interest in his romances. Their very first night out she'd asked him if he'd ever been in love, and whenever he mentioned some college girl, she always demanded pictures, or social media handles.

"Sooo, you started seeing anyone yet?" asked Vicky.

"Oh, nah, nothing serious. Still playing the field a bit."

"Oh yeah? This field got a name?"

Mikaella.

Alkim shook his head. "Not one I'm gonna share right now."

"Booo, you whore."

"Pssshh, I wish. Not been doing nearly enough whoring since you've been gone. I think Kate and I have only gone clubbing twice since you left."

Vicky's long absence made it all too clear for Alkim that, besides his college friends, all of his new relations and acquaintances were really hers. Without her inviting him to parties, or inviting people to the house, he rarely met anyone new. Likewise, he could not name any male friends he still talked to, discounting those former classmates that still hit him up for drugs.

Vicky was appalled by the admission.

"Twice? Damn, we gotta get those numbers up! Gotta get you out and find you a girlfriend! Like, a slutty doctor, or a nurse, or something."

"A slutty doctor? Why not one of your slutty friends?"

"Boyyyyy, how many times do I have to say it? Michelle is not right for you!"

"You sure about that? She looked very right to me... almost as good as Soo-Yeon."

“Bruuuuh, shut up about that homophobic bitch.”

“Sorry, shutting up.”

Fuck, forgot I wasn't the only one that crushed on her hot friend back in school. Must have been one hell of a bisexual awakening...

He tried not to picture Vicky and Soo-Yeon making out and did not succeed.

Vicky continued, “Look, I like Michelle, but she’s shallow, and kind of a mess.”

“I know, I know. I’m too young for her.”

Vicky laughed, “I mean yeah, but she only dates white guys.”

“Oh shit, really? Damn, wouldn’t have wasted my time on her at your birthday party if I knew that.”

“I told you not to hit on her! What’d you think I meant?”

Alkim shrugged, “I just thought it was one of those women rules I’ll never understand, like ‘don’t have sex with my roommate.’” *Oh. Shit.* “So, which of your hot friends should I hit on next time?”

She shook her head.

“Just give it up with them. You need to find someone on your level, some chick who can party but still likes science and stuff.”

Alkim grinned, “Science and stuff?”

“Yeah, someone smart, like you.”

“Hey, pop quiz: what’s my degree in?”

“Uhhh, it was either medicine or dinosaurs.”

“You sure?”

“Positive.”

“EHHH! Wrong.”

“Whaaat? You didn’t take any dinosaur classes?”

“Not one.”

“Then how do you know so much about dinosaurs?”

“Books, research papers, youtube.”

“Was medicine closer?”

“Nope, that’s not a major. When I said I was premed, that just meant I was going to apply to med school. You could be an English major and still be premed.”

“Shit, sorry, I swear I’ll remember this time.”

“No, you won’t.” He laughed. “It’s fine, though. I’m not saying you’re wrong, that I should go for smarter girls. Buuut smart girls like guys with prospects, guys who actually follow through and go to med school and have bank account balances with at least five digits.” *Or even four...* “I’m not exactly in a great place to get serious about that yet.”

“C’mon, don’t be so hard on yourself. You have your degree, and you don’t have any student loans, right?”

“Nope. No debt.” *No money either...*

“See? You’ll be fine. Not like you’d ever have to start stripping! Hahaha!”

That was too close to the truth for comfort. Alkim had been dancing around the issue for some time, but right then seemed like a good time to change the subject from his love life to hers.

“So, what happened in Hawaii with Kai? You never said why you were in the hospital, or why you wanted to move back so soon.”

Vicky’s jubilant mood dimmed instantly.

Alkim continued, “Did something happen?”

Vicky sighed. “I’ll tell you, but can we get some food first? I’m fucking starving here.”

“Yeah, of course.”

They stopped at a taco place and brought their loot back to the car for Vicky’s private confidential. They ate in relative silence before she began.

“Ugh, I’m too sober for this.” she groaned.

“Oh! I have just the thing in the glove compartment. Call it a homecoming present.”

Alkim was not very good at personalized gifts, but he knew Vicky, and she was not hard to shop for.

Vicky opened the glove compartment and burst into laughter.

“HAHAHAHA! Oh my goood! Duuuude!”

It was an eight-ball.

“Merry Christmas! This time I brought the snow to you.”

“Ahahaha! Thanks, dude!”

She hugged him again. Alkim could feel her large, firm tits pressing into his side. Admittedly, it didn't bring the same thrill as it used to, probably due to his overexposure to Kate's ever-growing sweater-stuffers.

“You always get the best shit. I think I'll do some right now. Here, you should have the first bump.”

“Thanks. Just a little though, I'm already on Adderall.”

“Kay.”

She scooped up a little bit of powder with her elongated coke nail, on the ring finger of her right hand. The rest were kept trim enough for fingering pussy.

Alkim let her lift her nail to his nose and inhaled. It was too little for him to really feel anything, but that was probably for the best. Combining stimulants wasn't exactly healthy. Half of the time, he only accepted coke from Vicky out of politeness.

She followed up with a much larger bump. Then another.

Now that she'd gotten a bit coked up, it seemed like the right time to get some answers. People were always so much chattier on coke, so much more open to sharing.

“So, what happened out there? You made it sound like he was the perfect guy.”

“I thought so for a while. We had so much in common, and he seemed really chill. But once I moved in with him, he got so much more controlling, and he started getting mad at random shit.”

“Like what?”

“So, like, he was scrolling through my socials and asked me all accusingly if I ever kissed Kate, or Hannah. I said yeah, and then he chugged two bottles, but he was so much stronger than me and I couldn't take the bottle from him. Then he broke a glass in his hand.”

“What the fuck?”

“Yeah, there was blood EVERYWHERE! And he rubbed it on the walls and shit, so fucked up. I should have gotten the fuck out right then, but I didn’t because I still liked him. Then last week he kept talking about how he was gonna kill himself if I left, and I don’t fucking play around with that, so I was gonna leave, and he just started beating the shit out of me.”

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry! Is that when you called me from the hospital?”

“No, that was, like, two days later. You know the really fucked up thing is that I almost went back, but like, fuck that.”

“Good call, I’m really glad you left his ass. Did you press charges too?”

“I didn’t have to. Neighbors called the cops, and they said I looked soooo bad that I don’t need to testify. They have enough evidence against him”

“Damn, Vicky. I’m so sorry you had to go through all that.”

“It’s okay. I’m just glad it’s over.”

She hugged Alkim tightly, almost spilling salsa on his gearshift.

“Thanks for listening. You’re the first person I’ve told, besides my mom.”

“Anytime. Honestly, Vicky, as far as I’m concerned, you and Kate saved my life. I’ve got your back. Whatever you need, I’m here for you. I know there was nothing I could have done when you were in Hawaii, but if you’re ever in another situation like that, please, just tell me. I’d rather get my head kicked in helping you out than help discharge you from the hospital.”

“Thanks. But the next time I say I wanna move in with someone I met at a music festival, just shoot me in the face.”

“Seems a bit drastic. How about I just tie you to the bed or something and make you watch breakup movies until you give it up?”

“Hmmm. Yeah, that sounds better. I should probably take a break from relationships for a while, huh?”

“Yeah, that’s probably for the best.” *Until you can learn to spot red flags.* “You’re a very trusting person, Vicky, and I love that about you, but take it from me: moving in with randos is not always the smartest idea. Unless, of course, the rando is me, in which case it’s a great fucking idea.”

She smiled but did not laugh. “Yeah. Like, after Kai, and Desiree, I think I’ll just be free and slutty for a while. Let my good luck build back up before I waste it all again.”

Smartest thing she’s said in months.

“Whew! Cheers to that! No more attachments! We can all cruise for bitches together. Be each other’s wingman, or wingwoman.”

“Yassss bitchhh! We gotta go dancing, I wanna see those fast-fucking feet of yours move.”

Alkim grinned.

“I thought you might say that, which is why Kate and I got you another present, something to go with the blow.”

“Oh? Something that goes with coke...” She looked confused, like she was still trying to puzzle it out. “Is it... Xan?”

“Noooo, not xan. We bought tickets for Avalon tomorrow night! You, me, Kate, and Mikaella.”

Avalon was one of Vicky’s favorite clubs, over in Hollywood. The place had a huge capacity, and with live music playing, it was more like an indoor concert venue than a typical nightclub.

“Ooooo yaaay! What’s the vibe? Who’s playing?”

“No idea, but Kate said the lineup seemed like your thing. They have the artists on their website, if you want to check who’s playing Saturday night. Also, please never do Xanax and coke together; you could die.”

Vicky quickly checked the lineup on her phone and let out an excited high-pitched scree.

“YEEAAAAH BOYYYYY! My third favorite DJ is playing tomorrow!” She pumped her fists up into the cloth top.

“Oh, lit. Who is it?”

“No, like his name is Yeah Boi, with an I, hahahaha.”

“Ooooooh, I get it now.”

What a stupid fucking name.

“Anything else you wanna get while we’re out?” asked Alkim.

“Nope! I’m ready to go home and relax for a bit.”

So, they drove back. When they pulled up in front of the house, Alkim helped Vicky carry her bags to the front door, and they went inside before she could notice the “FOR SALE” sign.

“What up sluuuuuut?”

“Kate!”

Vicky dropped her bags instantly, and the next moment she had both arms wrapped around the busty goth.

“It’s good to have you back,” said Kate.

“Good to be back! Waaaiiit, giiirl, did your boobs get even bigger?”

“Why? Is it noticable?” Kate smirked knowingly.

It sure was noticeable from where Alkim stood. Kate’s excess titty was even visible from behind, so Vicky must be getting one hell of a view from the front. Vicky pulled back a bit to take them in fully.

Kate just stood with her hands on her hips, allowing Vicky to appraise her expanded bustline.

“Like, I saw your Insta posts but I didn’t really believe it until now.”

“Do you believe it now?”

“Fuck yeah. Mind if I cop a feel?”

Kate shrugged. “Sure.”

So, Vicky respectfully honka-honkaed those amazing boobs.

Alkim wished it had been that simple for himself. Then again, it was still crazy that Kate let him get away with as many liberties as he took, especially when he wasn’t a beautiful woman, like Vicky.

If I had huge tits, I’d let Vicky feel them up.

“Daaaamn, they’re soooo soft. These’ve gotta be, like, THE biggest naturals I’ve ever seen on a girl your size! What cup size are you now, like a J-cup or something?”

“Bigger, at least a K, but I’m not sure how much bigger. They started growing a few weeks ago and they haven’t stopped yet.”

Kate raised an eyebrow towards Alkim.

He chose not to acknowledge it, and thankfully Vicky wasn't watching Kate's face.

“Wow, really? They just started growing again, just like that?” She snapped her fingers for emphasis.

“Just like that.”

“Did you start eating anything new, or something? New meds?”

“Nope, seemed pretty random.”

“Damn, that's crazy.” Vicky lifted them up from below again, bouncing them in her palms. “Wouldn't mind a second visit from the titty fairy.” She seemed to lose focus playing with Kate's world class funbags, before suddenly remembering Alkim was right behind her, still holding her luggage. “Oh my god! Boyyyy! How long have you been standing there?!”

“Perv's been watching the whole time,” Kate smirked.

“Avert your eyes, child! We're having women-talk!”

“Alright, alright. You guys catch up; I'll just take these to your room.”

Not like I haven't seen it all before.

It took Alkim a few more trips before he'd put away all of Vicky's luggage. The moment he rejoined Kate and Vicky in the living room, Mikaella's door swung open, and she was joining in the reunion.

“Vicky!”

“Mikaella!”

They hugged. Vicky, being at least a head taller, completely enveloped the much smaller, thinner girl in her embrace.

“It's so good to see you!” said Mikaella, freeing herself from the bigger girl's grasp. “How was Hawaii? You look a lot tanner now.”

Most Korean girls would take that as a grievous insult, including one of Alkim's exes who might have responded to being called tan by immediately scheduling a skin bleaching session. But not Vicky; she'd long since embraced that tanned, LA bimbo look. It suited her so well that Alkim could hardly recall how she'd looked in high school with paler skin and her natural black hair.

“Thanks! It was fun for a bit, but I'm glad to be back home. Ooooh!” She grabbed one of Mikaella's new pink locks. “When'd you get highlights?”

“A couple days ago. Just thought I should try something new for my hair and stuff.”

“Well, I looove this new look! Your face looks really, really smooth too... I can’t even see your pores, they’re like, microscopic now. Did you start using a new product?”

Mikaella grinned, “Nope! Just being more regular I guess.”

“I can tell you’re lying! C’mon! You’ve gotta share the product!”

“Hey! Do you wanna take a shoooooot?” suggested Alkim, mimicking the tone Vicky usually asked in.

“Oh hell yeah! Let’s get lit!”

So, they all started drinking and catching up, without anyone divulging any of the multiple physiological changes they’d undergone that Alkim had caused.

Soon enough, Vicky decided they should either switch to a drinking game, or drink while playing Nintendo Switch games.

In the end, drunk driving in Mario Kart won out.

Kate, Alkim, and Vicky all loved video games, but Vicky was by far the bigger gamer of them all, as would be expected for a girl with a Legend of Zelda tattoo. She never stopped trying to get Alkim back into World of Warcraft with her, but that was one addictive pastime he was never touching again.

Still, there was no stopping Vicky from crushing them all like insects.

“Move, bitch! Get out the way! Get out the way, bitch, get out the way!”

Then Vicky expertly boosted past Alkim, drifted into the turn, and shoved Kate off the side.

“Shit! I fucking hate rainbow road!” yelled Kate, as her car was cast into the cold vacuum of space.

“In space, no one can hear you eat shit,” mocked Alkim.

Then his phone buzzed.

He handed his controller off to Mikaella, who’d just been curled up next to him, spectating.

“Can you take over for me?”

“Oh, fuck. I’ll try.” She would do her best, but there was no way she could hold her own against the far more experienced gamer girls.

“I’ll be back in a bit, just need to start cooking that duck I bought.” said Alkim.

“OOohhh! Yes pleaseeee! I really missed your cooking!” said Vicky.

Alkim went into the kitchen and opened his texts.

Ania: Hello young man

Ania: I hope you’re enjoying this fine Friday evening

Ania: I’m hosting an open house on Sunday

Ania: At this property, from 12- 4:30pm

She sent him a Zillow listing for a place just a mile away.

Ania: Why don’t you come around 5?

Ania: If you’re not too busy that is

Alkim was not too busy.

Alkim: Sure

Alkim: I’ll be there at 5

Ania: Perfect. I’ll save you some hors d’oeuvres 😊

Welp. So those are my weekend plans then. Tomorrow night: Avalon with the girls. Sunday: seducing the landlady.

That could be a lot of high-stakes social interactions back-to-back. He just hoped he was up to the task.

XX - Dancing Queen

Alkim

Alkim was ready for his first real night on the town in a month.

He’d started and finished in the last fifteen minutes: a quick shower, shave, and outfit selection.

Never the most fashionable of guys, he stuck to the basics: a dark blue dress shirt with short sleeves that showed off his decent arms, black dress pants that showed off his more impressive lower body, and black dress shoes that provided little friction on the dance floor. His sole accessory was some fancy timepiece some relative gifted him ages ago, one he never wore when he wasn’t trying to get laid.

All in all, he felt it was perfect dancing attire, if only it wouldn't cause him to sweat like a racehorse. Not that there was anything he could do about that; shorts were not the right look for this place.

He popped open a couple more buttons to give himself a deeper V-neck, and a bit more breathing room. Not enough to keep cool, but every bit helped.

Satisfied, he knocked on Vicky's door to check on the girls.

"You ladies almost done yet?" Kate and Vicky had spent the last hour together doing each other's makeup.

"Almost! We'll be out in a second! Someone here has too much titty for half her tops." Vicky yelled through the door, "Can you get some shots ready for when we come out."

"On it."

"Thanks! Now, hold still you-"

Alkim poured out four shots, then took one, and poured another.

He sat there on the couch for a bit, killing time on his phone until Mikaella's door opened.

"Ready!"

She strutted before Alkim in a red tube top, black denim shorts, thigh-high suede boots, and classic ABG makeup: mascara, eyeliner, the works. Though she'd forgone the fake lashes, Alkim didn't think she needed them anymore. He wasn't sure if that was because she'd gotten better at doing them up herself, or if his cum had enhanced that particular feature as well. Boobs also seemed to be a bit fuller than he remembered, though that could just be the top.

Alkim approved. It was the kind of outfit Alyssa (his college friend-with-benefits), would wear to parties. The Pavlovian association between that style and raw, collegiate sex already had him at half-mast.

"Looking goooood." He closed the distance between them and smacked her ass.

Mikaella let out a girlish giggle at the affectionate and possessive gesture and gave him a long, hard kiss on the mouth.

"*Mwah!* Thanks! I was pretty sure you'd like this outfit. I like yours too! It's very handsome." She ran her hands up the sleeve of his shirt, feeling out his muscles.

"It's the watch, isn't it? Do girls still like watches?"

“We do, we do, but I really like you in pants, and a button up. I’m so used to seeing you in basketball shorts and tank tops—not that you aren’t sexy like that! I mean, like, I don’t know if this makes any sense but, the pants make you look taller?”

“Really? Taller?”

“Yeah, like your legs look even longer, and you look more mature. I think you should wear it more often.”

“I wear this on nights out, but this city is almost always too hot for me to wear pants.”

“It’s pretty cool out tonight.”

“Not for me, not for East Coast people. I run hot. Vicky can tell you: I used to wear shorts in winter, real winter, when it snowed.”

“Shorts? In the snow?”

“Yep. A little cold in the morning was worth it, since the school was always too damn warm to compensate for the outside temps.”

She plainly did not see the logic, but Mikaella was a Los Angeles provincial. Even though the nearby mountains get a little snow almost every year, her family was not exactly in the tax bracket for winter sports. Alkim doubted she’d ever experienced freezing weather.

“Okay, Ready! Coming out now,” said Vicky. “Close your eyes!”

“Why?”

“Just do it,” said Kate.

“Alright.”

Alkim and Mikaella sat on the couch with their eyes closed while the girls got into position; their heels clip-clopping over the living room floor.

“Okay. Now you can look,” said Vicky.

“Whoa.” Mikaella and Alkim were both equally impressed.

Vicky was eminently fashionable in her red halter dress, with cut-outs for both her prominent cleavage and well-toned midriff. It was laced from the neck—just below a black choker—leaving her broad shoulders and defined collarbones bare. All her tattoos would be on display tonight, assuming she didn’t have any in hidden places that Alkim had not yet been granted access to. The dress only went a few inches past her bountiful ass, with a slit down her right thigh, with the benefit of displaying her strong thighs and long legs, made all the longer by her

ankle-strap heels. Her makeup was bright, glittery, and made the shine of her eyes all the more brilliant.

Still, as hot as Vicky looked, Alkim knew that no amount of fashion excellence could overtop Kate's bodacious body.

Gothic as always, Kate wore black leather zip-up boots, a high-waisted skirt with lace cutouts up each thigh, a red leather jacket, and the pièce de résistance: a corset top, currently overflowing with what looked like a dozen pounds of pale titty.

The corset laces were stretched more than half a foot across and looked as tense as the cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. Strained as they were, it was all they could do to hold the fabric together just enough to cover the inner edges of Kate's areolas.

Her makeup was also quite striking: dark red lipstick, matched with blood red eyeshadow, creating an almost vampiric look.

Like if a vampire stored her victim's blood in her tits...

Alkim's gaze was irresistibly drawn to her heaving chest, not unlike how a compass needle can't just decide to point East. His half-chub hardened fully, while the redirected blood sapped his capacity to act cool and aloof.

"What do you think?" Vicky grinned.

"Oh my god! I love that dress! And that corset is crazyyyy." said Mikaella.

It took Alkim entirely too long to register the question. Mikaella elbowed him.

"Hm? Oh, it's a good look."

There was simply too much titty on display, and not enough blood left in his brain for Alkim to articulate any better praise. Plus, he knew his real thoughts were best left unsaid in front of the girls, as he considered grabbing that jar of milk from the fridge.

Vicky laughed, "Well, I'm glad *someone* appreciates all my hard work! Took me and Kate, like, half an hour to get the length of those laces just right so she could fit her tits into that corset."

Kate sighed, "I wanted this outfit to be all lace, but we had to cannibalize the laces from my favorite boots. That's why I'm going with the zipper ones tonight."

"Uh huh." Alkim nodded stupidly.

"Hey, my vagina's up here," said Kate.

Vicky giggled. "Okay, c'mon!" She grabbed Alkim's hand and pulled him off the couch. "Your turn!"

"My turn for what?"

"Show us the outfit! Give us a twirl! Let us objectify that ass!"

Alkim grinned, "Alright, alright. Just try not to wet your panties too soon."

He turned away from the group and spun around for them. He came to an abrupt stop and gave the group his best Zoolander impression.

"Niceeee. Looking sharp, bro," said Vicky.

"You don't think he could use more color?" asked Kate.

"Nah, it's perfect. He looks really dashing in black and blue, it goes with his hair, and his shoes."

"Yeah! He looks super handsome!" Mikaella added.

"Thanks." Alkim beamed. There was no greater confidence booster than a compliment from Vicky.

Kate shrugged. "Hmm, if you say so. I don't know straight guy fashion."

Just then, Hannah appeared, dressed in sweats, but still hot. "Oh, where are you guys going?"

"Avalon!" Vicky beamed, "Do you want to come with? There's probably still time to get you a ticket."

Hannah tapped her chin, considering, then shook her head.

"Nah, I had a late night yesterday. Think I might go to bed soonish."

Whew, bullet dodged.

"Bummer! But that's okay, we can all do something together next weekend."

Alkim gave his watch a good long look and gasped theatrically, "Oh, good heavens! Would you look at the time?"

"Why? What's the time?" asked Mikaella.

"It's pregaming tiiiiiiiime!"

"Yes! Shots! Shots! Shots!" Vicky cheered.

Which got them all chanting, “Shots! Shots! Shots!” until everyone had grabbed theirs.

“Are you at least down to pregame?” Vicky asked Hannah.

“Sure, why not.”

Alkim nodded and poured out another glass for Hannah, and they all began clinking glasses together.

“Geonbae!” Vicky toasted in Korean.

“Gān bēi!” said Kate and Alkim in Chinese.

Mikaella just let out a “Woooo!”

Hannah just raised her glass.

They all downed their shots, and not two seconds passed before Vicky held up her empty glass and asked, “Again?”

Grinning, Alkim poured everyone a second round, which they immediately pounded.

“Wait, do I have to be twenty-one for this club, or do I just get a wristband that says I can’t drink?” asked Mikaella.

Shit.

“Oh, shit. Sorry, I forgot to check,” said Kate. She checked their website and grimaced at the result, “Yeaaaaah, it’s twenty-one plus.”

“Nooooo!” Mikaella whined.

Hannah snickered for a moment, but stopped before Mikaella could glare at her.

“You don’t have a fake?” asked Alkim.

“Nooooo! I don’t even know where to get one!”

Fuck, that’s right. She never went to college, so where was she gonna get a guy for that?

Alkim couldn’t be sure how much of the redness in her cheeks was due to her emotional state and how much was from the alcohol flush reaction, or “Asian glow.” Either way, she was not happy.

“What if she just used someone else’s ID?” suggested Kate, “American bouncers can never tell Asian girls apart, even when they don’t look that similar.”

That was true enough, but they didn’t have a spare ID to use, nor did they have time to ask a friend from outside the house. Plus, that trick could only work with girls of similar builds and hair colors. Vicky was too busty, and way too tall; Kate was too tall, and way too busty; Hannah was too tall, too busty, and a blonde-haired, blue-eyed white girl.

Everyone seemed to realize how ridiculous the idea was the second they heard it. Mikaella’s thousand-yard stare shifted to Kate, and she didn’t push the idea any further.

“Fuck! I already did my makeup and everything!” Mikaella looked close to tears.

“Oh nooooo!” Vicky hugged the upset nineteen-year-old. “I’m really sorry, Mikaella! I don’t know how else to get you in, but I promise we’ll help you get a fake for the next time we go out.”

“Promise?”

“Yeah,” Alkim nodded, “I know a guy from college who has a connection at the DMV: makes completely foolproof fakes. If I send him your picture tomorrow, he should probably be able to make you one within a week.”

“Really?” She perked up a bit.

“Yeah, no trouble. You’ll just have to memorize a fake birthday, and an address in Oakland, that’s all.”

“Thanks, Alkim!” She hugged him tightly.

“You’re welcome,” he said, then leaned in to whisper in her ear, “why don’t you take some pictures in that outfit, for the fans, and maybe we can record something when I get back, yeah?”

“Deal! I’ll leave my room unlocked.” She whispered back, then let him go with a giggle. The promise of a late-night blowjob had placated her completely.

Whew, another bullet dodged. Glad we don’t have to cancel to stay back with her. Almost ruined our whole night there.

“Did you guys already buy the tickets?” asked Hannah.

“Yeah. Do you wanna come?” asked Vicky.

Fuck.

“Well, if it’s going to go to waste otherwise... sure, why not? I’ll buy Mikaella’s ticket. Just give me a few minutes to change and do my makeup.”

Alkim groaned internally. There was no telling how much longer this would delay them.

In his experience, when women said “give me a few minutes to get ready for a night out” that meant thirty minutes, minimum, and usually twice that.

To his surprise, Hannah was ready in less than ten.

Huh. Maybe that Karaoke job taught her to be efficient?

She rejoined their pregaming circle dressed in a blue sequined bodycon dress that didn’t show a ton of skin like the others but hugged her ample curves tightly. The sequins were excellently sewn together, like iridescent fish scales, guaranteed to catch both light and attention on the dance floor.

Vicky let out a wolf-whistle.

“Dammmnnnn gurl, I loooove that dress.”

“What, this old thing?” Hannah tossed her blonde hair back over her shoulder, “I’ve been looking for an excuse to wear it, might as well be tonight.”

Mikaella tapped her chin critically, “Hmmm, do you think it still fits?”

“If we’re all ready then I’ll call an Uber,” said Kate.

“So, anyone else down for bootlegging?” asked Alkim.

“The hell does that mean?” asked Hannah. “Sounds like gross frat boy slang.”

“Okay, first: I’ve never been in a fraternity. Second: it’s just Prohibition Era slang for sneaking in our own alcohol.”

“Oh.”

“Ooooh! Yes! I have just the thing! Hang on!”

Vicky went into her room and quickly returned with several collapsible water bottles: basically, plastic bags with screw caps.

“Oh shit, forgot I bought you those!” Alkim had given them to Vicky for their second night out together, when they snuck their own drinks into a concert. “Great idea! But how should we hide them? They check purses, and pat down all the men’s pockets.”

Vicky raised an eyebrow and nodded towards Kate.

Alkim laughed. "Perfect! The one place they'll never check..."

And so, thanks to the incredible storage capacity of Kate's cleavage, they were able to smuggle two collapsible flasks of vodka, a bag of coke, and a weed pen right into the club.

And that's not even counting her milk supply...

They tried stuffing in a third flask, but that was too much for Kate, so they drank it in the Uber on their way over. It was a miracle their male driver managed to keep his eyes on the road with acres of jostling cleavage in his rear-view mirror.

Kate was a pretty good sport about it, but she still had to get some complaints in.

"Just don't expect me to mule like this every time."

"Aww, c'mon, Kate! It's like a utility pouch! Embrace the power!"

"Easy for you to say when you're not lugging *these* around."

"I can hold them up for you, if you think that'll help." Alkim joked.

"Ha, ha, ha."

"I'd split the load with you if I had the room, but this isn't the right dress for that."

Vicky wasn't wrong. She probably could hide the eightball, but none of them wanted to risk it falling out the bottom, whereas Kate's tits and corset made that a non-issue.

"We'll take that load off your chest as soon as we get something at the bar to mix the vodka with," said Alkim.

The line wasn't too long. In a few minutes they'd gotten past the bouncer checks. All that was left was exchanging their tickets for wristbands from a cute ticket counter girl with a pixie cut and a lot of facial piercings.

"Are you all together?" asked Pixie cut.

"Yes!" answered Vicky, "Oh, I love your hair! And those piercings!"

"Oh, thank you." Pixie cut was starting to blush. "I really like your outfits. You guys are a *really* hot group."

“Thanks! I wanted to look my best for Yeah Boi! He’s, like, my favorite DJ, haha.”

Alkim couldn’t help but notice which of the group members were getting the majority of Pixie cut’s attention. That was not so surprising, given her haircut and accessories. She took their tickets, but Vicky spoke up before they received their wristbands.

“Hey, do you mind if I ask, how do you like working here?”

“I like it. It’s a cool club, management’s not too bad, and ticket counting is pretty chill. I also do some tech work occasionally, lights and stuff.”

“Cool! I’m asking because I just moved back to LA and this is, like, exactly the kind of place I’d loooooove to work as, like a promoter or bartender or anything. Do you know if there’s any openings?”

“I think we might, yeah. Could always use another bartender to keep full coverage, I can ask my manager if you want.”

“That’d be SO nice of you! I’m taking online classes on music production because I really want to be a producer, and I think this place could be a great place to get my start DJing, ya know?”

“Oh, totally. If you want we can exchange numbers, chat about openings, and I could forward your resume to my manager.”

“Perfect!” Vicky pulled out her phone and had Pixie cut’s number in no time. “I gave you my SoundCloud account too! You’re the best-”

“Leah.”

Vicky extended her hand, “Nice to meet you, Leah! I’m Vicky, and this is Kate, Hannah, and Alkim.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Hi.”

“Sup.”

Leah bit her lip, considering.

“So, I don’t usually do this, but we didn’t sell that many VIP tickets tonight, and we need some more people up there for the promotional photos. Would you guys be interested in a free upgrade?”

Vicky literally jumped for joy. “Ooooh! That sounds amazing! We’d love that!”

So, Leah gave them all VIP wristbands, despite the fact that none of them were important persons.

“Enjoy the show!” said Leah.

“Thank you! Text me, okay! Or find us on the floor if you find the time!”

“I’ll try!”

Vicky blew a final kiss to Pixie cut, and they were in.

Vicky turned around and spread her arms out in triumph, “And what do we say to free VIP access?”

“Thanks, Vicky!” said Kate.

“Thanks.” Hannah.

“You’re the fuckin best,” said Alkim, “Genuinely can’t believe that worked.”

Vicky winked at him knowingly.

This was just one of the many reasons Alkim loved partying with a mostly female group, and especially Vicky: she was his gateway to entire worlds of backroom shit he could never have accessed on his own. A group of guys couldn’t get anywhere like this without paying an arm and a leg, and giving a girl your SoundCloud account should have been a guaranteed panty-drier. Yet Vicky had coasted them through on nothing but her looks and sheer “we’re just girls here” charisma.

It was like microdosing the lifestyle of a hot girl in her twenties; exactly what he’d been missing in Vicky’s absence. He knew he’d be riding that high all night, though there was always room for a couple more.

“So, drinks?” Alkim suggested.

“Yes! Oh, but does anyone else want to powder their nose first?” asked Vicky.

They all did.

The foursome entered the women’s room together, keeping Alkim in the middle in case anyone was checking.

No one was, so they bunched up in the handicapped stall. Kate removed the two flasks, handing one to Vicky, and the other to Alkim, along with his weed pen.

“Here’s to getting fucked up!” toasted Vicky.

“Here, here!” said Alkim.

They each took a swig, with Kate sharing Alkim’s flask, and Hannah sharing with Vicky.

“Bleghh, warm vodka,” bitched Hannah.

Alkim ignored her, followed up with a hit from his weed pen, stashed the flask in his pocket, and started passing the bag of coke around. Everyone took a bump or two, but when the bag reached Hannah, she hesitated.

“Wait, is this cocaine vegan?”

They all just looked at her dumbfounded, not sure how to respond. Alkim honestly couldn’t tell if she was joking or not but decided to answer anyway.

“Well, it’s made from coca leaves, but in a very environmentally destructive way, so, no. Definitely not.”

Hannah’s cheeks flushed red, and Alkim knew it wasn’t from Asian glow. “You know, you don’t have to be such a fucking know-it-all, all the fucking time. We get it, you went to UCLA.”

She gummed a pinch of the stuff anyway, then handed the bag to Vicky.

“And you don’t have to get pissed every time I answer a question with words they didn’t teach you on Sesame Street.”

“Typical Scorpio man; always needs to control the conversation.”

Ugh. Again with the fucking birthday racism.

“Wait, how are you even vegan? I’ve seen you eat a sushi burrito.”

Hannah rolled her eyes. “Fish isn’t meat. They aren’t animals, so they don’t feel pain.”

Alkim decided he didn’t want to continue this conversation.

“Okay, time for drinks! Meet you at the bar!” Vicky took the coke, her vodka, and dragged Alkim and Kate out of the bathroom by hand before Hannah could say anything.

Alkim breathed a sigh of relief once they were out of the women’s room.

“Whew. Perfect timing, thanks for getting me out of there. I don’t think I could take any more of her ignorance.”

“*Is this coke vegan?*” Kate mimicked.

Alkim laughed, “I deserve a fucking Oscar for answering with a straight face. That has to be the most LA blonde bullshit I’ve ever heard. Do you think she doesn’t swallow because the cum isn’t vegan, or does she swallow because she thinks it’s a fish and therefore has no soul?”

“Hey! Blonde here!” said Vicky.

Kate laughed, “Oh, come on. Blonde jokes only apply to, like, natural blondes. White girls.”

“Yeah,” Alkim agreed, “Pretty sure they weren’t made with blonde Koreans in mind.”

“C’mon guys, can we stop hating tonight?” asked Vicky.

“I don’t know, she’s kind of put me in a hating mood,” said Alkim.

“Look, I know she’s not the nicest, but she’s not as bad as you guys think, okay?”

“I doubt that.”

“Just be nice to her, and she’ll be nice back. Please? Can you do that tonight, for me?”

Alkim sighed. “Fine. I’ll try to be nicer. But just cuz you asked so nicely.”

Even though Hannah’s never once allowed me to do her any kindness.

Vicky kissed his cheek, “*Mwah!* Good boy! And not that it matters, but I’m pretty sure she does swallow.”

They made it to the bar, though the bartender was presently occupied, chatting with a lone and pretty woman on the far end of the bar from the trio.

“Now, seeing as I’m completely invisible to bartenders next to you guys, can one of you with the tits flag him down?”

Vicky laughed, “True, true. Alright, Kate, let’s see who can get their drink first. Ready, set, go!” She leaned over the counter and called out like a siren at a bachelorette party, “Yooo hooooo! Excuse me! Sir!” All while waving her arms overhead, and bouncing up and down quite conspicuously.

Kate was completely caught off guard by the impromptu contest of hotness and ended up just copying Vicky’s moves.

One month ago, Alkim was sure this would have been an instant Vicky victory, but a lot had changed since then. Indeed, the bartender’s eyes practically jumped from their sockets at the sight of Kate’s acres of pale cleavage resting on the countertop, jiggling in long waves down each giant titty.

Almost instantaneously he dropped his conversation with the merely pretty patron and was speed walking over to the dynamic duo.

“Hi there, what can I get for you ladies?” He was leaning forward intently, as if getting a few inches closer was required to hear their drink orders.

“I’ll have an old fashioned,” said Vicky.

“Long Island,” Kate.

Alkim leaned over in front of Kate’s boobs. “Screwdriver for me.”

“Coming right up.”

Vicky ribbed him, “Such a college boy pick.”

She wasn’t wrong, but Alkim was still on a budget, and oranges were his favorite fruit anyway. He didn’t get to have them as often as he liked, since the citric acid interfered with the uptake of Adderall. But that wasn’t a problem for him anymore.

As predicted, the bartender began making Kate’s drink first.

Can’t say I blame him.

But Vicky wasn’t done yet.

“So, I was talking to Leah at the front, and she was saying you guys might be looking for another bartender?”

His head snapped up immediately. “Oh yeah. We could always use another pair of hands. Do you have any bartending experience?”

“Sure do! I just got back from working the bar at this hotel in Hawaii, and before that Benihana, and lots of other titty bars and strip clubs before that.”

“Excellent.” He’d already finished making Kate’s drink but had not yet deposited it on the bar within her reach. “Good enough for me. If you can email a copy of your resume to our manager, I’m sure we can get you an interview soon.”

“Perfect!” Vicky already had her phone out, “What’s his email?”

The bartender gave it to her while he made her drink.

“Thank you so much!”

“No problem, happy to help.” He grabbed Vicky’s old fashioned and set it down in front of her, followed by Kate’s Long Island. “Sorry, I almost forgot to ask: what’s your name? So I can tell my manager to keep an eye out for your email.”

“Vicky.”

“Nice to meet you, Vicky. I’m Brian.” He held out his hand, and Vicky shook it enthusiastically.

“Nice to meet you too, Brian.”

Belatedly, Brian the bartender realized his lapse and turned back to Alkim.

“Sorry my man, what did you order again?”

“Just a screwdriver.”

“Gotcha. One screwdriver, coming right up.”

Alkim couldn’t even be mad. *Not like I would have done any better.*

Vicky leaned in between Kate and Alkim to whisper, “I win.”

She most definitely had won, handedly, and possibly gotten herself a job at the same time.

You could drop Vicky anywhere on the planet, and she’d find her way in days. Not even Kate’s boobs could top Vicky’s natural glamour.

Brian handed Alkim his screwdriver, and Vicky generously covered all three drinks. Her way of thanking them for a fun night out.

Now, drinks in hand, they made their way to a corner table, not-so stealthily pulled the flask from Kate’s tits and topped off everyone’s drinks.

Vicky lifted her glass. “A toast to my besties! I’m so glad we’re living and partying together again!”

“And we’re all so glad to have you back!” Alkim raised his glass

“We missed you, bitch,” Kate added.

“To the Homecoming Queen!” Alkim cheered.

They all let out various whoops and woos, clinked their glasses together, and drank.

“Blah, now it’s way too strong,” said Kate.

“Speak for yourself,” said Alkim, “I still need more alcohol.”

“Then let’s swap,” said Kate.

Alkim let her take his. He didn’t really like Long Island Iced Tea, but he knew it had more alcohol than his screwdriver.

Fuck, the pregaming and smuggled booze aren’t going to be enough to get me buzzed tonight. My metabolism is working like crazy today.

Alkim recalled that one time an MD/PhD at a UCLA party had once called his sky-high alcohol tolerance “medically interesting,” and had invited him to join a study on alcoholism in college students. He’d declined, since he knew he would have graduated before the study ended, and he’d expected to be far beyond that zip code soon after.

Now that Alkim knew his strange physiology went far beyond a merely elevated tolerance to drugs and alcohol, that conversation took on a new significance. He wondered if those tests would have picked up any anomalies in his enzymatic activity.

Then the lightbulb went off.

Oh, duh! I can try cutting my production of alcohol dehydrogenase! If I do that, then I should be able to get drunk off way less alcohol, like a normal person!

Alkim had so far only used his powers to create chemicals. This would be his first time intentionally preventing his body from performing its natural detoxification functions.

He decided it was worth a shot, and focused on his liver, cutting further production of ADH by more than half. Now, he shouldn’t process alcohol as quickly.

This should be a fun experiment.

The process had taken up his focus for the last few seconds, and so he hadn’t paid attention to anything the others had said.

“Mmmm, yeah, Alkim’s is better,” said Kate.

“Can I try?” asked Vicky.

Kate gave her the glass without thinking about it, realized what she’d done, and stared directly at Alkim.

Too late. Vicky had already sipped from the same glass as Alkim.

Oh fuck, I didn’t talk with Kate about not exposing Vicky to... me.

In fact, he hadn't given the subject much thought at all. He'd been happy enough just to have her back, and with his balls being drained so regularly, his low-level infatuation with Vicky hadn't occupied his mind the way it had when he'd first reconnected with her.

One sip is probably nothing, barely perceptible.

“Mhmmmm! Damnnnn, that is good! Basic, but still good!”

Or maybe not.

Before Alkim and Kate could do more than exchange glances, Vicky abruptly stood up and waved.

“Yoo, Hannah!”

“Hey.” Hannah set her purse down on the table and took her seat next to Vicky. “I was looking all over for you guys.”

“And you found us! Should we toast again?” Vicky suggested.

Alkim looked at Kate, shrugged, and picked up his drink, “What are we drinking to this time?”

“To the best housemates a girl could ask for.”

Judging by Hannah's face, she did not see their relationship the same way, but she toasted with them all the same.

“Geonbae!” cheered Vicky, Kate, and Alkim.

“Cheers,” cheered Hannah, just not so cheerfully.

They all drank again. Alkim's eyes stayed on Vicky. Thankfully Kate did not share her contaminated drink again.

“Ahhh,” Vicky's gaze met Alkim's “Ready to dance?”

“Always.”

The two downed the rest of their drinks and stood up from the booth.

“You coming?” Vicky asked Kate and Hannah.

“Actually, I'm gonna go find a nice guy to buy me a drink, I'll catch you later,” said Hannah.

“Okay, have fun.”

“Same. Wait no, I mean I’m gonna find a girl to dance with,” said Kate.

“If you find someone, bring her here! I want us all to dance together!” Vicky called out.

Kate gave a thumbs up. “Will do.” And with that, she was gone, off in search of lesbians.

Alkim sighed, “I asked her not to invite her newest soon-to-be ex-girlfriend so we could all stick together, but clearly she didn’t agree with that part of the plan.”

“Ugh, I know right. Shame Kate’s such an incurable pussy hound, I really wanted to see those huuuuge titties bounce.”

“Oh my god, right? Talk about a milkshake.”

“Damn, right, it’s better than yours!”

They laughed heartily.

“Fuck, dude. You should have seen us trying to get them into that corset, they’re sooo crazy huge. Almost gave me a nosebleed.”

“I can imagine.”

“Have you seen all of them yet? Does she still walk around topless?” asked Vicky.

“Can a tiger lose its stripes?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, yeah, of course she still doesn’t cover her tits. Probably even less now that they’re a lot harder to cover up. She started stealing my old shirts, but I don’t think even a man’s large tee is enough for those melons.”

“I bet! And yours are always so tight.” She palmed the line between Alkim’s pecs.

He nodded. “Gotta keep it tight, for the bitches.”

“Oh yeah? You trying to go home with a stranger tonight?” Vicky asked with a grin and a raised eyebrow.

Alkim turned his palms up and shrugged noncommittally, “I wouldn’t be opposed.”

“Well, keep an eye out. If they see you dancing with a hottie, they’ll be more into you.”

“Won’t they just think I’m taken?”

“Just let me know if you see someone you want to dance with, and I’ll give you some space.”

“Thanks, but I think I’d rather just dance with the best tonight.”

“Awww!” Vicky took Alkim’s hand and guided him past scores of less beautiful women.

The main event hadn’t started yet, and the dance floor was not yet near capacity. This meant they had a lot of room to work with.

Electronic sounds and club lights of every wavelength cut through the fog around them, vaguely reminding Alkim of his childhood laser tag arena that couldn’t stop playing Darude’s

“Sandstorm.”

It wasn’t really his thing, and this wasn’t really his crowd, with one gorgeous exception.

Vicky was absolutely in her element, moving and grooving with feline grace (despite her wolf tattoo). As the disco lights shifted and changed, Alkim watched her pale-blonde hair light up with every color, like some Electronic-Dance-Medusa.

See her dance, and part of you turns to stone.

Of course, Alkim was dancing way too intensely to maintain a boner, for which he was thankful. Potential embarrassment aside, he needed every ounce of blood in his legs to keep up with this insanely rapid beat.

Where she was graceful, deliberate, practiced, Alkim was agile, and chaotic. He twisted his hips, he stepped, shuffled his feet, shook his legs, all the while having no clue what to do with his hands. He just kept thinking of tropical birds, with their silly little dances to impress females. It was all improv, and he was so sure everyone could tell he had no idea what he was doing.

Far from it, as it turned out. What he lacked in artistry, he made up for in athleticism.

He never really thought of himself as a good dancer before he started clubbing with Vicky, but he always got the most compliments on nights when they danced together.

She wasn’t wrong about the effects of dancing with a hottie like her. He’d already clocked at least three or four women on the dance floor making very deliberate eye contact, and one who’d been bold enough to crook a finger in his direction.

But he had no intention of trading down, not when he had the Dancing Queen on his arm. Her energy was infectious. Every second he spent with her made him less of a snob, less of a killjoy.

Alkim knew he was never going to come around to Vicky’s love of EDM, or her love for DJs—*They don’t even make their own music!*—but he didn’t go clubbing with Vicky because he loved her music; he went because she could make him love dancing to music he hated.

That's why Alkim loved dancing with Vicky.

Vicky

Vicky loved dancing with Alkim. She'd handed him the aux enough times to know this wasn't exactly his kind of music, but you'd never be able to tell from the way he danced to it.

She watched through dazzled eyes, as he shuffled those black shoes with speed and grace that belied his normally loud, thumping steps that could be heard from anywhere in the house.

He had a rare talent for keeping up with any beat. Whatever the genre, whatever the speed, he could sync up his hips and legs to the tune like some gender-bent Shakira. Steps, shuffles, hip twirls, drops. His pace was frantic, but so was this song.

She had to shout over the music to make herself heard.

"I still can't believe you've never taken lessons!"

But Alkim just smirked, rolled his shoulders, and continued dancing like a maniac. They'd had this conversation before, and he'd sworn up and down that he'd never even tried dancing before he started clubbing at twenty with a fake ID.

Sometimes Alkim reminded Vicky of her brother, Joshua, but that was mostly just because he'd literally been in her brother's class, and they were both nerdy in their own ways. Yet the resemblances went no further. Where her brother was quiet and conservative, Alkim was loud and irreverent. Where her brother was closed-minded, Alkim was curious and loved trying new things. Where her brother had judged Vicky and sided with her parents, Alkim had never once looked down on her for bartending, stripping, or even escorting.

He was clearly smart as hell, but he didn't condescend; he never made her feel like a dumb bimbo, or a burnout. When she'd admitted that after moving here she'd resorted to stripping, Alkim never judged her, just smiled and cheerfully admitted that he was selling drugs out of his university apartment.

With Alkim, none of the anti-women words carried even a hint of malice; bitch, hoe, whore, and slut were as soft and endearing as air-blown kisses, especially slut. None of the boys she'd grown up with would have ever let Vicky call them "slut," even ironically. Alkim had not just embraced the nickname, he'd turned it into their mutual greeting.

"What up sluuuuut?"

She loved the timbre of it, the depth, the bass.

He has such a sexy voice.

College had changed him, for sure. At first she'd been shocked to discover that nerdy, awkward boy from her high school had grown into one of the biggest party animals she'd ever met.

But after spending some time together, she came to understand that Alkim was the kind of person that, if he was going to do something, he wanted to do it well. It only made sense that he would treat doing and selling drugs like just another class to study for. Now, he knew all the best and worst drug combos, how long they lasted, and, most importantly, where to get the good stuff.

And it seemed to Vicky like dancing was another thing he refused to do badly.

Right then, he was the picture of the perfect gentleman, the perfect dance partner. Where she led, he followed. When she grabbed his hand, he always knew exactly what she wanted: a twirl, a pull, a dip. He was always ready, always composed, and, despite his speed, he never stepped on her toes.

Slowly, space had cleared up around them. Couples and mingling singles alike had stepped back to give the dynamic duo some extra room to move, and Vicky intended to make use of every inch.

The song changed from fast house music to something a tad more subdued, something they could dance to more slowly, and they drew closer together.

Vicky grabbed Alkim's damp hand, and spun away from him, letting her momentum roll her out like a carpet. At her zenith, she could see that all his energetic dancing had left his entire body coated in a thin sheen of sweat, yet Vicky found she didn't mind. Alkim was getting a real workout in, and he looked nice with a little shine, a nice polish, like an ethnically ambiguous Bruce Lee, fresh from the fight. They circled each other like that; him smiling with those perfect teeth of his, and a second later she was gliding into his embrace.

Her ass was backed into his crotch, and his arms wrapped around her bare abs. She felt his strong hands shift to her waist and instinctively leaned into it. Then he squeezed; lightly at first, then with just enough possessiveness that Vicky felt a tiny bit of her breath being stolen.

She scented him then; a fragrant mix of aftershave and his own sweaty, testosterone-rich musk. There were no individual components that she could say smelled better than any other guy's body odor, yet she still found the sweat, and the scent, every bit as comforting as his touch.

Vicky instinctively began moving again, grinding the firm curves of her ass into his groin.

That was one of the things she loved most about their friendship. There was no danger with Alkim, no risk of misunderstandings, or hurt feelings. They flirted, they teased, but he never expected anything more serious, and never got frustrated when she didn't take things further.

Tonight was far from the first time she'd grinded on him at the club. Still, that bulge in his pants felt more... substantial than she remembered.

Mmmm. Quite the piece. Did he mean it when he said he wasn't trying to get laid tonight? No, that doesn't mean anything. It's totally normal for grinding to give him a boner.

They stayed like that for a while, just another vivacious couple out of the dozens that turned out and turned up for the evening. Then the music picked back up, and once again, Vicky and Alkim turned up the heat.

Alkim gave Vicky some space, if only so that they could keep from tripping over each other's moves, but Vicky found her hands kept seeking him out anyway.

Suddenly, everything got brighter, and that sheen on Alkim took on an almost golden glow. It took her a moment before she realized they were literally under the spotlight. Whoever was running the club lights had seen them dancing together and must have thought, "*Yes! That's the perfect couple to spotlight! Everyone needs to see them dance!*"

Vicky imagined how they looked in the eyes of other clubgoers: in her heels they were exactly of a height, eye to eye, with her bare thighs weaving in and out of his space.

A cursory glance confirmed her suspicions. No one of the other couples could match their energy, their synergy, their raw magnetism. She mentally tallied all the staring eyes, the approving nods, the envious lip bites from both sexes.

In fact, now that she was really watching, she finally noticed the club photographer hovering at the edge of the dance floor, maintaining a clear line of sight with her and Alkim.

If only Kate stuck with us...

If there was one thing photographers could not resist, it's big tits in motion. Yet, Vicky knew she was no slouch in that department, either.

It was just like Leah said, they want promotional photos.

The idea that she and Alkim were good enough to advertise the VIP experience was another hit of blow to her ego. Vicky was more than happy to provide.

Showtime!

She turned around, wrapped her arms around his neck, and tried to whisper her request into his ear.

"What?" he yelled.

She pointed over at the photographer, and yelled back, "Just follow my lead!"

Vicky moved his hands to her waist, lifted her right leg (the one with the thigh slit), and wrapped it around his back. Then, she arched her back, putting her body on display with Alkim as her improvised stripper pole, supporting and spinning her around.

She was satisfied to see they still had the photographer's full attention, but she wasn't done yet.

After a few rotations, Vicky stood back upright, grabbed Alkim's hands from her waist, and, on the strangest impulse, placed them around her neck. His masculine fingers wrapped over her choker, but his grip was tentative, like he wasn't sure what she wanted him to do.

She smiled at his naivete, his shyness, his reluctance to hurt her. It was sweet, and it should have been the perfect antidote to her weeks of living with an abusive, insecure asswipe that beat her for nothing. Yet a gentle touch is not what Vicky found herself craving.

With her hands around his, she pushed them together, tighter, and tighter still, until his fingers were nearly touching. She encouraged him to squeeze from the sides, constricting the vessels in her neck, but not her airways: she didn't want to stop breathing, to stop smelling him.

Yesss...

She felt it within seconds. It was that same heady, endorphin-rich high that she'd come to love over the years; yet, somehow, Alkim's hands magnified the effect. She loved it, allowing him to hold her steady as she threw her hands in the air, and indulged in some sensual dance-choking, gyrating and twerking for the camera.

Eventually, the song came to a close, the spotlight moved on to another couple, and Alkim loosened his grip around her neck.

But she needed more.

Vicky got even closer to Alkim and squeezed her hands around his, telling him not to let go. Once again, she wrapped her leg around his waist, only this time she plastered her upper body against his and instinctively began grinding her pussy against the waistline of his pants.

Mmmmm... just like that...

"Oh, wow..." said Alkim.

Vicky barely heard him, she was too focused on the throbbing between her legs.

"Please... don't stop... don't stop... I need this... I need this..."

Alkim raised his eyebrows, but made no move to separate.

This wasn't much of a dance anymore. In fact, from the outside, it probably looked like they were fucking standing up, but Vicky didn't care. She was hardly thinking at all, and moved only to satisfy her body's urges.

It's not weird to do this with Alkim; he would never take advantage...

She didn't recall moving her face to meet his, but the next thing she knew she was kissing him on the cheek. Then, she kissed the other one, and not a moment later, she was kissing him on the lips.

Ohhhh woooooow...

That one kiss was almost supernaturally intense. A flood of positivity swept over her mind and body, like everything good in her world was magnified tenfold, including the sensitivity of her clit.

Vicky came: she came right there on the dance floor with Alkim's hands around her neck, her pussy on his bulge, and their lips mashed together. They were too closely entwined to disguise her moans of pleasure from him, or anyone else within a few feet. But disguising her feelings wasn't her intent; all she wanted was to prolong this moment.

Yet just before she could slip her tongue into his, Alkim pulled back, breaking their lip contact, and shifting his hands from her neck down to her waist.

He whistled lightly, "Wow. That was, uh..."

"Hmmm?"

It took a few seconds for the fog of lust to clear from Vicky's mind.

Oh my god! I can't believe I just did that!

"Oh! Sorry! I should have asked first! I just wanted to thank you for everything, and for being the perfect dance partner... I don't know what came over me..."

"Never said I didn't enjoy it, just caught me off guard, is all."

She laid her head down on his shoulder and took a long deep breath.

Even though so many of their interactions and conversations were about sex, he was never really the object of her desire. This was just supposed to be two friends sharing a very special dance. Cheek kissing? Totally normal. Lip kissing, choking, and frontal grinding? That seemed a bit much for even her.

Yet now that it was over, she felt remarkably calm, calmer than she'd felt in weeks, and she wondered if maybe her old (admittedly minimal) boundaries were no longer necessary with Alkim.

She hugged him tightly. "Thank you, Alkim. Really. This is the best homecoming present I could have asked for."

He squeezed back around her waist, "You're so fucking welcome, Vicky." Then he broke off the hug and started fanning his chest with his shirt. "Whew, now I could really go for an ice-cold drink."

She slid a hand down his chest, finding the fabric of his shirt was damp from collarbone to abdomen.

"I'll say! You're sweating like a pig."

Alkim laughed, "Pigs can't sweat! That's why they like mud. Humans are by far the sweatiest animals, that's why we can-"

She shut him up with a finger to his lips. "Uh-uh, drinks before animal facts. C'mon."

He blushed just a little. "Right, yeah."

She looped her arm around his and escorted him to the bar. They sat down together and ordered some frozen margaritas to help them cool off, staying within sight of the dance floor, but far enough away that they could hear each other talk.

There were a lot of other changes to the house that Alkim had deliberately left out, and Vicky was keen to get to the full scoop.

"So, when did you and Mikaella start hooking up?"

Alkim's eyes bugged out, like a deer in headlights.

"Me and Mikaella? No waaaay, we're just friends. Housemates."

Vicky rolled her eyes.

"Come on, bish, no more lies: I can read the signs. Last night she could barely keep her hands off you, and before we left she looked like she was about to cry until you whispered something in her ear. After that, she was practically glowing. What else am I supposed to think?"

Alkim opened his mouth to lie, then sighed and held up his hands in surrender.

"Alright, yeah, you got me. We've been messing around."

Vicky propped up her chin with the palm of her hand.

“How long?”

He gasped theatrically, “Vicky! It’s not polite to ask for a gentleman’s length!”

She cuffed him on the shoulder. “You know what I meant!”

He laughed, “We only started, like, a week or two ago.”

“So, not that long then. And how do you feel about dating a sugar baby? Are you really okay sharing her with another man?”

“Well, that’s the thing. She’s not a sugar baby anymore.”

“Really? Mikaella got a new job? Good for her! What’s she doing now?”

Alkim grimaced, like he’d said too much.

“I’m not sure she’d want me to tell everyone…”

“C’mon, ho, you’re not telling everyone; you’re telling me.”

She slid a hand over his and interlocked their fingers. Alkim considered that for a moment, then nodded.

“Alright, might as well tell you. Kate already knows, and she wanted to cut you in at some point.”

“Cutting me in on what?” *Oh, shit.* “Please, *please* tell me you’re not using Mikaella to sell drugs out of the house!”

“What? No! I’d never drag her into that.”

“Good, good. Just had to be sure.”

“Well, now I don’t feel as bad telling you the real thing.”

“So, tell me already.”

Alkim took another sip of his drink, like he needed to build up courage before confessing.

“When I said I shot some modeling stuff for Mikaella, that wasn’t exactly a lie, but it wasn’t the whole truth. Her sugar daddy wanted her to get a boobjob before he renewed her contract”

“Oh, nooooo. That’s so scummy.”

“Yeah, so she quit, and then we started fucking around. It got pretty hot and heavy, she seemed to enjoy herself a lot, and I thought ‘Hey, we could both use some money, and she already does sex work: why don’t I just ask her if she’d be down to record a blowjob video together?’”

“And she said yes?”

“On the spot. She was immediately down.” Alkim grinned. “Like, she went down on me immediately.”

“Woooooow.” Vicky took a long swill of her drink.

“Seriously, you would not believe how much Mikaella loves giving head.”

“You’re right, I don’t think I would.”

“I’m dead serious. Like, she volunteers to blow me constantly, even gets all pouty if I’m too busy to say yes. It’s crazy.”

That did sound crazy, and nothing like the Mikaella she’d known just a few months ago. From what Mikaella had told Vicky, the girl sounded almost asexual, which made her sugar-babying all the more tragic.

While the two youngest members of the household were far from the picture of innocence, she certainly hadn’t expected either of them to do something so drastic, especially Alkim. He was always so protective of his future as a professional, saying he couldn’t have party pics on Facebook, or get a tattoo before medical school, and here he was talking about becoming an amateur pornstar.

“You don’t approve?” asked Alkim.

Vicky wasn’t sure how she felt about this news.

It wasn’t her place to lecture him. After all, he wasn’t her brother, even if she sometimes wished he was. And if Mikaella really was enjoying the sex... then, good for her. Vicky was just surprised it had been with Alkim, and after she’d been sexually active for years. Before last night, she’d never seen them really connect at all, and she couldn’t think of anything major they had in common.

Then again, Vicky had gotten a hint of that bulge mere minutes ago, when she was grinding on him.

Damn, is the dick really that good? Maybe that’s all Mikaella had been missing: the right dick, attached to the right guy. Someone safe, thoughtful, who didn’t have to pay for her services. There are way worse guys to get attached to than Alkim. Like, almost all of them.

In fact, the more Vicky thought about it, the better it sounded for the both of them.

“Well, you’re both consenting adults, with your own choices to make.”

“Not just us, Kate too. She’s making the website, and I’m gonna record her doing some softcore stuff.”

Fucking what?

“Seriously? Kate? She’s letting you record her? Naked?”

Alkim nodded. “Yup, she does not give a single fuck anymore. I mean, she already didn’t care if I saw her tits, or even her pussy every once in a while, but now she really, really does not give a fuck about what I see.”

He was grinning, no doubt replaying his memories of Kate’s nude body. Vicky couldn’t exactly blame him. She’d seen it all before, of course; Kate changing in front of her, strip poker with the girls, topless hot tub nights. Sometimes it got to be a bit too much, like that time Kate sat down on Vicky’s bed without any panties. Not that Kate didn’t have a pretty pussy, but that didn’t mean Vicky wanted it touching her clean sheets.

So gross.

Vicky had initially hoped that inviting a guy into the house would mean Kate might start covering up a bit more, but that had been completely off base. After that, she’d gotten worried that Alkim might start hopelessly crushing on Kate. It was hard to imagine so much regular exposure to so much unfiltered booba wouldn’t have some effect on him.

Maybe it wasn’t a full-blown crush, but Alkim had once admitted to Vicky that sometimes he had to go jerk off after Kate’s antics got him a bit too hot and bothered. Now, apparently, exposure to him must have also eroded what was left of Kate’s modesty. Still, blasé as she was about wearing clothes around Alkim, letting any guy photograph her nude seemed like a huge leap for the gold-star lesbian.

“Damn, dude. That’s fucking wiiild. Wait, does this mean you’ve given up on being a scientist?”

“No, not completely.”

“Okay good.”

“I just don’t think I’ll be taking the traditional career path for a while.”

“What’s that mean?” Vicky still had no idea what a normal career path was for... whatever kind of scientist he was.

“Just that I might finish out this gap year before I get back to applying to serious science jobs, running some... experiments, that sort of thing.”

“Good.”

Vicky was glad to hear he hadn't given up on that. No matter how much she loved partying with him, she didn't want to see him throw away all his potential. A brain like his was too good to waste on a career in porn, especially since he clearly loved science stuff.

Though she wouldn't have admitted so aloud, she just didn't share the same concern for Mikaella's career trajectory. Really, anything that kept her from becoming a teen mom would be a win; that girl didn't really have any scientific genius to squander, and shooting homemade porn was way safer than being a sugar baby.

Safer for me too... Wait, no. Regular job first. Only do porn if everything else fails.

But that doesn't mean I can't check out those videos...

Alkim

Alkim wasn't really expecting his dancing routine with Vicky to include what he could only describe as “platonic choking,” nor grinding of that intensity, nor that it would end with such a drawn out kiss on the lips. It'd taken most of their conversation for his boner to fully subside.

Well, that was interesting... Leave it to her to turn normal behavior sexual, and sexual behavior normal. hopefully I didn't dose her with too much of anything...

Hot as that was, dancing with Vicky always got heated, and she'd been through a lot in the last couple of months. Anyway, Vicky's flirtatiousness was vastly preferable to Kate's insistence on maintaining distance in public so people wouldn't assume she was straight. Alkim had too much else on his mind to linger on a little over-the-pants stuff with Vicky, like the fact that she now knew that he, Mikaella, and Kate had all jumped into making amateur porn.

He hadn't really expected Vicky to judge him for that. After all, how could she judge him for shooting porn when they both knew she charged interested johns a grand a night for her pussy? Still, he'd expected more pushback about getting involved with Mikaella, especially with how young and emotional she was.

Then again, I'm still closer to Mikaella's age than Vicky's, and three years isn't much of a gap anyway. She might have more to say about the whole landlady incident...

His reverie was interrupted when Vicky abruptly stood up and waved to someone behind him.

Alkim turned to meet Kate, her huge tits, and the girl she'd selected for tonight.

“Yooooo!” Kate slapped him on the shoulder, “We saw you guys dancing, looked like it got real steamy out there, can't believe they didn't kick you out.”

I'll say.

The new girl seemed very impressed too. “Oh my god! You guys were incredible out there! Are you in a dance troupe or something together? Oh, I'm Emory by the way!”

“Hi, I'm Vicky! That's Alkim! And no, we're not in a troupe.”

“Wow! That's amazing! I was so sure you guys had to have rehearsed all that. You two could be professionals, seriously!”

“Thanks! I don't know about 'professional,' but I did some stripping for a while, picked up some skills.” Vicky pointed at Alkim. “Not sure about him, though.”

“I don't actually know how to dance, this was my very first time.”

Alkim enjoyed lying to drunk people in clubs; it made for good sport. In fact, the last time he'd been to Avalon, he'd told a girl that he was a penguin biologist, and that he spent most of the year in Antarctica, just to see if he could pull off the lie. It was more about keeping the small talk spicy than trying to look cool; a mental exercise forced him to think on his feet. But, mostly, he just thought it was funny.

He continued, “Honestly, I just tried random shit I saw in music videos.” That at least was closer to the truth.

“Wow! You're a real natural!” Emory was either buying it completely, or just didn't care about the truth.

“Thanks! It's the liquor; loosens up the joints. That's a real martial-arts tip.”

Vicky slapped his shoulder lightly and raised one eyebrow, her signal to cool it on the bullshitting.

Kate leaned in to whisper in his ear “Dude, you trying to work your magic on Vicky tonight?”

Alkim whispered back, “What magic? No.”

Kate pulled him aside for more privacy, while Vicky and Emory kept chatting behind them.

“I fucking saw you choking her. She was fucking grinding her clit on you, dude.”

“I didn't ask to do that, she just kind of... put my hands there and did the rest all on her own.”

“Seriously? Dude, I think she came.”

“What?”

“Trust me, I know the female orgasm.”

The “better than you ever could” was implied, but Alkim could not dispute Kate’s expertise in this arena.

“Shit, really?”

“Duh, why else would she want to be choked?”

“Huh.” That made way too much sense to ignore.

“And then she kissed you.”

“Hell yeah she did.” Alkim found himself grinning despite it all.

“Dude, you know what that does to me, and I’m gay. Just imagine how it made her feel.”

“Oh. Fuck.”

It had been so long since Alkim had first tried and failed to sleep with Vicky that he hadn’t seriously considered that possibility since her return.

First the drink, then the kiss... Could I really make her cum with just that?

There was something missing from that turn of events. The drink had been quite a bit earlier, and she had no way of connecting that to his lips.

Something else has to be at work, but what?

Alkim tried to concentrate on the chemicals he was producing, but his focus was too clouded by alcohol for him to parse everything out. He couldn’t separate what his body was creating naturally from what his talents had produced according to his whims.

Of course, chasing a good buzz was exactly why he’d dialed down his liver’s activity, and it was far too late for him to reverse the effect. His body produced small quantities of drugs and other chemicals in milligram quantities. There was almost a full liter of alcohol in his system by now: orders of magnitude more than he could process in such a short space of time.

Plus, Kate was still talking.

“Sorry, what? I didn’t catch that.”

“Soooo, are you trying to fuck her?”

Alkim was conflicted; his platonic friendship with Vicky was the last pillar of his old life left to him. It'd taken him some weeks to stop seeing Vicky as a potential fuck, and that conditioning wasn't going to be undone in one night.

He decided he was too drunk and too high to make that kind of decision right there and then.

“Uh, no. I think I'll just keep things normal, you know?”

“I think we're all past normal.” All she needed to prove her point was to cross her arms under her chest, drawing Alkim's eyes back to her chemically-enhanced cleavage. “But it's your call. I just think we could all have a lot of fun together, if that's what you really wanted.” She tilted her head over at Vicky and Emory.

Kate obviously knew the suggestion would force him to picture a foursome between all of them, but knowing her scheme didn't make it any less effective.

His porn-saturated brain conjured up images of Kate stuffing her perfect nips into the mouths of Vicky and Emory, himself railing Vicky from behind, a triple blowjob, then all of them teaming up to pleasure every inch of Vicky's body...

Alkim shook the scenes from his mind before his dick could cloud his judgment any further.

“Not tonight, Kate. I already promised Mikaella I'd see her after we got back. Plus, even if I wanted to, I still don't think Vicky would go for it. She's never once called me *“oppa,”* I'm one hundred percent in the little brother zone.”

“If you say so.” Kate walked back to their table and hugged her new date tightly, while her gratuitous cleavage swallowed half the skinnier girl's arm. “We're gonna, uh, powder our noses, you guys coming?” asked Kate.

“I'm good,” said Alkim.

“I'm good too, but you have fun! Nice meeting you, Emory!” Vicky waved them off. Once they were out of earshot she turned to Alkim and said, “She's definitely gonna try and get her pussy licked in the bathroom.”

“Oh, no doubt. Sorry that team K-Town isn't really partying together tonight.”

“That's alright,” she took his hand again, “This has been a great night so far. God, I can't wait until Yeah Boi's set starts! Oh, there's Hannah, we should join her.”

Before Alkim could suggest they do literally anything else, Vicky was pulling him to his feet and onward to the other side of the bar, where Hannah was busy chatting up some tallish white guy, with brown hair, and ripped skinny jeans.

“Heyyyy,” said Vicky, “What’s going onnnn?”

“Hey, Vicky. Just chatting with Liam here. Liam, this is Vicky.”

“Hi! And this is Alkim,” said Vicky.

“Hey,” Alkim said apathetically.

Liam nodded in acknowledgement, “Nice to meet you both. So, Hannah, what do you do?”

“I’m an actress.”

“Oh, what kinds of parts have you played?”

“Well, I once got a part on this little show. Maybe you’ve heard of it? It’s called ‘*Law and Order*.’”

Alkim almost spit up his drink.

Liam nodded, “Oh! I’ve heard of that! That’s really cool.”

Fuck, this dude’s eating it up.

Hannah started twirling a loose strand of hair around her index finger, “Thanks, I’ve had a few smaller parts here and there, just gotta keep working my way up, you know?”

He nodded slowly, like she’d just said something sagely. “Don’t we all? Don’t we all? Hey, can I refresh your drink?”

“Sure, I’ll have a Cosmo.”

Liam turned to the bartender, “One Stella and one Cosmo, please.” He slapped two twenties down on the counter, but Alkim saw that, after getting his change, Liam did not leave a tip.

Wow, biiiig spender over here.

Following Vicky’s request to “stop hating tonight,” left Alkim with remarkably little to say around Hannah, so he just sipped his drink in silence.

Vicky ended up being the one to put this slow-motion trainwreck on hold. “Oh, I need to use the lady’s room. Hannah, can you come with?”

“Sure.” Hannah turned to Liam, “I’ll be right back.”

“And I’ll be here,” said Liam, raising his glass like a salute.

Alkim wasn’t really in the mood for small talk with a small mind. He pulled out his phone and noticed several new texts from Mikaella.

Unfortunately, Liam was apparently hoping to score some information while the girls were either peeing or doing more coke.

“Yo, bro, I saw you dancing with that smoking hot Asian chick. That was fucking crazy bro. You got some serious moves bro.”

“Thanks, *bro*.”

“You tapping that?”

Sure, why not?

“Hell yeah I am,” he lied.

“Nice! Up top!”

They high fived.

“So, you’re friends with Hannah, right?”

“Sure. We all live in the same house.”

“Nice, nice. I just wanted to ask you something, man to man, you know?”

Alkim took another sip of his drink.

“Ask away.”

This better be good.

“Do I have a shot with Hannah tonight? Like, does she put out? Know what I mean?”

Classy. And how the fuck could I not know what that means?

Alkim found himself missing the way these drunken conversations sounded back at university: they seemed less pathetic somehow, perhaps because the guys trading information on women were at least a little cleverer than this dolt, or maybe it just felt more acceptable at that age.

He shrugged, “I don’t know exactly how slutty she is, but I’m pretty sure she doesn’t have a boyfriend or anything.”

“Cool, cool. I can work with that. Thanks for the tip, bro.”

“You’re welcome.”

And good luck melting that ice, douche.

Freed from the burden of speaking with Liam, Alkim started responding to Mikaella’s texts.

Mikaella: Having fun?

Mikaella: How is it????

Mikaella: Wish I could be there :((((

Alkim: It’s just okay lol

Alkim: You’re not missing much

Mikaella: What abt the music?

Alkim: IDK

Alkim: Vicky likes it, but it’s not really my thing

Alkim: Also lmao

Alkim: Hannah just grabbed the dumbest motherfucker to hook up with

Mikaella: OOO

Mikaella: I wanna seeeeee!

Mikaella: SHOW ME!

Alkim: Looool

Alkim: Alright

Alkim opened his camera app and covertly pointed it at Liam, pretending as if he was still reading and responding to texts. That’s when he saw Liam dump something into Hannah’s drink.

Holy shit.

Unfortunately, he was too shocked at the blatant sex crime to hit the record button in time. He’d sat through numerous PSAs about this exact situation, but in four years of hard drinking, partying, and going out with groups of beautiful women, he’d never actually seen it done, nor had any of his friends gotten roofied when he was around.

Alkim didn’t exactly consider Hannah a friend, but that didn’t mean he was going to stand by and let her get date raped. At the same time though, he wasn’t sure what was the best way to go about this.

Should I get a bouncer involved, try and get him kicked out, or arrested? Do I confront him directly and get him to leave? Or do I just tell Hannah what I saw?

But before he could decide what to do, the girls came back. He intercepted them just before they reached the bar and pulled them into a semi-discreet huddle.

“Hannah, you’re not gonna like this, but I saw that guy put something in your drink.”

“Oh, fuck. Are you sure?” asked Vicky.

“Positive,” Alkim tilted his head toward Liam, “I saw him spike it.”

Hannah crossed her arms. “Fuck off. There’s no way he spiked my drink.”

“Hannah, I saw it with my own eyes, and it sure as hell wasn’t sugar.”

“I’m an empath, I can sense negative intentions, and the only source of negativity I’m picking up is you.”

It took Herculean strength for Alkim to keep his eyes from rolling out of their sockets.

“Hannah, please, enough with the woowoo shit, alright? He started asking me if you put out-”

Hannah interrupted, “-Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! I’m not listening to any more of your bullshit!”

“Uhhh,” Liam had apparently caught on to their secret conversation and moved right next to Hannah, “Everything okay here?”

Alkim wasn’t sure how much of it he’d heard.

“We’re great, thanks,” Hannah said with a strained smile.

“Oh, well in that case, why don’t we go somewhere more... private?” asked Liam.

“That sounds like a great idea,” said Hannah, “Why don’t we try the VIP lounge?”

Vicky stopped her with a hand on her arm, “Waiiiit, Hannah, maybe that’s not such a good idea...”

Ahhh, fuck it.

Alkim was done with diplomacy. Without warning, he grabbed Hannah’s drink and downed it in one go.

“Shit.” Liam cursed under his breath.

Alkim immediately detected dissolved benzo compounds and felt thoroughly vindicated.

“Mmhhmm, yeah, he definitely tried to drug you.”

“Asshole! He wouldnt-” she looked over her shoulder for him, “-Liam?”

As expected, Liam was nowhere to be found.

“Asshole!” Hannah hissed. “You scared him off!”

“I sure hope so. Fucker’s probably booking it down the block, so he doesn’t get arrested.”

“I can’t believe you’d do this to me! Can you really not stand to see a woman talking to a man that isn’t you for like, ten seconds without trying to mark your territory?”

Vicky tried to get between them, “Hang on, Hannah, I don’t think that’s fair-”

But Alkim cut her off, “Hey, I’m not the bad guy here, alright? And I’m not going to apologize for stopping a date-rapist. I’d do it again, and proudly. Fuck that guy.”

“ARRGH!” Hannah grabbed Vicky’s drink off the counter and splashed it in his face.

“What the hell?” yelled Alkim.

“Hey! Party foul!” yelled Vicky.

Hannah stormed off before anyone could stop her, muttering to herself as she left, “Fucking twaker-ass, creepy fucking son-of-a-...”

Vicky gathered napkins and began dabbing around his face and shirt. “You okay, Alkim?”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah I’m fine. It’ll wash out.”

“Yeah, I’m not worried about her staining your fifteen-dollar shirt.” She looked down at Hannah’s empty glass, “I mean, are you gonna be okay, since you just drank a fucking date-rape drug.”

“Oh. That. Yeah, I shouldn’t be in any danger or anything.”

“You sure? Like, you don’t want to try throwing it up or something?”

Who needs to purge? All I need to do is focus on the Rohypnol and neutralize it...

He began the process but stopped after a moment.

Wait, no. If I do that, then it’ll look like I faked it, and that would just prove Hannah right, obliterating what little credibility I have left... Shit! No choice then, gotta let this happen. Oh, well. I’ve never really tried benzos before, maybe this could be a learning experience.

“Alkim!” Vicky yelled to get his attention.

“Hmm? Nah, I’ll be fine, probably just pass out early or something. No big deal.”

Vicky didn’t seem fully convinced that this wasn’t a big deal, but she respected Alkim’s drug knowledge.

“... Okay, then maybe we should just get a ride home now, yeah? Before you pass out here.”

“What? No way! I can’t let you waste these VIP tickets! If I start to go out, just put me in a booth or something and finish the show.”

“Seriously? Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“Yeah! I’ll be fine. Really! Who knows, I might even sober up a bit with the extra time.”

Except, Alkim hadn’t accounted for all the other drugs in his system, nor the fact that he’d severely handicapped his liver’s capacity to process alcohol.

Kate

Kate was having a great time clubbing.

“Oh yeah, right there.” She braced herself against the walls of the handicapped stall.

“Oooooooooohhhh, fuuuuuuuuck...”

Kate took one hand off the wall and began lightly palming her sensitive tits. She squeezed them just hard enough to be pleasurable, but not so hard that she would soak through her corset top in a place like this. They were now far too large for her to see what was going on down there, but she didn’t mind; it just made everything seem more spontaneous.

Emory was giving it her all, lapping at Kate’s clit with the perfect intensity and frequency, all the while moaning hungrily, like Kate’s was the best pussy she’d ever tasted. Kate appreciated the extra effort. Emory was so desperate for the top-heavy goth that she’d agreed to go down on Kate in record time, and without any promise of reciprocation. Kate hadn’t even needed to take her top off; the sheer presence of her colossal bust was apparently more than enough to rope in whichever queer girls she chose. It was an intoxicating feeling; each stroke of Kate’s ego was added to strokes of the fingers and tongue at her pussy, bringing her ever closer to a well-deserved climax.

Then her phone just had to vibrate.

Fuck! What now?

Kate had to dig around in her cleavage for the goddamn clit-blocking device.

Vicky?

“Ugh. Sorry, I’ve got to take this call.”

“Hmmm?” Emory had to scoot back from between Kate’s legs for them to make eye contact over the goth’s enormous bust.

“I didn’t say stop.” Kate’s left hand pulled Emory’s face back to her pussy, while the right held her phone to her ear. “Vicky? Is everything okay?”

Club music droned on in the background, but Vicky was just able to make herself heard. “Ugh, you’re not going to believe this, but Alkim’s been roofied.”

“What? H-how?” *Who would roofy him? Is that even possible with him?* She was having a hard time making sense of it past Emory’s work.

“I’ll explain later, can you just meet me by the booths and help me with him? He’s *really* heavy.”

Kate sighed in frustration, “Oookay, I’ll be right there.” She hung up. “Fuck! There goes my night!”

Kate’s words and tone must have concerned Emory enough that she stopped going down on Kate and got back to her feet.

Emory wiped her mouth with her wrist. “Did I hear that right? Someone roofied your friend?”

“Apparently.”

“Oh my god! Does she need help?”

“Actually, it was my guy friend who got roofied, and yeah, I’ve gotta go help Vicky move him somewhere safer.”

“Oh? Well, do you want me to help? I don’t mind.”

Kate looked the hundred-pound girl up and down and decided there wasn’t much point in recruiting her for the task.

“Thanks, but I think we’ll be okay.”

“Alright…” Emory deflated and grabbed a paper towel to wipe Kate’s juices from her face. “Can I still get your number?”

Kate smirked. “Of course.”

At least I got something out of this botched evening.

Vicky

Together, Vicky and Kate just barely managed to get Alkim's wasted ass to the VIP lounge before he turned into a leaden sack of muscles, and finally laid him down on a well-cushioned booth.

"Fuck, should we just take him home now?" asked Vicky.

"Nooo," Alkim moaned, "still hab time. Juss let me sober up a bit."

"Jesus, I've never seen him this fucked up before."

"Probably because he's never been roofied before," said Kate.

Alkim nodded and managed to slur out his agreement, "Never liked downerssss. Nooo funnn."

Kate sighed. "It's okay. I'll watch him."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, it's okay. Go have fun. I know how much you want to see that DJ's set."

"I don't know... I'd feel bad about leaving you guys here."

"It's fine. Emory wasn't that cute anyway, and I don't feel like dancing right now. I think Alkim just wanted to get fucked up tonight, so mission accomplished!"

"True. Alright, I'll be back after this set." *Once I've given Hannah a piece of my mind.* "Call me if he throws up or something."

Kate nodded.

Vicky found Hannah in the crowd, watching Yeah Boi work his magic. All Vicky really wanted tonight was to be part of that crowd, jumping and cheering, and vibing with her best friends.

Then Hannah had to go and fuck it all up.

She grabbed her housemate by the arm and dragged her away from the main floor until they could hear each other speak.

"What the hell, Vicky? I thought you wanted to see this DJ play?"

“Do you have any idea what Alkim just did for you?”

“Yeah! He scared away a nicer, more mature guy, all because he can’t stand the sight of another man getting something he can’t have.”

“That guy wasn’t nice! He tried to roofie you! And he might have gotten away with it if Alkim hadn’t caught him trying!”

“Bullshit. I know he just faked it for attention.”

“He’s passing out right now from the drugs! There’s no faking that! I had to call Kate over to watch him, which, honestly, should be your job since he just saved your stubborn ass.”

“Pssssh, as if. Not my fault he can’t hold his liquor.”

“Don’t fucking go there. Alkim can hold more booze than all of us combined, I’ve seen him do it before, but that doesn’t mean he’s immune to drugs! If you’d just listened to him about that guy-”

“Why should I believe a liar? We both know that Scorpio men can’t be trusted!”

Vicky was starting to understand why Alkim didn’t think astrology was just harmless fun.

“Girl, I don’t fucking care what his sign says, okay? I’ve known him since he was thirteen! He’s not a liar!”

“No, you knew him *when* he was thirteen. That was a loooooong fuckin time ago. You don’t know who the hell he really is anymore.”

“I never said he’s an angel, but he’s still a good guy!”

“He’s a mooch! A drifter! An addict! He’s just using you, you and Kate; he pretends to be broke but he obviously comes from money!”

“No more than me!”

“Come on, Vicky; you invited him over to spend one night. One. Night. Three fucking months ago, and he never left. How can you just let him get away with that?”

“His family cut him off! Where else was he supposed to go? He didn’t even have enough money to pay for a hostel.”

“Oh my fucking god! Vicky! He’s not your brother! He’s not your problem! And he has a fucking BMW for Christ’s sake! He can figure his own shit out!”

“I’m not going to apologize for helping him! Like, fine, he doesn’t pay rent, but he cooks, he cleans, he does his best, okay? I thought you of all people could relate to that.”

“Please, spare me the sob story. ‘*Oh, I don’t wanna be a doctor! I just wanna be a bum and never work or pay for myself!*’ I can’t believe you fell for that straight up psychopath. He literally said he doesn’t want to save people for a living! How is that not the biggest red flag in the universe?!”

“The fuck do you know about being a doctor? He just needs a little more time to get his life together, that’s all. I’m not turning my back on him now”

“Seriously? You just left us for over a month for some man you met at EDC! But you won’t turn your back on HIM?! Are you fucking kidding me?!?”

“Hey! I left for true love!”

“Oh? That random fucking guy at EDC was your true love, huh? Just like Alkim is your best friend? Yeah, you really know how to pick em.”

Bitch!

“Look, Hannah, I know you’ve had a rough time, probably a lot rougher than Alkim. Fine, you win at sob stories. But what has he actually done to make you distrustful? Has he ever done anything creepy? No! Did he try to push any boundaries? No! Did he spike your drink? No! He fucking saved you, even when you’re always mean to him. You could be in Liam’s car right now with his fucking rapist dick in your cunt if it wasn’t for Alkim watching our drinks in case this exact thing happened.”

“I didn’t ask for his ‘help,’ and I wouldn’t accept it even if I needed it. In fact, from now on, just keep him the hell away from me.”

“Fine. After this set, I’m getting us an Uber and we’re taking him home.”

“Whatever. You and Kate can go with that asshole if you want. I’m gonna stay here and get my money’s worth out of these VIP tickets.”

“Fine!”

“Fine!”

Hannah turned back to the stage and started jumping and waving her hands in the air like she just didn’t care.

Somehow, that infuriated Vicky even more than Hannah’s cunt words. She just rejoined the crowd on the other side of the dance floor, as far away from her bitch housemate as possible, and did her best to enjoy the remainder of the show dancing alone.

After that set, she pulled out her phone and found Hannah's Instagram story, where she'd posted a selfie of herself and Liam just before everything blew up. Vicky took a screenshot of his face, and sent it off to Leah, with a message to pass his face on to security and that he was a date rapist.

A ban's better than nothing, but nowhere near what the bastard deserves for attempted rape, and especially for poisoning Alkim. I hope security finds him next time and knocks out all his teeth.

Kate

Kate and Vicky called for an Uber. When it arrived, the driver noted Alkim's state of drunkenness and politely informed them of a three-hundred dollar fee if he vomited in the back. Thankfully, once they agreed to those terms, they were allowed in.

Once they got Alkim to his feet, it wasn't too much trouble getting him into the backseat. Kate rested his head on her thighs, leaving his left cheek pressed up against her tits, while Vicky took his feet in her lap.

Despite blacking out and behaving more drunkenly than either woman had ever seen him get, Alkim never seemed to completely lose consciousness. Kate supposed she shouldn't be too shocked that the guy who'd celebrated his twenty-first birthday with twenty-one drinks (and to hear Vicky tell it, overshot that goal by five) was handling the date-rape drugs a lot better than expected. The fact that he could hold onto even a shred of consciousness at all was borderline superhuman.

Damn. He really wasn't lying about his liver. Or is this another of his strange powers? I'll have to ask him about that tomorrow...

"We'll get you home soon, bro." She patted his shoulder reassuringly.

And he wasn't the only one who needed to get home. Just being near him was affecting Kate on a biological level, and she could feel the tightness in her chest growing by the minute. Unfortunately, she'd been too busy, and too lacking for privacy to milk herself today.

Now, it was a little too late to ask for Alkim's help, but apparently not too late for him to ask her.

"Kaaate?" Alkim called for her.

"I'm here, dude. Do you need something?"

“Wǒ kě le.” *I’m thirsty.*

While his speech wasn’t as slurred as before, he was still way beyond that level of wasted where some bilinguals unknowingly switched languages. Thankfully, Kate knew both of his, plus several more.

“Wǒ gěi nǐ bīng shuǐ.” *I’ll get you some ice water.*

He shook his head, rubbing his face against her stuffed corset.

“Bùyàaaaaooo! Wǒ yào hē nǚnǚi...” *Noooo! I want to drink women’s milk...*

Shit.

Then he finally passed out for real.

“Damn, he went all the way to drunken Mandarin?” asked Vicky.

“Yuup. His tones were actually pretty good, though, all things considered.”

“What did he say?”

“Oh, he’s just thirsty.”

The Uber dropped them back at the house. Together, they were able to get Alkim to his room and finally laid him out on his bed.

Vicky took off his shoes, then undid his belt and pulled down his pants. Kate took off his watch, unbuttoned his shirt, and with some difficulty managed to pull the sleeves off his limp arms, until he was down to just his underwear.

Kate had to admit, he seemed to be in even better shape than when they’d first met. Not by a lot, just a little leaner here, maybe more toned there. The ingrown hairs on his neck from shaving had vanished and his face was now completely free of acne.

Vicky must have noticed too, as the thicc Korean examined his uncovered body a lot longer than was strictly necessary.

Kate spoke up, “I should probably stay with him tonight; make sure he doesn’t throw up or anything in his sleep.”

“You sure?” Vicky threw Alkim’s sweaty clothes into the hamper, and began running her fingers through his hair, “I could do that for him.”

Kate nodded. “Yeah, he’d do the same for me.”

Vicky laughed, “Well, yeah, of course *he* would sleep in *your* bed for any reason.”

“True, but I kind of owe him anyway, for last week.”

“Hmm? What happened last week?”

“Oh, I took a bunch of molly and almost passed out. Alkim helped me through it, made sure I drank enough water, sweated it out. ”

“Awww, that’s sweeeeet. I tried to tell Hannah that he’s really sweet when he needs to be, but she just wouldn’t listen.”

“Especially with drug stuff, he doesn’t fuck around with that. So, yeah, I should return the favor.”

“Really? You’re not gonna get grossed out if he gets a boner or something?”

Kate noticed that Vicky had never taken her hand off Alkim’s body and was now rubbing her hand over his sweaty forehead.

“Eh, wasn’t really planning on cuddling with him, just wanted to make sure he didn’t choke or anything. Why? Are you volunteering to take my place?”

Vicky looked down and went back to idly running her hands through his hair. “Yeah. I just feel really bad about everything. I vouched for Hannah with him, and then he did this, and she still didn’t believe him. I should have just tossed the drink out myself.”

“It’s not your fault,” Kate began to undress herself, “I can handle it.”

“No, no, really.” Vicky was insistent. “You can go to bed, I’ll take care of him. We’ve done this before at other parties.”

Vicky pulled her dress straps off her shoulders, and Kate couldn’t help but pay attention to that tanned, tight, muscular frame.

“Wait, what do you mean you’ve done this before?”

“Well, okay, Alkim wasn’t roofied those times. He just fell asleep at a couple parties, and I joined him on the couch there, for safety, creep repellent. Seriously, it’s no big deal for me.” By the end of her explanation, Vicky was down to her bra and panties and was in the process of taking off her heels, stabilizing herself with one hand on Alkim’s chest.

Oh yeah, she’s feeling it for sure. She just has no idea what it is she’s feeling, or where it’s coming from.

Kate was a bit torn on how to proceed, and kept working at the laces of her corset while she thought it through. While this was far from the threesome (or foursome) she'd had in mind with Vicky and Alkim (and maybe an extra girl for herself), this was potentially a step in the right direction to normalizing hot, multiple-girl scenarios with Vicky.

But with Vicky sharing the bed, getting Alkim to discreetly drain her of milk would be a lot more difficult, and Kate needed to relieve tightness in her overstuffed mammaries. She could just use the pump in her room, but that wouldn't be nearly as comfortable, and it was a pain to hold the pumps all by herself. Bizarre as it was, the pumps just couldn't hold a candle to the sheer bliss that Alkim's mouth brought.

Fuck it.

"Why don't we both just stay with him then?" Kate suggested. "Double the coverage, double the safety checks. Plus, I'm too wired to fall asleep for another couple of hours anyway, so I'll notice if anything happens. Just help me roll him onto his side, in case he vomits."

"Ooooooh, good idea," Vicky agreed, easily pushing him onto his side before Kate could even assist her. "I'll be the big spoon." Vicky slipped under the sheets and wrapped her right arm over Alkim's body.

"Okay then. I'll just face him this way."

Kate pulled off her corset and threw it along with the rest of her clothes into a pile in the corner. Though, she was careful not to remove the absorbent pads on her nipples just yet. She rubbed at the sides of her breasts that had been chafing a bit in the overstuffed top, especially where her skin had tried to push out the laces and gotten hints of rope burns. She kept her kneading light to avoid expressing her milk prematurely.

"Damn, girl," said Vicky, "I don't know if I'll ever get used to how insanely huge your tits are now. It's so hard not to stare sometimes."

Kate turned to face Vicky and lifted one huge breast in each arm, "I don't mind when you guys look. They took some adjusting to, but I think they're starting to grow on me."

Vicky laughed. "Oh my god, can you imagine how nuts he would go if he woke up with those fucking milk cannons in his face? Hahaha!"

Oh, he'd know what to do.

Kate smiled and played along, "Probably get an anime nosebleed, or something."

"I mean, could you really blame him for that?"

"Nah, like, I get it."

“Low key, I’m kinda jealous. Like, I bet I could double my bartending tips if I went up just a couple more sizes.”

That could be arranged.

Kate wondered how long it would be before Alkim’s presence enhanced Vicky’s figure, intentionally or otherwise. She began to picture her thicc Korean friend with some heaving tits to balance out her fat ass and slim-thick waist.

Hmmm, maybe Alkim was onto something after all...

Kate turned off the lights, and slipped into bed facing Alkim, but with her head resting a good half foot further up the mattress. That way, she could move her tits into position when the time came without having to move her body or risk rocking the bed.

“Night, Kate.”

“Night, Vicky.”

Kate wasn’t lying about being too wired for sleep. She killed some time catching up on her socials and waited for Vicky’s breathing to normalize before she made her move.

First, she finally removed the absorbent pad from one nipple, finding it was already damp. Evidently, her body had wasted no time preparing to feed him.

Oh, Alkim. The things you do to me...

Next, she pulled the sheet up until it concealed Alkim and herself completely, just in case Vicky woke up unexpectedly. Finally, all she had to do was scootch just a bit closer until her tits were fully in his face. She couldn’t risk turning on a light, so she had to pinch her nipple with one hand and rub it around his face until she found his mouth.

While those hands should have been eagerly massaging her tender tits instead lay limp at his side, the instant Kate slipped that nipple between his lips, Alkim began suckling, like he’d been waiting for her just as much as her over-productive tits had been waiting for his lips. Her milk let down instantly, and relief soon followed.

“Ahhhhhhh,” Kate sighed contentedly, yet quietly.

As usual, everything his tongue touched was revitalized. That roofie may have severely affected Alkim’s brain, but as far as Kate could tell, he didn’t need his brain to nurse, and the chemicals he produced felt just as amazing as ever.

Within minutes, her normal cravings for Alkim were satisfied. Everything that followed was just a bonus, and one she was happy to collect. She could still feel the milk pressure, but the

sensation of tightness was dulled from a constant ache into something infinitely more tolerable; just enough feeling so that she would know when it was time to switch to her other breast.

Kate felt there was just one thing missing from this moment: a lack of stimulation of her pussy. Emory's expert tongue had worked Kate into a frenzy back at the club, but they'd been interrupted before Kate could finish, and that needy feeling between her legs returned with a vengeance. Her panties, already wet from the club, were now completely soaked through.

Mmmmm... they both owe me an orgasm for my help...

She stopped for a moment, listening for any changes in Vicky's breathing. Detecting none, she decided it was safe enough for her to slip a hand between her legs.

Yes, yes...

Alkim's mouth on her nipple had ramped up the sensitivity of her entire body to impossible extremes, and her other breast began to express milk without any direct stimulation.

Kate removed the absorbent pad from her other breast and stymied the light spray of milk by sucking on it herself. She found the sweet milk unexpectedly delicious and suckled her own tit even harder.

Fuuuuuck, why haven't I done this before now? No wonder Alkim loves it so much... I'm fucking gourmet.

The triple sensations at her tits and her pussy were incredible. There was just so much more to feel, as though she had three clits to pleasure instead of one, and the blatantly taboo nature of the moment made all even hotter.

She came very quickly in that position: one hand working her pussy, the other holding her huge breast up to her mouth, with her other breast in the thirsty mouth of her unconscious guy friend, and all the while her other best friend was cuddling him in her sleep.

Kate shook and spasmed with pleasure, and almost lost control. Thankfully, the enormous boob in her mouth muffled her orgasmic screams. Just as she came, her knees folded up towards her chest, and accidentally brushed past Alkim's boner, sending it wagging back and forth against her leg like a rogue doorstopper.

Eventually she stopped cumming, and the cock stopped slapping against her, but it neither withdrew nor softened.

Alkim was beyond speaking for the time being, but his body managed to communicate in its own way.

Does he really want me to... No.

Kate tried her best to put it out of her mind, but while he was still suckling at her tit, pleasuring her with his lips and tongue, she couldn't really ignore him, or his dick. Even in the dark, she found her attention kept returning to it, like a moth to a lamp.

Too curious and drunk with pleasure for her usual dick-revulsion, Kate extended a hand to the base of his cloth-covered boner, finding it even more rigid than expected. She started squeezing it between thumb and forefinger as she inched her way up the shaft.

The moment her hand touched wetness, a flash of disgust overpowered her curiosity, and she pulled her damp hands back, and, in doing so, accidentally inhaled the aroma of his precum.

For reasons unknown to her, she found the scent unusually intriguing. Kate just couldn't stop sniffing her fingers, taking increasingly longer inhalations, as if her mind needed to sort through every individual component.

It didn't smell like anything she was familiar with, certainly not sex. To Kate, sex meant pussy smells. This was different: unique, powerful, distinctly of Alkim, and like all things Alkim, it held the promise of something truly special...

She licked her fingers.

Ooohhhh fuuuck...

Suddenly she had both digits knuckle-deep in her mouth. Dopamine flooded her mind, while the hand at her pussy went into overdrive, rapidly bringing herself to another climax so soon after the first. She'd dropped her other tit in her frenzied finger-sucking, which began fountaining milk up and down into her face, but she hardly noticed.

The amount of Alkim's precum Kate had collected on her fingers was minimal, and once she'd consumed it all she stopped cumming. After some time to cool down, finally unclouded by arousal, she was able to think and feel more clearly.

Holy shit! This stuff is insanely potent. Dangerous, even...

Alkim hadn't even done anything but lie still and get hard, yet Kate had almost been ensnared into pleasuring his unconscious body. Now, she was more certain than ever that she had to keep his cum away from her. She refused to allow herself to end up like Mikaella, sucking dick for drugs, even if the dick was full of drugs, and the drugs were so, so good...

No, Kate was a lesbian: a lesbian is what she was. Anything more than his mouth on her tit still disgusted her sense of self. If she wanted to maintain her connection with Alkim—the kissing and the breastfeeding—without having to go down on him, then he would need more: someone way hotter than Mikaella to keep his balls safe and drained.

Who could be better than Vicky? They both want each other, even if they won't admit it. Vicky just needs to get over her eldest daughter shit and let this happen. Besides, she can't fucking pick

a dick to save her life. This way, there won't be any shitty rave guys assaulting her; no restaurant managers trying to extort her; no outside guys at all, just good friends, good times, and good chemicals.

One last time, Kate slipped her hand to Alkim's slick prick—*Ew!Ew!Ew!*—reached past Alkim's nursing face and rubbed her slimy fingers over Vicky's parted lips. Within seconds, the sleeping girl sucked them clean and hummed contentedly.

Sweet dreams, Vicky. And you too, Alkim.

Mikaella

Mikaella woke up at three a.m. with an inexplicable desire to suck Alkim's dick.

She didn't know why, or how her body knew it was the promised time, but she knew what she wanted all the same. She checked her phone: there were no new messages or missed calls. But it was three a.m., and the club closed at two.

They should all be back by now! Alkim promised! Why hasn't he texted back?

He was supposed to wake her up when the time came so she could suck him to sleep.

Confused, irritated, and jonesing for a dicking, Mikaella put on some clothes and stalked out into the hallway. Vicky and Kate's rooms were dark and quiet.

Maybe they're still out? Getting food?

That would be fine, she could just wait until they got back. Then she could get her dick.

Yet, when Mikaella got to Alkim's room, she heard the unmistakable rhythm of breathing.

So, Alkim did come back? By himself? Without telling me?

Curious, she opened his door a crack—thankfully, Kate still hadn't gotten the lock fixed—and whispered his name.

“Alkiim?”

No response.

He must be asleep.

Mikaella entered, tiptoed over to his bed, and froze. There seemed to be more than one person in the bed but it was too dark for her to tell for sure. She took out her phone and used the light of her screen to see what the fuck was going on.

The first thing to catch the light was Vicky's bright, blonde hair spread out over Alkim's pillow, while the rest of her cuddled him from behind as the big spoon. Those bra-clad tits pressed tightly against his back, while her arms wrapped around his chest possessively.

Mikaella's stomach dropped, and she nearly lost grip of her phone. Her worst fear had been realized within just two days of Vicky's arrival: Alkim had traded up. He didn't bother waking her up because she was redundant; no longer his number one fuckdoll.

She began to tear up uncontrollably but maintained the presence of mind to cover her mouth and nose so that no one would wake from her crying.

Only when she wiped her eyes clear did she catch sight of figure number three, and her anxieties were overwhelmed with sheer confusion. There was no mistaking that purple dye-job: Kate was also sharing Alkim's bed, and by the looks of her bare shoulders sticking out from the sheets, she wasn't even wearing a bra.

What the fuck?! Why would Kate do that???

Vicky sleeping with Alkim made all too much sense to Mikaella: they matched up, they had a lot in common, and Vicky could get whatever she wanted. Obviously that included Alkim.

But Vicky AND Kate sleeping with Alkim? In the same night?

Her confusion was multiplied by the fact that Alkim was in the middle: Kate should have been trying to lez-out with Vicky, not lay there with her naked tits in his face.

"Alkim?" she whispered again, poking where she assumed his shoulders were.

Still no response.

Alkim was almost completely obscured by the dark bedsheet, but Mikaella could tell his head was somewhere in the vicinity of Katie cow's giant fucking udders.

Curiosity got the better of her, and she began to peel the sheet down over Alkim's sleeping head. First his dark hair came into view, then his eyes, and then the rest of his face was revealed.

This time, Mikaella couldn't suppress her gasp: Alkim was sucking Kate's titty.

WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT THE FUCK?!?!?!?

She was frozen in place, unable to look away from the bizarre spectacle. Now that there was nothing in the way, the wet suckling sounds seemed the loudest thing in the world. Mikaella saw

a trickle of drool escape Alkim's lips, noticed its strange, opaque color, and realized that it could only be one thing.

Oh my god! No wonder her tits got so fucking fat! Fucking cow! How am I ever supposed to compete with fucking Stripperella AND the titty monster's fat fucking milkers at the same time?!

Mikaella was starting to hyperventilate, when Vicky suddenly shifted in place and Mikaella remembered that while her man's mouth was on another woman's breast, she was technically the intruder here.

Before Vicky or Kate could awaken and ask what the hell she was doing spying on them, she hustled out the door, shut it behind her, ran back to her room, and promptly wrapped herself in a ton of blankets.

What the hell happened at that fucking club?!?!?!?