

Under The Radar

Kevin Sellers' job sucked.

The most sure sign he had that it sucked was the fact that it was *his* job. Everything else about his life sucked, so it logically followed that his job must suck, too.

Oh, sure, the job *title* was okay. After all, anybody that heard he was a "Chemical Engineering Support Technician" at the prestigious American Industry Research Labs would think his job was terrific. But the truth of the matter was that all he was was a glorified janitor and dishwasher.

No, he didn't wander around with one of those carts stacked with all the cleaning crap, and he didn't work in a restaurant kitchen. Still, he *did* have to clean up other people's messes (particularly that arrogant prick Dr. Hanover!), and he sure as hell spent most of his time washing the test tubes, bottles, flasks, and other crap that all those over-paid asshole chemists kept dirtying up for no good reason that he could see.

Take now, for instance. Here he was, a college graduate (his mind glossed over the fact that it was a two-year community college, and he'd gotten a certification, not an actual degree), and the last thing he had to do before he got to go home — late, again! — was clean up the mess the exalted *Doctor* Hanover had made when his fat little fingers lost their grip on that rack of test tubes. Not only did he have to worry about slicing a finger open, but the stench of all those chemicals together was enough to make a buzzard puke. He'd be lucky if he got his appetite back before he had to go to bed that night — so he could get up in the morning and come in and go through all this bullshit **again**.

Knowing that the stench would get through anyway, Kevin blew off putting on the respirator he was supposed to wear — nobody else was around, and the damn thing was too hot and uncomfortable. As he swept up the broken glass, Kevin began to feel a little light-headed, even as he felt himself beginning to get what felt like was going to be one bitch of a headache. Wonderful. Just fucking wonderful.

He got the glass cleaned up, but didn't leave the chemical neutralizer they provided on the mess for the full ten minutes he was supposed to before sweeping it up and dumping it with the rest. Woozy, and with a dull pain behind his eyes, he pushed the spill cart back to where it was kept before shedding his lab coat (Hah! There was a joke, him wearing a lab coat like all the rest of the pompous asses in this joint!). After letting himself out through all the damn security-keyed doors, he made his way to the same piece of crap car he'd had for the last seven years.

The long drive home didn't improve his attitude any, and when he got into his sparsely furnished "efficiency" apartment, the headache that had started at the labs threatened to have his brains leaking out his ears. His absence of appetite was attributed to the remembered smell of the chemical shit pile he'd had to deal with. Too tired and out of sorts to deal with the crap on TV, he just laid down on the small couch that also served as his bed. After a while, he fell into a fitful sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, the headache he'd had the night before not only hadn't gone away, it had gotten *worse* — something he hadn't thought possible.

Barely managing to choke down a cup of instant coffee (he didn't have enough room for an honest-to-God coffeemaker), he didn't have anything even vaguely resembling an appetite for anything more solid. After showering and getting dressed, he went out and got in his car for the long-ass drive to work. Once he was inside the lab he was assigned to, the first thing he had to deal with was that asshole Hanover asking him if he'd cleaned up the mess.

Somehow managing to choke back the question "Do you fucking **smell** it, dickhead?", he simply said that he had. *Then* Hanover had the balls to ask him if he'd followed Procedure. Having completely forgotten that he'd blown off using his respirator, or that he hadn't waited the full time for the neutralizer to work, he answered that he had — something he'd have done, anyway, since he'd seen what happened to the one guy that had given the wrong answer. Satisfied, Hanover walked off... and didn't see the rude gesture Kevin made toward his departing back.

Kevin's headache didn't improve during the day, but thankfully didn't get any worse. When lunchtime came, he realized he'd forgotten to pack a lunch; that was okay, since he wasn't even hungry enough to finish the donuts he got from the cafeteria. Much to his relief, nobody dropped anything, and there was hardly any glassware for him to wash up before he got off work.

When he got home, Kevin discovered that he was actually starting to feel a little hungry. He managed to down a sandwich and soda before stretching out on his couch to watch a little TV. One of the programs that night was a movie about a bunch of people going back for their high school reunion; something that reminded him his own 10-year reunion was being held the coming weekend. Though the idea of doing anything like that himself was a joke (not only hadn't he made any friends in high school, he'd actually become one of those outsiders that *nobody* wanted anything to do with), he half-assed watched it anyway. He didn't realize that his reactions to the different events was almost exactly the opposite of what was intended, and that his opinions of the different characters was entirely inappropriate. Well, it wouldn't have mattered to him if he'd noticed, anyway.

By the time the program ended, he was surprised to realize that his headache was all but gone. After taking a couple of aspirin to try and deal with what was left of it, he was tired enough to just go to bed instead of staying up to watch the news and weather. He always shut the TV off before sports came on; he'd never been particularly athletic, and had no interest in such things.

The next morning, he was relieved to notice that his headache was gone — although he didn't feel quite the same as he usually did, he was still able to have a cup of coffee and bowl of cereal before making sure to pack himself a lunch.

Work went pretty much as it usually did for a Friday; there weren't any more chemical spills, but he did have a lot of lab glass and equipment to clean up, and he carefully followed the established procedure for dealing with the resulting concoctions that the chemists had come up with. That was the one thing that everybody had emphasized to him when he'd gotten the job —

the necessity of *meticulously* following the rules they'd set up for dealing with all the chemicals the place used. Since he couldn't even pronounce half the shit, and the other half was some mish-mash of numbers and terms like "tetra" this, and "poly" that, he didn't see the point; at least, except for those few that actually had poison symbols on them, or the various acids that he knew would eat right through him.

Something that did throw him off during the day was that he kept thinking that he heard people talking to him... even when they were a few feet away, and he could SEE that their mouths weren't moving. Most of what he thought he heard wasn't very nice, or didn't make any sense to him, so he just kept quiet and did his job. Still, it *was* strange...

As he was leaving to go home, he was behind several of the chemists, and he thought he heard them talking about Doctor Hanover, mostly, but each other, too. None of it was nice, and he was sure there was going to be a fistfight outside from some of it; like Doctor Thomas calling Doctor Eldridge a "ham-handed pretender with the I.Q. of a gibbon", or Doctor Iverson talking about all the things he'd like to do with Doctor Wilson's wife — who **was** pretty hot, but still...

Kevin had gotten home, and was walking from his car to his apartment when he saw one of his neighbors, a cute little co-ed named Alyssa going to the local college. He was looking right at her, and could SEE that her mouth stayed closed even as he heard her say "Ew, there's Creepy Kevin. Every time I catch him looking at me, I feel like I need to take a shower!"

Sure, she always had to go someplace right away when he tried to talk to her, but he didn't have any idea she felt **THAT** way about him. He started to get mad, but when he looked around, she had already disappeared.

After he got inside his apartment, Kevin still thought he heard the voices of his neighbors. Sure the walls in the place were thin, but they weren't **that** bad! He could swear that he could hear the young couple next door talking — except that they seemed to be having two entirely different conversations. He was talking about what he was going to do to her when they were in bed that night, while she was going on about them needing to replace some of their furniture. Weird!

The rest of the evening, Kevin kept thinking that he heard his different neighbors talking — at least, the ones that had apartments immediately next to his; both sides, above and below, and even the one on the opposite side of the building from him. Even worse was the fact that it seemed to get worse and worse as the evening went by; by the time he was too tired to stay awake any longer, it sounded like all of them were in the room with him, and all talking at the same time...

When he woke up the next morning, he was surprised to see how early it was; as late as he'd finally gone to bed, he figured it would be lot later than it was before he woke up again. Getting up, he put on a pair of pants before wandering over to look out his one-and-only window. Outside, he saw Alyssa walking by in the little outfit she wore when she went jogging: a pair of shorts that barely covered her tight little ass, a jersey over the sports bra she wore, socks, and sneakers — she had her sweatband holding her dark hair in place, and already had the earbuds

for her little radio stuck in her ears. Watching as she walked by, Kevin found himself wishing that she'd hold still... he *really* liked looking at her butt in those shorts!

To his pleased surprise, Alyssa stopped dead in her tracks and just stood there. Eying the rounded globes of her ass, Kevin wondered what it really looked like; when he started to wish that he could see it, he was amazed to see her reach around and push the back of her shorts down, revealing the thong that appeared from between her exposed cheeks. Even as he was checking out the smooth orbs of Alyssa's ass, Kevin realized that something was going on. He'd wished that she'd stop so he could look at her, and she had. Then he'd wished he could look at her bare ass cheeks, and she'd lowered the back of her shorts to show them to him. Suddenly realizing that she was standing out there with her ass literally hanging in the breeze, Kevin thought that she should pull her shorts up again; a moment later, she did, then continued to just **stand** there.

As Kevin started trying to figure out what was going on, he finally noticed that the voices that he thought he'd been hearing had pretty much faded out; they were still there, but they were more like the kind of general noise he heard in the cafeteria at work... recognizable as people talking, but not much more unless he consciously focused on one. As he continued to think about what was going on, he looked out at Alyssa again. She was still standing there, and as he looked at her, he thought he began to hear her talking — except that all that she was doing was just trying to remember what she had meant to do, since she couldn't understand why she was just standing there. Beginning to put the pieces together, Kevin started to understand that *he* had somehow stopped her from going out on her morning jog, and then made her drop the back of her jogging shorts and show him her ass, just by wishing she'd do those things. With that, it occurred to him to wonder... could he get her up to his apartment? And maybe even do more than just wave her ass at him?

Focusing his attention on her, Kevin started thinking of Alyssa turning toward the stairs that led up to his second-floor apartment; down on the sidewalk below, she did just what he was imagining. From there, it didn't take long for him to get her up the stairs, and then standing outside his door. When he opened it, he saw her standing there, with a faint look of unhappiness on her face. Though her lips didn't move, he could hear her wondering why she'd come up there when it was the last place she wanted to be. Only then did it occur to him that he wasn't hearing *voices*, he was hearing **thoughts**.

There was no hiding the glee he felt as he wished her into his apartment, then closed the door behind her. When she was standing in the middle of the room, he had her stop, then turn to face him. He moved to stand in front of her, and heard her mind begin to realize that HE was somehow responsible for her being there, even though he hadn't been anywhere near her. She absently pulled the earbuds for her stereo out of her ears, then unclipped it from the waistband of her jogging shorts. Using her headband to bundle the stereo and earbuds together, she set them aside.

Giving voice to his desires, Kevin told her "Alyssa, you like showing yourself off in shit like your little jogging outfit there — so I think I'd like to see what you *really* look like. What I'd like

you to do is take off your shirt and whatever you've got on under it. I want to see what you've got for tits."

Knowing, then, that it **was** Kevin somehow controlling her, Alyssa begged him "Please... no, Kevin..."

"Don't you mean 'Kreepy Kevin', Alyssa? And I say **yes**. Strip, damn you!"

The fear was as plain in Alyssa's eyes as her tears were when she reached for the bottom of the jersey she had on; he could see that she was struggling to fight him as her arms raised, pulling the jersey with them until he could see the abbreviated bra she had on. When the jersey was completely off of her, he had her simply toss it aside. Her hands went to the bottom of the bra, between her breasts, before she pulled it out and up, revealing her somewhat smallish breasts. When she'd rid herself of the bra, she just stood there crying silently as Kevin looked at her exposed mammaries. He didn't think that either one was much more than he could hold in his cupped hand; generally cone-shaped, they were capped with somewhat puffy areolas and nipples that were a light tan color. Stepping a little closer to her, Kevin reached out with both hands to cup her breasts and found them warm and smooth. When he squeezed them, he saw the slight pain in Alyssa's eyes as he discovered that her breasts were a lot softer than he'd expected. Releasing them, he stepped back again to Alyssa's visible relief — which proved to be short-lived when he told her "Now lose the shorts and underwear."

Her eyes revealed her shame and embarrassment as she slid her hands under the waistband of her shorts, then began to ease them down her legs, slowly, as if she hoped he'd change his mind.

He only smiled in cruel pleasure when they fell down to around her ankles, revealing the front of the thong that he knew she was wearing. It barely covered her mons, and Kevin found himself starting to get hard at the idea of seeing what was under it. With a peremptory gesture, he indicated he wanted them gone, too; Alyssa began to cry silently as she obeyed his command, sliding the thong down to join her jogging shorts around her ankles.

When she stood up again, Kevin couldn't believe what he saw — she kept her entire pubic area shaved clean as a baby's. He could easily see the hood over her clitoris peeking at him from her cleft at the top; between her slender thighs, he saw the edges of her vaginal lips. The sight of her quickly had him semi-erect. It had been entirely too long since he'd found any sexual pleasure with anyone but himself, and Kevin knew immediately that he wanted to fuck her. But before that, he wanted to take her down a few notches so she'd know that she wasn't Little Miss College Girl...

"Alyssa, dear", he told her, "I think it's about time we had a little fun together. You've never given me a smile with that mouth of yours, so what I'd like you to do with it *now* is suck my cock."

Horried, Alyssa told him "I... I've never done anything like that! I've had boyfriends and everything, but all we ever did was kiss, and... and touch each other, a little!"

Dumbfounded, Kevin asked "Are you telling me you're... a virgin?"

Hesitantly, Alyssa nodded her head, hoping that Kevin would let her go once he knew.

Those hopes were dashes to pieces when she heard him say "Well, now, that's even better, for what I've got planned for us! Get over here and on your knees, sweetheart — you're about to learn how to give head!"

Blushing furiously even as she began to cry again, Alyssa took a half-step forward, then slowly sank to her knees in front of him. Without his having to say a word, she knew that she was supposed to unfasten his pants, and pull them down. When she'd done that, she was left with a clear view of the ungodly-huge (or so it seemed) bulge in his shorts. Slipping her fingers under the waistband, she pulled them down — and gasped when his cock slipped into view.

She got his shorts down to his knees, then looked up at his face, uncertain what he wanted next. She felt the bile rise in her throat as she opened her mouth and captured the head of his penis between her lips after he told her "In your mouth, Alyssa... there's a good girl!"

Over the next several minutes, Keven talked Alyssa through how to use her lips and mouth and tongue to get him to full erection; once she'd gotten that accomplished, he guided her to begin bobbing her head on him while softly sucking. He could feel the shame and horror and guilt and everything else that she was feeling about what she was doing to him — and that only aroused him even more. When he felt himself getting close to cumming, he told her that she'd better keep her mouth on him when it happened... and that he wanted her to hold his cum in her mouth until he told her she could swallow it. If she didn't...

Less than a minute later, he grabbed her head and tried to stuff his cock down her throat; her attempt to squeal in protest was cut off by the jets of his semen that filled her mouth.

A minute or so after his cock quit squirting his thick cum, he let go of her head and pulled his penis from her mouth. Looking down at her, he commanded "Swallow it, cunt."

Fighting the urge to retch, she somehow managed to do it — only to have him tell her "Now, lick my cock clean; and no using your hands, either."

Doing as he'd told her, she eventually managed to clean his penis of the residue of his cum. Mortified by what she'd just done, Alyssa hesitantly asked "Can... can I go now?"

Kevin just laughed before telling her "Not even, bitch!"

After he'd gotten her to finish undressing him, Kevin took a seat on his couch; looking at her still kneeling on the floor, he tried to think of what would help him get it up so he could fuck her. When he looked at her shaven pussy, he knew *just* what would do the trick...

At Kevin's command, Alyssa rid herself of her running shoes and socks, then her shorts and thong. Standing naked in front of him, she hung her head in shame after hearing him tell her "Now what I want you to do is lay down on the floor, right here in front of me, and spread your legs. I want to see this virgin pussy of yours."

Trying to fight him with her mind again was a wasted effort; it was barely a minute before she was positioned as he'd instructed. Her horror at the situation grew even worse when he commanded her to start masturbating. Sure, she'd done it before, but never in FRONT of anyone! Shucks, she didn't hardly do it much, at all, even — her parents had raised her too religiously for her to get the pleasure from it that she heard other girls talking about. But there was no arguing with him, and she put one of her hands between her legs and began touching herself in the hope that what she was doing was good enough.

It wasn't. Kevin could see that she was basically just going through the motions; when he looked into her mind, he was surprised to discover that she rarely touched herself that way, and had only ever had a couple of orgasms... and small ones, at that!

Thinking that if her could get her to strip, then blow him and start frigging herself, he might be able to do more, Kevin tried to see if he couldn't help get her a little more worked up.

It took a few minutes for Alyssa to realize that she was getting more enjoyment from what she was doing than she meant (or wanted) to. But by that time, it was too late — it *did* feel pretty darn good when she rubbed her 'button' (that was what she called her clitoris, in her mind), and ran her finger across her 'baby place' (the entrance to her vagina). With her increasing arousal, she didn't have the inclination to think about *why* she was getting so much more pleasure from touching herself; she was too busy making herself feel so much better than she ever had before...

As Kevin sat back and watched, Alyssa got more and more involved in pleasuring herself. Even from where he sat, he could see her cunt start leaking; her virginal pussy lips were getting darker and longer and thicker in response to what she was doing. Looking a little higher, he saw that her areolas had puckered, and that her nipples were longer than they'd been before — why, her tits were actually starting to look pretty damn good, that way!

But she didn't have enough in the way of tits for him to try fucking them, so he turned his eyes back to where Alyssa's had was busy between her thighs. Her fingers and the area between her thighs was shiny with the juices that were leaking out of her, and the sight was enough to get Kevin hard again sooner than he'd thought he could. Ready to get his first piece of pussy in *entirely* too damn long, it looked to Kevin as though Alyssa was getting close to having an orgasm ... one better than she'd ever had before. Well, he couldn't have *that* happening; if she was going to climax, it was going to be while he was balls-deep in her!

When Alyssa heard Kevin tell her to stop, she found that she actually didn't want to; it wasn't until he threatened her that she was able to pull her hand from between her thighs. When it got close to her face, she smelled her juices on her fingers... and couldn't stop herself from licking them off. Once she was done, she opened her eyes and saw that Kevin was sitting on the edge of his couch with his legs spread, and what looked like it must be the biggest penis in the world sticking up. She knew that he meant to stick it in her — and felt not only fear of the pain that it might cause, but an incredible arousal. When he told her to get to her hands and knees, she tried not to show the anticipation she felt at the idea of finally having something in her aching, empty vagina.

With the cute little Alyssa on her hands and knees in front of him, Keven moved behind her as he looked at the drooling slit of her cunt between and below the firm globes of her tight ass. Levering his cock down, he wedged it between her labia and started trying to press himself into her. He'd never had a virgin before, and thought that the difficulty he was having was because it was her first time; but when he happened to look into her mind, he discovered that she was trying to resist him again.

Alyssa wasn't prepared for the slap she received on the back of her head, and it left her stunned — but only until she suddenly felt an incredible pain as something **far** too big was shoved not only through her maidenhead, but even deeper and deeper, until she thought it was going to split her in half. It was all she could do not to scream with the pain; and she probably would have, if whatever was being forced into her hadn't finally stopped. Even as she began to cry from the pain she was experiencing, she realized that she could feel Keven's body pressed against her butt — and only then understood that what she'd felt had been him forcing his erect penis inside her. Knowing that she was being over-filled by his erection didn't lessen her pain, but it did make it a little easier to tolerate. She was still coming to grips with the loss of her virginity, and the feeling of having a man's penis inside her body when she felt him begin to move.

Alyssa's pussy was the hottest and tightest thing he'd ever had his cock in, and Kevin was simply amazed at how incredibly *good* it felt. As he started to ease himself back out of her, he looked down and saw the blood from her defunct hymen — and silently resolved that she wasn't going to be the last virgin he ever had, that was for sure!

When only the head of his cock was inside her, he held still for a moment before slowly filling her amazingly tight pussy again. He could hear her crying at what he'd done to her, and that only made his cock get even harder, if such a thing were possible.

Kevin's next stroke in Alyssa's hot pussy was a little faster; and the one after that faster, still. It wasn't but a minute or so before he was sliding his manhood in and out of her as though she were a much more experienced woman — something made possible only because of her virginal blood and the increasing supply of her natural lubrication.

It had been a considerable relief to Alyssa when she felt Kevin sliding his cock out of her. What she wasn't ready to believe was that it could feel the way it did when he pushed it back into her. It didn't feel *good*, exactly, but it certainly wasn't as painful as the first time. Then when he did it again, she felt even less discomfort; by the time he was pistoning himself in and out of her regularly, she'd not only gotten used to the feeling, but was starting to even... like it, a little. As he continued to thrust himself into her, she found that she was actually beginning to enjoy it.

Alyssa didn't know that her increasing pleasure was due entirely to Kevin. He knew that *he* could cum from fucking her that way, but he wanted more than that. He didn't just want HER to enjoy having him fuck her, he wanted to feel her tight pussy wrapped around his cock when she had an orgasm, too — to turn her into some kind of nympho that would fuck anybody, any time, any where. **That** would teach the little cunt not to be a tease like she was!

Alyssa had started using one hand to squeeze her breasts, and pinch and pull on her nipples, when she felt Kevin start doing something else to her, too — rubbing his thumb across her anus, and pressing against it. The sensation was novel and intimate enough that she found it incredibly erotic... and stimulating. As he continued to slide his *wonderful* penis in and out of her, she felt herself getting more and more aroused from the additional stimulation his thumb was providing.

Kevin was starting to get a little tired from fucking Alyssa, and had decided that there was still one more thing that he wanted to do before he let her leave. Using his ability to influence her, he made sure that she found no small pleasure from it when he began teasing the pucker of her asshole. He could feel her getting wetter after he started, and got a generous dollop of his saliva on his thumb help lubricate her nether opening for what he planned to do. He continued to keep her rectum lubricated while he teased it, even as he was continuing to fuck himself into her tight pussy. It wasn't difficult to tell when she was getting close to having an orgasm, and he let another blob of his spit fall between her ass cheeks. When he felt her body begin to tense up with the start of her climax, he buried his cock in her as far as he could — then pushed his thumb through the rosette of Alyssa's anus. Her attempt to cry out with the beginning of her release was choked off by the intensity of the spasm that overwhelmed her; the way her pussy clenched around his cock would have been enough to trigger his own climax if she hadn't gotten him off so recently. Even as Alyssa's body spasmed from the waves of pleasure running through it, Kevin was sliding his thumb in and out of her ass, trying to stimulate her as much as he could.

Alyssa was panting with the need for oxygen when she felt Kevin pull his thumb from her butt, causing her to shudder from the stimulation; a moment later, she felt disappointed when he eased his hard cock out of her. She wondered why he was still holding the cheeks of her ass apart when she felt something touching her anus again. She knew it wasn't his thumb because of where his hands were; it wasn't until she felt it pressing against her that she realized that it must be his erect penis. But before she could voice any kind of protest, she felt him force his manhood through her opening, violating her in a way that she'd never thought *could* happen to her.

Kevin knew that Alyssa wanted to cry out from suddenly having his dick stuffed into her tight ass, but he mentally forced her to silence; she remained quiet even as he finished getting as much of his cock into her as he could. Knowing that he'd taken the last of her virginity aroused him tremendously, and it was all he could do not to begin fucking her right away — he wanted to give her some time to get used to having him in her ass, so that it would be easier to "convince" her that she liked having her ass used that way. He knew that he'd enjoy it even more when she started moaning from having her ass fucked, just like she had when he'd been fucking her pussy. So he was willing to wait for a minute or so, until he felt the almost painfully tight ring of her anus begin to relax around him before he began to move in her.

Alyssa had a faint hope that he was done with her when she felt him begin to slide himself out of her; but when she felt him stop, then press himself back into her again, she knew that she wasn't going to get away so easily. Knowing that attempting to fight him was useless, she resigned herself to her fate; rather than get hurt even more from what he was doing to her, she tried to relax so that she'd feel as little pain as possible.

As Kevin slowly pistoned his erection in and out of Alyssa's bowels, he felt her slowly relaxing to his invasion. Several seconds passed before he realized what she was doing; when he did, he smiled to himself and increased his efforts. Once he was in a nice, comfortable rhythm, he shifted his attentions from what he was doing with her body and began raping her mind again.

At first, Alyssa was grateful that although having Kevin fucking her ass wasn't pleasant, it wasn't as bad or painful as she'd been afraid it would be. A few minutes later, she was surprised to discover that it didn't really feel all that bad, after all — maybe because she wasn't fighting it, she thought. It wasn't until she realized that she was actually pushing herself back against him that Alyssa understood that she was actually starting to... to *enjoy* having Kevin's hard cock in such an intimate and private place — and was promptly horrified, even as she felt herself getting more aroused.

Confirmation that he was getting the results he wanted came to Kevin when he realized that each time his balls swung forward, they were hitting Alyssa's drooling slit and soaking up a little bit of the overflow of juices she was making as a result of her increasing excitement. The thought that she was actually starting to get off from having him fucking her tight little ass aroused him tremendously — and gave him the inspiration he needed to begin fucking her in earnest... which only stimulated her even more.

Alyssa was on the verge of having an orgasm that she knew was going to be even more powerful than the last one when she felt Kevin suddenly practically *pound* himself into her ass — quickly followed by the sensation of something hot washing her bowels. It took her only a moment to realize that he'd just sprayed her insides with his semen, and **that** thought was enough to trigger her own even MORE powerful release.

Even as Kevin felt the second wad of his jism erupting from his dick, he felt Alyssa's anus clench around him along with a strange sensation along the underside of his cock. It took a second for him to understand that she was starting to have a climax; that the sensation on the bottom of his penis was the clenching of her pussy, just a few layers of tissue away. It was a novel and pleasant enough feeling that it made the rest of his climax even more powerful than he had any reason to expect... or hope for.

When he was done dumping his cum in her, Kevin eased his slightly sore cock out of her, enjoying the feeling of her sphincter milking the last few drops out of him as he did.

With the removal of Kevin's cock from her ass, there was nothing keeping Alyssa from falling forward in exhaustion from the force of the orgasm she'd just experienced. She could feel how sore and abused her pussy and ass felt — and how nice they felt, too. As she was laying there, she started to wonder... if she felt this good from the way Kevin had used her, how much better could it be if someone nicer did it? She couldn't suppress the aroused shiver that coursed through her body just from thinking about it...

Sitting on his couch again, Kevin knew from hearing her thoughts what had prompted the little tremors that he'd just witnessed. Remembering what he'd wanted to do, it took him only a minute

to change Alyssa from the shy, chaste virgin she'd been when she'd come into his apartment to a young woman that would go to bed with **anyone** at the slightest provocation. Recalling that he'd seen her lick her own juices off her fingers, he made sure that she would be agreeable to anything that any of her bed partners of *either* sex wanted to do with her. While he was at it, he made sure that she "advertised" her availability by ceasing to wear a bra EVER, and wearing panties only when she was bleeding from her menstruation. The only kindness he was prepared to show her (and that only because he was in an after-sex glow) was to ensure that she got started on some kind of effective birth control before she turned herself loose completely.

As he sat there getting his energy back, Alyssa reminded Kevin of how some of the cheerleaders had looked when he'd been in high school; shortly on the heels of that, he recalled that his school reunion was starting that afternoon. It was only a moments thought for him to decide to go to it, after all — and show all those assholes that they shouldn't have made things as tough for him as they had.

With something to look forward to, Kevin lost interest in Alyssa; he'd been thinking to keep her around for the rest of the day to amuse himself, but going to the reunion was going to be ever so much better!

Looking at the clock, Kevin saw that he didn't have a whole lot of time to get cleaned up and dressed for something like his reunion. Turning back to Alyssa, he told her "Okay, Alyssa — time to get up, now, and go home. Don't bother putting on your bra or panties; I think people would like to see your nice little tits, and since you don't suck dick worth a fuck, I think it'd be fair if you had to let my cum run out of your ass and make a wet spot on the back of your shorts. You can just leave the bra and thong here, in fact. If you don't want me to think of something else to do to you, you'd better get some practice giving head so you don't disappoint me next time."

Shamed, but also aroused, by what she'd been through since coming into Kevin's apartment, Alyssa did as she was told. After she'd gotten her jogging shorts on, she felt some of Kevin's semen leak through her anus, only to be absorbed by the material of the shorts — forming the predicted wet spot. Blushing furiously, but knowing that there wasn't anything she could do to change what happened, Alyssa got her jersey on and started toward his door. Before she got there, though, she heard Kevin tell her "Start carrying some lube around with you, too, Alyssa. Next time I fuck your ass, I don't want to have to use my own spit to get you greased up."

After she'd left, Kevin continued to sit there for several minutes, lost in thought. Only when a casual glance at the clock told him how much time had passed did he get up and go in to take a shower. As he was getting dressed, he had an idea.

Kara Mynor wasn't surprised that she didn't recognize the well-dressed man coming toward the check-in for the Class Reunion table; there had been a *lot* of other students, and she'd only known a fraction of them. When he got close, Kara thought he looked familiar — but still couldn't place him. What she **was** sure of, though, was that he'd obviously done well for himself since graduation. The suit he was wearing all but screamed money... and lots of it. Unless she

missed her guess, that was a solid gold Rolex on his wrist when he took the pen to sign in. After he'd gone inside, she looked at his name; Kevin Sellers sounded familiar for some reason, but she couldn't quite place it. Well, it didn't matter; everyone that was going to be coming was already there, so she went inside the largest conference room of all the hotels in town. She closed the doors behind her, and locked them. They certainly didn't want any gatecrashers, did they?

As he stood looking at the other people that had been in his graduating class, Kevin was glad that he'd taken the time to go to that high-end menswear store. The suit he had on had been tailored to him in record time, due in large part to the imaginary tip he'd given them. His payment for the suit itself, the best in the store, had been paid for with his equally imaginary credit card; as were his hand-made loafers, shirt, and tie. With only minimal prodding, the manager had even been willing to exchange watches with him. The look he'd gotten from the girl at the table outside let him know that he was making the impression that he was after.

As he looked around, he recognized only a few of the people he saw — most notably, Helena Mayhall, Darien Bylett, Susanne Bowes, Ronnie McFadden. Helena and Susanne had been the two prettiest girls in school, and pretty much driven the cheerleading squads. Darien had been a big sports jock in football and baseball, while Ron McFadden had taken the basketball team to the State championships. The two women had taken no small pleasure in teasing him about his lack of success with girls; Darien had bullied him the entire time they'd been in school. For his part Ron had been content to simply make fun of Kevin at every opportunity — he'd been the one that had coined the "Psycho Sellers" nickname that Kevin had carried. Yeah, he was glad he'd decided to come to this thing, after all.

Walking around to see who else was there, Kevin saw Grace Woodford. He'd worked up the courage to ask her out one time, and she'd not only shot him down, but done it loudly and publicly... then gone on to tell him WHY she wasn't interested. A little later, he saw Sheila Dillon, who was probably the only person in the entire school that had talked to him at *all*; he actually regretted seeing that something had happened to cause her to lose her sight: she was sitting off to the side with a folded white cane in her hand and what was clearly a Seeing Eye dog next to her.

A bit later, he saw Katie and Michael Whitmore, a pair of fraternal twins. The one and only time he'd ever spoken to Katie was to ask if he could work with her during a Biology class lab session. She'd scathingly turned him down; after school, Michael had found him and told him that if Kevin **ever** bothered his sister again in *any* way, that he'd kick Kevin's ass all the way around the school twice. Then he'd called Kevin a faggot before walking away. Seeing them together, Kevin knew *just* how he wanted to start getting a little payback...

After convincing everyone else in the room not to notice anything unusual, Kevin casually eased himself toward where Katie and Michael were standing with a couple of other people, and got there just as Michael was finishing some story or other that had everyone laughing briefly. When they'd all calmed down again, all of them looked at him with obvious approval at his appearance before Michael said "Yeah, I had a lot of fun in high school."

Amiably, Kevin feigned a chuckle before saying "You sure did. Hey, remember the time you told Kevin Sellers that you'd kick his ass around the school *twice* if he ever bothered your sister again?"

Michael looked perplexed for a moment, then brightened up before answering "Yeah, I remember that... she told me that he tried some damn thing or other, so I figured I needed to set him straight. Man, that guy was some kind of weird!" A few moments later, Michael got a confused look on his face before asking "Say, how did you hear about that? The only ones around when I did that was me and..."

"Me", Kevin interrupted. "Kevin Sellers, himself."

All the others immediately got uncomfortable, but Kevin ignored that in favor of telling Michael "You know, the thing was that it was the last Biology lab of the semester, and the person your sister usually partnered with was home sick that day. She had a choice of me, who at least got C's, or the dumbest person in the class — and she went with Ollie Langdorf, even though I asked as nice as anybody could want. I didn't even kick when she said she'd partner with Ollie. But you just had to hunt me down and threaten me anyway, didn't you Mike? Didn't bother to find out what really happened, or even to get **my** side of it; you just found me and said you were gonna kick my ass. Called me a faggot, afterwards, too."

Michael was visibly nervous as he heard Kevin continue "You know, Mike, now that I think about it, you called a LOT of people 'faggot'. Kinda makes me wonder if maybe you weren't trying to, oh, I dunno, hide something? And the way you were so overprotective of Katie, a person could get the idea that you HAD to do stuff like that so nobody would find out what a slut she was — that she'd do anything with any guy that had the guts to ask."

Michael (who *hated* being called Mike) immediately started to get pissed off. But before he could do anything, heard himself say "I didn't want anyone to know. For as long as I can remember, I've dreamed about sucking cocks, and having guys cum in my mouth so I can drink their jizz." Then, much to his horror, a voice that sounded like his but couldn't *possibly* BE his, said "I'm sorry for calling you a faggot, Sellers. To make it up to you, I'd like **yours** to be the first dick I have between my lips."

In the stunned silence that followed, Katie spoke up to say "Yeah, that's EXACTLY how I am, Kevin. I've tried to fight it, but any guy can have any one of my holes that he wants. Now that it's out in the open, I'm glad — and what I want more than anything else right now is for you to fuck me in the ass."

The others just stood there in silence as Kevin told the brother and sister "Well, this *is* fortunate, isn't it? Mike, here, wants to suck my dick; and his lovely sister wants me to stick my dick in her ass! Mike, I'd be **proud** to be the first guy you blow — I don't doubt that there'll be others, but I consider being your first to be an honor. And just to show you there aren't any hard feelings, after you get me hard, I'll give your sister what she wants, too. How does that sound?"

Michael *wanted* to scream that it sounded like a load of horse shit; but what he **did** was slowly

drop to his knees, then reach out to where Kevin was standing. His hands soon found the fly of Kevin's pants, and he pulled the zipper down before fishing out Kevin's dick. That done, he couldn't stop himself from leaning forward and opening his mouth; a moment later, he could taste Kevin's manhood on his tongue. Once he'd gotten that far, it was only a couple of minutes before he was sliding his lips up and down Kevin's stiffening pole while his sister watched in fascination.

Katie had been horrified by what she'd heard herself say. Not only was she extremely picky about who she'd even go OUT with, she was so much of a tease that she'd only actually had sex a few times... and **never** used her mouth on anyone, never mind let a guy stick his dick in her ass! She could only stand there in amazement as she'd watched her brother start sucking Kevin's cock; but as the seconds ticked by, she found herself getting more and more aroused at the sight — aroused enough, even, that she started thinking about helping him. The only thing that kept her from actually doing it was the certainty that Kevin was going to do exactly what she'd heard herself ask him to.

For Kevin, the humiliation he was forcing onto Michael was more stimulating than the blowjob he was getting. Looking around the room, he saw several other guys that he'd heard Michael call faggot, and used his new-found powers to get them in on the action. They wouldn't form a line, or anything, but Michael wouldn't have but a couple of minutes to get his breath back each time before he'd have another one of them standing in front of him. When he'd gotten that taken care of, Kevin was happy to realize that he was hard enough to take care of the female half of the Whitmore twins. Sliding his erection from Michael's sucking mouth, Kevin took the couple of steps to where Katie was standing. Without his having to say a word to her, she reached under the dress she was wearing and pulled her panties down to her ankles, then stepped out of them. After she'd pulled her dress up around her waist (revealing a nice, dark, trim little bush), she turned around and leaned over to support herself with the back of a chair.

Putting his hands on the soft mounds of her ass, Kevin pulled her cheeks apart and worked himself forward so that the end of his stiff dick (still wet with her brother's saliva, much to his pleasure) was pressed against the dark pink rosette of her anus. Without a word, Kevin suddenly snapped his hips forward, forcing nearly half his cock into Katie's most intimate opening. Her head flew back, and what she meant to release as a scream came out as a heartfelt moan of arousal, instead. After taking a breath, Kevin slowly pushed the rest of his erect penis into Katie's warm bowels.

Katie had thought that she'd be split apart when Kevin drove his cock into her ass; but by the time she felt his balls bounce against her mons, she knew that Kevin's wasn't the last stiff dick she'd have there.

As it had been with Michael, it was knowing what he was doing with Katie that aroused Kevin, more than the act itself — though it certainly felt good enough! It took him only a minute to get into a nice pattern of sliding himself back and forth through the tight ring of Katie's asshole.

Katie pulled herself together long enough to turn her head and see what Michael was doing, and

found herself amazed that he'd gotten Charles Emerson's dick out and was sucking on it — to Charles' visible pleasure, no less! Between seeing Michael *enthusiastically* sucking another guy's cock, and the feeling of Kevin's dick moving in and out of her over-stretched rectum, Katie felt herself get more aroused and excited than she could remember being before. Without even realizing what she was doing, she used one hand to unfasten the buttons on the front of her dress; it was only a moment's effort to undo the bra fastening between her breasts so she could start pinching and pulling on her exposed nipples.

When he realized what she was doing, Kevin didn't hesitate to lean forward a little bit and replace Katie's one hand with both of his... and then start doing things to her swaying mammaries that she wouldn't have done herself: painfully squeezing them, fiercely pinching her nipples and pulling them farther and harder than they should EVER have had to experience. All that seemed to do was ratchet Katie's arousal even higher, judging from the heat and juices being transferred to his balls each time they bounced against her vaginal opening.

Even with all the fun he'd had with Alyssa earlier, Kevin could feel himself getting closer and closer to blowing his load. But he didn't want to let Katie off *too* easily, and tried to think of something else that would add to her humiliation; after several seconds of thought, he knew what he wanted to do.

From the way he was moving in her, Katie knew that Kevin was moving closer and closer to blowing his load in her ass — and was looking forward to it. When she felt him stop, and then pull his cock **completely** out of her ass, she couldn't stop herself from releasing a deep moan of disappointment before she heard him say "Turn around and on your knees, cunt."

Wondering what he had in mind, she did as he said; she looked first at his swollen red cock before raising her eyes to his face so that she was looking at him when he told her "Open up, bitch. My cum is too good for your ass, so you're going to swallow it."

It took her a second to understand — he actually wanted her to use her *mouth* on his dick right after he'd had it buried in her **ass**!

When she opened her mouth to tell him that there was no way in hell she was going to do that, no sound came out... mostly because she leaned forward and took half his cock in her mouth, instead of saying anything. A minute later, and she was sucking on him as she bobbed her head to slide her lips up and down the length of him while she cupped his balls in her hand. A few minutes later, she felt his balls pull up; shortly after that, she almost had her nose in his pubic hair when he began to fill her mouth with his cum. His semen was thick and salty, and she rolled it around on her tongue as he continued to try and coat her tonsils with his jism. When the last few trickles had escaped him, she tightened her lips around his softening penis to wring the last few drops out of it as he pulled himself out of her mouth. Tilting her head up, she let him see as she swallowed every drop of his semen before she licked her lips to make sure she hadn't missed any.

Leaning over, Kevin took her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, using them to roughly

pull her to a standing position in front of him. The hem of her dress was still around her waist, and the front of it had opened up enough to leave her medium-sized breasts with their large, dark areolas and nipples fully exposed. Looking at her, Kevin told her "Since you've admitted you're such a slut, maybe you should just find a table to lay down on — something small, so your head hangs off the side so guys can just go ahead and fuck your face and your pussy or ass at the same time."

Without saying a word, Katie turned and headed toward where the refreshment tables had been set up; something that caused Kevin to laugh briefly at the thought that there would be plenty of guys that would feel refreshed after taking a turn with her...

After tucking his softened penis back in his shorts and zipping his pants back up, Kevin watched as the guy Michael had been sucking off obviously emptied his balls into Michael's mouth. When the guy pulled his dick from between Michael's lips, Kevin saw a trickle of cum run down Michael's chin before he swallowed the rest of the guy's cum. As the guy turned and started away, Kevin could see one of the others that had been called "faggot" start their direction. Smiling to himself, Kevin looked around the room again — there were still a few other things that he wanted to take care of.

He was happy to see that Helena, Susanne, Darien, and Ronnie were standing together; that made things a LOT more convenient for him.

Even taking a casual and indirect route, it didn't take long for Kevin to get close to the foursome. Standing just a few feet away, he listened to their conversation for several minutes and learned that Susanne and Ronnie had gotten married right out of high school, as had Helena and Darien. He also learned that Ronnie had gone on to college; after majoring in Liberal Arts, the only job he'd been able to get was as a car salesman — though he claimed to be the assistant manager of an auto dealership. Helena and Darien hadn't even gotten that far; Darien was a clerk in a convenience store while Helena had a part-time job in a daycare facility — though both of them tried to make their jobs sound a lot more impressive than what they really were.

When he figured he'd heard enough, Kevin calmly walked over to stand with the four of them. All four looked at him first with envy, impressed that anyone in their high school had done well enough to dress like that. It wasn't until Darien looked past the suit and incredulously asked "Sellers? Kevin Sellers?"

That got the rest of them to look closer, too, and a stunned Ronnie to ask "*Psycho Sellers?* That's really YOU?", before getting embarrassed at using the nickname he'd coined.

Kevin just gave them his best smile and answered "Yeah, it's me."

"What happened with YOU?", Susanne asked. "Everybody figured that the next we'd hear about you, it would be because you were on a tall building with a rifle, or something..."

Laughing, Kevin answered "Well, once I got out of high school and away from all the popularity and social pressure bullshit people got so wrapped up in, I went on to college. Got my Masters in

Finance, and I've been doing pretty good in the stock market and a few other things. I've got my own investment and financial management company, and close to a hundred employees."

That was, of course, a load of crap; but dressed the way he was, it was *believable* crap. The other four cycled through a number of different reactions in response to what he'd said: envy, guilt, awe, shame, and jealousy, among others.

Kevin continued by telling them "Actually, I stopped by to tell all of you that it's you that I have to thank for helping me get where I am now."

Seeing the looks of confusion on their faces, Kevin explained "The way you used to pick on me all the time, Darien? After high school, I started taking martial arts — got my belt, even — and that gave me the discipline I needed to stick with it in college, and after. And after having Ronnie fucking with me all the time, and coming up with that 'Psycho Sellers' thing; well, I learned not to listen to what other people were saying about me because it was probably bullshit. Instead, I started listening to *myself*, and doing what I knew was right, instead of trying to fit in and be popular."

When reminded of how they'd treated him, both men looked embarrassed and ashamed; even more so when they heard what had happened after high school.

Kevin turned his attention to Helena and Susanne, he told them "The crap you two used to give me about not having a girlfriend, and all that... it made me give up trying so hard. What's funny is that when that happened, I started meeting the kinds of women that I actually liked. I got married a few months ago, even."

That last part prompted Susanne to ask "Is your wife here?"

"Oh, no, she's in Belize on a photo shoot.", Kevin answered.

Uncertainly, Helena asked "She's a model?"

"Oh, no — they're almost always all looks, but no brains or personality.", Kevin answered with certainty, as if he'd learned it from experience. "She's a fashion photographer, even though she did model a little bit to help pay for college."

Kevin was amused to see the expressions on their faces, and waited patiently until Ronnie managed to tell him "Well, that's good to hear Psy... I mean, Kevin. Congratulations."

That was when Kevin told them "You know, there's something I've noticed here."

"What's that?", Darien asked.

"Even after I mentioned how all of you used to treat me, not **one** of you has bothered to say you're sorry, or given any indication that you realize just what kind of complete *jerks* you were. I mean, Ronnie, it was you that came up with that 'Psycho Sellers' thing I heard everywhere from damn near everybody. Sure, I wasn't one of the 'in' crowd, and not popular like you were — but was that really any reason to start something like that? Or to put me down about everything I did or said?"

He went on to say "Darien, you used to pick on me *constantly*. Not just knocking my books out of my hand and stuff like that, but actual physically abusing me — stepping on my foot, or pushing me into lockers or against the wall, or knocking me down when we had a gym class together. Sure, you were a big-shot jock, but what possible reason could you have to pay any attention to a nobody like me, other than you just got some kind of perverse pleasure out of it?"

Looking at the two women, Kevin asked "Why would you give me so much grief about not having a girlfriend? It wasn't like I was always trying to get either of YOU to go out with me. Hell, unless one or the other of you started in on me, I didn't say a word to you. All I ever wanted was to be left alone; but for whatever reason, you couldn't do that. And I don't think that it was EVER just one of you at a time, either — if one of you began giving me a hard time, the other one had to join in."

All of them were looking at him in concern when he told them "Well, since none of you seems to be able to understand it any other way, I guess I'll just have to let you learn what you were like from MY perspective."

All four immediately got worried, but it was too late — Kevin had already reached out with his mind and taken control of them. Addressing Helena and Suzanne, Kevin said "Since you two bitches liked to work together so much, I think you should show everyone just HOW well. Maybe you should both get naked, and let everybody see that you can take care of each other by giving all of us a nice girl-girl sex show? And after you've gotten each other off, I think it would be a nice touch if you announced to everyone that you'll team up to give any OTHER female in the place some pleasure, too — like one of you eating her pussy until she cums while the other eats her asshole. Oh, and don't forget to trade jobs after each girl!"

Both women fully meant to outright refuse to do anything of the kind, but found themselves hand in hand and walking to the middle of the room, instead. Once there, they moved into each others arms and exchanged of number of passionate open-mouthed kisses before starting to undress each other. Darien and Ronnie were unable to do or say anything to stop the women, or even slow them down. They and Kevin watched as Helena and Suzanne exposed each other to the small crowd that had surrounded them. First to be revealed were the blond Suzanne's large pear-shaped breasts with their dark pink puffy areolas and short, tiny nipples. Shortly after that, Helena's orange-sized breasts were exposed; her small, dark areolas were barely larger than the amazingly long nipples that extended from them. Suzanne then slipped Helena's skirt off so that everyone could see how the g-string she wore molded so closely to her mons, and the tanned globes of her ass. When Helena reciprocated, people got to see that Suzanne hadn't bothered to wear anything under the dress she'd had on — her small and sparse muff barely covered the mound of her sex, and did nothing to conceal its cleft. Those that were behind her got the view of her small, pale, and obviously firm ass.

The last thing to be put on display was Helena's obviously trimmed pubic thatch that did nothing to conceal her long, thick labia. It wasn't but a few seconds before Suzanne had her face between Helena's thighs; shortly after that, people began to hear the faint sounds of one woman

pleasuring another. As Suzanne's efforts began to take effect, Helena slowly let herself drop to the floor — then got herself situated so that she could return the oral favors she was receiving.

Reaching out with his mind, Kevin had the two women take their time — he wanted them to experience as much shame and embarrassment as possible, along with giving everyone (including himself) a nice show...

Having gotten the two women started, Kevin turned his attention to their husbands. It took only a few seconds for him to decide how to deal with them.

"Darien, you used how big and strong you were to hurt people. Not just me, but a lot of other guys, too. Maybe it would help you understand what you were doing if it was being done to you. To help you learn that, what you're going to do is get naked, and your asshole buddy Ronnie is going to help get you tied up over there, so that anybody that wants to can come over and give you a taste of what you were so good at dishing out. The ones that you left alone probably won't bother, but I expect that the ones that you DID beat up and torment might take an interest in you. Might be a few others that didn't think what you were doing was right, but couldn't stand up to you. Won't THAT be fun?"

The expression on Darien's face showed that he knew it would be anything but.

"Ronnie, since you were such a shit toward me the whole time we were in high school, I think it would be **entirely** appropriate for you to find out what it's like being shit *on*. So what you're going to do is strip, go into the bathroom, and lay down. Everybody that goes in there is going to get to do whatever they have to ON YOU. If someone has to take a shit, then you'll lick their ass when they're done so they don't need any toilet paper. And after they're gone, you'll take their shit and smear it all over yourself — not just your body, but your face and even your hair. If someone just has to piss, then they do THAT on you, too, and you use it to make sure you stay covered in crap."

Unable to do anything else, the two men walked over to where Kevin had said Darien should be tied. They found the surplus of the cotton rope that was being used to hold up some of the decorations, and it wasn't long before Darien was standing spread-eagled between two steel posts, tied so that he was completely exposed and defenseless. Nearby, there was a second pile of clothes that belonged to Ronnie, who was laying naked in the Mens room. He wasn't there long before one of the fattest people in the school came in...

Moving to where Suzanne and Helena were tangled on the floor, Kevin could tell that both of them were *very* much involved in what they were doing to each other. The smell of aroused female was thick in the air, and what he could see of each of their faces was shiny with the other's juices. Both were making all manner of pleased and aroused noises.

Glancing over to where Darien was, Kevin was pleased to see one of the other kids that had been in the gym class with him and Darien was getting a little payback. The guy was quietly talking while pinching the bound man's body at random intervals and on varying parts of his body — probably making the point of what it was like to not know when or where or how pain was

coming, Kevin thought. After that guy left, Kevin was surprised to see a woman go over; Darien had apparently sexually harassed her because she spent no small amount of time repeatedly stroking him to erection and then viciously pulling on his scrotum, or causing him some other kind of sexual pain, making his erection flag; then she'd patiently start the whole process over again.

Looking over toward where the refreshments were, Kevin saw that Katie was doing just as he'd told her to. In fact, she was on a table with her head hanging off the edge; one guy was slowly fucking her mouth while another was sliding his hard cock in and out of her ass. From the look of things, someone else had already dumped a load of cum in her pussy. From there, Kevin checked how Michael was doing — and wasn't disappointed to see that he was actively bobbing his head in front of some guy.

Feeling satisfied with how things were going, Kevin spotted Grace Woodford again and knew that he had one more thing to take care of.

Knowing that he was in control, Kevin simply walked right up to her and asked "Hi, Grace. Remember me?"

After she'd looked him over in obvious approval, she answered "No, I can't say that I do."

"I suppose that I should have expected that, but I thought that you might remember me anyway — particularly after the way you talked to me when I asked you if you'd like to go out."

He could see the confusion on her face, and told her "C'mon, Grace. I'm Kevin Sellers; you know, 'Psycho Sellers'? I asked you if you'd like to go bowling, or to a movie, after History class in our Sophomore year. After the way you told me 'no', and all the reasons you gave me right there in front of the whole class and Mister Oldham, I'd have thought for sure you'd remember THAT!"

With the reminder that Kevin had just given her, the woman brightened up, then laughed. Still smiling, she said "Yeah, *now* I remember! Christ, you were some kind of fucked up in high school; it seemed like you did everything you could to alienate everybody around you. Those goofy clothes you used to wear, the weird shit you used to write for English assignments, how you always seemed to be on a completely different **planet** from everybody else... hell, what did you think I was going to do, accept?"

Quietly seething, Kevin told her "Yeah, I remember all that. But that was in Junior and Senior year; when I was a soph, I was still pretty much like everybody else — except that I didn't feel like I quite fit in. I thought maybe if I could go out on a date with somebody that everyone else seemed to like, maybe things would get better. But after you shot me down, and the way you did it in front of all those people, and how everybody talked and laughed about it... well, that was when I just kind of gave up. You were nice enough with everyone else, so why did you think you had to talk to ME like that?"

She gave him a scathing look before answering "I guess you aren't any smarter now than you

were then, Sellers. I never said anything to anybody then, but I already knew that I only liked girls. That's right — I'm a lesbian. You were so damn clueless, I thought that if I went out with you even ONCE, you'd think it was some kind of long-term commitment or something; and I **damn** sure wasn't about to take any chance that you might want us to do anything... physical. Christ, you were such a dweeb to even ask, like I'd even think about it! I'd heard people already starting to wonder about me, but I still wasn't going to have anything to do with YOU."

"Ever think that maybe if you HAD gone out with me, it would have shut people up? Did you ever think about what you were DOING to me? How you were holding me up for everyone else to laugh at, and how what you did would hurt ME when so much of high school was just trying to fit in?", Kevin demanded.

"I wouldn't have gone out with you under ANY circumstances, Sellers. You were a dweeb then, and it sounds like you're STILL a dweeb. I don't care what I said to you then, except that it had the effect I wanted it to: it made you leave me the hell alone. After that, I didn't give a rat's ass about you."

Next to him, Kevin heard a woman's voice say "I remember when that happened. It seemed like all the popular kids thought it was funny as hell, but there were a lot of us that thought it was mean, and cruel."

Turning his head, Kevin saw that Sheila had come up. As he looked at her, Kevin heard Grace say "Who the fuck are you? And why should I give a happy fuck what you think?"

Turning her head toward Kevin, Sheila said "Since I became blind, I've had *real* good hearing. I heard a little bit of what you were saying to the Whitmores, and almost all of what you talked about with Darien and Helena and Ronnie and Suzanne — and what they're doing now. I know all of them did things to you, and that you want to pay them back. Well, all of them did things like that to ME, too. Not as much as you, but still enough that I want to hurt them the way they hurt ME. Whatever it is that you're doing, however it is that you CAN do it... I'll do what I can to help."

Looking at her, Kevin could see that whatever had blinded her had disfigured her somewhat, too. While not a beauty, she'd still looked nice enough in high school. And she'd also been the one person that had been willing to talk with him. He couldn't figure out how she could do anything to help him, though.

When he turned his attention back to Grace, Kevin told her "See, Grace? That's what it's like to be a human being — something you don't seem to have caught on to, yet."

"Like I give a happy fuck about two dipshits like you making puppy eyes at me!"

When she said that, Kevin suddenly remembered something she'd said in the process of humiliating him after he'd asked her out. With an evil grin, he asked her "Grace, remember what you said to me about how I could get a girlfriend?"

"Sure. I said the only way you were going to have any kind of female companionship was if your

family got a dog", she answered with a laugh.

"Since you think dogs can be such good company, how about if you show us HOW good?"

Suspiciously, Grace demanded "What do you mean?"

After taking control of her mind, Kevin answered "I think that if Sheila is willing to turn her dog loose, it would be nice if you got down there and gave him a blowjob. Then after you swallow his cum, you should let him fuck you however much he CAN."

Kevin heard Sheila gasp next to him, then the humor in her voice as she said "I think that's a *wonderful* idea! If I take the harness off him, he knows he's allowed to do pretty much whatever he wants, so that's not a problem. And as long as I've had him, I figure he's about due to get laid. After he's done with her, I'll probably have to take him to the vet to see if he needs shots, or anything, though!"

Kevin laughed when Sheila was done, then told Grace to get naked and get busy. He could see that she was trying to fight him, but by that time he'd gotten enough experience and developed his new abilities to the point that she simply didn't have any other choice but to do what he said.

Kevin told Sheila when Grace started to undress; Sheila knelt down and undid the straps for the harness that she held. Once she'd gotten it off, she stuck it out for Kevin to take. After ruffling the dog's fur and telling him "Okay, Charlie, you're off the clock. Have fun!", she stood up again. Kevin took her hand and put it on his arm, and the two of them stood there for a few minutes. First, Kevin had Grace just hold still so he could look at her — her grapefruit-sized breasts with pale pink quarter-sized areolas surrounding pencil diameter nipples; and the thick and wild thatch of rust-red pubic hair that matched what was on her head. Kevin could see that Grace was considerably less than happy about having a man seeing her naked, and that only added to the pleasure of the experience for him. When he was done looking, Kevin had the naked woman kneel, then lay on the floor. With only a little encouragement from Sheila, her dog was willing to stand close enough to Grace for her to get her head under him; a few moments more, and she had the animal's bright red cock between her lips and was starting to suck on him.

Guiding Sheila to a couple of nearby seats that would let him watch the woman servicing the dog, Kevin got the two of them seated. When asked to, Kevin told Sheila what was happening with Grace while the two of them got caught up on what had happened since they'd left high school.

Kevin learned that Sheila had suffered scalding burns when she'd unknowingly superheated a measuring cup of water in a microwave; because the event had been a home accident not involving any kind of product liability, she received only monthly government disability payments that barely covered her minimal living expenses.

In return, Kevin conceded that the story he'd told people was only a fabrication meant to cause the others to regret the way they'd treated him in high school — something that Sheila thought was not only appropriate, but entertaining.

It was at that point that Grace pulled her head out from underneath Sheila's dog; giving Kevin a look of pure hatred as a small trail of dog cum ran down her chin, she moved to her hands and knees. Less than a minute later, the dog was sniffing at her hind quarters. It didn't take long for him to focus his attentions on the area between her thighs, and then begin licking the outside of her vagina. He continued his efforts for several minutes as his cock slowly became more and more exposed. A full eight inches of hard dog dick was waving in the air when he finally jumped up and wrapped his forelegs around Grace's waist; after several pumps of his hips resulted in the end of his dick bouncing off Grace's ass, he finally hit his target. With a sudden and almost savage thrust, Charlie buried nearly his entire length in Grace's vagina before he started pumping his hips. Even from where he was sitting, Kevin could see Grace's nipples erecting in response to the powerful fucking she was receiving; when she turned her head and he could see her face, he knew that she was horrified by the way her body was responding to the canine penetration.

As the animal continued to pound himself into the woman, Kevin saw the knot at the base of the dog's cock appear — and then swell to even greater proportions. It took barely a minute for the nearly tennis ball sized orb to start bouncing against Grace's opening. Then much to Kevin's surprise — and Grace's! — it somehow slipped through, so the pistoning of the animal's hips was moving it within the confines of her previously untapped vagina.

From the distressed sounds Grace made, and the even faster thrusts by Charlie, Kevin knew that the dog's knot was appreciably larger than Grace's insides. Next to him, Kevin heard Sheila say "From the noises she's making, I have to think that she really IS a lez, and Charlie's giving her a pretty good fucking."

Kevin explained to her what had happened, and Sheila said "You know, I *almost* feel sorry for her. But even more than that, I'm glad Charlie's finally getting a chance to get his rocks off!", making Kevin laugh.

It couldn't have been much more than a couple of minutes later that the dog was almost frantically pumping himself into his human bitch; a few seconds more, and he'd pressed himself as far into her as he could while his balls jumped as he pumped his doggie cum into her. When he was done, the dog unceremoniously started to pull his dick out — causing Grace no small amount of discomfort when he insisted on getting the knot out, too. After Charlie dropped to all fours again, and moved to the side to lick himself, Kevin could see that Grace was more than a little stunned by what had happened to her — and that her vagina was copiously leaking the animal semen that had been deposited in her. Her thick pubic hair tried to absorb it, but there was simply too much, and it started dripping onto the floor.

After a bit, Grace moved to lay on the floor so she could rest and get her breath back — patently ignoring the people that had gathered around to watch what she'd just done. Once finished licking his deflating cock, Charlie lay down, too, panting with what Kevin saw as a satisfied doggy grin on his face.

Kevin and Sheila continued to talk, and after a bit, Charlie got up and went over to where Grace was laying. After sniffing around her nethers, he began nudging her with his nose and pawing at

her as his cock started growing again. It didn't take Grace long to understand what he wanted, and with a sigh of resignation, she got to her hands and knees; after Charlie licked at her opening a few times, he once again got his front legs wrapped around her and began trying to mate with her. There weren't as many failed attempts before he was once more buried in her and happily pumping away.

Excusing himself, Kevin headed toward the bathroom to relieve himself — and see how Ronnie was doing. As he passed Darien, Kevin was amused to see that someone had taken a long-neck beer bottle and stuck the neck of it up his rectum... effectively leaving him standing there with a glass turd hanging out of his ass. Kevin was also glad to see that no small number of people had taken the time to give Darien examples of how he'd behaved in high school: his body was practically covered with a wide assortment of bruises, welts, and other injuries of varying size and severity.

Kevin had to hold his breath while in the bathroom because Ronnie was so thoroughly coated with shit. Kevin felt no small measure of satisfaction as he emptied his bladder right into Ronnie's face before making his exit.

When he was sitting with Sheila again, Kevin saw that Charlie had found his pleasure again: both Grace and the dog were once more laying down, getting their breath and energy back.

Looking around the room, he could see that Suzanne and Helena had finished getting each other off — they were currently tending to another woman, who had a look of absolute bliss on her face. Katie was "refreshing" another couple of guys, while her brother waited as the man standing in front of him got his cock put away.

Kevin and Sheila had been talking for a little while when she told him "Kevin, I know I wasn't some kind of beauty queen before, but at least I looked okay. But since I've been blind, it doesn't seem like *any* guy is interested in me because of the scars I still have from the burns. Not being all that pretty before, I didn't have all that many guys after me, anyway — but I was still able to get fucked the way I wanted to often enough. But now I'm stuck with getting myself off, and even with the couple of toys that I have, it just isn't the **same**. I really miss having an honest-to-god hard dick in me, and I was hoping that maybe... maybe you'd like to do me."

Surprised, Kevin took a few moments to really *look* at Sheila. Her long black hair was tucked behind her ears, and flowed to halfway down her back. Her bust wasn't particularly large, but certainly ample enough for Kevin's interest. Slight bumps gave him a rough idea of how large her nipples were, and clearly indicated where. She had a nice curve to her waist and hips, but she looked a little heavy around her abdomen and butt — probably from not getting out much, Kevin thought. The skirt she had on revealed a nice expanse of well-turned leg. Giving her face a closer look, he had to admit that the scarring he saw around the edges of the sunglasses she was wearing wasn't all **that** bad. Kevin was surprised to realize that he was actually starting to feel a certain amount of affection toward her. Not only did he have pleasant memories of the times that the two of them had spent together in high school, but she'd shown herself to be open and honest with him. That she'd not only approved, but gone on to assist with what he'd done during the

reunion convinced him that she had no interest in judging him, either. She didn't look anything like Alyssa, or Suzanne or Helena, or even Grace — but even with the remnants of the scarring around her eyes, she was still attractive enough to HIM. It took on a moment's consideration for him to tell her "I think I'd like that."

Visibly pleased by his answer, Sheila told him "Thank you... I'm SO glad to hear that! *God*, just thinking about it, I can feel myself getting so wet." A moment later, she hesitantly said "Um, we don't have to go anyplace — you know, like up to my room or anything — if you don't want to. If you can keep people from getting all worked up about the other stuff I know you've done here, I think it'd be okay if... if you just wanted to be with me here... and... and now, maybe?"

"Getting a little 'anxious', are you?", Kevin teased.

Giving him a surprisingly shy smile, Sheila admitted "Well, um, yeah. Like I said, it's been a while. I'll stay with you as long as you want, but I *really* want to get laid as soon as I can."

Taking Sheila's hand, Kevin got her to stand up; when she felt him start to move, she put her hand on his arm, saying "It's easier for me to know which way to go when I can feel you moving." Kevin didn't bother saying anything in response, choosing instead to simply lead the way over to where a large table held several assorted booklets and pamphlets. After he'd gotten all the papers cleared away, he guided Sheila around so that she was facing him with her ass slightly pressed against the edge of the table. So as to not surprise her, he slowly moved his hands from her upper arms to the collar of the blouse she was wearing; when she didn't say anything, he began unfastening the buttons that held it closed. Once they were all undone, he patiently pulled the blouse open, revealing Sheila's pale pink skin and the lightweight bra she was wearing. Through the material of the cups, he could see the darker pink circles of her areolas, and even the small pebbles of her pencil-eraser sized nipples. He softly drew his fingertips across the peaks of her breasts, and saw her nipples try to get longer and harder through the bra material. Looking closely, he could see that the bra fastened between her breasts. Deliberately letting her feel his fingertips moving on her covered mammaries, Kevin got hold of the clip that held the bra closed and unhooked it. It pulled open a little ways, but continued to cover Sheila's breasts.

After easing her blouse off her shoulders, and helping her get her arms out of the sleeves, Kevin carefully set it aside. A few seconds later, it was being accompanied by her bra. Leaning forward, Kevin first kissed, then softly sucked, the peaks of both of Sheila's breasts — something that caused her to draw her breath in sharply before releasing a soft moan of pleasure.

After tracing his fingertips down her front, Kevin followed the waist of the skirt she was wearing around to where it was fastened in the back. It took only a few seconds before he was able to let it fall to the floor, letting him see that she had on a pair of very brief French-cut panties that matched her bra. Kneeling in front of her, Kevin slid his fingers under the waistband and slid them down her legs. He put her hand on his shoulder so she could use him to steady herself as she stepped out of both items; Kevin picked them up and set them with the other items he'd taken off of her. With her standing there naked in front of him, Kevin could fully appreciate the small,

narrow wedge of her pubic thatch. From seeing it when he'd gotten her panties off, he knew that it was thick and lush — and apparently naturally tapered out about halfway down her mons. Stepping close to her, Kevin asked Sheila if she wanted to undress HIM, and wasn't surprised when she simply told him "There's no point to it. I'd take too damn long, and couldn't see anything I want to look at, anyway. Just get naked, so you can fuck me!"

Once he was as bare as she was, Kevin gently pulled Sheila into his arms. He knew she could feel that he was starting to react to the way she looked when she began arching her pelvis against his semi-erect penis as she ran her hands over as much of his body as she could reach. For his part, Kevin was content to simply hold her ass in his hands so he could squeeze and caress it while enjoying the feel of her breasts and nipples against his chest.

Kevin didn't get to enjoy having her in his arms for long. After just a couple of minutes, she told him "If it's okay with you, I... I'd like to suck your cock. I want to get you hard so you can fuck me..."

Kevin simply told her "That would be MORE than just 'okay', Sheila."

With a happy smile on her face, Sheila carefully moved to kneel on the floor. It took only a few seconds for her to get her hands on Kevin's penis, and couldn't have taken an additional two before she had her lips wrapped around it.

That was when Kevin learned just HOW eager she was for him to fuck her: between what she knew about giving head, and her enthusiasm, it couldn't have taken but a very few minutes for her to have him fully erect again — even after all the other sexual activity he'd been engaged in that day.

Certain that he wasn't going to go slack on her, Sheila moved to stand up again before carefully backing up so that her ass was touching the table again. Sure of where she was, she didn't hesitate to wriggle herself into a sitting position at the edge, then lay back and spread her legs in open invitation for Kevin to start doing HIS part — something he had started looking forward to more and more.

When Sheila felt him against her pelvis, she slowly wrapped her legs around Kevin's waist before telling him "If you can hold out and fuck me longer, that would be great; but I know I've shrunk inside, too, so don't worry about it if you like it a little too much — the way I feel right now, it won't take much *at all* for me to get off. And like I said, I'll be glad to stay with you as long as you want after this."

Smiling to himself, Kevin just told her "It's been a busy day for me, so I figure I'll be able to make you feel just **fine**."

With that, he levered his erection down and got it nestled between Sheila's thin, soft labia and against the ring of her opening. When he started to press himself forward, he discovered that she was damn near as small inside as Alyssa had been; it was the way she pushed herself against the end of his dick that told him she *wanted* him to fill her with his manhood.

As he began to push himself forward, Kevin learned that Sheila was **easily** as aroused as she'd told him she was: with barely half the head of his cock through her opening, he could already feel how hot and wet she was inside. Feeling Sheila pressing herself back at him, and remembering the way she'd wrapped her legs around his waist to open herself up to him as much as possible told Kevin that he didn't have to worry about causing her any pain or discomfort — that she was perfectly willing to do whatever it took to have a real, live erection buried in her womanhood. He didn't hesitate to continue getting more and more of his hard dick through the incredibly tight ring of her opening as Sheila arched her hips in welcome.

The head of his manhood finally slipped past the entrance of Sheila's vagina, and Kevin heard her release an impassioned moan of pleasure. Holding himself still to see if she needed or wanted to adjust to having something stretching her insides again, Kevin leaned forward enough to get his lips fastened to the peaks of Sheila's breasts again. He was delighted to discover that her dark pink areolas had puckered with her increased arousal, and become almost puffy; her nipples had gotten noticeably longer and harder, and she groaned her appreciation when he took each of them into his mouth and softly "chewed" on them before going back to sucking at her bust like an infant.

He was still having fun trying different things with his lips and mouth on Sheila's breasts when he felt her pressing herself up against him in encouragement to finish stuffing her full of his cock. Regretfully, he released the nipple he had between his lips so that he could focus his attention on what she so obviously wanted him to do.

After sliding himself back and forth through her opening a little bit to try and wet his dick with her abundant oils, Kevin started pressing himself even farther into Sheila's tight channel. She never made a single noise that indicated any pain or discomfort, though she was noticeably more enthusiastic each time he paused long enough to make sure he stayed properly wetted with her juices. Sooner than he'd thought it would happen, Kevin felt Sheila's opening clenched around the base of his cock while the end of it lightly pressed against the deepest part of her.

Realizing that he was all the way inside her, Sheila released a deep groan before muttering "Dear **God** that feels so good!" to no one in particular.

Figuring that Sheila would be just as willing to tell him if she needed him to stop or slow down as she'd been about asking him to fuck her in the first place, Kevin started sliding his dick back and forth in her. Remembering what she'd said about how long it had been, his initial efforts were long and slow; but as the woman underneath him continued to indicate with her moans that she was fine with what he was doing, he steadily increased the tempo and force of his thrusts. Sheila became even more responsive as his efforts progressed, and it surprised him greatly when she suddenly orgasmed just a couple of minutes later. Kevin just kept pistoning himself in and out of her as he felt her tight, wet sheath clenching around his dick. By the time it was over for her, she wasn't *quite* as tight around him — but noticeably wetter and hotter.

After his time with Alyssa that morning, and then having his pleasure with Katie Whitmore, Kevin knew that it was going to take a little while before he'd be able to cum again... which was

fine with him, since it meant that he'd be able to actually **enjoy** the feeling of fucking Sheila's tight twat. And for better than half an hour, that was just exactly what he did: take pleasure from the feeling of his dick moving in the woman under him, even through the several progressively stronger orgasms she experienced as he simply continued sliding his cock in and out of her.

Kevin was getting a little tired when he began to feel the pressure of a climax start to build. As the sensations grew progressively stronger, he let himself get a little more enthusiastic about how he was fucking Sheila — who not only didn't object, but actually encouraged him to fuck her harder. It wasn't long before he was almost pounding himself into her as his release approached faster and faster. Finally, after slamming himself into her hard enough to rock the massive table they were on, Kevin tried to stuff his entire *body* through Sheila's portal just ahead of the first wad of his cum rocketing out the end of his dick. Before the second could escape, though, Kevin heard Sheila almost scream as her wet pussy clamped down on the entire length of him. The feeling of her hot sheath clenching so tightly around him only added to Kevin's pleasure — just as the feeling of his cum spraying into her seemed to do the same for Sheila.

Nearly exhausted from what had happened, both of them could only lay still as they got their breath and senses back; Kevin somehow managed to support himself on his elbows so that he wasn't fully laying on Sheila.

More-or-less recovered, Kevin and Sheila had exchanged a number of kisses when they felt Kevin's shrunken penis pull free of Sheila's intimate embrace. Sheila made a face before saying "I'd forgotten about *that* part of this... having a guy's cum running out of me afterwards. I'd be glad to take you up to my room, or go with you back to your place — but not until I can get dressed again, which I can't do while I'm still **leaking** all over the place."

From the corner of his eye, Kevin saw something move; when he turned his head to look closer, he saw that it had been Charlie... who had apparently finally managed to get enough sex, judging from the way he was stretched out. When Kevin shifted his eyes to Grace, he saw an amazing puddle of what must have been dog cum next to her. Remembering how he'd had her start with Charlie, Kevin got an idea.

He turned to Sheila again, and asked her "How would you like to give Grace a last little taste of revenge?", chuckling slightly.

"I'd be fine with it. There weren't many people that she wasn't an absolute bitch with, and the farther beneath her she thought someone was, the worse she was about it. Since people knew that you and I talked sometimes, that made me about the lowest of the low. Why?"

It took only a few moments for Kevin to tell her the idea he'd gotten; she quickly agreed that it sounded *particularly* fine to her. With that settled, Kevin calmly went about putting it into action.

After getting up and going over to where Grace was again laying on the floor, Kevin saw that her ass and the insides of her thighs glistened with dried dog cum; her russet pubic hair looked like it had been saturated with donut glaze and allowed to dry. When she realized someone was standing there, she turned her head and looked up at him. He could hear the resignation in her

voice when she asked "What now, Sellers?"

Cheerfully, he told her "I'm going to be leaving before long, Grace, but there's still a couple of pretty easy things I'd like you to do before then."

Suspicious, she asked "What're those?"

Still pleasant, Kevin told her "First, I'd like your help getting my dick cleaned off."

Only then did she seem to realize that he was standing there naked, and with his cock plainly coated with what she realized was a mix of his cum and some girls pussy juice. Knowing that she wasn't going to like the answer, Grace still had to ask "Why would you need my help cleaning that... **thing** of yours off?"

Smiling, Kevin told her "Because I'd like to clean it off using YOUR mouth and tongue, of course!"

It took only a second for Grace to understand what he was saying — and be repulsed by it. But after she'd sucked a dog off, then let it fuck her repeatedly, she knew there wasn't any way she was going to get out of doing just what Kevin wanted. With a sigh, she got to her knees; as she moved to begin licking Kevin's sticky penis, she felt a blob of dog semen slip out of her pussy and start to run down the inside of one thigh. She didn't even blush; she simply opened her mouth and began cleaning Kevin's cock and balls with her lips and tongue. When he told her she'd done well enough, she just waited to see what else he had in mind.

She was ready and listening closely when Kevin told her "Watching that dog fuck you was a *real* thrill, Grace. I mean, it was SO obvious that he was just enjoying the hell out of getting to use your pussy, and that you were able to make him cum so much inside you... Well, me and a girl, we kinda got going from seeing all that, and we had a little fun, ourselves. We're about ready to leave now, but she doesn't want to get dressed again until all my cum is out of her. So I was thinking that since you were part of the reason I put it IN her, you could be part of the solution of getting it back OUT."

Hearing that, Grace thought that she might finally be getting a break by being given the opportunity to eat the snatch of whatever bimbo Sellers had boffed. The idea of tasting more of his cum didn't appeal to her, but the possibility of getting a taste of another woman made her mouth water. Nodding her head, Grace told him "Yeah, I'd like to do that."

"EXcellent!", Kevin declared. Going back to where Sheila was, he helped her get off the table, then led her to where Grace was still resting on her knees.

Kevin told Grace "What we were thinking was that you'd just lay down, and she'll kneel over your face. Would that be okay with you?"

Not trusting herself to speak, Grace just nodded before doing as Kevin had suggested. Less than a minute later, Sheila was on her knees, straddling Grace's head.

Kevin waited until he saw Grace start to lift her head before telling her "Oh, no, Grace — you

don't have to DO anything! You just need to open your mouth, so my cum has someplace to go when it drips out of her!"

Grace blushed with the realization that she'd been had, and in a BIG way. She also felt humiliated that she was being treated as a disposal for Seller's used cum... and not even getting the opportunity to get a taste of where it had been. Around her, she could hear a few people sniggering and laughing, and suddenly understood what it had been like for Sellers when she'd told him off after he'd asked her out. Finally having experienced what she'd been like from the other person's perspective, Grace felt an overwhelming sense of shame. Even with her eyes tightly closed so she wouldn't have to look at the people watching her, she couldn't stop herself from crying.

Feeling something wet on her lips reminded Grace that she was supposed to have her mouth open, so that she'd collect the cum that was obviously starting to drip out of the woman above her. After she licked her lips to clean them, Grace opened her mouth just ahead of a blob of semen landing on her tongue. Disgusted by it, but knowing that there wasn't anything she could do, Grace just continued to lay there — even as the other woman's pussy continued to drain into her mouth.

When the woman got to her feet again, Grace just continued to lay there, hoping against hope that Sellers wouldn't have anything else to shame her with. What she heard from him was "I think you should probably go ahead and swallow it, Grace. Since I don't think anyone else here would want anything to do with you, you might as well clean up a little bit and go home."

Relieved, Grace managed to sit up, then get to her feet. Seeing how many people had witnessed all that had happened to her, she blushed furiously as she got her clothes together and started toward the ladies room.

Kevin provided the minimal assistance Sheila needed to get dressed again, then put his own clothes back on. One last look around the room told him that he'd had the impact he'd sought on those that had tormented him the most: Darien looked about ready to collapse from all the abuse that he'd been subjected to; Helena and Suzanne were pleasuring another woman while a guy was fucking each of them. Katie had one guy fucking her face while another had a surprisingly large cock stuffed up her ass. Michael was still on his knees, and bobbing his head in front of someone that Kevin was pretty sure had already gotten a turn — not that it mattered to HIM, of course.

When Sheila put her hand on his arm, Kevin was ready to leave; it was only a few moment's discussion for them to decide to retire to Sheila's room so they could continue their activities in more comfort.

After they'd gotten out of the conference room, Kevin turned to make sure the door was securely closed behind them — he didn't want anyone disturbing the happenings on the other side. Behind him, he heard a gasp from Sheila, quickly followed by a whine from Charlie; before he could turn to see what was going on, he felt a sharp pain in his left ass cheek...

Doctor Hanover sat behind his desk as he listened to what his visitor had to say. When the man was done, Hanover asked him "So you've found a way to turn the Sellers problem into an asset?"

"Yeah, we have. It was pretty obvious, so of course it took the folks upstairs a little while to come up with it. The man obviously has some serious mind control abilities, so we've started using him to deal with agents from the more unfriendly of our colleagues, and to collect information from people and places that we couldn't get to before. With the powers he has, contact with him is *extremely* limited; he's allowed to meet with just one handler that we keep a DAMN close eye on, and **nobody** else — we're still too afraid of what he MIGHT do. Even so, we still aren't using him much... upstairs is still having too much trouble believing that he can actually DO everything we've told them he can. Even with the depositions from all those people at that reunion, and all the others that he... processed, they're having a hard time with it. Understandable, but still a pain in the ass."

"And what about the girl that was with him when we captured him?"

"She's wants to stay with him as long as he'll have her. He seems to like her, so we let it go. Besides, it simplifies things a little bit."

"Knowing what he can do, and DID do, why would she want to stay with him?", a baffled Hanover asked.

"Our own people wondered about that, too, and what the psych people told us was that he probably processed her without even realizing it. When they were in school together, she was pretty much his only friend; after he saw her again in the state of mind he must have been in, he just kind of latched onto her as a familiar and friendly face. After what he did to the ones that bothered him, it makes sense. Of course, with someone like him, we may never know for certain. That reminds me... are you having any success figuring out just what DID happen to him?"

Sighing heavily, Hanover answered "Not really. From when the waste sensor alarms went off, we have **some** idea of what possible chemicals may have been involved, and approximately how much of each. But finding the right mixture, and then getting the dosage correct... the answer won't be known soon, if we can find it at all. We know he didn't follow Procedure a few times, too, so that throws another set of variables into the equation. I know it's been six months since whatever it was that changed him, and all I can tell you is that it may be another six before we know anything — or six years, or six decades, for that matter. What about the people that he... influenced?"

"Once we got them deposed, we pretty much let them go." Seeing the surprise on Hanover's face, the man continued "Look, we're a spook shop, not the Red Cross or anything. Besides, we only have so much budget to work with, and we can't go pissing it away trying to fix everybody he messed with. If it makes you feel any better, I've read the reports about all of them. The ones at the reunion pretty much deserved what he did to them — all of them made his life a living hell by turning him into an outcast. You might remember your own high school years, Doc, and how much pressure there was to fit in... and these folks were enjoying pushing him OUT. So no, I

don't have a whole lot of sympathy for them. As for the girl at his apartment complex... she's kind of a special case, too. Her parents are a couple of complete religious nutcases, and our psych people say that they flat-out screwed her up eleven ways from Sunday while she was growing up. All Sellers did to her, really, was get her a hell of a lot closer to normal than she was before. If any anything, she should be **thanking** him. Now that we know what he does, and kinda-sorta how he does it, we're able to keep anyone else from getting too messed up, but that's about it."

"What about HIS future?", Hanover asked.

"He isn't what you could call overjoyed that we got him — but he understands that he's a lot better off working for us than what would happen if he wasn't. As long as he behaves himself and does what we tell him, he'll get a nice paycheck and we'll leave him alone as much as we can. He's still a pain to deal with, but not *too* bad — at least, not yet. That's why we'd be so much happier if you could figure out how he got that way, so we could see if we can make it happen with some people that are a little more... stable."

Hanover responded by saying "Yes, these are the American Industry Research Labs, and we are financed by off-the-record government funds. But what happened to Mister Sellers was something that none of us could have anticipated. We've made changes in some of our policies, and the experience with Sellers has suggested a number of research paths, but there's only so much that we can do. I'm afraid that the only things that you can really count on are the research and development that we're already doing for you — at least, if you want us to stay under the radar..."