

NERD! - GENESIS OF A MASTER

NAUGHTY BARD



Chapter 1



Raleigh, North Carolina — Dresden High School

"I've returned the assignments," Mr. Avery announced, his voice slicing through the mid-morning lethargy of the classroom like a cold blade. A collective groan rippled through the rows of desks as students straightened their backs in a wave of sudden, nervous energy. "Oh, yes! You should be worried. Aside from a few very lonely exceptions, this was an absolute disaster."

Avery was short, round, and seemed to possess a chip on his shoulder the size of a textbook. He took a visible, sadistic pleasure in the sudden tension, using his inflexible severity to compensate for the fact that he had to look up at nearly all of his students. He savored the silence for a beat longer than necessary before looking down at the stack of papers.

"Harris! Hand these out," Avery barked at a boy in the third row.

Bobby Harris stood up like a programmed soldier. Though he stood a full head taller than the teacher, his eyes betrayed a deep-seated terror of the red ink waiting for him. As Bobby took the stack, his face was already flushing with the expected shame.

From the back row, Damian Flanagan watched the grim procession with a detached, clinical air. Bobby—who clearly prioritized the weight room over the library—weaved through the desks like a harbinger of doom, dropping failures onto desks like heavy stones. When he finally reached the back of the room, he didn't hand Damian his paper; he flicked it onto the desk with a derisive sneer, letting the paper slide across the wood.

A bright, crimson A+ glared back from the top of the page.

"Fucking nerd," Harris muttered. The comment was low enough to stay under Avery's radar, but loud enough for the rest of the varsity goons to catch it and snicker.

Damian didn't look up, nor did he react to the sting of the insult. He simply pulled the paper toward him, his expression unreadable and calm. He was used to the routine. Introverted and weary of conflict, he had long ago learned that the smartest way to navigate Dresden High—or life, for that matter—was to remain as inconspicuous as a guy could possibly be. He had mastered the art of choosing the path of least resistance, flowing around trouble like water rather than crashing against it.

The title "Nerd" had essentially replaced his given name in the school's social hierarchy, and Damian was mostly grateful for the invisibility it provided. To him, being overlooked wasn't a failure; it was a tactical advantage. Unfortunately, his perfect GPA was the one glitch in his plan. It was a beacon that made him impossible to ignore, drawing the kind of attention that was a constant, irritating bother. In a school that worshipped at the altar of mediocrity, being the guy with the top grade was like wearing a neon target on his back—it forced him into the spotlight just enough for the jocks to notice he even existed.

He was a scruffy, unassuming figure, standing about 5'9" and thin enough to look fragile compared to the meatheads in the front rows. His Irish heritage had gifted him with dark hair that was a total disaster—thick, overgrown, and lacking any sort of actual shape, it usually just fell over his forehead in a chaotic, tangled mess. His skin was so fair it was almost translucent, giving him a delicate, nearly elfin appearance that he did his best to hide behind a slouch.

In all truthfulness, his facial features were actually kind of cute. He possessed a sharp jawline and a straight, aristocratic nose that, in a parallel universe, could have turned heads—but the general scruffiness and his "I don't give a damn" attitude toward his reflection acted like a thick layer of camouflage. Behind a pair of decidedly uncool, thick-rimmed glasses sat two piercing sapphire eyes—vibrant and bright—though he rarely leveled them at anyone long enough for them to notice the intelligence within.

When the bell finally rang, the room emptied in a rush of students cursing Mr. Avery's name. Damian stayed seated, methodically sliding his paper into a folder. As was his habit, he was the last to leave, waiting for the initial stampede to clear.

But stepping out into the hallway was still like wading into a turbulent river. A frantic mass of students surged in every direction, a blur of oversized hoodies and colorful backpacks. Friends shouted over the roar of slamming locker doors while couples clung to each other in the center of the flow, oblivious to the frustrated groans of those trying to shove past.

Damian kept his head down, trying to navigate the margins of the chaos, moving with the practiced stealth of a shadow. He was almost to his locker, almost safe, when a heavy, purposeful shoulder slammed into him. The impact sent him and his books sprawling across the linoleum, the sound of

his heavy physics textbook hitting the floor echoing like a gunshot.

"Watch it, loser," a voice boomed.

It was Brent Miller, the varsity quarterback, flanked by a small entourage of laughing seniors. Brent was the school's alpha dog—towering and built with the kind of broad-shouldered, lean athleticism that made every jersey look like it was custom-tailored for his frame. He was handsome in a rugged, square-jawed way, though the effect was constantly undermined by the permanent, cocky smirk plastered across his face—a look that screamed he was untouchable and knew it.

Damian felt a familiar, sharp spike of irritation. He hated that look. He hated the way Brent moved through the halls like he owned the air everyone else was breathing, completely convinced that the rules of the world didn't apply to him just because he could throw a damn ball.

The sophomore mentally rolled his eyes but remained outwardly still. There was no point in reacting; Brent was a mountain of muscle, and Damian was a toothpick. He knelt to gather his scattered belongings, hoping the group would just keep moving, but a heavy, mud-caked cleat suddenly planted itself firmly on the center of his physics textbook, pinning it to the floor.

Don't these meatheads ever get bored of themselves? Damian wondered, bracing for the inevitable taunt.

"Brent, leave him alone!"

The voice came from a few yards away, cutting through the mundane noise of the hallway with the authority of a royal decree. Pamela Van Buren stood watching them, her

presence instantly recalibrating the room's energy. She was, without a shadow of a doubt, the de facto queen of the student body. Her appearance was meticulously curated: petite, her skin glowing with a year-round sun-kissed tan, she wore a dazzling smile that belonged on the cover of a high-fashion magazine or a glossy teen periodical.

Her mere presence seemed to warp the space around her, drawing every eye and killing whatever conversations were happening in the hall. Even a guy as checked-out as Damian wasn't immune to her. It didn't matter how many physics equations he had memorized; just one look at her curves was enough to send a rush of blood straight to his crotch. He was a brainiac, sure, but he was also a virgin who had never even been close to a girl—making him just as horny, if not worse, than every other guy staring at her.

He registered the shift in the air, the way the world seemed to tilt on its axis just for her. But as much as he felt that pull, he'd never actually spoken to her. Their worlds occupied the same hallway, but they were separated by a social gulf that felt impossible to cross.

For a fraction of a second, their eyes met. Damian offered a tiny, fleeting nod of gratitude.

"Yo, what's up, babe?" Brent replied, his aggression vanishing into a vapid grin. He stepped off Damian's book and pulled Pam into a lopsided embrace, his hands tangling in her long, dark hair. Just like that, the "loser" was forgotten. Damian was invisible again.

"You hyped for tonight?" Brent asked, checking his reflection in the trophy case glass and adjusting his hair while he spoke.

"You bet," Pam said, leaning into him with that perfectly practiced tilt of her head.

"Man, we're gonna smoke these bitches," he bragged, raising his voice just enough to make sure the kids at the nearby lockers caught every word. "I'm for real, did you see the film from last week? Their secondary is straight-up trash. I'm gonna hung at least four touchdowns on 'em before halftime. It's not even gonna be a game, for real—it's just gonna be a highlight reel for my socials."

"Big talk," Pam teased, though her eyes betrayed a hint of boredom that Brent was too self-absorbed to notice.

"It ain't talk if I'm actually 'bout that action," he smirked, pulling her closer and letting his hand slide down to her waist with a firm, possessive squeeze. "Just make sure you're locked in when I hit the end zone. I need my girl watching while I run all over these bums."

He leaned down, his voice dropping into a low, cocky murmur that was meant for her ears but loud enough for his boys to catch the vibe. "And after I'm done wrecking them on the field, I'm gonna need you to take care of me. I'm talkin' a private celebration, babe—just you, me. I'm putting up big numbers tonight, so I expect a reward for every single point I score."

Pam let out a soft, melodic giggle, like pure sugar. She leaned in, her lips brushing against the shell of his ear, "Well, if you're THAT good, I'm gonna have to..." but she dropped her voice to a whisper and made a filthier, more specific promise of exactly how she planned to "reward" him for those points.

Brent's eyes went wide for a split second before a slow, stupidly satisfied grin spread across his face, his chest puffing out even further. Behind him, his boys exchanged

looks and started snickering, nudging each other as they watched the school's golden boy practically melt into his own shoes.

They began making out right there in the center of the hall, oblivious to the flow of students swerving around them. To an outsider, they looked like a cliché from a low-budget teenage movie: the cocky jock and the stunning, spoiled doll.

Pam wasn't particularly fond of the labels, but she understood the value of the brand. To her, the social order of Dresden High was less of a cage and more of a survival strategy. Being the "it-girl" wasn't just about the attention; it was about the sheer, frictionless ease of it all. It meant never having to wait in line, always being the first to know about the best parties, and having a literal army of guys ready to do her bidding just for a smile.

Most of them did it because they were busy drooling over her, but she knew the real power came from the muscle on her arm. Having Brent Miller as her official boyfriend meant her status was backed by force. His presence demanded a certain kind of social obedience; crossing Pam didn't just mean social suicide—it meant a one-way ticket to a locker-room beatdown.

And that was because, at the end of the day, Brent might have been the leader of the pack, but Pam had learned exactly how to handle him. She didn't bark orders; she managed him with soft smiles and tactical affection, keeping him wrapped around her finger like a loyal puppy who didn't even realize he was on a short leash.

Her strongest weapon, however, was the one she kept behind closed doors. She kept Brent completely hooked with a level of uninhibited, super-lewd sex that he couldn't find anywhere else. By playing the part of his personal porn star,

she ensured his total devotion; he was so addicted to her body—and the way she let him use it—that he never even thought to question her influence. It was a delicate, exhausting balancing act of being both the perfect queen and the ultimate high-end toy, but it kept her safe on her throne.

She knew people looked at her and saw a shallow archetype, a girl whose biggest struggle was a bad hair day, and she was perfectly fine letting them believe it. Of course, the "spoiled doll" persona was a mask—a way to keep people at a distance so they wouldn't see the girl underneath, with all her insecurities and worries. But for all intents and purposes, popularity was indeed a currency, and as long as she was dating the quarterback and looking like she stepped off a runway, her credit was infinite. It was a life of zero resistance—a simple, glossy path. Why the hell would she ever want to change it?

The bell rang again, sharp and merciless. Pam huffed, pulling away from the quarterback's grip.

"I have to go. I have an appointment with Devon to talk about my 'academic progress,'" she sighed.

"Come on, just one more minute, babe" Brent pleaded, reaching for her again.

"I can't be late, or I'll never hear the end of her lecture." Pam checked her phone, a flicker of genuine annoyance crossing her face.

Yeah, that was probably the most significant issue she had in her life—the one thing she couldn't charm or flirt her way out of. She was currently failing almost every core subject; her GPA was a total dumpster fire against which her social status and Brent's protection were utterly useless. The numbers on

her transcript didn't care who she was dating or how many guys drooled over her in the hallway.

If she didn't figure out a way to unfuck her grades soon, she was looking at a humiliating fifth year of high school while her friends headed off to college. It was the only visible crack in her armor, a looming disaster that threatened to expose her as something other than the effortless queen she pretended to be.

She slipped out of Brent's arms with practiced grace. "Seriously, Brent, I'm one missed meeting away from being benched from life. See you after school."

"Pamela, you simply cannot continue like this. I'm being for real with you, baby."

Miss Devon was a plump, middle-aged Black woman with a face that radiated kindness and a supply of patience that seemed nearly bottomless. As the vice principal, she held the unenviable task of monitoring student progress—an academic shepherd trying to keep her wayward flock from wandering off the cliff.

"Out of the nine subjects you're taking, you only got a passing grade in two," Devon continued, tapping a finger on the desk with a steady, rhythmic thud.

Pam sat across from her with her arms crossed and legs tightly folded, her body language a fortress of annoyance. "It's because I'm stupid," she said, her voice dripping with an insolent, bored edge.

Devon didn't even blink. She just leaned back and gave Pam a look that saw straight through her soul. "Oh, please. Don't

you start that 'I'm just a pretty face' mess with me. You're not stupid, Pamela—you're actually very sharp. The real issue is you're lazy, and you think the world is gonna keep handing you passes just 'cause you look good."

Pam rolled her eyes, but the woman continued, clearly weary of the act. "Last year, you just barely scraped by, but this year, you got college entrance exams. What's the plan, girl? Because I know you don't think your charm is gonna magically bubble in those Scantron sheets for you. Am I wrong?"

The girl remained silent, her irritation visible in the way she bit her lip. Devon sighed, closing her eyes for a moment to massage her temples. She stood up from her mahogany desk and moved to the chair beside Pam, dropping the "VP" act for a second to get on her level.

"Listen to me," she said, her voice softening but staying firm. "Tell me what's really going on. I can't help you if you keep lying to yourself. Let's see if we can find a solution together before you end up stuck here another year."

Pam was quiet for a few seconds, picking at her manicure and looking everywhere but at the woman. Finally, she let out a sharp, frustrated huff.

"I literally do sit down to study! Like, every single day, damn it!" she snapped, her voice hitting a higher, stressed-out pitch. "I lock myself in my room and stare at the pages until I'm basically cross-eyed. But it's just... the stuff doesn't stick. I read a paragraph five times, and it's like it's written in some weird code or something. It goes in, and then it's just gone. It's a total waste of my life."

She looked up at Devon, her expression flipping from bored to genuinely panicked for a second. "I'm not lying, okay? I'm

trying. But the second I sit down for a quiz, my brain just... wipes itself. I'm failing, and I don't even know how to stop it, so what am I even supposed to do?"

Miss Devon studied her for a long beat, her eyes narrowing as she processed that. "Well, Pamela, I suspect your problem is your study method."

Pam frowned, looking genuinely confused. "What study method?"

Devon paused, giving Pam a slow, pitying look before she leaned forward. "Lord, have mercy. You lookin' at me like I just asked you to explain quantum physics in Greek. 'Study method' isn't the name of some new TikTok filter, honey. It means actually havin' a strategy that doesn't involve hopin' for a miracle."

The vice principal raised an eyebrow, her voice getting that authoritative edge back. "The fact that you even had to ask me that tells me everything I need to know. You don't have a plan, and you're going to need one if you expect to walk across that stage in June." Pam started to roll her eyes again, but Devon pointed a finger. "Don't you roll those eyes at me. What you need is a tutor. Period."

"A tutor?" Pam exclaimed, as if the woman had just suggested she wear a potato sack to prom.

"Exactly," Devon said, ignoring the drama as she swung her chair back to the computer. "You need someone to help you get your life together, to teach you how to study. It should be one of your classmates—someone who actually knows how to open a book. Let's see..." She scrolled through a spreadsheet, the blue light of the monitor reflecting in her eyes. "How about Terriot? Or maybe that Wallowitz boy?"

Pam let out a short, almost hysterical laugh. "Miss Devon, please. Let's be for real. Terriot looks like he's shedding dandruff from his eyelashes, and Wallowitz is literally always covered in crumbs. It's a biohazard."

Devon took a slow, deep breath, visibly trying not to let her "street" side come out and check this girl's attitude. She paused, then turned slowly to look Pam dead in the eye.

"Very well," she resumed, her voice dropping into a low, 'don't-test-me' tone. "Then you find someone 'suitable.' And I mean someone who's actually gonna make you work, not just some boy you can bat your lashes at. You got until the end of next week to bring me a name, or so help me God, I'm gonna pick the one that smells the worst just to spite you. Do you feel me?"

"But Miss Devon—"

"Good day, Pamela. Now move it."

The dismissal was absolute. Pam rose, her face flushed hot, and marched out of the office, slamming the heavy door behind her hard enough to make the frames on the wall rattle. Her heart was hammering against her ribs; she was fuming and needed to blow off some steam immediately—and luckily, she knew exactly where to find the distraction she needed.

"Holy shit... Pam, you're literal perfection," Bobby Harris panted. His breath hitched as he buried his rock-hard dick inside her again and again, slamming her against the cold tiles of the stall. He gripped her thighs, knuckles white as his muscles strained. He was right on the edge.

Pam let out a low laugh that was half-moan. "Oh, sweetie, tell me something I don't know."

This was Pam's go-to therapy for pretty much every bit of stress in her life, no matter how small. She was, quite literally, a total cock addict. It wasn't just a hobby; it was a physical, gnawing need that she couldn't—and wouldn't—ever turn off. She had a bottomless appetite for variety, a craving to experience every shape, every color, every taste, and every pungent, masculine smell she could get her hands on.

While Brent was "the one" on paper, he was basically a one-trick pony, and Pam had a hunger that was way too massive for just one guy to handle. She lived for the secret power she held over the guys at Dresden. She had developed unmatched, legendary skills as a deepthroater, and that was just the tip of the iceberg when it came to her lewd, sexual talents. Whether it was the way she used her hands, her tongue, or the tight, hungry grip of her pussy, she had a rotating door of guys completely obsessed with her.

Brent, meanwhile, was completely in the dark of course. He lived in a fantasy world where he was the only man she touched, never suspecting for a second that his "perfect" girlfriend was cheating on him with basically every boy who breathed. She was so good at the game that she could swallow a stranger's load in a bathroom stall and be back at Brent's side five minutes later, looking like a saint.

The guys were all too terrified of Brent's fists to ever speak a word, and too dangerously addicted to the specialized, filthier-than-porn treatment she gave them to ever want her to stop. It was the ultimate irony: the same depraved, soul-snatching talents she used to keep Brent wrapped around her finger and totally addicted to her were the exact same moves she used on half the boys in the school, including Brent's buddies. She knew exactly how to use every inch of her body

to buy their silence, making sure they were so drained and satisfied that they'd never dream of snitching. For Pam, every locker room hookup was more than just a release; it was a feast, and she was never, ever full.

Today, Bobby—a random sophomore gym rat who acted like a god in the halls—was exactly what she needed. It went without saying that the second she laid a hand on him, his "tough guy" act melted like wax under a blowtorch, leaving him a total, stuttering simp in her hands. He was cute in that generic, athletic way, blond, with a buzz cut and a jawline he was clearly proud of, but he lacked any of the real authority he pretended to have.

Even though his dick was strictly average, he made up for it by being rough enough to actually make her feel something. He had the kind of relentless, meathead stamina that she craved when she needed to shut her brain off. He slammed into her with a desperate, clumsy energy, his hands bruising her hips as he tried to keep up with her. After fifteen minutes of hard work, the stress from Devon's office was finally starting to blur. To Bobby, this was the peak of his life; to Pam, he was just a human vibrator, a temporary fix to keep her from screaming.

Finally, Bobby went rigid, his fingers digging into Pam's thighs as his rhythm broke into a series of desperate, heavy lunges. His eyes rolled back, and his mouth hung open in a mask of pure, unadulterated bliss as he felt himself hit the point of no return. He let out a low, guttural groan, his entire body shuddering as he emptied his balls into the condom with everything he had. In his mind, he was pumping his seed into the school's goddess, and the sheer intensity of the release made his knees go weak.

As the last of the tremors faded, Bobby leaned back heavily against the cold metal partition, his chest heaving. He looked at her with total, puppy-like devotion, his face flushed and

sweaty, completely wrecked by the performance he had just completed.

"God, I'm obsessed with you," he managed to choke out.

Pam just smirked, grabbing a handful of toilet paper to clean up. "Yeah, I get that a lot, Bobby." She gave him a quick wink as she snapped her lace panties back into place and smoothed her skirt. "Alright, get back to class. Go on, before your lit teacher starts wondering where his star athlete is."

With clumsy, shaking hands, he reached down and slipped the condom off and tossed it into the toilet, the splash echoing in the quiet bathroom before he hit the flusher. He grabbed a handful of rough paper towels to wipe the stray sweat and mess from himself, frantically zipping his jeans back up. Thinking he'd earned a moment of intimacy, he leaned in for a quick, messy kiss, his lips parted.

Pam didn't even blink. She pressed a flat hand against his chest, stopping him dead with the effortless strength of someone swatting away a fly.

"Nope. We're done for today, stud. Wait for me to call you. Now go."

Resigned, the kid nodded and ducked out of the stall. A second later, the heavy bathroom door creaked open.

"Yo, nerd! The fuck are you looking at?" Pam heard Bobby's voice boom, gaining back that fake-ass confidence he flaunted daily. There was no comeback, just a muffled, annoyed sound followed by the *thud* of the door closing. Bobby was out.

"Jerk," a voice muttered from the sinks.

Pam froze. It was a voice she didn't recognize—raw, deep, and actually kind of hot. Curious, she pulled her feet up onto the seat so she wouldn't get spotted from under the door. She watched through the gap as a pair of beat-up, off-brand black sneakers moved toward the urinal right next to her stall. She heard the slide of a zipper, then the steady sound of the guy taking a leak.

A mischievous grin spread across Pam's face. She couldn't leave a mystery alone, especially not one hidden behind a locked door in her personal sanctuary. Moving like a ghost, she carefully stepped up onto the closed toilet lid, her designer sneakers making almost no sound on the plastic.

Above the hum of the ventilation, the only sound in the room was the heavy, rhythmic splashing of a high-pressure stream hitting the water in the next stall, the kind of sound that only came from someone who had been holding it in for a while. Pam bit her lip to keep from letting out a giggle. The guy was totally oblivious, completely focused on the simple relief of peeing, unaware that the school's queen was perched just inches away. She pulled out her iPhone, hit record, and slowly reached her arm over the top of the partition, angling the lens downward to catch whatever "average" secret the unknown boy was hiding.

She caught the whole thing in silence, waited for the flush and the sound of the guy leaving the room, then sat back down to check the footage.

A sharp, shocked laugh escaped her. "No fucking way..."

She couldn't believe her eyes. On the screen was something she never expected to find at a place like Dresden High. This guy—some nameless, bottom-tier nerd she must have seen lurking in the library or something—was hung like a goddamn horse. Even limp, he was terrifyingly impressive;

there was at least six inches of thick, heavy, veined meat hanging like a weight between his thighs.

What really killed her was the contrast. From what she could see of his thighs and hips, his skin was so pale it was almost porcelain, making the thick, dark bush of pubic hair surrounding the base look incredibly primal and masculine. The shaft itself was a masterpiece of heavy plumbing, thick and ropy with veins that looked like they belonged on an anatomy chart. The rich, bright reddish color of the head was a total trip against the fair skin of the shaft—it looked powerful, and completely out of place on a guy who looked like he probably got bullied for lunch money. Beneath it all, his balls were massive, hanging low and heavy in a thick, solid sac that promised an insane amount of volume once he actually got going. It was, hands down, the most insane package she'd ever seen, and the fact that it belonged to that scruffy kid made her head spin.

Pam racked her brain, trying to place the boy as she replayed the grainy footage. She couldn't get a clear shot of his face—it was buried under that absolute disaster of dark, messy hair—but the profile was unmistakable. He was wearing the kind of shabby, thrift-store clothes that screamed "target," and those ridiculous, oversized glasses were so hideous it was sad. He was definitely one of those invisible types jocks liked to use for target practice in the halls.

But who was he? She'd walked past him a thousand times for sure and never even registered him as a human being. He was just part of the scenery, like a locker or a water fountain. Now, looking at the screen, she felt a strange, dizzying rush of heat. Underneath all that unwashed-looking camouflage was a piece of equipment that put every varsity athlete in the school to shame. She needed a name. She needed a schedule. Most of all, she needed to know if that monster looked as good hard as it did hanging there like a heavy secret.

A new mission clicked into place. She had to have him, period. She had to taste that dick. And she was going to. If there was one thing Pamela Van Buren was an expert at, it was getting exactly what she wanted.

"C'mon, Damian, I don't wanna go alone! I'll look like a total creep standing by the bleachers by myself. Just come with me. What's it gonna cost you? A few brain cells? You've got billions to spare, man!"

Danny, one of the few people Damian actually considered a friend, was at it again. It was the end of the final period—P.E.—and the locker room was a humid, foul-smelling hellscape of shouting boys, flying body spray, and slamming metal doors.

"Danny, you know I hate football. I hate the noise, I hate the grass, and I especially hate the people," Damian said, pulling his shirt over his head and trying to ignore the damp heat of the room. "Why do you keep asking? It's literally the same answer every time. It's a mathematical constant."

"Because I know if I bug you enough, you'll eventually cave just to make me shut up. It's the 'Danny Method' of negotiation! Pleeeeeease! There's gonna be girls there, Damian. Real, breathing girls who aren't made of pixels!"

Damian looked at his friend's pleading face. Nature hadn't been overly generous with Danny; he was a couple of inches shorter than Damian, with a messy shock of ginger hair that always looked like he'd just rolled out of bed. He had a prominent, Greek nose that gave his profile a sharp, almost

bird-like intensity, and he was currently losing a brutal battle against a breakout of teenage acne.

He was skinny—like our braniac protagonist—and while he wasn't ugly, he certainly wasn't winning any pageants. He just looked like a guy who lived entirely inside his own head, or a Discord server. Damian sighed. Danny's logic was, unfortunately, flawless. He was like a persistent software glitch—it was always easier to just hit 'accept' than to keep fighting the pop-up.

Damian rolled his eyes, shoving his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "Fine. One hour, Danny. At ten o'clock, I'm ghosting. I don't care if the game is tied or if the stadium is on fire. Is that clear?"

"Yes! Huge! Massive! Thanks, man, I owe you one! I'll even buy you one of those overpriced, watery stadium hot dogs!" Danny grinned, his face lighting up as he clapped Damian on the shoulder with way too much "golden retriever" energy. "You'll see, it's gonna be a vibe! A total cinematic experience!"

Damian just shook his head, his voice dropping into a low, skeptical mutter. "Yeah. I'm sure it'll be a blast."

The Flanagan Apartment

"I'm back!" Damian called out, kicking the front door shut behind him. The air in the house smelled like laundry detergent and home—a sharp, clean contrast to the locker room's gym-sock stank.

His mother met him in the hallway, her face lighting up as she leaned in to plant a kiss on his forehead. "Hey, honey. How was school?"

"Got another A-plus from Avery," he replied flatly. He wasn't one to brag; to him, grades were just data points, a predictable result of the hours he put in. But he said it anyway, knowing the small spark of pride it gave her was worth the effort of speaking.

His mother beamed and reached up to mess with his dark, unruly hair, trying in vain to tame the chaos. "Look at you. My little genius. One day you're going to run the world, and I'm going to tell everyone I changed your diapers."

"Mom, chill," Damian said, ducking away with a flash of feigned annoyance. He played the part of the embarrassed teenager perfectly, but he didn't move too far. Truthfully, he was at that awkward age where her doting was an embarrassment he needed.

"Damiiiiii!"

Damian turned just in time to see a blur of pure, unbridled energy. His little brother, Sammy, who barely reached the top of Damian's thigh, came charging down the hall like a heat-seeking missile and anchored himself firmly to Damian's right leg.

Damian's expression softened instantly, the weary "survival mode" he wore at school melting away. "Hey, Sammy." He reached down to tickle the kid's neck, his fingers finding the exact spot that sent Sammy into a fit of breathless giggles.

"Will you play with me? Please? I have the space station set up!" Sammy asked, looking up with wide, hopeful eyes that were carbon copies of Damian's own sapphire blue.

The older brother felt the familiar, heavy tug of guilt. He had a mountain of physics homework and a lab report that wouldn't write itself. "Sammy, I've got like three hours of work to get through. You know how it is."

The boy's face fell into a dramatic, soul-crushing pout. Damian looked at his mother for backup, but she just folded her arms and mirrored Sammy's expression, a playful, knowing glint in her eyes. She knew Damian was a total pushover when it came to his brother. Damian threw his hands up in defeat, a genuine smile finally breaking through the scruffy mask.

"Fine. Whatever. Twenty minutes, then I'm locking my door. Deal?"

"Hooray!" Sammy shouted. In a practiced move that spoke of a thousand afternoons just like this, the little boy sat down on Damian's foot, hugging his shin with a death grip, ready for a ride. "Let's go! Move it, horse!"

"I'll bring you guys some apple slices in a bit," their mother called out, watching with a soft smile as Damian began the slow, heavy shuffle toward his room with thirty pounds of giggling brother attached to his leg. "Sammy, don't distract him all afternoon!"

"I won't! I'm being good!" Sammy promised. Damian just shook his head, knowing Sammy's version of "being good" usually had a five-minute expiration date.

Dresden High Stadium

The stadium was a sensory nightmare—a chaotic, pulsing roar of way too many people losing their minds over twenty-two behemoths slamming into each other under the blinding glow of the floodlights. To Damian, it was just a tedious, barbaric ritual over a piece of inflated pigskin, a primitive display of physics without any use or reason to exist.

"Bro, look at that! Forty-two to zero! They are literally dismantling them!" Danny shouted, vibrating with enough energy to power the scoreboard. He nearly yanked Damian's arm out of its socket, trying yet again, to get him to stand up. "This isn't a game, man, it's a massacre! It's peak cinema!"

Damian didn't budge. He just leaned back against the cold aluminum bleacher and yawned, bored out of his mind as he checked his phone for the tenth time. Nine-thirty-seven. *Kill me now.*

On the field, Brent Miller was a force of nature. He moved with a predatory grace that even Damian had to begrudgingly respect from an engineering standpoint—all torque and explosive power. The quarterback was racking up touchdowns like he was playing against toddlers, weaving through the opposing line and leaving defenders eating turf in his wake.

As he took the snap and broke for the end zone yet again, a weird, expectant silence fell over the stands, the kind of hushed breath that happens right before a lightning strike. Every eye in the place was glued to the number 12 on his back, worshiping the school's golden god as he sprinted toward another glory.

Yeah, every single eye. Except for one pair.

Damian felt a jolt when he realized Pamela, sitting in the front row a few sections down, had turned around. She was

looking directly at him, a wide, knowing smile on her face. Damian frowned, convinced she was looking at someone behind him. He glanced back, but the fans were all screaming at the game. When he looked back down, she had already turned away.

Am I actually losing it? He wondered, absently scratching his messy dark hair and adjusting his glasses. He shook the feeling off, his thoughts quickly drowned out by another fresh, ear-splitting roar from the crowd as Brent made another meaningless play. He slumped back onto the bench, surrendering to the dread and soul-crushing boredom of the ritual.

The minutes dragged like hours, but at precisely ten o'clock, Damian stood up with the mechanical precision of a clock. He gave a quick "peace out" to a frantic Danny—who was too busy screaming at a referee to even look up—and began the trek down the concrete steps.

He passed right by Pamela, who was now standing near the railing, surrounded by a group of girls, all busy chatting and giggling. He kept his head down, a scruffy ghost in an oversized hoodie, and slipped past her toward the exit. He exhaled a massive, lung-clearing sigh of relief the moment he hit the parking lot and the stadium noise finally began to fade into the cool night air.

He navigated the maze of cars toward the far rack where his bike was locked, feeling gross and clammy after skipping his post-gym shower to play with Sammy. The humid stadium air only made him more self-conscious of his own B.O. and he let out a frustrated huff, reaching down to casually scratch his balls through his denim as he walked. He was majorly regretting the decision now, especially since he was already dreading the temperamental, piece-of-shit boiler at the apartment; if he didn't time it right, he'd be scrubbing himself clean in freezing water.

He reached his bike, a rusted but reliable piece of junk that looked as beaten-up as his sneakers. As he fumbled with the combination lock, his fingers felt stiff. He just wanted to get home, wash the day off his skin, and sink into a physics textbook where the laws of the universe actually made sense—unlike the chaotic, screaming social hierarchy he was currently leaving behind.

"Hi!"

The bike chain slipped from Damian's fingers, clattering onto the asphalt with a sharp, metallic ring. He nearly jumped out of his skin as he spun around. Standing just a few feet away, framed by the dim, flickering glow of a streetlamp, was Pamela.

As per usual, she looked like she had stepped off a movie set—wearing a tiny miniskirt and a top that was basically a suggestion, with Brent's varsity jacket draped loosely over her shoulders to ward off the night air.

"H-hi," Damian stammered, his brain short-circuiting as he realized she was actually looking at him—not through him. He stood there, frozen and awkward, his hands hovering uselessly in the air like he'd forgotten how to be a human being.

"What... what... I mean... H... hi..." he said. *Yeah, real smooth, dumbass!*

Pam didn't say a word. She simply watched him struggle, a knowing smile spreading across her lips—the kind of smile a cat gives a cornered mouse. She began to approach him with a slow, predatory grace, her hips swaying just enough to keep his eyes glued to the hem of her skirt. Damian's mouth went bone-dry, his tongue feeling like a heavy piece of lead as the

scent of her expensive, floral perfume overrode the smell of the parking lot asphalt.

Before he could even think about moving or making a break for it, she was inches away, her hazel eyes locked onto his. Damian instinctively backed up, his heels catching on the pavement until his spine hit the cold metal of a parked car. She didn't stop. She closed the distance entirely, pressing her warm, soft body flush against his, trapping him between her curves and the hard door of the sedan.

The contact was electric; Damian could feel the heat radiating through his thin hoodie, and his heart was pounding so hard he was sure she could feel it against her chest.

"What are you even doing here?" he managed to choke out, his voice cracking slightly as he looked down at her. Up close, she was even more terrifyingly beautiful, and the way she was looking at him made him feel like she knew every single thought running through his panicked, horny brain.

"Just doing a little... research," she whispered, her voice a low, sultry vibration that sent a shiver straight down his spine.

Before he could process what that meant, she wrapped her arms around his neck and crushed her lips to his. Damian panicked; he had never been kissed before, and the sudden, wet intrusion of her tongue sliding into his mouth made his heart hammer against his ribs like a trapped bird. He was dazed by her sweet, intoxicating scent but it was the sensation below that really made his brain flatline.

As she kissed him with an aggressive, practiced hunger, she began to grind her hips into his, pressing her crotch firmly against his. She was almost dry-humping him right there

against the cold metal of the car, her movements rhythmic and purposeful. Every time she surged against him, he could feel the soft heat of her through her thin skirt, and it was more than his virgin system could handle.

His body reacted with a mind of its own. Between them, his cock began to stiffen, pressing with an agonizing, insistent weight against her thigh. Damian suddenly felt a surge of cold shame wash over him, remembering his freakish deformity. He was paralyzed by the terror that she was seconds away from uncovering his secret "issue," yet the raw, animal magnetism of her proximity was too much to fight. Even as his mind screamed at him to pull away, his body betrayed him, leaning further into her heat. His hands hovered over her waist, trembling and useless, caught in the impossible thrill of a moment he never thought he'd live to see.

Without warning, he felt her hand descend, grasping his oversized crotch through the denim and starting a slow, firm massage. He let out a muffled gasp into her mouth as she expertly squeezed the heavy length of him. Then, the sound of his zipper sliding down cut through the quiet night air.

Damian was in a total trance. He was literally swapping spit with the queen of the school while her hand worked his jeans open. If this was a dream, he never wanted to wake up.

Pam was already rubbing her palm against the thin fabric of his boxers, her eyes widening as she felt the massive, pulsing bounty this "nerd" had been hiding in his baggy clothes. She didn't just want to see it again—she had to taste it. She broke the kiss, leaving him breathless and reeling, and dropped to her knees on the cold asphalt.

"No, wait... you see, I have a problem, I'm—" Damian started to stammer, his face heating up as he looked down at the top

of her head. He wanted to warn her, to tell her he wasn't "normal," but the words died in his throat as she reached into his underwear and finally let his monster snap free into the moonlight.

In the silver moonlight, his cock was even more magnificent than the footage on her phone. Pam felt a wave of genuine adoration wash over her. It was a powerful, heavy shaft—a thick, ropy vein pulsing from the dark base all the way to the flared, crimson head. The sheer scale of him made her breath catch; to her, this wasn't just a cock, it was a hidden masterpiece.

She reached out, her fingers trembling as she cupped the weight of his balls while her other hand stroked the throbbing length. It was undeniably incredible. She looked up at him with wide-eyed worship, her usual "it-girl" mask slipping into a look of raw hunger.

Damian looked down at her, his face a mess of burning shame and "fuck-off" defensiveness. A couple of seconds of heavy, awkward silence ticked by before he finally snapped.

"There. Now you know," he bit out, his voice cracking as he scrambled to yank his boxers back up. "I'm a total freak of nature. Happy? Go ahead and tell everyone so you guys can have one more thing to laugh at me about."

"Would you shut up, nerd?" Pam replied, her voice cutting through his panic. She swiped his hands away and pulled him back out, her grip tight, proprietary, and demanding.

"What are you even doing?" he hissed, his head whipping around to scan the dark parking lot for any witnesses.

Pam didn't even look up; she was way too busy staring at the massive reality of what she was holding. "Who would've thought that... wait, what was your name again?"

"Da... Damian," he stammered. His defensive anger was basically gone now, replaced by a brain-fogging heat as her thumb started tracing circles right under the head.

Pam finally looked up, her lips twisting into a predatory little smirk. "Who would've thought our quiet little Damian was packing a literal monster?" She shifted her grip, letting the full, heavy weight of him settle into her palm. With a slow, steady pull, she dragged the skin back, watching the thick, veiny shaft pulse and throb against her hand. "This is insane," she whispered, her eyes wide.

"Please... stop..." he whispered, but his hips were already twitching, betraying him by leaning further into her.

In response, Pam leaned in closer, her hot breath ghosting over the sensitive skin before she gave the flared tip a soft, lingering kiss. "Hehe! Someone totally skipped the shower after gym, didn't they?"

Damian's face went nuclear. "I'm sorry... I should've, I just didn't have time... I know it's gross—"

"Relax, nerd," she cut him off, her voice dropping into a low, husky purr that made his toes curl. "I actually kind of vibe with it... mmm."

That was a gross understatement. She didn't just 'vibe with it'; she was captivated by it. She began to rub her nose along the entire length of the shaft, then buried her face against his balls, inhaling the thick, concentrated scent of his testosterone, a raw, unrefined masculinity, sharp and intoxicating.

Driven by a sudden, frantic hunger, she began lapping at his heavy balls, her tongue swirling over the wrinkled skin with a desperate greed. "You taste so good," she moaned against his skin, her voice muffled by his weight.

She couldn't resist the pull of him any longer. The contrast of his shy, nervous stuttering against the massive, musky reality of his body was more than she could handle.

When Pam stretched her mouth wide and finally buried him in her throat, the world simply ceased to exist for Damian. The sensation was a physical overload—her warm, wet tongue began a rhythmic, swirling massage around his flared, sensitive head, sending jolts of raw electricity straight to his balls. He watched in a daze of disbelief as she unhinged her jaw and swallowed the colossal piece of meat, sliding well more than half of his massive, veiny length deep into her gullet in one smooth, practiced gulp before pulling back to catch her breath.

She was clearly in a state of genuine, carnal bliss, letting out filthy, muffled moans that vibrated directly against his throbbing shaft. Damian reached up with a trembling hand to push his glasses back up the bridge of his nose; his brain was a mess, unable to process the sight of the school's golden goddess kneeling in the dirt of a dark parking lot just to suck his dick.

Without warning, Pam shifted gears. She increased the speed, her suction becoming tight and agonizingly intense as she used her throat to vacuum the length of him. Her tongue lashed around his mid-shaft with a desperate hunger, and Damian's breath hitched as his fingers instinctively tangled in her thick hair. He felt the nut rising from deep in his gut like a massive tidal wave, a pressure so immense it felt like his dick was about to split open.

As he reached his orgasm, his shy, introverted restraint finally snapped. He let out a low, guttural growl and gripped her head firmly, his hips taking over as he began to fuck her throat. He lost all control, his body acting on pure, primal instinct as he hammered deep into her mouth. He felt the hot, heavy pulses of his cum erupting in massive, thick jets, surging into her as he unloaded a lifetime of built-up frustration.

Pam hadn't expected the sheer, staggering volume of his release, but she didn't flinch. She felt the hot, thick streams of cum slamming into the back of her throat in heavy, rhythmic pulses that felt endless. It was a massive, burning torrent that filled her mouth to the brim, forcing her to swallow repeatedly just to keep up with the flow. She kept her lips sealed tight around him until the very last drop was spent, refusing to let a single bit of his bounty go to waste.

Damian slumped back against the car, looking absolutely horrified by his own loss of control. "I'm sorry... I didn't mean to... I just..."

She didn't answer with words. Instead, she just looked up at him with a wicked, heavy-lidded gaze and slowly sucked the last few stray drops from the flared head of his cock. The huge, spent shaft bobbed over his heavy balls as she pulled away, visibly gulping down the potent mix of his seed, the salty tang of his post-gym sweat, and her own saliva. She licked her lips with a slow, deliberate swipe of her tongue, looking thoroughly satisfied—like a cat that had finally caught the prize canary.

"Mmm... delicious," she purred, her voice husky and dark.

She stood up with effortless grace, wiping a stray smear of white from the corner of her mouth before leaning in to tap him playfully on the nose. "Well, my dear nerd, I think we're

definitely going to have to do this again." She reached out and gently straightened his glasses, which had gone crooked during his climax. "Don't tell a soul about this, okay? It's just between us."

She gave him a sharp, knowing wink and vanished into the darkness of the parking lot. Damian stood there in the silence, his pants still unzipped and his heart still racing, watching the spot where she had disappeared. A stunned, goofy smile slowly spread across his face as the reality of what just happened finally began to sink in.

He eventually pedaled home through the quiet streets, his mind a chaotic blur of adrenaline and disbelief. Once inside, he retreated to the sanctuary of his room, locked the door with a trembling hand, and collapsed onto his bed.

"Pamela Van Buren just blew me..." he whispered into the dark, the words sounding like a beautiful, impossible lie.

Even though he'd just been drained, the mere memory of her lips sliding over him caused his blood to stir again. His hand drifted down instinctively, and he felt his cock beginning to throb and stiffen against his thigh. He unbuttoned his jeans and reached under the corner of his mattress for his "clean-up" rag—a graying, discarded T-shirt that was so heavily crusted with layers of dried cum it felt stiff and abrasive against his skin.

He wrapped the rough fabric around his shaft and began to stroke himself with a desperate, frantic energy. He closed his eyes, visualizing the way her dark hair had looked fanned out over his thighs and the heavy, wet sound of her throat working to accommodate him.

The friction of the stiff rag sent him over the edge within a couple of minutes. He stifled his guttural groans into his

pillow, mindful of his family sleeping just beyond the paper-thin walls of the apartment. He came hard into the rag, feeling the final, lingering pulses of the night's excitement leave his body.

Afterward, he tucked the evidence back into its hiding spot under the mattress and lay there in the dark, staring at the ceiling with a broad, stunned grin.

Tomorrow, he thought as sleep finally began to pull at him, I definitely have to thank Danny.

Chapter 2

Once the high of that legendary Friday night finally wore off, Damian's brain did what it always did: it started overthinking everything. By Saturday morning, he'd replayed the tape from every possible angle. No matter how he spun it, the facts were clear—Pamela had totally taken advantage of him. She'd caught him off guard, and her moves and charms hadn't given him a single second to actually think. End of story.

Like you would've even tried to stop her, the sarcastic voice of his conscience teased as he tied his sneakers.

"That's not even the point," he grumbled, yanking his laces with an annoyed jerk.

He needed to set the record straight. He had to tell her exactly what he thought of the whole bizarre, surreal situation—a situation so ridiculous, by the way, that literally nobody on earth would believe it actually happened.

Fantastic, he thought, his internal voice dripping with venom. *With my legendary social skills, this is going to be friggin' awesome.*

He sighed, pissed at himself for not having a plan. Wasn't that supposed to be his whole thing? Being the "logic guy"? He stood up and headed for breakfast, his stomach feeling like it was full of lead.

Maybe if she sees me at school, she'll actually try to talk, he hoped, though he knew he was delusional.

As expected, Monday was a total disaster. Damian couldn't get anywhere near her. It wasn't like he could just stroll up to her at lunch and drop a "We need to talk!" while the entire varsity cheer squad watched. That would be suicide. Straight-up social execution. He might as well have walked up and punched Brent Miller in the jaw. Just thinking about it gave him hives.

He finally caught a glimpse of her in the hall after the last bell. She was basically glued to that human octopus she called a boyfriend, and all Damian got was a tiny, "whatever" smile as she walked past.

"God, I fucking love Saturdays so fucking much! Seriously, they're the best thing ever!" Danny hyped as they cleared the school gates.

"You don't really need to say 'so fucking much,' Danny. 'Love' already carries the intensity; adding an emphatic phrase is just redund—"

Danny stopped dead and just stared at him, deadpan. Damian caught himself and bit his tongue. "My bad. I did the thing again, didn't I?"

"Yep. It's exactly that kind of shit that makes people forget your name is actually Damian and just call you 'Nerd,'" Danny said, giving him a playful shove. Damian didn't even try to argue; the truth hurt.

"Anyway," Danny continued, his voice going full-on theatre kid. "Like I was saying—it's Saturday, bro! Saturday! We have thirty-six hours of zero school. Do you even get how massive that is?"

Damian gave him a small, smug smile. "You realize this literally happens every seven days, right?"

"I know," Danny said, mocking Damian's "well-actually" voice perfectly. "But that certainly doesn't make it any less enjoyable, now does it, Professor?"

Damian finally cracked a laugh. Danny was a total clown, but he was effective. He was the only person who could actually snap Damian out of his own head for five minutes.

But as soon as they split up, the anxiety came rushing back to wreck his mood. He couldn't just let it go. He needed a logical reason for why any of that Friday night madness had happened. A day and a half stuck in his own brain without being able to talk to her... *Fuck*, he thought gloomily. *This is going to be a long-ass weekend.*

He spent it all brooding, locked in his room like he was hiding from a goddamn crime scene. He was even more of a ghost than usual, barely coming out for food, his mind stuck in a feedback loop of pure anxiety. Honestly, the whole situation was a toxic mess. He couldn't figure out what was actually trashing his brain more: the fact that she now knew about his 'situation', or the bone-chilling fear that she'd blab to the whole school and turn his life into a non-stop roast session.

He was a total wreck. Mostly because, despite his soul-crushing anxiety, he simply couldn't stop getting rock-hard every single time he thought about her mouth. He ended up jerking off to the memory of that mind-blowing head five separate times over the weekend, his brain stuck on a high-definition loop of every wet, slurping detail. Each time he finished, the post-nut clarity hit him like a freight train, making the mental spiral even worse.

Get real, genius, his inner critic hissed. She only kept her mouth shut so far because she felt sorry for the local charity case. It was a pity-suck.

Yeah, okay, but follow the logic, Sherlock, he argued back with himself, gripped by a frantic need for it to be real. She literally took the whole thing down to her tonsils. You don't do that out of pity, she must have liked it, right?

Please! She was hammered! That's obviously it! the critic fired back. She was totally wasted, probably saw a giant blurred shape, and went for it. For sure she doesn't even remember your name today. To her, you're just 'Nerd #4' with the weirdly large problem.

But she'd seemed completely sober. Her eyes were clear, her movements were sharp, and she'd known exactly what she was doing. The war in his head raged on and on, going over and over every single detail: the floral scent of her hair, the insane, sliding heat of her mouth, the way she looked up at him through her lashes—until by Monday morning, he wasn't even sure what was reality and what was just some pathetic fan-fic his desperate, touch-starved brain had cooked up.

Pedaling toward school with a massive headache, Damian promised himself he'd finally handle it. He'd woken up at the crack of dawn and spent over two hours rehearsing a "cool" speech—a perfectly logical, structured argument that would shut down the confusion once and for all.

First period kicked off with the absolute train wreck that was Bobby "Einstein" Harris. The assignment was Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, and it was painfully obvious Bobby hadn't even bothered to skim the SparkNotes. Miss Black, the literature teacher, was right in the middle of a brutal, soul-crushing prophecy about Bobby's future career

in flipping burgers when a knock on the door temporarily saved the meathead from total annihilation.

To the collective jaw-drop of every guy in the room, Pam walked in. She was rocking a pleated skirt that sat way above the knee and a white blouse thin enough to give a localized preview of her lace bra.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," she said to the teacher, dropping that trademark, sugar-sweet smile that worked on everyone. "The Vice Principal needs Damian for a few minutes. She asked me to come grab him."

The silence in the room was deafening. Every single head swiveled toward Damian like he'd suddenly grown a second head. The spotlight felt like a hundred-pound weight. Why would Miss Devon want the school's star nerd? And more importantly...

"How the hell does Pamela Van Buren even know you're alive?" Danny hissed, his face turning a hilarious shade of jealous green.

Damian didn't even blink. He just adjusted his glasses, his heart already starting to hammer against his ribs like a trapped bird.

"Flanagan, go ahead," Miss Black sighed, already turning back to resume her execution of Bobby Harris.

Okay, this is it, Damian thought, his resolve hardening even as his palms started to get gross and sweaty. *It's do or die. Time to see if my speech actually works in the real world.*

He stood up and walked out, feeling twenty-five pairs of eyes burning holes into his back. The second the heavy classroom door clicked shut, Pam turned to face him.

"Hi, Nerd," she said, sounding way too cheerful for a Monday morning.

"Hi," he replied, trying his best to sound like a normal human and not a guy who'd spent the last two days obsessing over her. "What does Devon want with me?"

She giggled—a sound that made his stomach do a literal backflip. "God, you really are such a nerd." She reached out and snagged his hand, her skin warm and soft. "Come on. Follow me."

He hesitated for a split second, but his body was already moving. She led him through a maze of hallways, eventually stopping in front of the old science lab—a dusty room that was basically just a graveyard for broken beakers and storage crates. Damian crossed his arms, leaning on the one logical thing he knew for sure.

"Devon didn't send you, did she?"

Pam put on this fake look of total shock. "Wow, look at that big brain go! Such incredible intuition!" She winked at him.

"Pam, seriously, what do you want?" he asked, his voice sounding a little more annoyed than he intended.

"Someone's grumpy today," she teased, pulling a brass key out of her pocket and sliding it into the lock.

"How did you even get—" He started to ask, his "need-to-know" nerd brain momentarily overriding his stress, but she just gave him a knowing smirk.

"Trust me, you definitely do NOT want to know, Nerd."

"Well, look, we need to talk," he blurted out. Finally. The words were out.

The queen of the school just shrugged like it was no big deal. "Okay. Let's talk then." She pushed the door open and waved him inside.

The lab was huge, smelling like ancient dust and rotting wood. Boxes were stacked everywhere next to heavy workbenches where generations of kids had probably failed physics before them.

"So," she said, leaning back against a table and looking way too comfortable. "What's on your mind, Nerd?"

Damian was all set to demand if this was just some huge prank, but before he could even get a word out, Pam draped her arms around his neck. The smell of her perfume hit him like a truck—a total, dizzying flashback to the parking lot. This time, though, he actually kept his head on straight.

"No, hold on," he said, pulling back and putting a few feet of "safety" between them.

She raised an eyebrow, looking totally surprised that he'd actually rejected her, but she waited. Damian cleared his throat, his eyes glued to the floor.

"Pam... what was the deal with the other night?"

"Seriously, Flanagan? Do you really need me to draw you a map?"

He didn't look up. He just stayed stone-faced, waiting.

"Fine, whatever," she said with a shrug. "I sucked you off. Case closed."

Damian rolled his eyes, his face heating up. Did she really think he was that clueless? "I mean *why* did you do it?"

"Because I felt like it," she shot back.

Damian almost let out a cynical laugh. "That's it? That's your whole reason?"

Pam stared at him for a few seconds, her "popular girl" mask finally slipping. She looked down, her voice getting a little more honest, maybe even a tiny bit guilty. "Well... okay, look. I spied on you in the bathroom. I saw... *him*." She gestured vaguely at his crotch. "And I just couldn't help myself. I had to know."

Damian's jaw hit the floor. He crossed his arms, his "I'm-being-victimized" meter red-lining. "Well, you shouldn't have! I told you to stop, remember? And what would you even do that? I told you I have a... a problem, and you—"

"Are we still on this?" she cut him off. "Will you please tell me why the hell you think you have a 'problem'?"

She sounded genuinely confused. Damian just stared at her, totally thrown by how sincere she looked. He took a breath and finally just spat it out.

"Because it's like... way too big, okay? Obviously. I don't even have to tell you—you saw the damn thing," he said, his face turning a deep, burning crimson that made his ears glow. "That's why I never hit the showers with the guys after gym. I'm literally ashamed to even unzip. I'm a straight-up freak."

He said it like he was confessing to a literal murder, like his "problem" was the only reason he was such a social disaster. Pam just stared at him, her mouth hanging open, before she finally just exploded.

"Are you actually, like, brain-dead?" she burst out, her voice echoing off the glass beakers. "I have never heard a bigger load of literal bullshit in my entire life! Like, are you even for real right now, Damian?"

Damian blinked, finally looking up from the floor to find her straight-up scowling at him. He looked totally lost, which just made her more annoyed. "You actually think you're a freak, don't you?" She took a deep breath, trying to stay chill like she was dealing with a particularly slow toddler.

"Oh my god! Alright, listen to me really carefully, because I'm only saying this once and I'm not gonna repeat it," she said, stepping into his personal space until he could smell her perfume. "You need to be, like, obsessed with your huge friend down there. Do you hear me? PROUD. Like, you should be walking around with the biggest ego-trip in the history of the school."

Damian just gave her a skeptical "yeah, right" look. He was still deep in his own head, stuck in a pity party that was clearly driving her absolutely insane.

"I'm for real, Damian. Like, seriously, stop acting like you have a literal disease or something. You have zero reasons to feel like a loser—you have to believe me," Pam said, her voice dropping into a softer, more intense gear that actually made him listen.

"What you're packing... it's a gift, okay? Like, you straight-up won the genetic lottery, you idiot." She winked, her tone turning teasing again as she saw him start to melt. "It's a gift that's gonna make a lot of lucky girls very, very happy. Honestly, since when is being huge a bad thing? That's main character energy, Damian. Own it."

Damian wasn't 100% sold, but he could feel his entire defensive wall starting to melt under her gaze. He was so incredibly confused; his brain was spinning, trying to reconcile years of deep-seated shame with the way she was looking at him right now—like he was a prize instead of a punchline.

"Are you even being serious right now?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly. He looked at her, searching for even a hint of a prank or a hidden camera. "Like, you're not just saying that to be 'nice' so I don't feel like a total freak of nature? You're actually for real?"

She rolled her eyes so hard they probably heard it in the next zip code. "Damian, honey, look at me. Like, actually look at me."

She stepped even closer, her eyes locked onto his, making sure he couldn't do his usual move and stare at his shoes. "I basically own this school, and I know you know that. I could have literally any guy I want, right? Any jock, any senior—whatever. And yet, here I am. I tracked you down, followed you into a parking lot like a total stalker, and got on my knees just to get a taste of that 'problem' of yours. Why the hell would I lie to you? If it were gross or weird, I'd be as far away from you as possible. But instead, I'm literally obsessed. Does that sound like I'm just being nice, or are you actually that dense?"

Damian's brain felt like it was short-circuiting. The logic was undeniable, but the reality was still too insane to process. "I... I guess when you put it like that..."

"Exactly," she whispered, a predatory little smirk returning to her face. "So stop acting like you're broken, and start realizing you're exactly what every girl in this building is actually dreaming about."

He stared at her. She shook her head. "Look, those 'cool' jocks who mess with you every day? They talk a big game, but they would literally sell their souls to be packing what you're hiding in those dorky jeans. Trust me, none of them are..." she paused, searching for a polite-ish word, "...as well-endowed as you. Not even close. They're basically playing in the minor leagues compared to you."

Damian looked at her with genuine curiosity. His voice, naturally deep and resonant, seemed to vibrate through the dusty lab. "And how would you even know that?"

The sheer bass in his voice sent a shiver through Pam's body. She cleared her throat and gave him a playful, mock-offended wink. "Well, I told you I do my... research, right?"

Damian raised an eyebrow. "Stupid question."

"Hey, what's that supposed to mean? You calling me a slut?" she asked, faking being hurt that he was implying she'd been around the block.

"Well, sorry, but it's what I think," he countered, feeling a sudden, weird spark of confidence. "What else am I supposed to think of someone who stalks guys in the bathroom and ambushes them in parking lots like some kind of... predator?"

Pam burst out laughing, the sound bright and genuine. "Damn it, Flanagan! You're making me sound like a total man-eater!" She stopped and actually thought about his words for a second. "Okay, fine. I guess I kind of deserve that one. But if I'm a predator, you're definitely the best prize I've found so far."

He looked at her, shifting his weight awkwardly as they locked eyes for a few beats. The dust motes dancing in the dim light of the lab seemed to pulse in time with his heart.

"Alright, look, maybe I was a little too 'aggro' the other night. My bad," she said, her eyes scanning his face for any sign of a retreat. "But... tell me you didn't enjoy it. At least a little?" She leaned in, giving him a slight, totally irresistible pout that made his knees feel like they were made of jelly.

Damian stared at her, the sheer absurdity of the situation finally breaking through his defenses. A shy, genuine smile cracked across his face, and he gave a couple of slow, hesitant nods.

Pam laughed, her eyes lighting up with a spark that made his stomach flip. "Okay, fine. Then let's do this the right way this time." She cleared her throat, standing up straight and putting on this hilariously formal, posh voice. "Damian Flanagan... may I have your official permission to suck that massive schlong between your legs?"

Damian let out a shocked, breathless laugh. "Wait—you mean right now? In the middle of the school day?"

"I'm for real, Nerd. I've been thinking about it all weekend," she said, her voice dropping back into that husky, sincere tone. "But like I said, I'm not doing anything unless you give me the green light. Your call."

They stood there in the heavy silence of the room. Damian felt a surge of something he'd never felt before—a small, almost smug sense of power. He was still blushing like a madman, but the ego boost was hitting him like a shot of pure adrenaline.

"Okay," he said, his voice deeper than usual. "Green light."

Amused, Pam gave him a deep, dramatic, old-fashioned bow. "How kind of you, sir! Truly gracious!"

This made him laugh again, a low, shaky sound that vibrated in his chest. He leaned back against one of the heavy lab tables, the cool wood pressing through his shirt as she approached. She sank to her knees in front of him, her fingers nimble as she started unbuttoning his jeans—which, like everything else he wore, were a bit too baggy for his thin frame.

As soon as his white boxers came into view, she didn't hesitate. She leaned in, burying her nose against the cotton and taking a long, deep hit of his scent.

It wasn't that sharp, post-gym sting from Friday, but it was still totally primal—a raw, masculine musk that seemed to hit her brain like a drug. It was like his pheromones were straight-up intoxicating her. She opened her eyes to find Damian watching her every move, his glasses sliding slightly down his nose, his "genius" brain clearly trying to process the rules of a game he hadn't even known he was playing.

She smirked and slid the boxers down, letting his cock spring free. In the dusty light of the lab, it looked even more insane than before—heavy, thick, and pulsing with a life of its own. She pressed a soft kiss to his dark pubic hair, then dragged her lips slowly along the massive, veiny shaft before focusing on his heavy, low-hanging balls.

She looked up at him, her hair messy and her eyes wide with genuine awe. "And I'm supposed to be the predator here? Like, for real?" she whispered, her voice hitching in her throat. "Nerd, listen to me. A guy with a dick like this was literally born to be in charge of everything. You're never the prey, Damian. Not with this. Remember that."

Then she leaned in and took him all the way into her mouth. For the first time, Damian didn't look like he wanted to run away. Instead, a slow, confident smile spread across his face—the look of a guy who was finally starting to realize that maybe, just maybe, he wasn't a freak after all.

Fifteen minutes later, they were headed back toward Mr. Black's classroom, the silence between them actually feeling... normal.

"You know, you're way different than I thought you'd be," Damian said suddenly, his voice sounding a lot steadier than it had an hour ago.

"What, am I a letdown, Flanagan?" Pam asked, cutting him a sideways look.

He laughed, a real, genuine laugh this time that didn't feel forced. "No, definitely not. It's just... everyone at school talks about you like you're this massive, snobby bitch, but honestly..."

He stopped mid-sentence, his eyes widening as the word "bitch" hung in the air. A cold sweat broke out on his neck—he'd just called the most popular girl in school a bitch to her face. He immediately started to backtrack, his brain misfiring. "I—I mean, I didn't mean it like *that*, I just—"

"Oh, stop! You're gonna make me blush," she joked, cutting him off with a loud, easy laugh. She wasn't even mad; if anything, she seemed to enjoy the honesty. She felt a weird

little tug in her chest. It was actually insane how easy it was to talk to him—way easier than keeping up the "perfect" act with her usual toxic squad.

"Well, I mean, if you were actually a bitch, you wouldn't have told Brent to back off and leave me alone the other day," Damian pointed out, his voice regaining its new, steadier edge.

Pam frowned for a second, her brain replaying the morning chaos in the hallway a few days back. "Wait... that was you!" she exclaimed, the lightbulb finally clicking. "That's where I saw you before the bathroom thing! You were the one he was messing with!"

Damian just raised his eyebrows, looking pretty amused that he'd been that invisible to her until he unzipped.

"Anyway, you better get back in there, Nerd. I gotta go find Miss Devon and tell her I've officially recruited my new personal tutor," she said, already mentally checking it off her to-do list like she'd just signed a top-tier athlete.

"Pam, look, I'm literally telling you—I'm probably the wrong guy for this. I'm a sophomore. I can't help you with senior-level Lit or whatever. I haven't even taken the..." Damian protested, trying to inject some logic into the situation.

"Oh, please," she groaned, rolling her eyes so hard it looked painful. "People don't call you 'Nerd' because you're average at school, Damian. It's kind of your whole brand. You're like, a human Wikipedia. Besides, Devon was all like, 'Pamela, you just need to learn a study method' or some other boring crap. You've got methods, right? Or do you just stare at the books until they get scared and give you the answers?"

Damian shrugged, finally letting out a huff of laughter as he gave in to her absolute steamroller of a personality. It was impossible to say no to her when she was being this aggressive. "Alright, fine. Whatever. As you wish, Your Majesty."

"Perfect! Ugh, you're the best," she chirped, looking like she'd just won the lottery. "So, tomorrow at 3? My place? I'll text you the address. Don't be late, I have like, zero patience for waiting."

"Okay. Yeah. I'll be there," he promised, his pulse still racing.

Before he could react, she stepped in close, grabbed his face, and planted a quick, wet kiss on his cheek. It left a lingering, flowery scent and a patch of heat that felt like it was branding him.

"See ya, Tutor," she whispered with a sharp, wicked wink that made his stomach churn. Then she turned and disappeared around the corner, her ponytail swinging. Damian just stood there in the middle of the hall, his hand slowly reaching up to touch the spot where her lips had been, trying to figure out how he'd gone from being bullied by jocks to being the private "tutor" for the girl who had just spent ten minutes literally slobbering over his junk.

In every sense, this was Damian's first legit job. His parents were basically glowing, thinking this was some official, school-sanctioned thing.

"You're just so bright, honey," his mom would gush, usually followed by an annoying hair-ruffle or a kiss on the cheek that made him feel like a total child.

"So, what is she like? Is she cute? Come on, tell me everything!" Those were the kinds of social landmines he had to dodge like a pro. Usually, he'd escape by playing with Sammy or claiming he had a "mountain of equations" to solve, which was the ultimate nerd-shield.

One thing he totally didn't expect was the pay. The Van Burens—who were clearly aware their daughter's grades were a total disaster—were paying him a small fortune just to make sure he wouldn't quit after the first hour. It was basically a "patience fee" for dealing with their spoiled daughter. But Damian had zero intention of bailing. He liked the gig—like, *really* fucking liked it—for reasons that had absolutely nothing to do with the cash or the textbooks.

They started meeting three or four times a week at the Van Burens' massive villa. At first, trying to teach Pam was like trying to herd a cat; her attention was maybe 10% on the American Revolution and 90% on the boy sitting across from her—or more specifically, on his dick. Damian, being the over-analyzer he was, realized he had to "gamify" the whole thing just to keep her playful energy from totally derailing the session. He knew that if he didn't find a way to keep her focused, she'd spend the whole hour trying to get her hands into his pants instead of learning a single goddamn thing about history. So he found a way to obtain both those things.

"Okay, done! Boom!" Pam announced, snapping the history textbook shut and sliding it across the mahogany desk like she'd just won the Super Bowl.

"We'll see," Damian muttered, scanning the chapter for a trap. "Okay, let's go—what year did North Carolina join the Union?"

She didn't even blink. "1789. The twelfth state. Easy."

"Correct. Minnesota?"

"Ummm... 1858? The... thirty-third? I think?"

"Thirty-second," he corrected, though a small smile tugged at his lips. "Still, surprisingly not a complete train wreck."

Pam leaned forward, her eyes practically predatory. "Cool. My prize?"

"Those were total softballs," he said, leaning back in the plush office chair, trying to keep his voice from shaking. "Thirty seconds. Sniffing only. And keep the boxers on, for real."

She licked her lips, pulling a mock-pout that was way too effective. "Through the boxers? You're a literal tyrant, Damian."

"You got the state number wrong," he reminded her, actually enjoying the power trip. "Rules are rules."

"Ugh, you're the worst!" she complained, though she was already on the floor, unbuttoning his jeans with practiced speed.

He watched her for a moment as she happily buried her face against his crotch, rubbing her cheek against the white cotton like a cat. While she sniffed him, Damian calmly flipped through the next few pages. It had been three weeks

since they started this, and they'd turned "tutoring" into a highly effective, incredibly fucked-up incentive program.

"Time's up," he said, placing a hand on her head and gently nudging her back. She stayed on her knees, looking up at him like she was ready to fight.

"Aren't you gonna sit back in the chair?" he asked.

"What's the point? I'm already down here and I know the rest of this shit. I bet I can earn a full-on blowjob in under twenty questions. Watch me."

Damian laughed, his pulse spiking. "Bold move. Let's see. Year of the Siege of New York?"

"1776! Next!"

"Correct. And the outcome?"

"British won, but the guy with the wig ordered a retreat and saved everyone because he's a legend."

"The guy with the wig? You mean George Washington?"

"Whatever, same thing. That guy!"

Damian shook his head, struggling to stay serious. "Thirty seconds. Boxers stay on."

"Oh, come on! I got the answer right, don't be a dick!"

"Pam, you referred to the first President of the United States as 'the guy with the wig.' That's a major point deduction."

She huffed, but a smirk broke through. "You're so goddamn picky."

"Hey, you're the one who said you liked how I smell," he said, trying to act casual while his dick was throbbing against the fabric.

"I do, you nerd. It's so... masculine. Like, assertive or some shit," she said, taking a deep, lingering breath against him that made his toes curl. "But I'd rather be sucking the skin off it, and you know it."

Damian went nuclear red, his heart skipping a beat. "Well, if you want it that bad, you better start memorizing at least the name of the presidents."

The quiz kept rolling, and the stakes escalated with every right answer. Damian handed out the rewards with a strained, white-knuckled focus, clearly fighting a losing battle against the mounting temptation to just give in and let her blow him right then and there. It was surreally efficient—a bizarre, high-speed loop of historical facts and intense physical sensations that shouldn't have worked, but somehow did.

There was zero hesitation. It was just prompt, response, and immediate gratification. Damian would throw out a question about the Stamp Act or the Battle of Saratoga, and Pam would spit back the answer with a manic, hyper-focused energy, her eyes already dropping to his lap before she even finished the sentence.

"One minute, skin contact only. Keep your hands on my thighs," he directed, his voice steady even as his heart hammered.

"Ten seconds, balls kissing only. Don't get distracted, Pam"

“Fine, you got the date right this time. You can lick the head for thirty seconds.”

"Okay, suck my balls for ninety seconds..."

It was a complete trip—watching the most popular girl in school treat his body like a gold medal she had to earn through sheer mental effort. She didn't even push back against his strict timing; she just worked with a frantic, desperate focus, her brain oscillating between 18th-century warfare and the heavy, pulsing reality between his legs.

By the time they hit the final question, the vibe in Pam's room was straight-up electric, humming with a weird mix of academic stress and pure, unadulterated tension. Damian was rocking a massive, painful-looking boner that was practically trying to punch its way through the white fabric of his boxers, the strain making the veins throb in time with his heartbeat.

"...In 1783, with the Treaty of Paris," Pam finished, breathless and looking totally hyped, like she'd just hit a buzzer-beater. She sat back on her heels, a strand of hair stuck to her lip. "Boom. Nailed it. Check the logs, Nerd, I'm a literal history god."

Damian smirked, finally snapping the heavy textbook shut with a satisfying *thud*.

"You actually know your stuff. I'm impressed. Well done, Pam."

She clapped her hands, her eyes wide with the adrenaline of the win, her gaze already drifting toward the tent in his underwear. "Hell yeah! Finally. Okay, now for my actual prize—"

"Actually," he said, his voice flat and academic again, though the devilish glint in his eyes gave him away. "Let's just move on to Literature. We've still got sixty pages of *The Great Gatsby* to analyze, and I'm not sure your reading comprehension is quite at 'prize' level yet."

"Yeah, right! Do I look like a fucking idiot to you? I earned this! Don't even try to bait-and-switch me!"

Damian laughed, shaking his head at her intensity. "Okay, okay. Chill."

She gave him this pointed, "hurry the hell up" look. Damian rolled his eyes, clasped his hands behind his head, and kicked back in the rolling chair. "Fine. You have my permission. Suck my dick, Pam."

She didn't need to be told twice. With lightning speed, she stripped away his shoes, socks, and jeans, before finally hooking her thumbs into his boxers and yanking them down, letting that massive, pulsing shaft spring free like a coiled spring. She took him all the way down in one aggressive, greedy gulp, her hands gripping his thin thighs for leverage. Damian let out a long, shaky-ass sigh, his toes curling against the carpet. He was starting to get used to this, but it literally never got old. The way her warm, wet tongue swirled around the sensitive ridge of the head, the rhythmic, velvet squeeze of her throat tightening around him, and the muffled, desperate sounds she made as she forced herself to swallow every single inch of him until her lips were crushed against his black pubes—it was a total sensory overload. No textbook in the world could explain the feeling of the hottest girl in the friggin' world gagging on his dick while he sat back and watched like she was just doing her chores.

"Thinking about the fact that your parents literally pay me fifty bucks an hour to get my dick sucked makes me feel kind

of like a piece of shit," he muttered, his voice dropping into that deep, chest-vibrating baritone.

Pam pulled back for a second, her lips glistening and a total "we-have-a-secret" glint in her eyes. She looked down at his dick, which was drenched and shining under her desk lamp, coated in a thick, messy layer of her own spit that caught the light with every pulse of the vein.

"Um, why? It's only fair, honestly. Like, my grades are getting better and I get a life-changing experience at the same time. Efficiency, Damian. Plus," she added, licking her lips with a wicked grin, "you taste like literal heaven. It's like the best thing ever, I'm actually addicted. Every girl in school would probably go into debt for the privilege if they knew what I know."

Damian gave her his best skeptical, "yeah-right" look, though he couldn't help the smug heat rising in his chest. "No offense, Pam, but I'm pretty sure that's just a *you* thing. Most girls would probably still just see the nerd with the bad haircut."

"Then they're blind and stupid," she shrugged, leaning back in to swirl her tongue through the spit she'd left behind on his shaft. "Their loss is my gain. Anyway, you got lucky with me. My parents are loaded, and I'm just a 'dumb bimbo' who needs tons and tons of tutoring from a very strict, very disciplined teacher..."

She used this mock-innocent, breathy schoolgirl voice before sliding back onto him. Damian looked at her.

"You're right about one thing," he said, his voice thick with heat. "You definitely need to be disciplined. But you're wrong about the rest. You aren't a 'bimbo,' and you definitely aren't mid. You're smart."

"Mmm... you're so sweet, Nerd," she mumbled, her voice muffled as she swirled her tongue around the head of his dick. She looked up at him, winking through her messy bangs. "Now... would you please do the thing I like? Pleeeeease?"

Damian shook his head, looking down at her with a mix of disbelief and amusement. A slow smirk spread across his face as he shifted his weight, fully leaning into the role she'd basically forced him into. "Sure thing. If that's what the head cheerleader wants."

She'd literally bugged him for days, low-key obsessing until he finally caved and agreed to recreate those magical, brutal thrusts from the parking lot. He'd been worried about being too rough, but she'd made it crystal clear that "too much" wasn't in her vocabulary. Now, it had officially become "the thing she liked"—her favorite part of the curriculum.

He reached out and gathered her hair into a tight, makeshift ponytail, wrapping the length of it around his hands to get a better grip on her head. Without a word of warning, he pulled her forward and started fucking her throat mercilessly. He wasn't being gentle anymore; he was driving into her with a rhythmic, heavy force that had her eyes rolling back in her head.

The sound was intense—a wet, desperate gagging noise that filled the quiet room as he hit the back of her throat over and over. Every time he slammed home, thick strings of her spit were forced out of the corners of her mouth, sliding down the length of his shaft and dripping onto his balls in a hot, slick mess. Pam was clutching his thighs for dear life, her face flushing a deep red, but she was leaning into every thrust, clearly obsessed with the feeling of him completely taking over her airway.

After a few brutal, deep thrusts that had her gasping for air against his stomach, Damian finally let her go. He released his grip on her hair, and she slumped back, resting her chin on his thigh. She was a total mess—mascara slightly smudged, spit glistening on her chin, and her chest heaving—but she looked up at him with a breathless, dazed smile as she wiped her eyes.

"Thank you, Damian," she whispered sweetly, her voice raspy from the gagging. "That was... literal perfection."

Damian let out a short, dry chuckle, looking down at the saliva-soaked length of himself and then back at her flushed, happy face. "You know, Pam," he noted, his voice low and vibrating. "That's a seriously weird thing to thank someone for. Just saying."

Pam wiped her chin with the back of her hand, and let out a soft, mocking snort.

"Okay, please. You're one to talk," she rasped, a wicked little smirk playing on her lips. "I think me thanking you for a world-class throat-shredding is way less weird than you actually thinking that having a monster dick was a 'problem,' Nerd."

Damian laughed, sounding genuinely amused as he leaned back in the chair. "Oh, really? Whatever!"

"Shut up, Nerd!" she said to him affectionately.

Damian looked down at her, a small, genuine smile tugging at his lips as she started to work on his balls, her tongue lapping with a slow, rhythmic heat while her hand wrapped around his shaft, jerking him with agonizingly slow, deliberate strokes. The mask of the shy, awkward tutor finally started to crack. Beneath the layers of overthinking

and social anxiety, something more primal was starting to stir. For weeks, he'd been her "project," but the power imbalance of the situation was finally starting to grate on his nerves—in a way that made him want to push back.

"It's not exactly fair, though," he muttered, his voice dropping into that low, chest-vibrating register that always made her pause.

Pam's brow furrowed, even as her tongue continued to trace the sensitive curve of his glans with agonizing precision. She looked up, her lips slick. "What?" she asked, her voice a little strained from the effort.

"Well... you've seen me naked, like, a thousand times now," he said, a flash of genuine heat crawling up his neck. "But I haven't seen you. Not once." He nervously shoved his glasses back up the bridge of his nose, feeling exposed in more ways than one.

Pam didn't stop, her expression shifting into something calm and almost predatory. "Took you long enough to bring that up," she teased, her eyes dancing with mischief. "What, you want me to get naked for you, Nerd?"

Damian cleared his throat, giving a shy, quick nod that betrayed how badly he wanted exactly that.

"Then tell me. Straight and simple," she said, her tone softening but still carrying that edge of a challenge. He hesitated. Her verbal power games always felt like a complex physics equation where the variables kept changing, but he knew he had to play the game if he wanted the prize.

"Pam... could you... just take your clothes off?"

She let out a sharp, melodic laugh that echoed off her bedroom walls. "Hehe! You're actually hopeless! I didn't say ask me for a favor, Damian. I told you to *tell* me to do it."

"Well, it felt rude to just say—"

She rolled her eyes, looking thoroughly amused by his lingering "good boy" habits. "What do I always tell you? If you're carrying a weapon like that between your legs, it's because you're meant to..."

"I have to be in charge. Yeah, I know the drill."

She'd been drilling that mantra into his brain for three weeks—a total psychological overhaul designed to kill his pathological shyness. She kept insisting there was no reason for him to play the victim anymore; he just needed to own the room. Damian looked down at her, a spark of actual mischief finally lighting up his sapphire eyes, replacing the usual doubt.

"Pam?"

She looked up from his lap, her tongue mid-stroke against his balls. "Yes, Damian?"

"Strip. Now."

A wide, genuine smile spread across her face as she pulled away from his lap, her eyes wide with approval. "With pleasure, Nerd."

She stood up and yanked her top over her head in one fluid motion, letting her brown curls bounce against her back. Then she unbuttoned her designer jeans—which fit her like a second skin—and slid them down her tanned legs. It was a slow, deliberate performance for an audience of one. Damian

watched, his pulse thumping in his throat and his dick straining painfully, biting his lower lip as his eyes tracked every inch of her.

When she unhooked her white bra and let it fall, followed by her panties, Damian felt like he was seeing something he wasn't supposed to—like a mystical apparition or a high-def dream. He was breathing heavy, his heart hammering against his ribs.

"Wow... you're... you're literally perfect."

"I know, right?" she said, winking. They both laughed, the sound finally breaking that thick layer of awkward tension that usually followed Damian around like a shadow.

He got up from the rolling chair, his legs feeling a little like lead, and stepped toward her. He reached out, his hands trembling like she might vanish if he actually touched her. He stopped just an inch from her skin, hesitating.

"Can I?"

She raised an eyebrow, looking totally unimpressed by the question.

"What now? You always ask for permission before you touch my dick!" he said defensively. "And I—"

She reached down and wrapped her fingers around his length, squeezing just enough to make his head swim. "But you have this, Flanagan. With a piece of meat like this, you don't need to ask for permission for anything. Ever. Got it?"

Damian let out a dry, shaky laugh, shaking his head. "Pam, I'm pretty sure you just erased, like, eighty years of feminism with that one sentence."

She stopped kissing his chest and looked up at him with a mock scowl. "Do you want to give me a history lecture, or do you want to touch my tits, Nerd?"

"Okay, okay! Point taken. I'm shutting up."

He reached out and cupped her breasts, his hands shaking as he took in the weight of them. "They're so soft," he whispered, his wonder as pure as if he'd just discovered a new element. He filled his palms with her, running his fingers over her areolas until her nipples peaked.

It was a total data-dump for his brain—the weight, the heat, the floral scent of her skin that reminded him of some expensive garden. Instinct finally took the wheel. His hand slid down her flat stomach, hitting her neatly groomed hair. As he let his fingers find the opening of her pussy, his forehead broke into a light sweat.

He was way out in uncharted territory, but his body was navigating by its own compass. Pam started making these soft, feline moans, her tongue darting into his mouth to taste him. After a few minutes of him just exploring, she took his hand and started pulling him toward the massive canopy bed that basically took up half the room.

She made quick work of his uncool checkered shirt, revealing a slender, completely hairless torso. His skin was pale, marked only by a few stray moles on his chest and stomach. Pam found herself vibing with the contrast. There was something low-key irresistible about his awkwardness, like a clumsy spell she was more than happy to fall under.

She fell back onto the center of the bed, pulling him down until he was draped over her. When their skin finally met, the sudden surge of heat made Damian's head spin. He started kissing her breasts, his movements shifting from

timid to decisive as the adrenaline took over. He took one nipple into his mouth, sucking gently, before moving to the other, then trailing his tongue along the sensitive skin of her neck.

He wasn't overthinking anymore. He was just *feeling*.

Pam's small hands traveled down his back, gripping his waist before sliding over his buttocks. She pulled him firmly against her, spreading her legs and arching her back. She was thirsty for him—for the massive, hidden virility that had obsessed her from the start. As they ground against each other in a wordless, desperate foreplay, she felt herself opening up, her body slick and ready to finally take him.

The shift in power was total. Without a word, Pam slid her hands between their bodies, her fingers wet as she guided him while they continued to maul each other's mouths. Damian felt his heavy balls grind against her thighs while his cock, pressed rock-hard against her belly, felt like it reached all the way to her ribs. She gripped that thick, pulsing meat, shoving his hips back just enough to line up the head of his dick with her soaking wet cunt.

Damian broke away from her mouth, his breath coming in ragged, ugly gasps as he looked down at his massive cock poised at the entrance of her cunt. Then, without a shred of his usual hesitation, he let the full weight of his hips drop, burying himself to the hilt in one brutal, singular shove.

Pam's back arched off the bed, her mouth falling open in a silent, strangled scream. She had never felt anything like it; she was completely, violently stretched, her insides forced to make room for his sheer bulk. She struggled to find air, staring up at the dazed, predatory face of the "nerd" she'd been teasing for weeks. After a few seconds of incoherent whimpering, she managed to choke out:

"Damian... you're... fucking huge... oh my god..."

The words were raw and obvious, but they were the only thing that made sense. Damian grinned—a dark, triumphant look that looked dangerous on him. The role reversal—the "genius" now physically dominating the queen—was a high he couldn't even put into words.

"I know," he grunted, the bass in his voice vibrating through her. He pulled back slowly, feeling her walls cling to him like they didn't want to let go, before delivering his first deliberate, heavy-duty thrust.

Pam's body went taut as a wire. The second and third slams took the life right out of her. The sheer size of him was a punishing stretch, a torment of pressure that sent a sharp, electric needle of pleasure straight to her brain.

"Aaahhh... wait... please... it's too much... I can't—"

"I can't stop," Damian growled, his voice a gravelly, low-frequency baritone that vibrated against her skin. He bit his lip hard as he drove back in, the friction of her tight, velvet heat nearly pushing him over the edge. "It feels too good... you're so tight, Pam... you're perfect."

"Damian, please—"

He leaned down and crushed his mouth against hers, swallowing her protests whole. He was fucking her like a man possessed, his brain completely offline while his body took exactly what it wanted. He felt her small hands trying to shove his hips away, but he was a runaway train. Stopping was literally impossible; every nerve ending in his cock was screaming at him to keep destroying her.

After a few minutes, Pam's frantic cries finally broke, turning into high-pitched, jagged moans of pure, filthy ecstasy. Her hands stopped pushing and started clawing, her nails digging into his ass as she tried to pull his heavy shaft even deeper into her. She was completely full of him, stretched to the point of no return, and she was starting to love the feeling of being conquered.

Damian's glasses were a fogged-up mess, sliding down his nose. He was an awkward amateur, but he was a fast learner—mauling her tits and biting at her neck like a hungry animal. His voice had devolved into a low, guttural growl that didn't even sound like him. He didn't know the "right" way to fuck, but the way Pam's eyes rolled back in her head told him he was doing just fine.

"Damiaaaannnn... you're... so big..." she wailed, the words now a desperate plea for more.

Seeing her so wrecked and vulnerable beneath him sent a fresh hit of adrenaline through his veins. He hammered into her faster, his hips slamming against her with a wet, rhythmic thud that echoed in the quiet room. As she started to scream, Damian's hand flew out and clamped over her mouth, muffling her cries. It wasn't a choice; it was a reflex. He was an animal now, and the animal demanded silence.

He was a force of nature. His feet dug into the duvet, pushing off to give her every single inch of his thick meat. He'd jerked off plenty of times, but this power—the ability to set the pace, the force, the rules—was a drug. And he was addicted.

Suddenly, Pam wrapped her legs around his waist, locking him in as her body went into a full-blown seizure. Her muffled screams vibrated against his palm as she reached her peak, her eyes wide and glassy, lost in the pleasure. He snatched his hand away and realized she was actually

laughing—a jagged, tearful, maniacal sound as he continued to plow into her, harder and harder.

"Ah, ah, ah..." Damian groaned, his voice vibrating deep in his chest, "fuck... ah, ah..."

Until finally, the dam broke.

Damian collapsed onto her, his body spent and slick with sweat. He felt a literal tsunami of hot cum erupt inside her, a massive, pulsing release that left him feeling hollowed out and high. He buried his face in her hair, his heart hammering like a drum, while she clung to him with every limb, her breath coming in short, jagged gasps.

As the post-nut clarity began to settle in and his brain started to reboot, a cold, sharp spike of guilt hit him right in the gut. What the fuck had he just done? He lifted his head, looking down at her with a look of pure horror. Her hair was a matted mess against the pillows and her skin was flushed a deep, bruised red. She had stopped laughing, but she was staring up at him with a jubilant, predatory smile.

"Pam... I don't know what happened... I went totally primal..." he stammered, terrified of the beast he'd just let out of the cage. He felt like a complete monster who had only cared about his own nut, totally ignoring her cries like some kind of animal.

Pam just looked at him, one eyebrow cocked in a look of pure satisfaction. "You practically raped me, nerd."

The words hit Damian like a physical blow. Panic, cold and sharp, flooded his chest.

"No... I'm sorry, I didn't... I swear—" He scrambled to pull away, his mind already racing through the legal

consequences and the end of his life as he knew it, but Pam's legs were still locked like a vice around his waist. She wasn't letting him go anywhere.

"Relax, Flanagan! God, you're such a spaz."

He stared down at her, his heart hammering against his ribs. She had just dropped a bombshell accusation, yet she was gently running her fingers through his messy hair.

"I actually have to thank you," she whispered, her eyes glowing with a dark kind of satisfaction. "Seriously. If you had actually stopped when I told you to... when I was literally begging you to slow down..." Damian opened his mouth to apologize again, but she pressed a finger to his lips. "I would never have enjoyed it half as much. You didn't give a shit about what I was saying. You just kept banging me like a goddamn bull, taking exactly what you wanted from me. It was so hot."

She pulled him closer, her voice dropping to a low, appreciative hum. "I love that you didn't care about me in that moment. You just used me. Well done, Nerd. I see my training is actually working. You're finally starting to get it."

She winked and let out a breathless, giddy giggle. "That was easily the best experience of my entire life. I've never been wrecked like that."

She pulled his head down for a deep, hungry kiss. Damian felt the terror drain out of him, replaced by a surreal, dizzying sense of relief. He was still buried deep inside her, and though the initial fire had cooled, he could feel the pulse of her body still clinging to him. He was totally disoriented by her logic—the idea that ignoring her pleas was "progress"—but the only thing that mattered was that he wasn't a criminal; apparently he was her hero.

After a few minutes of making out, she nudged him. "Lie down. Just... chill for a second and let me take care of you."

He rolled off her, sinking into the plush mattress with a heavy sigh. He crossed his arms behind his head, feeling a sudden, massive surge of confidence as he watched her move. Pam scrambled down the bed, positioning herself between his thighs like it was her favorite place in the world. When she started to lick him clean with long, slow strokes of her tongue, Damian's head jerked up for a second, eyes wide.

"Pam, what are you doing? It's... I'm a mess. That's actually gross."

"Are you kidding? This is like, the best part," she muttered against his skin, her voice thick with obsession. She looked up at him, her eyes wide and totally honest. "Seriously, I feel so fucking lucky right now. You taste so masc and intense, it's actually insane. Honestly, if you keep this up, I'm going to need a literal intervention because I'm becoming a total addict for this. Like, sorry not sorry, but I'm obsessed with how you taste."

Damian let out a low chuckle, clearly amused by her high-energy rambling. He looked down at her with a smirk and shook his head. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, you're welcome to lick my junk anytime you want," he teased.

Pam let out a bright, genuine giggle, leaning back for a second to beam up at him. "Oh my god, thank you! I'm literally holding you to that," she chirped, the funny, lighthearted vibe taking the edge off the intensity for just a moment.

Damian let his head drop back onto the pillow, shaking his head at her total lack of a filter. He let his eyes flutter shut, focusing on the sensation. It was insane. He felt her warm,

wet tongue lapping at his heavy balls, swirling around them until his breath hitched. Then she moved up, her tongue flickering through his dark pubic hair, tasting the salt and musk of his skin. Finally, she dragged her tongue along the entire length of his dick, from the base all the way to the tip, savoring him like he was a five-star meal. No words could describe the service he was receiving, and he was enjoying every goddamn second of it.

"So, tell me," she said, her voice muffled as she kept her face buried in his crotch. "Did you like slamming this beauty into me until you went into beast-mode?"

Damian couldn't help but laugh. She was so unapologetically blunt. "What do you think, Pam?"

"I'll take that as a hell yes! So, give it to me straight... do you prefer coming in my mouth or in my pussy?"

Damian frowned, actually giving the question the kind of academic consideration he usually reserved for calculus. "Mmm... that's a tough one," he admitted, his face heating up. "Your mouth is literal perfection, but your pussy... it's so warm and... tight. It feels like it's trying to swallow me whole. I honestly can't choose."

She looked up, her tongue darting out to wet her lips, her eyes full of mischief. "Well, we can't have you living in doubt, can we? How about this: from now on, every single time this big dick gets hard, instead of jerking off like a total loser, you just come find me and fill my holes like an animal until you decide which one's better."

Damian let out a shocked laugh, totally stunned by her boldness. "Pam, are you for real? Do you even have any idea how often a teenage guy jerks off? It's basically a full-time job. Are you actually sure you can handle that much of me?"

She raised an eyebrow, her gaze going full predatory. "Every..." she kissed his pubes. "Single..." she kissed the shaft. "Time."

"Okay, okay! If you insist," he said, feigning a heavy sigh like he was doing her a massive favor.

"Always so gracious, Flanagan!" She giggled, continuing to pepper his crotch with wet kisses, lingering on him as she took her time cleaning every inch. She moved with a slow, worshipful pace, her tongue swirling against him until he was practically purring.

After a few more minutes of letting her have her way, Damian placed a firm hand on her head, slowly and gently guiding her back. "Hey. Stop. You have that Lit test tomorrow. We actually need to get back to work."

"Oh, come on, don't be a buzzkill," she whined, looking up at him with wide, pleading eyes. "I don't want to stop. I literally love rubbing my face on this thing."

"Rules are rules, Pam," he scolded, though his smile made it clear he wasn't actually annoyed. She pouted like a total bratty child, staring at him for a long beat as if she could change his mind, but he didn't budge. Finally, she sighed in defeat and started reaching for her clothes.

"Can I at least ask for one tiny favor?" she asked, looking up at him hopefully.

"Let's hear it."

"Can I sniff your boxers while I study? I promise it'll help me focus."

Damian laughed, shaking his head at how far gone she was. "Fine. Whatever helps you pass, Pam."

"Thanks, Nerd!"

"Good evening, Mr. Van Buren."

Damian was making a break for the front door when he ran straight into Pam's dad, who was just getting home and loosening his tie like he'd had a killer day at the office.

"Hey, Damian!" the man said warmly, a big grin on his face as he clapped a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. "How's our girl doing? Is she actually learning something for once?"

"She's totally ready for the test tomorrow," Damian said, keeping his eyes glued to the floor. Even with Pam's "you're a king" speech still ringing in his ears, he felt the massive weight of what they'd just been doing upstairs. He felt like his skin was still humming from her touch, and he was terrified the guy would somehow smell her perfume all over him or something.

"Great work, son! How many hours did you put in today?"

"Uhm... Three, I think." The boy said checking the time on his phone.

The man pulled a thick roll of cash from his pocket and peeled off two crisp hundred-dollar bills like it was pocket change.

"I... I don't have change for that, sir," Damian stammered, not even remotely used to the sight of the Benjamin.

"Nonsense, keep the change. It's a bonus," the man said, waving off the concern. "Her grades are actually up for the first time in forever. It's a straight-up miracle." The man stepped closer, putting both hands on Damian's shoulders like a proud coach talking to a star quarterback. "Look, I know it can't be easy for you. The maid actually mentioned she heard Pam screaming earlier... sounded like she was having a total meltdown."

Damian's heart flat-lined. A white-hot spike of panic flared behind his eyes, and for a split second, he was sure he was headed straight to prison. His stomach did a nauseating flip as he waited for the handcuffs.

"Just ignore her when she gets like that," the man continued, his voice full of tired, sincere gratitude. "She's always been such a drama queen when she's stressed. Just hang in there, please. Don't quit on her, Damian. We need you."

The fear vanished as quickly as it had arrived, replaced by a surreal, dark sense of irony. Damian looked into the man's green eyes and saw nothing but genuine hope and relief. His conscience didn't even put up a fight this time. Pam was happy, her dad was thrilled, and Damian was getting paid big bucks to be a "goddamn bull." It was the ultimate win-win.

He pocketed the money, feeling the weight of it, and gave the man a confident, reassuring smile. "It's a pleasure, Mr. Van Buren. Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere. I'll make sure she stays... focused."

Chapter 3

Damian approached his new "job" with the same methodical precision he applied to high-level calculus. To him, "every single time" wasn't just some exaggeration—it was a literal directive. For the next few weeks, whenever his body signaled even the slightest hint of a twitch, he triggered the protocol. He had stopped jerking off entirely; why settle for a hand when he had the school's hottest girl pretty much on call? And as the weeks went by, he slowly kinda started to feel like using Pam's body was a natural perk of his existence.

They turned the sprawling campus of Dresden High into their private playground. Using the cover of his "tutor" status, Damian refined a messaging system that kept them totally off the faculty's radar while they stayed right in the thick of the action.

"Boys' bathroom, second floor. Five minutes." he'd text. No "please," no "if you can." Just an order cause 'having a dick like that ment he could just order her to do shit', as Pam kept repeating.

Pam would drop some sugar-sweet excuse to her teacher, skip down the hall, and meet him. They'd hang an "Out of Order" sign on the door, lock themselves in a stall, and get down to business. Damian would sit on the toilet, his massive cock already straining against his zipper, and she'd straddle him, impaling herself with a low, breathless moan. He loved the feeling of her high-end skirt bunched up around her waist while he claimed her in a shitty bathroom stall.

Other times, it was: "Quick head in the old lab. Ten minutes."

Kneeling among the dust and crates, Pam would take him so deep it made her eyes water, her throat working rhythmically

to take every goddamn inch of him. She was a greedy student, gulping down every last drop of his cum before racing back to class with a flushed face and a secret smile.

Damian's favorite, though, was gym class. He'd "drop by" to deliver a fake message, and the second Pam spotted him, she'd feign a cramp or a headache. The coach would wave her off, and they'd vanish into the broom closet. There, surrounded by the smell of floor wax and old sports gear, he'd bend her over stacks of boxes and take her from behind, his deep, animalistic grunts muffled by the heavy door. He'd drive into her with zero restraint, enjoying the way she whimpered under his weight.

"So, Nerd? Mouth or pussy today?" she'd whisper afterward, wiping her lip and looking at him like he was a god.

Damian would just give her that shy, growingly confident smirk. "I'm still undecided. I need more data."

And the data was mounting. They were averaging three encounters a day, sometimes four if they had an afternoon session at her house. It was a rigorous test for the birth control Pam took; after a brief talk about condoms, she'd convinced him that "the rubber" was a total buzzkill. Damian, having no frame of reference but loving the raw, explosive heat of coming inside her unprotected, was more than happy to oblige. As caveman-like as it was, he couldn't help but love the feeling of his hot seed filling her up, marking her as his over and over again.

Our young protagonist was having the absolute time of his life. For the first time in his existence, he woke up every morning with a grin instead of a sigh. The world didn't feel like a giant math problem he couldn't solve anymore; it felt like a game he'd already won. The physical exercise—more "cardio" than he'd done in his entire life—had filled out his

slender frame, putting a very, very subtle, corded muscle on his shoulders and chest that made his clothes fit slightly differently.

The constant sexual validation had completely nuked his stutter. He moved through the halls with a quiet, observant confidence, no longer hugging the walls like a ghost. He was still millions of miles away from getting crowned prom king but still, it was progress. He stopped asking permission for anything when it came to sex. He decided the when, the where, and the how. He finally understood that the "deformity" he had spent years hating was actually a skeleton key to a world the other guys at Dresden High could only dream of. He was fucking the queen bee, and the realization made him want to laugh out loud in the middle of history class.

The change was so radical that people were starting to notice. His mom kept commenting on his "glow," convinced that the tutoring job was just giving him a great sense of responsibility. Even Danny, his only real friend, was getting suspicious.

"Dude, what the hell is in the water at the Van Buren place?" Danny asked one day, squinting at him. "You're not twitchy anymore. You're actually... chill. And you've stopped biting your nails. Is Pam's dad giving you like, high-end brain vitamins or something?"

Damian just offered an uncomfortable chuckle and left it at that. He couldn't exactly tell Danny that the "vitamins" involved the head cheerleader swallowing him whole three times a day. He just felt good. He was always in a killer mood, radiating a calm energy he had never had before.

But Damian was a scientist at heart. As much as he loved the high, he couldn't just sit back and enjoy the ride. He wanted

to push the envelope. He wanted to test the limits of this new reality and see exactly how far his power reached. He wanted to know just how much the queen of the school would sacrifice—and how much she would endure—to keep him happy.

"Just clear the cache and logs, man. A Mac rarely slows down on its own, but you actually have to maintain it a little." Danny said, his fingers flying across the keyboard of the laptop.

"Altman, I don't need the tech-support TED Talk. Just fix the damn thing before I use your head as a mousepad," Bobby Harris grumbled, his shadow looming over the table.

It was a crisp, unusually beautiful mid-November day in Raleigh. The courtyard was packed with students soaking up the sun before the afternoon slog of classes. Danny was perched on a wooden picnic table, Harris hovering over him like a disgruntled bodyguard, while Damian leaned against a nearby oak tree. He had his legs crossed, watching the social hierarchy unfold with a cool, detached gaze that he definitely didn't have a month ago.

"What are you staring at, Nerd? You look like you're glitching or some shit," Harris barked, catching Damian's gaze.

About fifty yards away, the "Royalty" were holding court. Brent Miller was perched on a table, and Pam was wrapped around him like ivy. Their mouths were locked in a sloppy, aggressive display of public affection, Brent's hands wandering all over her ass to make sure every guy in the vicinity knew she was "claimed."

"Hahaha!" Harris jeered, following Damian's eyes. "What's the matter, Nerd? Got a massive crush on Van Buren? You want a turn or something?"

Damian didn't even flinch. He didn't feel that old, familiar sting of being the loser on the sidelines. Instead, he felt a heavy, familiar pulse in his jeans—a thick, rhythmic throb that reminded him exactly who Pam really belonged to when the lights were low.

"As if she even knows you're alive, you dork," Harris added, looking for a reaction. "She wouldn't even let you breathe her air."

"Actually, Damian tutors her, so technically she spends more time with him than—" Danny started to defend him.

"Nobody asked you, Altman! Get back to the laptop, you ginger zitface!" Harris snapped, shoving Danny's shoulder hard enough to make him stumble. "Check yourself, or I'll deadass stomp you right here in front of everyone and let them watch you leak."

Danny rolled his eyes, muttering "Absolute mouth-breather" under his breath as he went back to the code. In the background of their bickering, Damian watched as Brent pulled Pam closer, his hands groping her shamelessly.

He felt a rush of blood to his cheeks—not from embarrassment, but from a cold, calculated daring. He was bored of Brent acting like he owned the queen. He pulled his phone from his pocket, the screen bright in the sunlight. Keeping his eyes locked on the couple across the yard, he began to type a message, his heart starting to hammer against his ribs with a sudden, vicious excitement.

Pam was currently lost in Brent's mouth, her hands tangled in his hair. She could feel him getting hard against her thigh—a familiar, standard-issue weight she'd dealt with a million times.

"Mmmm... Pam..." Brent whispered against her ear, his voice barely cutting through the loud-ass chatter of the lunch crowd. "...Baby... you don't even know what I'd give to just do it right now."

Pam pulled back, giving him a look of feigned shock that the arrogant quarterback totally bought. "Brent! Are you literal trash? Right here at school? No way. What are you even thinking?!"

"Come on, babe, maybe a bathroom? Just a quickie? I'm dying here," he insisted, leaning in close and trying to look pathetic.

Pam gave him a playful, "teacher" smile—the kind she was getting scarily good at faking. "Not a chance, stud. You'll have to wait till later. You know the rules. Patience is a virtue or whatever."

Brent let out a resigned groan. "Alright, fine... you're a tease." They went back to making out, his tongue searching hers with a desperate, heavy hunger that honestly felt kind of mid compared to what she was used to lately.

A few minutes later, her pocket buzzed. She pulled out her phone. It was him.

Brent was busy bragging to a teammate about some highlight-reel play, giving Pam the perfect window to check the screen. She hunched over, making sure no one was lurking behind her.

Wanna spend the rest of lunch making out with him, or with my cock? :)

Pam read the words and immediately heard them in Damian's raw, deep baritone. She pictured his dorky, slightly embarrassed face and felt a sharp, familiar heat bloom right in her gut. She had no clue why this nerd had such a vice-grip on her biology, but she wasn't about to fight it. He was her project—a work in progress—and he was coming along beautifully.

She scanned the courtyard to find him. He was sitting under an oak tree, looking as awkward as ever in his shabby, uncoordinated clothes. It was a total fashion disaster, honestly, but Pam was obsessed. It wasn't just his "hidden talent" anymore; she actually liked him. She hated how insecure he was, and she wanted him to see the insane power he actually held over her.

She turned to Brent, her voice turning sweet and totally convincing. "Babe, I gotta bounce. I have to review for that test, or Devon is literally going to rip my head off and hang it like a trophy."

Brent groaned. "Do you really have to? Should I start calling you a nerd like 'Four-Eyes' over there?" He jerked a thumb toward Damian.

"Brent, honey..." she said, her voice dropping into that childish, sugary tone that always made him cave. "First off: 'Four-Eyes' is the only reason I'm actually gonna graduate and not be a super-senior. And second: he's actually nice, and I don't want you making fun of him. Okay? It's cringe."

Brent grumbled, but he couldn't resist her when she used that voice. "Fine. Whatever. I'll stop. Happy?" He leaned in for one last kiss.

"Good boy!" She pulled away before he could get a real grip on her. "I'm off! Wish me luck!"

As she walked toward Damian, her thumbs flew across her screen, a wicked smirk on her face.

Do you even have to ask, Nerd? You know I'm thirsty for it.

Damian was still reeling from his own ballsy move. He watched her walk away from the jocks, blowing fake-ass kisses to the meathead she'd just ditched like he was yesterday's news. He felt his phone buzz in his pocket and smirked even before reading the text.

"...literally the coldest bitch in this entire school. And I mean top-class bitch, no cap! Trust me, I know," Bobby Harris was saying, his voice full of a bravado he definitely didn't have. "I tapped that for a while, then I ghosted. I got bored, honestly. Too much maintenance."

Bobby hadn't noticed Pam closing in. He was too busy performing for Danny, who was frantically trying to finish the laptop repairs just so the idiot would finally leave. Damian watched with an amused glint in his eyes as the "top-class bitch" herself stepped right into earshot, her expression shifting from curiosity to pure venom as she caught the tail end of Bobby's rambling.

"She treats everyone like straight-up trash," Bobby continued, leaning back. "Like I said she's a total bite—"

"Hi, Damian!"

Danny and Bobby spun around like they'd been hit by a flashbang. Pam stood there, looking absolutely stunning and

low-key dangerous. Damian struggled to keep a straight face; the timing was chef's kiss.

"Hey, Pam," he replied, keeping his voice chill.

Pam flashed a dazzling smile at Danny—who nearly fell off the picnic table in shock—and completely blanked Bobby. Bobby's face turned a sickly, gray color. "Uh... hi, Pam..." he stammered, his voice cracking like a middle-schooler's.

She didn't even acknowledge he existed.

"Damian, I'm so sorry for being annoying and bothering you during lunch, but would you mind going over the last few things for the test? I left my books in the classroom." Her voice was a masterpiece of modest, "good girl" courtesy. Bobby's eyes looked like they were literally going to pop out of his skull.

"No problem," Damian said, pushing himself up from the oak tree, half-eaten sandwich in hand.

"Danny, I'm so sorry to steal him away. I know you guys were probably in the middle of a deep convo," she added, her politeness so sharp it was lethal.

"No, no! It's totally fine, P-P-Pam..." Danny stammered, his brain short-circuiting because apparently the Queen of the School actually knew his name. "It's a p-p-pleasure..."

"How sweet of you!" she chirped. Damian thought Danny might actually pass out right there.

"See you later," Damian said, savoring the "WTF" look on his friend's face as they started to walk away.

"But... Pam! Wait!" Bobby called out, sounding desperate and pathetic.

She stopped and pivoted slowly, her gaze turning absolute zero. "What do you want, Harris?"

The use of his last name was like a slap to the face. There was zero playfulness there—just a vast, freezing distance. Damian almost expected to see frost form on Bobby's chin.

"You don't actually expect me to say hi, do you? After all, you said it yourself—I'm a 'top-class bitch.' I'd hate to disappoint you." She hissed the words with a venomous sweetness that left Bobby looking like a total clown, then turned on her heel.

Bobby stood there like a pillar of salt, his mouth hanging open. Once they were out of earshot and around the corner, Pam let out a little giggle and smiled to herself.

"You know," Damian noted casually, his hands stuffed in his pockets, "the 'evil genius' over there claims you two were a thing until he got bored and dumped your ass."

Pam literally doubled over, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Haha! Oh my god, seriously? Poor Bobby... his brain must have melted from all that protein powder. God, he wishes!"

"So, what, zero truth to that?" Damian asked, actually curious about the lore.

"Please!" she said, her face twisting into a look of pure disdain. Then, seeing his expression, she shrugged. "I mean, I'm the one who hooked up with him, but I ghosted him the second he became useless. It was a total waste of time."

Damian just shook his head, a smirk playing on his lips. "Why am I not surprised? You're cold, Van Buren."

"Oh, stop. Being a bitch is a full-time job, and I'm up for a promotion," she quipped, tossing her hair back with a wicked grin. He chuckled.

"How do I know you won't do the same to me?" he asked, his tone turning a little more serious for a second.

"How do I know you won't do the same to me?" he asked, his tone turning a little more serious for a second.

Pam looked at him, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Oh, come on, Nerd. Use your brain. Have you ever actually seen Bobby Harris's package?"

Damian furrowed his brow, then a memory of the locker room clicked. He couldn't help but smile.

"Exactly. Average at best. Poor guy. I mean, compared to you?" she said cheerfully, sliding her arm through his and pulling him close. "It's like comparing a water pistol to a 12-gauge shotgun."

Damian felt a massive surge of pride. He absolutely loved it when she talked like that—like he was some kind of super human or something.

"And there's another reason, Flanagan," she teased, leaning her head on his shoulder as they walked.

"Which is?"

"I'm not the one holding the reins here, remember? You're the boss. Like, you literally call the shots on everything we do. If you want me on my knees or bent over a desk, I'm just

here to do it, right?" She smiled at him. Damian felt his face heat up, but he didn't look away this time. He was starting to own it.

"Also, why did you bring that sandwich?" she asked, eyeing his half-eaten lunch. "Kind of a mood killer, don't you think?"

"I'm hungry," he said honestly. "I need my energy."

"Do you really want to eat while I'm down on my knees for you?"

Damian gave her a slow, sly smile that was way too confident for a guy in a checkered shirt. "Well, I thought it would be rude to let you have lunch all by yourself, right?"

Pam let out a delighted, high-pitched laugh. "Hehe! Okay, damn. Nice answer, Nerd. Seriously, nice answer!"

Time, as they say, flies when you're having the time of your life, and December arrived in a blur of secret hookups and academic "milestones." But Damian, despite his upgraded sexual stamina, was still biologically a frail nerd; he caught a vicious flu that flattened him like a bug. High fevers and a persistent cough kept him quarantined at home for five days, unable to have visitors—an eternity for Pam, who found it easily the most frustrating week of her life.

Her boyfriend, on the other hand, was having an absolute blast. With Pam's favorite study partner out of the game, the unsuspecting Brent Miller found himself receiving

unexpected visits from his gorgeous girlfriend several times a day. He spent the week wandering campus with a permanent, dim-witted grin plastered on his face, looking like a guy who had just won the lottery and hadn't realized yet that the ticket was a prank.

"Oh... yes... baby... you're amazing..."

They were in Brent's bedroom, tucked under his heavy designer duvet. His parents were out of town, and Brent was taking full advantage of the "privacy." He was lying on top of her, thrusting with all the athletic vigor of a varsity quarterback, clearly convinced he was delivering a Hall of Fame performance.

Beneath him, Pam moaned with expert emphasis at every shove, her nails digging into his back as she tried to pull him deeper. Honestly, she deserved an Oscar. The truth was, fucking Brent just made her miss Damian more. It was like being served a soggy, unseasoned appetizer when you were starving for a five-course meal. Pam had been stuck on the "Brent diet" for five interminable days, and she was absolutely over it. No matter how handsome he was or how hard he worked, he just didn't cut it anymore; he was a sparkler compared to Damian's forest fire.

She waited for him to finish inside her, faking a massive, toe-curling climax just to keep his ego intact. After the bare minimum of post-coital cuddling—which felt like sitting through a boring commercial—she pulled the "I have to help my mom with errands" card. Brent, never one to be accused of being the sharpest tool in the shed, bought it instantly. She dressed in a blur and disappeared.

She got into her car more frustrated than ever, her skin crawling with a need only one person could satisfy. She knew

exactly where she was going, and she couldn't care less if she caught the flu herself.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Amy Flanagan asked, pressing a palm to her son's forehead to check for a lingering fever.

"Better. It's seriously just a head cold now. I'm going back to school tomorrow," Damian insisted. He was stir-crazy, his bedroom walls starting to feel like a prison cell. His mother smiled, giving his cheek a playful stroke.

"Okay, okay! Message received. You're bored out of your mind," she teased, then wrinkled her nose. "I'd say you need a shower first, young man. You smell like a gym bag."

Before Damian could mount a defense, the doorbell echoed through the house.

"Mike! Can you get that?" Amy called out. Silence. She rolled her eyes, but Damian was already on his feet.

"I'll get it, Mom. Dad's probably in the garage with Sammy again."

"Don't catch a chill!" she warned as he shuffled toward the front door in his pajamas, feeling every bit the sick kid he was trying to pretend he wasn't.

He pulled the door open and stopped dead. "Pam?"

"Hi, Nerd," she said. She was shivering, her teeth practically chattering for the cold. Or maybe anticipation.

"What are you doing here? You're gonna get sick."

"I just... wanted to see how you were," she said, her voice trailing off vaguely. Damian didn't blink. He just raised an eyebrow and leaned against the doorframe, waiting for the real answer.

"Okay, fine—Flanagan, I'm literally losing it," she blurted out, her voice dropping to a frantic, low-voltage hiss. "I need you. Like, right now. It's been five goddamn days since you last fucked me and I'm losing my mind!"

Damian's eyes nearly popped out of his head. He frantically gestured for her to shut up, glancing over his shoulder. "Are you insane? My mom is literally ten feet away in the kitchen!"

Pam didn't even flinch. She stepped into his personal space, her arms sliding around his waist as she buried her face in the crook of his neck, her teeth grazing his skin. "I'm sorry, but I'm not kidding," she whispered desperately. "I am going through literal withdrawal. I need you to stick your cock in me, Damian. Please."

Damian couldn't help the smirk that tugged at his lips. "I'm back at school tomorrow, Pam. We can start doing it again then."

He felt her hand already wandering down, her fingers finding his shape through the thin pajama fabric with impatient accuracy. God, her touch was electric; even through the cotton, the way her palm cupped him felt like a literal shot of adrenaline straight to his gut.

"Tomorrow?" she gasped, looking at him like he'd just suggested she wait a decade. "Please, Nerd. Don't be a sadist. You actually can't make me wait that long. C'mon!"

"My parents are home, Pam. We can't do anything—"

"I'll be so quiet, I swear! You won't hear a single peep out of me!" She increased the pressure of her massage, her thumb tracing his length with a slow, agonizing friction that made his head light. It felt too good; she knew exactly how much pressure to apply to make him lose his train of thought.

"Pam, I'm serious. I've spent five days shivering and sweating in these clothes. I'm gross. I need a shower—"

"I don't care," she interrupted, her eyes dark and wide with a hunger that was honestly a little scary. "I'll lick every inch of your body clean if I have to. Come on, Damian. Do I have to actually get on my knees and beg? Because I'll do it right here in the hallway. I'm literal seconds away from just ripping these pants off you."

He was about to tell her she was being a total psycho when his mother's voice drifted from the kitchen. "Damian! Who is it?"

Pam didn't even flinch; she just looked at him with pleading, desperate eyes, her hand still working him through his pants with a grip that said she wasn't letting go until she got what she came for.

Damian rolled his eyes and sighed in complete and utter defeat. "It's Pam, Mom! She's bringing me my Lit notes!"

Then he looked at her. "Fine. Come on in."

She beamed, planting a joyful kiss on his cheek before he could even blink. Damian felt his heart hammering against his ribs, his stomach churning with a mix of flu-leftovers and pure, unadulterated terror that his mom would totally see right through Pam's "sweet girl" act.

"Hi, Pam! I finally get to meet you!" Amy said, drying her hands on a towel and shaking Pam's hand warmly.

"It's such a pleasure, Mrs. Flanagan. I'm so sorry to drop by unannounced, but I was just... so worried about Damian. I had to see how he was doing." Pam's voice was pure innocence, her posture perfect.

Amy melted instantly. "Oh, sweetheart, how kind of you!"

Damian stood by awkwardly, his hands crossed tightly in front of his crotch to hide the stubborn chubby Pam's touch had just caused. He was sweating under his mother's watchful eye, looking like a deer in headlights and terrified that one wrong look from Pam would give away the fact that she was currently imagining him naked. "Yeah, well... since she's here, we might as well... uh... do some research together. So she doesn't fall behind."

"You're an angel, thank you!" Pam said, her smile like sugar.

"Don't mention it," Damian muttered, his face heating up as he ushered her toward the stairs.

"Oh! I also shared that new Spotify playlist I told you about!" Pam added, glancing back at Amy with a charming, perfect grin. "I literally focus so much better with a vibe in the background."

Damian frowned, very confused. What is she even talking about?

"Of course, honey. Go ahead, we won't disturb you," Amy promised.

"What a cool mom you have, Damian!" Pam continued the charm offensive until they finally made it to his bedroom.

The second the door clicked shut and the lock turned, the tension drained out of Damian's shoulders. He was back in his domain. Pam didn't even wait for him to turn around; the moment his back was to her, she dropped to her knees. By the time he pivoted, she was already there, her face pressed against the front of his pajamas as she inhaled the scent of him like it was oxygen.

"Wow. You really don't waste any time, do you?" Damian asked, his voice returning to its confident, low rasp now that they were alone.

"Damian, I told you, I'm literally dying," she gasped against the fabric. The room was thick with the scent of his fevered testosterone, and with her face just an inch from the source, she was losing it. "It feels like a goddamn eternity since the last time I had this cock inside me. I've been feining so hard, it's embarrassing."

Damian looked down at her, the nerd-like insecurity he'd felt in the kitchen replaced by a calm, analytical amusement. He watched the "Queen of Dresden" kneeling in his cramped bedroom like a total supplicant. She looked feral, her eyes wide and dilated, staring at his waist with the kind of desperate hunger you only see in true addicts.

"Really?!" he teased, his voice dropping into that resonant baritone.

Pam looked up, her expression strained. Damian's dark hair hung slightly over the frames of his glasses as he studied her.

He let the silence hang for a few beats, enjoying the way she waited for his permission.

"Alright. Here you go."

He shucked his checkered pajama pants and boxers. Pam's expression shifted instantly into something bordering on the religious as his massive, heavy dick sprang free. She looked like she was staring at a literal god.

"Finally," she whispered, leaning closer. "I missed this beautiful monster so much. Mmm...."

She stared at it, her nostrils flaring, but didn't touch it or kiss it. Damian felt a mischievous smirk tug at his mouth. What a well-trained little puppy. He took his hand and slowly pressed the humid, red tip of his dick against her lips. Her tongue came out instantly, tasting the salt and sweat of the last five days.

Pam winked at him, her eyes dark with mischief. "You're disgusting, Nerd," she said, her voice dripping with provocation.

Damian felt a momentary flicker of a blush, the old "polite nerd" reflex almost making him offer to go wash up. But then he saw her tongue dart out with total, devout focus, licking his piss slit again and again. She wasn't repelled at all; she was starving for him, her mouth watering like crazy as she focused on the task. She looked like she wanted to unhinge her jaw and swallow him whole. Seeing her like that made the last of his hesitation vanish, and he leaned fully into his authoritative side.

"I told you, Pam. You're the one who insisted. You promised to clean my dick with your tongue, remember?"

"Yes, but—"

"No buts. Open your mouth and get to work. Now."

He spoke with a firm edge that made Pam's eyebrow arch. She gave him a cheeky smile. "Yes, sir, Nerd. Anything for my fix."

She reached out, her hand guiding his cock into her mouth. She began to lick him clean, her soft tongue meticulously passing over every inch of his sensitive skin, savoring the salty, pungent taste as if it were a rare delicacy. Damian watched her, a sense of power surging through him. She looked completely gone, her eyes rolled back slightly as she worked, showing just how addicted she'd become to him. When she finally pulled away, his cock was a bright, gleaming pink, slick with her saliva.

"Good job," he noted. "You actually like that, didn't you? You looked like a total crackhead for it."

She gave him a complicit, wicked smile. "You could make me lick any part of you, Nerd. Rest assured, I'd enjoy it. I'm a total goner for you." She pressed a small, lingering kiss to the head. "Now, are you going to fuck me, or do I have to beg for that too?"

He smirked down at her before saying: "Do you want it between your legs?"

"Of course, Nerd. Why do you think I risked your mom catching me? I told you, I'm literally feining," she whispered, her eyes locked on his crotch.

"You have to earn it, Pam. You know the rules." He fell back into that cool, academic tone—the one that usually made her

roll her eyes but now made her core throb. She pouted like a brat, but she was already conditioned to the game.

"Fine. What do I have to do?"

The sheer control he had over her sent a jolt of electricity down his spine. He was discovering this side of himself bit by bit, and the power trip was absolutely addictive. He looked down at her and felt a surge of dark satisfaction.

"Suck it for a while," he commanded, his voice dropping into that cool, effortless baritone. "Show me how much you've actually been feining for it."

He used his fingers to make literal air-quotes on the last words, his eyes dancing with an amused, mocking glint. He definitely liked getting under her skin—reminding her exactly how thirsty she looked while he stayed completely unbothered.

She didn't hesitate for a second, sliding the massive, heavy shaft back down her throat. Damian had forgotten how insane the heat of her mouth felt. Her throat was a wet, welcoming furnace, and she'd become a literal pro at taking every inch of him. He rested his hands on the back of her head, his fingers weaving into her hair to dictate the tempo—deep, slow, rhythmic thrusts that had her eyes watering a little.

The silence of the room was wrecked by the loud, sloppy friction of her working on him. Every time he pushed deep, it was met with a thick, gagging sound, followed by the heavy, wet squelch of her lips losing their seal as he pulled back. She was producing so much saliva it was glistening on her chin, making every stroke sound like a high-end lubricant being churned deep inside a tight, soaking-wet pussy.

He watched his dick swell and throb, darkening to a deep red as it disappeared into her mouth over and over, accompanied by that rhythmic, needy slobbering that told him everything he needed to know.

Pam was sucking like a girl possessed, her dedication bordering on animalistic. Her cheeks hollowed as she tried to pull every bit of sensation out of him.

"Did you really miss it that much?" Damian asked, pulling back just enough to let her breathe.

She reluctantly let the head slip from her lips, looking up with a dazed, lust-filled expression. "What do you think, Nerd? I showed up at your house unannounced, literally begging for a fix. What do your 'god-tier deductive skills' tell you?"

"Did you only miss my cock?" Damian asked. A small, nagging part of him needed to hear the answer. He wanted to know if he was just a biological necessity to her, or if the "Nerd" himself actually held some weight.

She smiled sweetly, her eyes softening in a way she never showed the guys at school. "Both of you, silly. Don't play dumb. You know I'm obsessed with you. Your voice... the way you talk down to me... it drives me crazy."

Damian smiled as he brushed the moist, sensitive tip of his dick against her nose, leaving a glistening trail of pre-cum. "But couldn't you just go to your boyfriend? Or Bobby? I'm sure they would have been stoked to help."

"And you think I haven't?" she interrupted, her tongue darting out to chase the head of his cock as he teased her face with it. "I've drained their balls and half the varsity team's since Monday. It's useless. It doesn't hit the same."

Damian's mind flashed to the image of those gym rats being "serviced" by her, but he didn't feel jealous—just superior. "Why? Why is it any different with them?"

"Because you literally brainwashed me!" Pam sighed, leaning her forehead against his thigh, her breath hot on his skin. "Haven't you realized it yet? You're the only one who actually gets me off. Fucking everyone else feels like a literal toy compared to you, Flanagan. It's actually embarrassing how much I need this. You're like a drug or something. I need my daily fix of this dick, or I start literally spiraling. I'm not even joking, Nerd... I'm your fucking junkie."

She looked up at him, her eyes glassy and focused on him like he was the center of the universe. "Please... Just wreck me already."

Damian smirked, the rush of her confession hitting harder than he'd expected. The queen was officially an addict, and he was her only plug.

"Strip," he commanded, his voice dropping into that low, effortless baritone that always made her melt. "Get on the bed. For real, right now."

Pam didn't need to be told twice. That baritone command hit her like a physical jolt, and she moved with a frantic, joyful energy, her clothes hitting the floor in a messy, expensive pile. As she stood there glowing and naked in the dim light of his desk lamp, the heavy, dominant tension in the room broke just enough to let a flicker of their usual banter back in.

"Wait, what was that whole thing about the playlist again?" he asked, pulling his pajama top over his head. He stood there completely naked, but his eyes darted toward the bedroom door. His posture suddenly stiffened as the reality

of his parents and little brother being just downstairs rushed back to him.

"Right! Oh my god, hurry, pull one up on your speakers!" she hissed, though she was grinning like a maniac. "It'll cover the... noises. I literally don't want your mom thinking our 'research' involves me screaming your name at the top of my lungs."

She gave him a wicked wink, already bouncing on the edge of the mattress with a frantic, desperate energy.

"Wait, I'm serious, Pam," he whispered, his voice cracking with a flash of genuine nerves. He glanced at the thin wood of the bedroom door. "If you actually make a sound, I'm dead. My mom isn't stupid. We shouldn't even be doing this right now."

Pam reached out, grabbing his hand and pulling him toward the bed, her touch grounding him. "Chill out, Flanagan. I've got it under control. I'll be a total mouse, I promise," she said, her voice shifting into that sugary, high-pitched tone she usually reserved for Brent to reassure him. She waited until he relaxed an inch before her eyes darkened with that familiar hunger again. "But let's be real, Nerd—I don't think I can keep that promise if you're about to fuck me as hard as I think you are. So just hit play and get over here."

As nervous as the nerdy good boy might have been, he was still just a teenager with a raging hard-on and the school's hottest girl stark naked begging for his dick. Not even the most virtuous, disciplined hero could have resisted a setup like that; he was past the point of no return. He needed to nut, and he needed it five minutes ago.

Giving in to the inevitable, Damian reached over and tapped a lo-fi R&B playlist on his phone. A slow, heavy beat with

deep, distorted bass filled the room, the low-end frequencies creating a thick wall of sound that would definitely drown out any "unfiltered" reactions.

Pam raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk tugging at her lips as the vibe shifted. "What is this, Flanagan? Are we at a lounge or something? Are you gonna buy me a drink first?"

Damian gave her a look that was pure, dark confidence, the kind that made her breath hitch. "Do you want a music lesson, or do you want me to put this dick inside you?"

She was taken aback for a second, then burst into a delighted, breathless laugh. "Hahaha! Nerd, you're actually evolving! That's exactly how I like you."

Damian moved to the edge of the bed and pressed two fingers against her pussy. As he spread her lips, he noticed a small amount of white residue leaking out. He frowned, feeling the slickness of it. "Hey. You're all... messy. You didn't even clean up?"

He wasn't truly angry; he was just amused by the blatant evidence of her afternoon activities. Pam put on a guilty, bratly face, though her eyes remained locked on his. "Well, I was just with Brent. But I thought I'd go crazy with that little toothpick of his. I was basically just counting the minutes until I could get to you."

"From one cock to another, huh? Jesus Christ, Pam, you're the literal definition of a whore."

He climbed onto the bed while she feigned offense, her hands reaching for his waist to pull him down. "Hey! How dare you—"

He didn't give her a chance to finish. He thrust into her, burying his entire length in her burning heat in one heavy, dominant shove that bottomed out instantly. Any trace of her bratty attitude vanished the second he filled her. Her eyes rolled back, her body going completely limp and heavy beneath him as she let out a muffled, shattered gasp.

He leaned down, pinning her wrists to the mattress, and whispered, "You know I'm right."

"MMMMMM... damn, you're so right, Nerd! You're always right... Mmmm... anything you say!!" she moaned, her voice a broken, submissive whimper as her legs locked tight around his waist. All her popular-girl pride was gone, replaced by a desperate need to be used. "Oh God... finally! It feels so much better... fuck me, Damian! Just fuck me! Please!"

A dark, triumphant smirk spread across Damian's face. He gathered both of her wrists in one of his hands, pinning them effortlessly over her head to leave her completely exposed and vulnerable. With his free hand, he reached down and grabbed one of her firm breasts roughly, his fingers digging into her soft skin.

He began pumping with a slow, heavy determination, relishing the way her pussy felt like it was melting around him. It was scalding, and the mixture of her own juices and the leftovers from earlier made Damian's cock glide with zero friction, sliding deep enough to hit her cervix with every stroke. He looked down at her insane body with a sense of clinical victory. The flat stomach, the firm breasts, the peachy ass, those cocksucking lips—they were all his to use. His mind, always running numbers and patterns, analyzed the data: this princess had opened his eyes to a whole new world of power, and he was taking total, undisputed possession of it.

"Talk to me, Pam. Tell me about my cock. Tell me how much you're obsessed with it," he commanded, his thrusts taking on a slow, heavy, and punishing determination.

"Ohhh, Nerd... it's literally like a weapon. Like, a scepter or some crazy staff of command," she whimpered, her eyes pinned on his as if he were the only thing in the world that mattered. Her voice was a strained, jagged whisper, barely keeping it together so they wouldn't get caught. "And you're not just some random guy, remember that! You're a king. No... you're a literal god. Only a god could be packing this much heat, I swear."

Damian bit his lip, a rush of pure, ego-driven dopamine hitting him way harder than the flu ever could. He moved his hands to her breasts, squeezing them with a possessive grip that left no room for argument.

"Keep going... tell me exactly how it feels to have me buried inside you." he muttered, his voice thick with a mix of fever and cold, hard pride.

"Oh my god..." she gasped, her back arching into his touch. "It literally feels like you're taking over my whole body. I've never been this fried, Nerd. I love that you just use me however you want. No one has ever wrecked me like this... like, no one even comes close!"

Pam looked up at him, her eyes wide and dilated, her gaze so worshipful it was bordering on a total mental breakdown. She looked like she was witnessing a miracle every time he bottomed out. Satisfied with her total surrender, Damian rewarded her by shifting into high gear, his hips snapping against her with a raw, rhythmic force that stole the rest of her breath.

Pam arched her back, her body finally seizing the orgasm that had been cruelly denied for five long days. She watched the pale, slim body of the "unfortunate nerd" move above her, fascinated by the contrast of his fair skin and hairless chest against her tan. For some reason, she was completely obsessed with being dominated by him—and only him. After two months of his "education," Damian was becoming a total master of her pleasure.

Her hands scrambled across the unmade bed, which reeked vulgarly of his sweat and fever, searching for anything to muffle her noisy pleasure. She clawed under the pillow, then the blanket, her face twisting into an expression of pure, feral lust that made Damian's smile broaden with dark amusement.

"Mmm... Nerd? Do you actually think I'm just a total whore?" she gasped, her voice shaking with every thrust.

"Well, what else am I supposed to think when you're literally begging to be used and admitting you're a junkie for my dick, Pam?" he countered. The adrenaline was transforming him into a predator, and Pam leaned into the degrading weight of his words like they were a crown.

"Mmm... then fuck your whore like an animal, Nerd. Show me who's the fucking boss... mmmm..."

Damian paused his rhythm for a split second, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Are you ordering me? Or are you asking me?"

She let out a frantic, high-pitched giggle, her head tossing back. "Mmmm... I'm begging you, Nerd! Please!"

He repaid her with a deep, tongue-heavy kiss before pulling back to whisper a smug, "Good girl, Pam." The effect was

instantaneous; her moans spiked an octave, forcing Damian to grab his phone and crank the volume on the speakers until the R&B bass vibrated in their bones, a heavy shield against the rest of the house

Even with the music, it wasn't enough. She needed a gag. Her hand kept wandering impatiently until her fingers brushed a piece of stiff fabric peeking out from under the mattress. She yanked it out. It was a filthy, hardened cotton rag. She didn't hesitate. She stuffed the crusted fabric into her mouth, biting down hard to keep from screaming. The taste was sharp, stale, and overwhelmingly masculine. It was the concentrated essence of him.

"That's actually wild!" Damian laughed, watching her bite down on the cloth he'd used for months of solitary sessions. "Bite that shit hard, Pam, 'cause I'm about to go off."

She didn't need to be told twice. She stuffed the stiff cloth deep into her mouth, biting into the crusted ridges of the fabric. It was devastating—her brain was short-circuiting, making her feel like a prize mare being broken by a stallion. Every one of her senses was being flooded at once; the music, the weight of him pinning her down, the smell of the dirty sheets and that taste. It was unmistakably cum—his cum—stale and concentrated. It was the best thing she had ever tasted because it was just pure, concentrated manliness, the raw proof that she had been lucky enough to be used by the only guy who mattered.

Her moans were reduced to faint, muffled grunts against the rag, which only made him laugh harder. Now that he could really let loose without worrying about her noise, he didn't hold back. He gave the "dick addict" exactly what she was starving for, driving himself into her with a raging, relentless intensity. He was unstoppable, a rhythmic force of nature that no one else in her life could ever hope to match.

"You let Miller screw you and then crawl to me because he's too pathetic to get you off, huh?" The 'other' Damian—the predator—was fully unleashed now, his voice dripping with arrogance. "So what do you say now, Pam? Are you enjoying it yet?!"

She couldn't answer with words, but the way her eyes rolled back as she bit the filthy rag was a total giveaway. She came almost instantly, a violent, body-shaking release that left her world spinning. Damian didn't last much longer; the built-up seed from five days of fever exploded inside her in a massive, drenching tsunami of relief.

Chest heaving with the exertion, Damian rose to his feet on the mattress, standing over her like a conqueror surveying his prize, her exhausted, limp body. He walked a few steps, till his bare feet were planted firmly on either side of her head. He looked down at her—powerless, defenseless, and completely defeated—and watched with dark satisfaction as the last thick, whitish drops of his seed dripped shamelessly onto her face.

The rhythm of the drops hit her forehead, her nose, and her cheeks. Pam looked up in a state of pure ecstasy, still sucking on a corner of that filthy rag, accepting the humiliation as if it were a holy blessing. It was a moment of exquisite, raw degradation that felt more beautiful and mind-shattering to her than any corny, grand gesture Brent had ever attempted. Compared to the raw power Damian was holding over her, everything else in her life felt like a joke.

The young man crouched over her, his weight shifting until his balls and dick bounced heavily against her face, the friction making him smirk. He locked eyes with her, savoring the dazed, broken look on her face before he finally pulled the cloth from her mouth and tossed it onto the bed right next to her head. The second she was free, she didn't even try to catch her breath. Instead, she leaned into him, her tongue

immediately darting out to lick him clean with a desperate, worshipful hunger. She swallowed the sweat and the salt of his skin like a starving dog, making it clear she felt like the luckiest girl in the world just to be allowed to get her mouth near his cock. As she finally slowed down to catch her breath, her gaze snagged on the crumpled, stiff fabric resting on the pillow beside her.

“What even is that rag?” she asked between breaths, her voice a cracked whisper of curiosity.

Damian let out a low chuckle, a sly, smug grin spreading across his face as he watched her stare at the yellowed fabric. “It’s just an old T-shirt I used to jerk off into until I met you,” he said, his voice dripping with arrogance. “I think the official term for it is a 'cum rag.'”

He watched her closely, expecting a flash of disgust, but Pam reached over and snatched the cloth from the pillow, gripping it tight. The realization that she’d just been gagged by months of his solitary sessions seemed to send a fresh jolt of heat through her. Even in his post-sex haze, Damian couldn’t help but be smug, and Pam found his newfound ego more intoxicating than the act itself.

"It smells exactly like you... mmm... it's literally sick," she whispered, burying her nose in the fabric.

"I'll take your word for it. You're the expert by now," Damian replied. They both laughed, the heavy tension of the week finally breaking into something lighter, though the power shift in the room remained permanent.

"So, Brainiac," she said, busy licking his heavy scrotum devoutly. "Still can't decide if my mouth or my pussy is the GOAT?"

"Hey! Who ever said you were even good at either?"

She pouted, and he laughed, the sarcasm dripping from his voice. "I'm afraid I'll just have to keep using both until I can make an informed, scientific decision. You down?"

"Yes, tragically, Nerd," she whispered, wrapping her lips around him again.

He stayed in that position for several minutes, his weight pinning her down just enough to remind her who was in charge. He settled his bare, sweaty ass right onto her breasts—the kind of perfect, high-end tits that any other guy in the world would worship or treat like glass—and used them as a comfortable, fleshy seat. The feeling was awesome for both of them: Damian felt a surge of pure, uncut power as he literally sat on the school's prize princess, while Pam leaned into the crushing weight, the pressure of his cheeks flattening her chest making her feel completely dominated and claimed. He watched with idle, kingly satisfaction as her diligent tongue worked over him, alternating between his heavy balls, the sensitive shaft, and even his inner thigh. For her part, Pam savored every lingering drop of that sharp, youthful nectar his body was still producing in a seemingly endless, vigorous stream. She didn't care that he was using her body like furniture; if anything, the disrespect made the whole "god" thing feel more real.

Then, suddenly, she looked up, a thought flickering behind her dazed eyes. "Honestly, it's such a fucking tragedy to have wasted all that delicious stuff on a rag."

It took Damian a second to register what the hell she was talking about, then he glanced at the discarded T-shirt she was holding. "What, you would've actually wanted to drink all that?" he asked, his voice thick with teasing disbelief.

"Every single drop, Nerd," she replied, her voice dropping into a sultry, worshipful register. She gave him a look that was half-provocation, half-submission. "I read somewhere that drinking cum actually makes you smarter, you know."

Damian burst into a fit of genuine, belly-deep laughter. "Hahaha! Pam, that is the biggest load of bullshit I've ever heard in my life. If that were even remotely true, you'd literally have like, two Nobel Prizes by now!"

They laughed together, the heavy, dominant tension softening into the easy, playful friendship they shared when they weren't "studying." It was a strange, perfect contrast: they joked like old friends, yet she was still adoringly licking his balls while he grinned contentedly.

"Nerd?" she whispered after a few seconds of silence, the bass from the playlist still thumping in the mattress.

"What now?"

"Mmm... would you actually be a dear and let me swallow some of it now? Like, for real this time?"

"Wait, has all the stuff you've been licking off my dick not been enough for you?" he asked, raising a smug eyebrow, his ass still firmly planted on her chest.

She gave him a cheeky, defiant wink. "That was all mixed with Brent's leftover bullshit, and I only want yours. Yours is the only one that actually counts."

He shook his head, a mix of amusement and pure ego swelling in his chest. "Well, I guess if you actually decide to suck it properly this time, I might be persuaded to let you," he teased.

They shared one more knowing, electric smile before she leaned back in, taking his shaft deep down her throat with a hunger that proved she wasn't joking about wanting every last drop.

"Where are my panties?"

Damian scooped the lace from the floor and tossed them to her. "Right here."

"Thanks."

They had been locked in the room for nearly an hour. The playlist was cycling through its final tracks, and the two of them were hurriedly getting dressed to avoid pushing their luck any further. Even with the bass still thumping, Damian's "good boy" conscience was starting to prick at him; he was low-key terrified his parents had heard way more than they were supposed to. The thought of a lecture on sex was so unbelievably cringe it was enough to make his palms sweat.

"So, you coming back tomorrow?" she asked, pulling on her shirt and shaking out her hair.

"Hopefully, if I can get my mom to stop hovering," he said, rolling his eyes.

She caught his glance and winked. "Honestly, if she actually saw what we just did, she'd realize you're definitely not too sick to leave the house. You've got way too much energy for a 'patient.'"

Damian shuddered. "I don't... I literally don't even want to think about that. I wouldn't even bother coming back to school because I'd be dead from the sheer cringe."

"Chill, Nerd. You'll see—they didn't notice a thing," she laughed. He watched her, genuinely envying that effortless confidence. She could lie to the devil and make him believe it.

As she leaned down to tie her shoes, he noticed a stray, whitish streak on her skin. "You've still got some... right there," he said, pointing to his own cheek to show her.

The old T-shirt was sitting right by her foot. Without a hint of shame, Pam picked up the stiff rag, wiped the semen off her face, and then brought the fabric to her nose, inhaling the stale scent of him with a dreamy expression. "I'm totally keeping this, Nerd."

Damian shrugged, trying to act cool despite the absurdity of it. "I mean, if it means that much to you, go for it."

"How long has it been since you actually used this thing?" she asked, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Pretty much since the day I met you," he admitted with a smug grin.

Pam feigned a shocked gasp, though she looked more turned on than offended. "Is that what you think of me, Flanagan? Like, am I just your new 'cum dump' now?"

The way she said it—half-challenging, half-begging—made him want to lean into the bit. He crossed his arms, putting on his most arrogant, "God-tier" expression. "Why? Aren't you?"

She beamed at him, her face lighting up with genuine pride. "Of course I am, Nerd," she said, standing up and looping her arms around his neck. "It's about time you realized it. Glad to see my lessons are finally paying off."

They shared a laugh, but then her expression shifted, the bravado slipping just enough to show the cracks. She looked at him with a sudden, uncharacteristic seriousness. "Damian... I know our agreement wasn't exactly... this," she began, sounding almost embarrassed.

He stayed quiet, watching her closely. This was a side of Pam he rarely saw—vulnerable and unpolished.

"You can use me whenever you want, okay? I know I'm the one at your disposal, and it's not supposed to be the other way around. But..." She looked into his eyes, her usual fire replaced by a latent, fragile fear. "Don't leave me dry for that many days ever again. I literally can't handle it."

Damian could have comforted her. He could have promised that he'd never leave her, and that she was the best thing that had ever happened to his life. He could have been the "nice guy."

But he didn't. He didn't make a single promise. He just gave her a sly, knowing smile and pulled her in for one last, dismissive kiss.

"Get home safe, Pam. Try not to sniff that rag too hard on the drive back."

"What a lovely girl she is!" his mother chirped the second the front door clicked shut. She was already back in the kitchen, hum-singing along to the radio. "Were you actually able to get any work done? You two were up there for a while."

Damian cleared his throat, his vocal cords feeling like they were made of dry toast. Keep it cool, Flanagan. You're a god, remember? Gods don't sweat in front of their moms. "Absolutely," he said. His voice was about an octave too high.

His mother raised an eyebrow, pausing with a stack of plates. "How you managed to focus with all that noise is beyond me! Honestly, Damian, what were you even working on? I could hear you laughing all the way down here."

Damian's heart did a frantic tap-dance against his ribs. His sweat glands, already exhausted from the flu and the "workout" he'd just had, went into emergency overdrive. Oh, she knows. She definitely knows. I'm dead. I'm a dead god. I'm done. My life is over.

"And then I heard those... well, those really strange sounds," she continued, her head tilted thoughtfully. "Were you guys watching those viral videos? That comedian... what's his name? The one who does the hyper-realistic animal imitations?"

Wait. Is she... is she actually giving me an out? Is God a woman and is she my mother?

"Martin Gluck!" he blurted out, a little too enthusiastically.

"Exactly! Gluck!"

Get a fucking grip, Damian, he scolded himself. He took a steadying breath and forced a slightly guilty, "nerdy" smile. "Well, we were actually looking at a project on non-verbal

communication, and Pam thought 'laughter and vocal triggers' would be a good angle, so..."

"Interesting!" his mother commented, completely satisfied as she rummaged through the cupboard.

"Damiaaaaaan!!!"

The front door burst open and Sammy and his father tumbled in, a whirlwind of cold air and excitement that definitively killed the tension. "You know Dad and I already started the Christmas lights?"

Damian laughed, the relief washing over him in a massive wave as he scooped up his little brother. He listened to Sammy's rambling story about tangled wires, his heartbeat finally returning to a normal rhythm. Pam had been right, once again. No one noticed what they were doing.

"You two! Off to the shower! I want you both smelling fresh before dinner, clear?!" Amy commanded, pointing a wooden spoon at her sons.

Damian and Sammy shared a mischievous look and shouted in perfect, mock-military unison:

"As you command, oh Great One!"

Their laughter filled the house, a warm, wholesome sound that buried the echoes of Pam's muffled moans deep beneath the floorboards.

Chapter 4

"I have to admit, Pamela—when you pitched Flanagan as your tutor, I thought you were just trying to game the system." Miss Devon adjusted her reading glasses, looking over the latest report with a discerning eye. "His grades are impeccable, sure, but he's a sophomore. I'll be honest, honey, I only signed off on it because I figured I'd be assigning you a 'real' tutor in two weeks when he couldn't handle you. I thought that boy was gonna be way out of his depth."

The vice principal offered a slightly guilty look, but Pam just beamed, leaning back in her chair and soaking in the moment.

"Well, I can't even tell you how happy I am to be proven wrong. In less than three months, you've hit passing grades in every single subject. You've even pulled B's in a few of them. It's... honestly impressive. Well done, baby girl! You really outdid yourself."

"You know, Miss Devon," Pam said, her voice dripping with that signature sugary charm even though she was definitely happy, "I really love seeing you smile. It's such a good look for you."

The woman let out a rare, genuine laugh. "Well, keep up the work and you'll be seeing a lot more of it, Pamela! Don't make me have to get back on you."

"Well, in all honesty, I didn't do much. It was all Damian!" Pam shrugged, feeling strangely sincere.

"Now, don't you start selling yourself short, girl," Devon corrected gently. "But, yes, that boy certainly deserves a medal. Apparently, he's managed to motivate you in exactly the right way. Whatever his 'method' is, it's working miracles. He must be speaking a language you finally understand."

Pam bit back a massive grin, her mind flashing to the "methods" involving a stopwatch and a face-full of Damian junk. "Oh, for sure. He's like... really good at motivating me. He doesn't let me get away with anything. He's got me focused, for real."

"Good. Alright, today is January 15th. Let's meet again in a month for the next check-up. Keep it up."

Pam left the office with her head held high, practically floating down the hallway. For the first time in her life, the one thing she'd always been a total train wreck at—school—was actually going right. And yeah, the erotic games were top-tier, but deep down she knew it was actually thanks to Damian. He'd seen a version of her that wasn't just a "snobby bitch," and she was weirdly obsessed with making him proud.

But as she strutted down the hall, feeling like she was on top of the world, the bubble suddenly burst.

"...Bro, you should've been there, I'm dead! Bobby and Nelson started imitating Flanagan in the locker room. I was actually crying," one of them wheezed, clutching his stomach.

"Flanagan? Wait, who? That dork with the glasses in the back row?"

"Yeah, the total NPC! He's so easy to tweak, it's actually hilarious. I'm gonna go mess with him at lunch just to see him tweak out again, it's literally free entertainment..."

Two guys walked right past her, so caught up in their own clout-chasing laughter they didn't even notice the Queen Bee standing there. Pam's face darkened instantly. Over the last few months, her entire world had shifted, but the rest of the school was still stuck on the same mid-tier script. Despite the fact that Damian was basically a god in the bedroom and a genius in the classroom, to everyone else, he was still just a punching bag. A joke.

It was so goddamn unfair. She wanted to scream—to tell them that this "dork" was worth ten of them combined and could probably steal their girlfriends with a single look—but she knew that wasn't the move. Blowing up in the middle of the hall would just make it weird.

She needed a plan. Something concrete. She realized with a sharp jab of guilt that while Damian had basically rebuilt her entire academic life and her confidence, she'd done... what? Besides getting her world rocked on the regular, she hadn't actually protected him. It was time to change the narrative. If the school didn't know Damian Flanagan was the man, she was going to make sure they found out—starting today.

A few hours later, Damian was reaping the rewards of his labor. After a particularly grueling history lesson, he had Pam on all fours on her thick bedroom carpet. He took her from behind, his hands anchored firmly to her hips, driving

into her with a rhythmic, heavy force that had the floorboards creaking.

He knew her cheat codes now. He knew exactly how to make her lose her mind, but more importantly, he'd learned how to actually enjoy her body, which seemed entirely devoted to the filthiest things he could dream up. After she'd climaxed a few times, her breathless moans of "Damian!" echoing off her vanity, he finally released into her with a low, guttural groan.

Now, he was sprawled out on her canopy bed, arms crossed behind his head, while Pam crouched between his legs. She was meticulously licking his shaft clean, her tongue moving with a focused adoration that tied her to him more than any tutor contract ever could.

Suddenly, she stopped and looked up, a strand of hair stuck to her lip. "We need to find you a girlfriend, Nerd."

Damian's brow furrowed. This was a new one. "A girlfriend? Are you high?"

"Yes, Damian. A girlfriend. You know, those female humans you take to the movies and then, eventually, to bed? The school is literally crawling with them, you must have noticed."

Damian rolled his eyes, letting out a huff of laughter. "Very funny. Why the hell would I need a girlfriend when I have you?"

"No, honey..." she corrected him, her voice firm. "I'm not your girlfriend. I'm your... cumdump, remember? Let's just say I'm a high-end toy with holes where you can stick your dick whenever you get a boner." She flashed him a wicked smile as he chuckled.

"What? It's the truth!" she insisted.

"I know, I know! And I mean, as a toy, you're top-tier, I'll give you that," he laughed, shaking his head. "I just didn't realize your self-esteem was quite that high, Pam."

They laughed together, the banter a comfortable cover for the insane reality of their arrangement.

"Anyway," Damian said, "what would I do with a girlfriend when you satisfy literally all my needs?"

"Because it's time for you to put your training into practice, obviously," Pam insisted. She leaned back in and gave his cock a slow, pleasurable lick from base to tip, savoring the taste. "You're literally the best I've ever had, and believe me, I've seen the market. I want to see you in action. I want to see you charm, seduce, and like, totally deflower some innocent girl who—"

She stopped because Damian was shaking with laughter.

"What's so funny?"

"Pam, while I appreciate the sales pitch, there's a tiny flaw in your logic."

"Which is?"

"You're the only girl on the planet interested in me," he said simply. "To everyone else, I'm just a forgettable, clumsy dork. That's the data, Pam. You know it too."

She went silent for a few seconds, thoughtful, her face resting against his pubic area as if she didn't want to breathe in anything but the scent of him. Damian could almost hear the gears of her brain clicking into place, looking for a solution.

"Okay, I got it," she announced. "I'm going to turn you into a total hottie."

Damian burst into a fresh fit of laughter. "Pam, for real, you should go into comedy. You're a natural."

"I'm dead serious! Tomorrow, you and I are skipping school. You're going to trust me. New clothes, new look. When I'm done, not even your mother will recognize you."

Excuse me?" Damian asked sarcastically, cupping a hand to his ear. "I stopped listening at 'skip school.'"

"Damian, for God's sake, you have the highest GPA in the state! You can miss one day and still be a genius! You'll survive, I promise."

"Be realistic, Pam. It's a ridiculous idea, I don't—"

"It's just as 'ridiculous' as the most popular girl in school getting addicted to a clumsy nerd, yet here we are!" She playfully flicked her tongue into his navel, looking up at him with a challenge in her eyes.

"I have no intention of wasting my savings on—"

"Flanagan, please. You're my project. I'm funding this. Well, my dad is," she corrected with a shrug. "He's so hyped that you turned me into a 'scholar' that he basically removed the limit on my credit card. It's time to spend, baby."

Damian looked down at her, annoyed that she had a counter for every single argument. "Pam, clothes won't change anything. People will still see me as—"

"Are you kidding? In high school, vibes are the only thing that matters. You want respect? You have to look the part."

You want to keep being a punching bag? Then keep dressing like a loser." She paused, her tongue trailing a hot line over his stomach. "And you're forgetting the most important part."

"What?"

"That school belongs to me, Nerd. I call the shots. If I say the sky is pink tomorrow, everyone wears rose-colored glasses." She leaned down and kissed his heavy, sweaty balls. "You have two years left. Do you want to spend them as a loser or as a king?"

Damian sighed, feeling his resolve crumbling. Her words were undeniably persuasive—and the feeling of her lips on him made it hard to argue. "A king. Right."

"I'm not saying it's gonna be a walk in the park, but just let me cook. Imagine Bobby Harris and his whole mid-tier squad literally kissing your feet," Pam said, her eyes gleaming with the vision of it.

Damian laughed, the mental image of the school's star linebacker kneeling on the linoleum being almost too much to process. "Okay, aren't you exaggerating just a little bit?"

"Don't even try to tell me you haven't thought about it. Wouldn't you low-key love that?"

He shrugged, leaning back. "I don't know. No one's ever kissed them before. I don't know how that feels."

Pam raised an eyebrow, a predatory little smirk tugging at her lips. "Well, why don't we find out, Nerd?"

Damian watched with a surge of perverse pleasure as the "Queen" of the school crawled to the foot of the bed. She

began to cover his feet in sweet, tender kisses—the tops, the toes, the soles—working with a focused intensity. Damian analyzed the sensation, his brain trying to keep up. These weren't just kisses; it was an act of pure, unadulterated adoration. The girl who ran the social hierarchy was humbling herself at the lowest part of his body just for his amusement. That thrill in his stomach was starting to feel less like a temporary spark and more like a permanent fixture.

His feet weren't exactly clean either. They were damp from a long day of classes, a little sweaty, with the inevitable toe jam and sock lint. Pam clearly noticed the salt and the scent, but she didn't even flinch. She kept her eyes locked onto his, challenging him.

"So, Nerd? What's the verdict? How does it feel?"

"I actually really like it, Pam. It's a top-tier sensation... even if..."

"Even if what?"

"Well, I much prefer you doing it than Bobby Harris. That would be... a different vibe."

"Wait, so you actually *want* me to kiss your feet?" she asked, her voice mock-outraged even as she planted another wet kiss along his arch.

"Exactly," he said, his baritone voice dropping into that tone of authority that always made her breath hitch.

"But you didn't even ask if I liked it! They're, like... dirty, Damian!"

Damian looked at her, his gaze cutting right through her bravado. "Does it matter?"

A warm, overwhelming shiver ran through Pam at the bluntness of it. She didn't say another word; she just began to kiss them as if they were sacred relics with an even more submissive energy that was totally new.

"Hehe! Wow, look at you," she whispered against his skin. "What a pushy little nerd you're becoming. You're actually getting a personality."

"You reap what you sow, Pam. You're the one who keep telling me I'm a god."

She stopped for a second to look at him, admiring his features now that he was finally dropping the "anxious dork" act. Beneath the glasses and the bad haircut, he was objectively beautiful—a literal diamond in the rough. She just had to make the rest of the world see the vision.

"So? Are you gonna do it?" she asked again, sounding a little petulant. "Come on. Skip with me. Do it for me."

Damian remained silent for a few long, interminable moments, hiding his face behind his foot while she worked. Finally, he gave a slow shrug of feigned indifference. "Fine. Whatever. What do I even have to lose?"

"Wow! Such boundless confidence, Flanagan!" she teased, playfully nipping at one of his toes. "Careful, or it'll go to your head."

The following morning, Damian left the house at 7:45 sharp, just like any other day. He felt a literal lump in his throat as he waved goodbye, telling his parents he'd be late because of "afternoon projects." Following Pam's script felt surreal; for the first time in his life, he was actually skipping school and lying to his parents' faces. It was a new sensation, but unlike the ones he'd experienced in her bedroom, he wasn't entirely sure he vibed with it.

As he pedaled his bike toward the meeting point, his brain was doing what it did best: overthinking. The ground felt like it was shifting beneath him. Everything he'd built over the last three months felt shaky, and by the time Pam pulled up in her car, his mind was a mess of unnecessary doubts.

"So?" she chirped as soon as he hopped into the passenger seat, looking way too energized for a Tuesday morning. "You ready for the glow-up of the century?"

Damian gave a non-committal nod, his eyes fixed on the dashboard. They started heading toward North Raleigh, the part of the city where the houses looked like museums and the shops didn't even put prices in the windows.

"Why are you being so quiet? You're totally killing the vibe," she said, glancing at him.

Damian sighed, finally voicing the thought that had been eating at him. "Why are you actually doing this, Pam? Be for real. Is it because you're tired of looking at me? Like, am I actually embarrassing you now?"

She hit the brakes at a red light and gave him a look so reproachful it practically stung, before rolling her eyes into the back of her head. "Damian, for someone who's supposed to be a genius, you can be so incredibly dense. Like, it's actually painful."

He felt the sting of the comment but kept his mouth shut.

"If I were tired of you, do you think I'd be spending my day and my dad's money at the mall with you? I'd just ghost you, like I did to Bobby Harris and literally half the guys at school. You've seen how I move, right?"

"Okay. Then why?" he pushed, interrupting her.

She shook her head, looking at him like he was a puzzle she was still trying to solve. "Because I want you to have that main character energy, Nerd. I'm tired of seeing you act so shy and submissive when we're not alone."

"Submissive?" Damian's voice dropped an octave, a flash of yesterday's authority returning. "Pam, yesterday I literally made you kiss my feet for thirty minutes like I was some kind of ancient god. The guy you cornered in the parking lot back in September was submissive. This guy? Not so much."

Pam's expression softened, a small, reminiscing smile tugging at her lips. "Okay, fair point. But that's exactly it, Damian! *I* know what you've become. I know who you are when the door is locked. I just want the rest of the world to see the vision and look up to you the way they're supposed to. Is it so bad that I want you to look like an actual king?"

He watched her for a long beat, her words finally sinking through his defenses. His face slowly lit up with a much more confident, daring smile.

"You actually care about me that much, Pam?"

She raised an eyebrow, leaning back as the light turned green. "Well, let's just say I'm in deep to you and I want to pay my debts. Don't make it weird."

Damian read between the lines, and for once, the data was satisfactory. "Okay. Let's do it. Let's see what you've got planned."

"Oh, and for the record..." she added, checking her blind spot with a cunning grin.

"What?" he asked, blinking.

"I actually love kissing your feet, Nerd. It's kind of my new favorite hobby."

She settled into her seat, looking entirely too pleased with herself. Damian leaned back, his own "devilish" counterpart completing the thought in the back of his mind: *I know you do, Pam... and trust me, you're going to be doing it a lot more often.*

Okay, Damian figured a haircut was the bare minimum. He also fully expected "Miss Popularity" to trash his "super nerdy glasses" and force him into contact lenses. Standard movie-makeover stuff, right? But he was not prepared for the full-scale tactical assault on his face.

She dragged him to a beautician to get his eyebrows "thinned"—which was basically just a fancy word for Vietnamese torture—and then straight to a dental hygienist for whitening.

"Pam, my teeth are literally already white!" he protested in the waiting room, feeling like a lab animal.

"Um, no," she said, her voice flat and final. "Right now, they're giving 'cloudy Tuesday.' In an hour, they're gonna be giving 'Hollywood leading man.' Trust the process, Nerd."

"But I don't—"

"Shhh! No 'buts.' Just vibes," she said with that sugary-sweet insistence that meant the conversation was officially over.

He honestly wondered how she'd managed to book a dozen back-to-back appointments on like, twenty minutes' notice. When he asked, she just rolled her eyes and gave a sharp, bratty laugh.

"Ugh, are you actually serious right now? I basically *live* in these places, Damian. Like, do you even have a clue how much I drop every month just to look this perfect for you? If I call and they don't roll out the red carpet immediately, they lose my business. It's a whole ecosystem, Nerd!"

The "Physical Overhaul," as she called it, took up the entire morning. By lunch, Damian was exhausted but, he had to admit, significantly more "eye-catching." They sat down for a quick bite at the mall food court before the real chaos began: the clothes.

"You don't even realize how hard you're about to glow up," she said, admiring him over her salad. "You have killer eyes and a dazzling smile... honestly, your face alone just went from a D- to a solid B+. Just wait until I've actually finished with you."

Damian just smiled. He realized the only way she wanted to be repaid for this—as weird as it felt—was for him to lean into their "dynamic." She wanted him to be the one calling the shots, the dominant force she could submit to. And honestly? He wasn't just doing it for her anymore. He

definitely liked the feeling. In the bedroom, anyway. Out here in the wild? That was still a work in progress.

Once they hit the stores, Pam took total control. He wasn't allowed to choose a single thing—not even the color of a basic tee. Every time he reached for something, she gave him a look that said *Are you actually kidding right now?* She moved through the stores like a drill sergeant, consulting with sales assistants she clearly knew by name. They studied him from head to toe while she rattled off a list of demands that sounded like another language.

"His chest is lean, so we need structured silhouettes... no, those jeans are too mid-rise... we need the new Calvin Klein line... did the Hugo Boss underwear drop yet? Diesel... Abercrombie... Armani... Burberry... Tommy Hilfiger..." It was a dizzying blur of brand names. Damian felt like a high-end mannequin.

He spent the next three hours in a cycle of being handed a pile of clothes, disappearing into a fitting room, and being judged by a panel of Pam and the staff. But, looking in the mirror, he had to give it to her—the image reflecting back was a massive upgrade. He'd never cared about fashion, but the guy in the mirror didn't look like a punching bag. He looked like... someone. He even caught himself posing a bit, trying to channel that Harris energy, until Pam's voice snapped him back.

"Are we moving or what? We've got three thousand more stores before the mall closes, Flanagan!"

She was a general on the battlefield, and the mall was her territory. He'd stopped trying to argue about the prices, too. Every time he mentioned that fifty dollars for a single pair of boxers was insane, she'd just lean in and whisper in his ear.

"I know," she murmured, her breath hot against his neck. "But they're gonna smell like you soon. I can't wait to bury my face in them after you get back from gym class."

Damian could only shake his head, a smirk tugging at his mouth. "You're actually gross, Pam."

She gave him a tender kiss on the cheek and a suggestive wink. "And you love it, Nerd. Don't even lie."

By mid-afternoon, Damian was hitting a wall. His feet ached, and he'd lost track of how many times he'd peeled off designer denim in a cramped cubicle. As he was tugging on a pair of low-rise jeans that cost more than his bike, he caught the muffled chatter Pam was having with the salesgirls outside.

"So, what's the tea? Who's the hottie you're with?" one whispered. "I thought you were still seeing... what's-his-face? Brett?"

"Brent," Pam corrected, her voice smooth as silk. "And yeah, we're still a thing. This is just my... cousin. He's visiting."

Damian rolled his eyes. *Cousin*. Classic Pam move.

"Damn, the cousin is glowing up for real," the other girl giggled. They were trying to be quiet, but the thin walls were no match for Damian's ears. "In a year or two, he's gonna have a literal queue of girls chasing him. I mean, look at the family genes, honestly."

Damian's eyes widened. Was she for real? Outside, he heard Pam let out a flirtatious, knowing laugh.

"I mean, modestly speaking!" Pam teased. "He's always had that effect. Like, how can you even resist those eyes? They're literal cheat codes."

"I was just gonna say! That blue is insane. When he looks at you, it's like... damn."

Damian caught his reflection in the mirror. His lips curled into a bright, perfect smile—surprised, but definitely feeling himself. The "data" was finally trending in his favor. He decided to push the envelope.

"Pam? Can you come in here for a sec?"

She poked her head through the curtain, looking slightly annoyed. "What now? Are they too tight?"

"No, it's the zipper. It's stuck or something."

As soon as she stepped inside and pulled the curtain shut, he didn't give her a chance to look at the denim. He moved closer, and as she knelt down to check the "problem," his half-hard cock smacked her right in the forehead.

"It's not gonna close unless you help me drain the tank a bit," he whispered, a slow, devilish smirk spreading across his face.

Pam's eyes went wide. "Damian, are you actually crazy? They're right there—"

He put a finger to his lips, cutting her off. "Sshhh. Open up, toy."

She didn't argue. Obedient as ever, she dropped her jaw, and he disappeared into her.

"Everything okay in there?" Cheryl's voice drifted over the stall.

Pam pulled back just long enough to shout, "Fine, Cheryl! Uhm... could you actually grab these in blue and black too? Same size."

"Gotcha, give me a minute."

"Take your t—mmph!" Damian surged forward, filling her mouth again. He looked down at her, watching her eyes watering. "You better get serious if you want to finish this before she gets back," he challenged.

Pam looked up at him, her eyes flashing with a mix of defiance and pure heat. She braced her hands on his hips and started drilling her own throat, forcing him deep, her expert lips working with a desperate speed. Damian let out a shaky breath, his hands finding purchase in her hair. He started thrusting back, the two of them working in a violent, rhythmic friction that had her muffled gasps echoing against the walls.

For all the guys she'd dealt with, Pam couldn't get over how he tasted. He was masculine, assertive, and overwhelming. It flooded her brain, making her feel like a happy, mindless slave to his rhythm. She looked up, watching those sky-blue eyes watch her back while he ruthlessly claimed her throat.

He wasn't being gentle. He was using her like a piece of equipment, driving his weight into her until her head thudded against the back wall of the fitting room. He leaned in, pinning her there, his eyes fluttering shut as he focused entirely on the feeling of her velvet throat. For the first time, she felt it—the total reality of being a "cum dump." His pubic bone slammed against her nose, and his balls smacked her chin, but she couldn't move. He wasn't thinking about her

feelings or the expensive clothes; he was just using her hole to empty his balls. And the crazy thing? She felt a wave of intense gratitude for it. Being used like this by the poor "nerd" she had never acknowledged was the most honest, thrilling thing she'd ever felt. She loved that he didn't care about her status right now—only his own pleasure.

"Fuuuck" he hissed, his grip on her hair tightening until it hurt.

Just as the thought crossed her mind—*I'm literally his plaything*—he stiffened and came, shooting deep and heavy into her throat.

A few seconds later, he pulled back. He tucked himself back in and zipped up the jeans with a satisfied *click*.

"There! Problem solved," he said breezily, looking down at her with a mocking little grin. "So? How do the jeans look?"

Pam stood up, her head spinning. She didn't answer. She just stepped forward and hugged him, whispering into his ear, "How could you even think I'd get tired of you? You're literally a god." She kissed his neck. "Maybe one day you'll get bored of *me*, but the opposite... no, never."

Damian gave her an unreadable smile. He opened his mouth to reply, but—

"I got the pants!" Cheryl called out.

Pam cleared her ravaged throat, pulling away quickly. "Thanks, Cheryl! Just leave them on the hook!"

Damian just stood there, looking at his new reflection, leaving Pam wondering what he was actually thinking.

As expected, Pam had thought of everything. At 7:23 PM, they crossed the threshold of the Flanagan house hauling a mountain of bags and luxury parcels. Toward the end of the mall run, Damian had been on the verge of a full-blown panic attack. How was he supposed to explain a five-figure wardrobe to his parents? Even if he claimed he spent every cent of his tutoring savings, the math didn't math. Not even his parents' combined savings could cover the haul Pam had dropped on this "project."

Pam, however, didn't have a single nerve in her body. She just flashed her most charming, "I'm a literal angel" smile and launched into a story about her cousin, Brick. Apparently, Brick was a "total idiot who impulse-buys everything online" while convinced he's a size Small, only to find out he's definitely not.

"I know it's a lot, but honestly, it's such a waste to just toss them. They fit Damian like they were made for him!" she said, her voice dropping into a pitch-perfect tone of "disappointed cousin."

Damian's mom, Amy, tried to put up a little resistance, but her eyes were already glazing over at the sight of the high-end fabrics. "We don't even know how to thank you, Pam!"

"Stop, I should be thanking you for taking them off my hands!" Pam chirped. And just like that, the heist was complete.

After a quick, suspiciously smooth explanation for the "new look" on Damian's face (she'd convinced them a "professional grooming session" was part of his reward for her grades), they hauled everything up to his room. Damian

was floored. Her brain was a tactical weapon, and having her on his side made her crazy plan feel... actually possible.

Pam gracefully dodged a dinner invitation, and they walked down to the front door to say goodbye.

"So? Did I carry or what?" she asked, her eyes fishing for a compliment.

"Oh my god! You were unbelievable! Literal GOAT status. I would've been cooked trying to explain all that to them," he admitted, genuinely impressed.

"Hehe! Do I get a little reward for being such a good liar?" She leaned in, expecting a kiss.

Damian smirked. "Actually, I have something way better for you, Pam."

"Wait, for real?" she asked, her voice dropping into a suggestive purr.

"Close your eyes."

She obeyed, and a second later, the scent she'd become addicted to filled her lungs, cutting through the cold night air. Damian was pressing a piece of fabric against her face. She snapped her eyes open to see him smiling down at her, looking smugger than she'd ever seen him.

"They aren't designer, but I've been wearing them since last night," he noted, watching her inhale the scent of his dirty boxers. "You happy now?"

She let out a delighted, muffled giggle against the cotton. "Omg, when did you even take these off?"

"Earlier, while you were in the bathroom," he chuckled.

"Damian, you are actually sick," she laughed, clutching the "gift" like it was a gold trophy. "This is literally the most romantic thing anyone has ever done for me. Like, I'm dead."

They both burst out laughing, the absurdity of the day finally hitting them. She leaned in and gave him a quick, lingering kiss.

"You're terrible," she whispered. "I spend five racks to glow you up, and you pay me back with this... mmm..." she sniffed them again, looking totally dazed. "And now I feel like I'm the one who owes *you* again."

Damian leaned against the doorframe, his posture getting more arrogant and relaxed by the second. "Well, I was gonna make you kneel and kiss my feet right here..." He paused for dramatic effect, letting her eyes travel down. "...but it's freezing, and I'm not taking my shoes off out here."

He stepped closer, his voice dropping into a low, commanding baritone. "So you'll just have to do it tomorrow at school, Pam."

Pam winked, her heart doing backflips. She was terrified and irresistibly, madly excited all at once. "Mm... I literally can't wait, Nerd."

Chapter 5

"...about the adventures of Holden Caulfield, a 16-year-old boy with behavioral issues who decides to..."

Sally Cook was beyond confused. She was supposed to be taking notes on J.D. Salinger, but instead, she was just staring at the guy at the front of the room, giving a fire presentation, as per usual. It was Flanagan. At least, she was pretty sure it was. No one ever really used his actual name; he was just "the Nerd." It was a title that had fit him like a glove since frigging kindergarten—or at least it did until like, forty-eight hours ago.

She kept squinting at him, trying to find the glitch. Yeah, it was definitely him, but if anyone had told her last week that she'd be low-key thirsting over the class dork, she would've blocked them on everything.

The old Flanagan? No shot. Zero. Are you kidding? But this 2.0 version standing at the podium was actually... kind of a problem. His hair used to be this shapeless, perpetually greasy mop, but now it was tight on the sides with the top styled perfectly in that "I didn't try too hard" way, with a few strands falling over his forehead. And his eyes—was it even legal for them to be that color? She'd literally never noticed them behind those thick, crusty glasses.

Then there was the rest of the fit. The sweater, the jeans, the shoes—it was giving "Dark Academia" main character energy. He looked like he'd just walked off a Pinterest board. Sally wondered if he'd been on one of those extreme makeover shows over the weekend. It was the only logical explanation; either that or he'd been replaced by an undercover alien who specialized in rizz.

She let out a tiny, involuntary sigh, getting lost in those cobalt eyes. For a split second, Damian turned toward her, almost like he'd read her mind. He flashed her a slow, charming smile while delivering a brilliant point about the book's climax. *Jesus*. The dimples, the perfect teeth—it was too much. He was actually cute. Like, *dangerously* cute.

She suddenly snapped out of it, looking away with a surge of indignation. How did he even dare smile at her like that? This was freaking Flanagan, for heaven's sake! *Ewww*! As if! He was the most uncool person in the history of the school. If anyone saw her looking at him like that, her social life would be a total wreckage. What would people even say?

“...begin in Agerstown, which is a fictional town hypothetically located in Pennsylvania, in the period before Christmas in 1947...”

Miss Black listened, leaning back in her chair, genuinely impressed by yet another impeccable job from her brightest student. Damian's work was always detailed and exhaustive, but today there was a new energy in his delivery—an added value that made it, in a word, cinematic. He wasn't just reciting facts; he was telling a story, his voice a smooth, confident baritone that actually made the back row of slackers stop scrolling on their phones and look up. For the first time in his high school career, people were actually *listening* to him.

He even allowed himself the luxury of being witty, weaving in bits of irony that had a few girls in the front row giggling. It didn't feel like a graded presentation; it felt like he was commanding a stage. Even Miss Black found herself hanging on his every word, completely forgetting to check her rubric.

"Did you know, Ma'am, that Mark David Chapman, the murderer of John Lennon, literally had Salinger's book on him during the shooting?" Damian asked, pausing for dramatic effect.

Miss Black blinked, momentarily caught off guard. "Uhm... no, Damian, I actually didn't know that. That's a fascinating bit of trivia."

He flashed her a confident, knowing smile that was a far cry from the nervous fidgeting she was used to. What had happened to this kid? He had started school with his eyes glued to the floor and self-confidence in the negatives. Now, he was a total presence.

Even physically, the glow-up was insane. He was groomed, well-dressed, and—she had to admit—objectively handsome. But it was the attitude that really got her. Everything about the boy had ceased to be... forgettable. He moved and spoke like someone who knew exactly what he was worth. Miss Black smiled, genuinely happy for him. Whatever the catalyst for this mysterious metamorphosis was, it was doing wonders.

"...considered one of the hundred most influential books of all time, written in the English language..."

Bobby Harris wanted to launch his textbook straight at the front of the room. Who the hell did this kid think he was? He was still a microbe. A total zero to be crushed into the dirt, a damn loser—nothing had actually changed. Did he think putting on some designer rags and getting a TikTok haircut made him a man? Bobby watched him with pure loathing, plotting exactly how he was going to bring this "makeover parasite" down a peg.

"...No, shut up! I saw him first, I'm literally calling dibs!" he heard whispering from the row behind him.

"Be for real right now," the other girl hissed back. "You've been thirsting over Tommy for months. Just ask him out already!"

"Okay, but Tommy doesn't look like *that*. Damian is actually so much cuter!"

"You literally didn't even know his name until yesterday!"

"That's cap, I've always thought he had potential!"

Bobby's blood was straight-up boiling. Were two girls actually fighting over *Damian Flanagan*? The same kid who used to trip over his own shadow in the hallway?

"Are you guys actually serious right now?!" Bobby snapped, whipping around to glare at them, his face turning a dark shade of red.

The two girls looked at him like he was something they'd stepped in on the sidewalk. They weren't intimidated; they just looked annoyed.

"What's your problem, Harris? You jealous?" one of them asked, popping her gum.

"Yeah, right!" Bobby spat, turning back around to face the front.

But his eyes were fixed on Flanagan, who was currently wrapping up his presentation with a smug, effortless confidence. Bobby gripped the edge of his desk so hard his knuckles went white.

I'm gonna wreck you, nerd, you better believe it!

"A truly stellar job, Damian," Miss Black noted as he wrapped up. "I think you've set a new bar for the class."

Danny Altman watched his best friend slide back into his seat after bagging another effortless A+. Damian had mentioned that Pam had been "insistent" about him changing up his look a little. A little... yeah, right. Like he'd just switched hair gels and called it a day. The guy who used to be basically invisible was now the only thing anyone in the room was talking about.

"Literal GOAT behavior. As always," Danny greeted him as everyone started packing up. Damian just flashed a grin and held out his hand for a fist bump. It was a total vibe shift for him, but Danny dapped him up with a smile. It was wild—the slow-burn transformation that started a few months ago had finally peaked. Damian was barely recognizable, but in the best way possible.

Not that Danny was complaining. He was hyped for his boy; Damian was more open, way more chill, and actually fun to be around now. Plus, being the sidekick to the "New Damian" definitely had its perks.

"We moving?" Danny asked, heading out into the hallway with his lifelong best friend trailing behind him.

The stares hit them instantly. Usually, Danny hated being noticed—it usually meant a locker was about to meet his face—but now, he was actually enjoying the attention. People weren't just looking; they were glitching. The glow-up was the main topic, but the real soul-crusher for the haters was what happened next.

"Damian!"

Pam appeared out of nowhere, slipping between the two of them and throwing an arm around each of their necks.

"Hey, Pam," Damian said, sounding way too calm for someone who had the school's most popular girl draped over him.

"Danny, thank God you're here. Can you do me a massive favor, honey?"

Damian watched Danny struggle to form a sentence that didn't sound like a stroke. The usual stammering hit him the second Pam got within a thirty-foot radius. "S-s-sure, P-Pam! Anything for you."

"Brent's laptop literally bricked right before his history presentation. He's low-key spiraling. Can you go be a genius and save his life?"

"On it! I'm gone!" Danny chirped. Pam gave him a quick, sweet peck on the cheek, and for a second, Damian thought Danny might actually leave this earth.

"Come on, let's go!" she said, hooking her arm through Damian's as they started strutting down the dead-center of the main hallway.

There it was. This was the real reason everyone's jaws were on the floor. The school's queen was proudly walking the "Nerd"—who didn't look like a nerd at all anymore—right past all the people who used to laugh at him. Damian laughed at her flirty jokes, and she leaned into him, putting on the kind of performance they'd perfected in the bedroom. It was a masterpiece, and every single person in that hallway

was eating it up. They were breathing in the air of the new hierarchy, and Damian was officially at the top.

Brent Miller knew he wasn't a rocket scientist. He wasn't a total brick, but he'd basically spent his life coasting on the fact that he could launch a football sixty yards and hit a dime. The school, the town, and the teachers usually looked the other way when his GPA hit the floor, but Brent could still do caveman math—and something about the way Pam was always hanging with her "tutor" was starting to smell weird.

It wasn't just the time they spent together; it was the fact that the new-and-improved Damian Flanagan made Brent's gut twist. The kid didn't look like a punching bag anymore—he kinda looked like a threat. But what made it worse was that Damian actually seemed like a chill dude. He was funny, even if half his jokes went over Brent's head. After the kid and his tech-genius friend Danny saved Brent's ass by fixing his laptop for that History presentation, Brent felt like a massive tool for even being suspicious. His brain said it was fine, but his locker-room instinct was screaming *red flag*.

Being a guy who usually acted before thinking, Brent decided to bring it up after they'd finished a particularly athletic round of "cardio" in his bedroom. Pam's reaction was instant. She pulled back and literally shrieked with laughter.

"Lmao! Brent, please! Stop, I'm actually gonna pee!"

"I'm for real, Pam. Don't laugh at me."

"How can I not? We're talking about Damian! Like, until last week, you were calling him 'Four-Eyes' and literally stuffing him into lockers. Remember that?"

"But he's different now. He's..." Brent trailed off, struggling to find the word. Pam leaned in, her voice dropping into a sultry purr.

"Cute? Friendly? *Sexy*?" She lingered on the last word, and Brent looked like he'd been punched in the soul. She just laughed again, poking his chest.

"Relax, baby. I promise you have zero things to worry about." She climbed on top of him, her hands wandering over his massive pecs. "Yeah, he's a good-looking kid now. Honestly, I'm the one who did the glow-up. I care about him, like he's a little brother or a project. I just want to help him be... you know, not a loser. That's it. The fact that you're actually jealous of him is sending me."

She giggled like a happy schoolgirl, and Brent suddenly felt like a total meathead.

"You're not capping, right? You're being for real?"

She shook her head, giving him a look that clearly said *you're such a big dummy*, and Brent finally let his guard down. What was he even thinking? Cute or not, Damian was a sophomore. A rookie. A nerd. The idea was actually hilarious.

"So, you really think you can make him popular?"

"Yeah... and I'm literally going to succeed." She started trailing kisses down his neck.

"Well, that's a hell of a project," Brent noted. "Not exactly a light lift."

"You could help me," Pam whispered, looking up through her lashes.

"Me? What am I supposed to do, take him to prom?"

"Nothing major. Just talk to him. Let people see the varsity captain actually likes him." She locked her dark eyes onto his, and Brent was basically putty in her hands.

"I mean, I do like him. He's chill. He's actually funny."

"Exactly. Just like I told you." she replied, giving him a look.

He laughed then thought about it for a second and finally shrugged. "Okay, why not? Could be a vibe. You really think people will care just because we say he's cool?"

"Hahaha! Are you for real right now? Are you seriously asking me that, Mr. I'm-the-Main-Character-because-I-throw-footballs?"

Brent pulled her in, his massive arms wrapping around her in a bear hug. "Hahaha! Listen to you! As if you aren't the exact same way, you brat. You literally run this place."

"I totally do, that's why I know we can make it happen," she laughed, looking up at him with a look of pure innocence.

"You know? I think the Nerd might be onto something," Brent said, shaking his head. "You've got way too much brain in that little head of yours. It's actually kind of scary how you plan things out."

Pam smiled, soaking in the praise as she let her hand wander south, sliding between his legs. "Mm... do you think my favorite toy wants to have a little more fun if I give it a 'little kiss'?"

Brent let out a low groan, already leaning into her touch. "I think you're gonna have to give it way more than a little kiss if you want to wake it back up, for real."

"Mm... then I guess I better get to work!"

He watched her disappear under the heavy duvet, feeling the warmth of her lips settle on him a second later. *Man, life is good*, he thought, his head hitting the pillow in total bliss.

"Oohh... God, I love you, Pam!"

The only response he got was a wicked, muffled giggle from beneath the covers.

"Hahahaha! I'm dead! He was actually jealous! Brent was literally threatened by you! Can you believe that?!"

Pam and Damian were in her room, mid-"study session." They were both completely naked, enjoying the post-round chill. Damian was sprawled out in a plush armchair, looking like he owned the place, while Pam lay on the floor at his feet. They were laughing hysterically at Brent's expense as they caught their breath.

"Hahaha! And how exactly did you convince him that..." he trailed off, smirking.

"...that the shy, awkward nerd from sophomore year doesn't low-key move like a god and hasn't been absolutely wrecking

me for the past four months?” Pam gave a succinct, vivid summary of the situation.

“Hehehe! Honestly? Accurate. No notes.”

“Well, let’s just say I put my mouth to work,” she teased.

“Hahaha! Oh, I bet. I know exactly how that mouth works, Pam.”

“Hey, it wasn’t even like that... well, not at first,” she winked, and they both dissolved into another fit of laughter.

“Anyway, I played him perfectly. He’s officially on Team Damian.”

“Wait, for real? He’s actually down to help me?” Damian asked, genuinely surprised.

“Totally!” she said, looking proud of her handiwork. “If people see you guys hanging, they’ll just assume you’re part of the inner circle and...”

Damian started snickering, the sound dry and arrogant. “And that automatically makes me a main character and blah... blah... blah...” He was clutching his stomach now. “Hahaha! This is too much. I’m literally railing his girl every afternoon, and he wants to help me out. The irony is insane!”

She laughed along, then her expression softened into something sweeter. “Do you actually feel bad for him?”

Damian thought for a second. “I mean, no. He was always a total dick to me, so... karma.” He looked down at her. “But you’re a piece of work, Pam. Why do you do this to him? He’s your boyfriend. Sleeping with me is one thing, but manipulating him to help me? That’s cold.”

Pam's smile faltered for a second, like he'd hit a nerve she wasn't ready to deal with. She hesitated, struggling for an answer.

"I... I care about him, but... well, you're..."

"What?" he pressed, enjoying her rare moment of vulnerability.

She hesitated again, then gave him an amused, defeated look. "You're more important, Flanagan. Happy now?"

Damian smiled, satisfied, but didn't say a word. He just watched her from his throne.

"Anyway," she continued, "his help is gonna be huge. He'll do whatever I tell him; I've got him wrapped. You just focus on bossing me around, Nerd. I'll handle the meathead. Hehehe!"

Damian shook his head, chuckling. "Well, you're definitely the brains of this operation. You're killing it." He lazily moved his foot until it was resting right against her face. "Here. You've earned the right to give me twenty kisses. Make them count, though—we actually have to open a book in a minute."

Pam started kissing the long, perfect sole of his foot. It was warm and soft, but the scent today was intense. It was like she'd been dropped straight into the varsity locker room after a double practice.

"Damian..." she murmured against his skin, "I mean, I love doing this, but you could've at least hit the shower before coming over."

He just laughed, pressing his heel into her cheek. "Nah, Pam. I'm way too comfortable. I'm not moving." He crossed his arms behind his head, pressing his toes firmly against her lips. "Kiss them as they are."

"Do you even know how these smell right now?" she asked, her voice breathy.

"Vaguely," he chuckled, snickering at her flushed face. "But I'm not the one with my nose buried in them, so not really my problem, is it?"

She laughed, shaking her head. "You're actually mean, Nerd!"

He kept rubbing his foot against her face for a while, then his tone shifted to that dark, teasing authority she loved. "If the smell is really bothering you, you could just lick them clean. That would fix the problem, right? When you're done, it'll be like I took a shower."

She looked at him like he was insane. "Are you for real?"

He shrugged. "It's the best solution, Pam. I told you, I'm not getting up."

"Damian... that's gross. They're literally sweaty."

Damian just gave her a smug, calm smile. "Obviously. Otherwise, we wouldn't be having this conversation, right?" He leaned in closer. "By now, these spend more time on your face than they do in my shoes. What's the difference?"

His logic was flawless. Pam realized with a jolt that he had stolen her own art of persuasion and turned it against her. He was a master at it now. It was hard not to be impressed by how thoroughly he'd flipped the script.

"Pam, you're gonna like it. You know you will," he whispered, trying to pry her lips apart with his big toe. "Once you get used to it, you won't want to stop. Just like everything else we do."

It was like a command she couldn't ignore. Her lips parted, her tongue got to work, and as the last bit of her "Queen Bee" dignity crumbled, Damian let out a satisfied sigh. He let her work for a few seconds before asking:

"So? How is it?"

She looked up at him, one eyebrow raised. "Honestly? I thought it would be worse," she laughed.

"Hahaha! I bet by next week you'll be begging for it. Just keep practicing, toy."

Pam's heart did a literal somersault. "Toy"—it was her absolute favorite name. Every time it dropped from his lips, she felt a rush of heat that made her want to melt into the carpet.

"You're gonna be the death of me, Nerd!"

Damian leaned back in the armchair, watching her with a lazy, heavy-lidded gaze. He was soaking up the attention like the king Pam was so desperate to make him, and honestly? The throne felt like it was custom-fit for his ass. He felt a wave of magical euphoria—a lightheaded, intoxicating buzz that made him want to laugh out loud. A literal sex goddess was currently busy licking the sweat off his skin, and all he could think was: *More. I want more, damn it.* He wondered just how much lower he could make her go before she hit rock bottom.

Minutes ticked by. Pam was meticulously "washing" first the left foot, then the right, her tongue working with a rhythmic, focused devotion that suggested she wasn't nearly as disgusted as she pretended to be. Despite the initial complaints, she didn't stop until she'd freed him from every trace of the day's grime. Damian watched her, looking completely relaxed, as if this was just a standard Tuesday afternoon.

"So, I'm actually going out with Sally tomorrow," he said, his tone casual and conversational.

Pam looked up, "Wait, for real? Progressive!" she chirped, genuinely hyped. "What's she like?"

He shrugged, letting out a small snicker. "She's pretty. A little reserved, though."

"Hehe! Just remember the rule, Nerd," she mumbled, her tongue busy working between his toes. "You've gotta get her to suck your dick by the fourth date, or I'll be super disappointed."

"Pam, not every girl is as obsessed with being a human vacuum as you are, you know?"

The jab was sharp and calculated, and his baritone voice dripped with a dominant edge that made her pulse jump. She raised an eyebrow, looking up at him from the floor.

"Wow, you're always such a romantic when you talk about me, Nerd!"

They both laughed, the sound echoing in the room. Damian continued to slide his foot back and forth over her tongue like she was a living doormat, enjoying the friction and the

total control he held over her. She pulled his big toe into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it before speaking again.

"Just don't forget everything I taught you. I didn't train you to be a mid-tier date."

Damian let out a dorky, genuine laugh. For a split second, the high-IQ nerd he'd always been peeked through his new, cold exterior. "Yes, Master Yoda!"

Pam rolled her eyes, shaking her head as she went back to work. "God, you are such a dork. Even when you're being a prick, you're still a dork."

Sally closed her front door and leaned against it, a dazed, goofy smile plastered across her face. Her head was floating somewhere in the stratosphere. She had just said goodbye—totally against her will—to the guy she'd spent the last four hours with.

What a date. Honestly, it was beyond anything she'd imagined. Damian wasn't just "cute" or suddenly rising up the school food chain; he was brilliant, witty, and actually fun to talk to. He had this vibe—sweet but low-key powerful, totally confident without that annoying, try-hard energy the varsity guys had when they were thirsty for attention. In short: he felt like the ultimate catch.

She practically floated to her room and shrugged off her jacket, feeling a sudden heat wave hit her. Her knees were

still literally trembling. That kiss at the door... just thinking about it sent a massive shiver down her spine. It wasn't like Sally was some seasoned pro, but that kiss felt... bold. It was passionate and masculine, yet somehow gentle enough to keep her grounded.

That one kiss had left her starving for more—and not just more kisses. Her mind started drifting toward the kind of spicy thoughts that a "good girl" like her wasn't supposed to have. She was completely smitten. "Nerd"? Who the hell ever called him that? People were so blind. He was someone to hold onto, and she was already mentally preparing to gatekeep him from the rest of the school. Luckily, she'd seen the vision first!

Bobby Harris's morning was already a total disaster. He'd just tanked an algebra test with a D-, but the real torture was having to sit through Amanda Derrik—that brainless airhead behind him—recounting her date with Flanagan to her friend.

"Oh my god, you have no idea how he kisses! And his hands... he was literally touching me everywhere," Amanda squealed.

"And you actually let him move like that on the first date?" her friend whispered, sounding shocked but high-key obsessed.

"I literally couldn't stop him, he's so fiery!"

Bobby felt like he was going to throw up his protein shake. It was time to end this clown show. Gym class was wrapping up, and Bobby had a little plan to publicly wreck Flanagan once and for all—to squash him back into the miserable hole he crawled out of.

Damian walked into the locker room with Danny and the rest of the guys. The place was a zoo; the PE teacher was out sick, so they'd merged the sophomore and junior classes.

“Harris, next time pass the fucking ball instead of trying to be a hero!” Jerkins, a junior, barked at Bobby.

“I put up three points, didn't I? Get off my back, bro,” Bobby snapped, his usual charming self.

“I'm actually drenched, I need a shower stat,” Danny muttered to Damian through the chaotic chatter.

“I'm just gonna swap my shirt...” Damian replied, casually pulling his tee over his head.

“Whoa, look at that absolute unit! Flanagan's got that powerful physique! Hahaha!” Bobby's voice boomed, followed by the predictable cackles of his cronies. A few juniors looked up, waiting for the slaughter. Damian didn't even blink.

“Knock it off, Harris,” Danny stepped in.

“Pipe down, Altman! Your boyfriend thinks he's a big shot now. He can hold his own, right?”

“Drop it, Danny,” Damian said quietly, still refusing to take the bait.

“Seriously imposing. I’m shaking, for real! Hahaha!” Bobby persisted, stripping down with exaggerated confidence. His bulky, gym-rat muscles were meant to make Damian’s lean frame look pathetic by comparison. “I bet even my girlfriend could kick your ass, Nerd. No cap.”

Danny was vibrating with rage, but Damian’s look begged him to let it go. Harris was just venting because he was a mid-tier athlete on a bad day. It wasn't worth the energy.

“Hahaha! Or maybe that’s the real issue, huh? You missing some equipment down there, Nerd?” the meathead pushed, stepping into the center of the room. “Is that why you never shower with us? Because you’re packing a little girlie bit and you’re too pressed to show us? Hahaha!”

Damian watched him brag, standing there in the middle of the room, as naked as a worm with his family jewels on full display. Bobby had just served him a win on a silver platter. It was almost too easy. Damian smiled. If that’s what Bobby wanted, fine.

“Actually, I was just about to hit the showers, Bobby.”

With a smooth, indifferent motion, Damian dropped his oversized, baggy shorts and underwear to the floor.

The locker room went dead silent for a micro-second before the explosion. Bobby’s face twisted into a priceless cocktail of shock, agony, and pure, unfiltered embarrassment. The nearly eight inches Damian was packing—at rest—was way more than Bobby could ever manage even all bricked up on his best day, and the ex-nerd’s weight was heavy and undeniably masculine.

A thunderous roar of laughter erupted, shaking the lockers. It was the sweetest music Damian had ever heard.

“Holy shit! You’re a literal horse, man!” Danny blurted out, a mix of shock and "bro-envy" in his voice.

Similar shouts and looks of genuine respect rippled through the room. They weren't mocking Damian; they were dapping him up with their eyes. The laughter was directed entirely at Bobby. They pointed and wheezed, comparing the two versions of "manhood" standing in the center of the room. With every passing second of ridicule, Bobby’s ego—and his equipment—seemed to shrivel up, trying to hide from the shame of being so blatantly outclassed.

Damian felt a rush of pure adrenaline. It was a literal drug, and he wanted to soak in it until he was high. But the vibe shifted instantly as Bobby, fueled by a sudden, desperate rage, lunged toward him. Damian tensed up, preparing for the absolute worst. He was sure he was about to get his face wrecked; there was no way out of this. His heart was hammering against his ribs, but just as he braced for the impact, his lucky star manifested in the massive frame of Teddy Becker.

Teddy, a varsity junior with arms the size of Damian’s head, stepped in and caught Bobby by the shoulder.

"Harris, stop being a clown," Teddy said, his voice dripping with pure authority. "The kid is boys with Miller, did you miss the memo?!" He gave Bobby a shove that sent the quarterback stumbling back until he hit the floor, ass-first.

"You already played yourself in front of the whole locker room, and trust me, by lunch, the entire school is gonna know you're packing light," Teddy added, as a fresh wave of wheezing and laughter erupted from the stalls. "You really want to go home with a black eye on top of that? Sit down."

It was a cold reminder that once you stripped away his squad of toadies, Bobby wasn't the minor-league alpha he thought he was. Slowly, the fight drained out of him. He lowered his gaze, totally defeated. Across the room, the gym teacher yelled for them to hurry up from his office, and the guys started heading for the showers.

As they passed Bobby, it didn't matter if they were jocks, theater geeks, or gamers—everyone was throwing him the same derisive, "you're mid" look. The humiliation he'd brought on himself made him fair game for everyone. One of Brent's other teammates ruffled Bobby's hair as he walked by, laughing, "Don't worry, little guy, maybe when you hit puberty it'll finally grow! Hahaha!"

The pack was as cruel and shallow as ever, and Bobby, who had always been fairly high up in the 'chain of command', was now being torn apart by that same pack. The transition from predator to prey had happened in the span of a single breath. Only two of his closest cronies stayed by him, throwing weak, angry glares at anyone who laughed, but the damage was done.

Damian watched the total collapse of his nemesis. Bobby was suddenly acting all modest, trying to cover himself up with a towel, looking just as mortified as Damian had felt for months—though for the exact opposite reason. Damian caught Bobby's eye, seeing the pure venom burning there, but he didn't even care.

Everything clicked in his head. He finally saw the tactical genius of Pam's plan. Walking around with her gave him the clout, but Brent Miller provided the muscle. He was untouchable now, and being this noteworthy felt incredible. A cruel, arrogant smirk pulled at his lips—a look he'd never worn before, but one that felt dangerously natural. With a pleasant, dark tingle in his stomach, he turned and headed for a well-deserved shower.

“Brilliant, Damian, literal brilliance! It’s the only thing anyone is talking about! Hehehe!!” Pam was practically vibrating with delight the second he stepped through her front door that afternoon.

Damian let out a dark, arrogant snicker at the praise. He dropped his book bag to the floor with a heavy thud and pulled her close, his grip firm and possessive as he kissed her. “I have no idea what you’re even talking about...” he said, his voice dripping with fake innocence.

“Oh, really? Because a little birdie told me you’re hiding a twenty-inch monster in your pants. Don’t you think that’s a bit of an exaggeration, Nerd?” She kept laughing, her hands wandering over his chest.

“Haha! Twenty inches? Honestly, sounds like a pretty accurate data point to me,” he boasted, snickering as she dissolved into giggles.

“And what else did your little birdie whisper?” he continued, backing her toward the bed.

“Mmm... just that Bobby Harris is packing a little something like *this*,” she said, holding up her pinky finger. They swayed together, tangled in each other's arms, laughing at the sheer wreckage of Bobby’s reputation.

“Well, whoever your source is, they’re clearly an expert,” he snickered.

Clothes hit the floor in a messy trail—uncomfortable obstacles to the only "lesson" he planned on giving today.

Soon, they were down to their underwear. He shoved her onto the bed and climbed over her, his teeth nipping at her skin, moving like the undisputed master of every curve she owned.

“Mmm... Damian... mmmmm... you’re actually having your way with me today without making me open a textbook first?” she murmured, her eyes glazed.

He gave her a cold, handsome smile. “Just think about how lucky you are, toy.”

She giggled like a kid on Christmas, but the mood shifted instantly when he pulled away. He sprawled out in the dead center of the bed, forcing her to shift to the edge. He looked completely relaxed, his eyes tracking her every move.

“Actually, you’re gonna have to work for it if you want me to enjoy this, Pam,” he said slyly. He pointed at the waistband of his boxers. “Take them off.”

She moved to reach for them, but he cut her off with a sharp snicker. “With your mouth, toy.”

Pam loved the demand. Againg with her absolute favorite name; it made her feel like his property in the best way possible. She leaned in, her lips finding the elastic band where the Tommy Hilfiger logo sat. To her, he looked incredible—that lean, athletic build hiding a massive package that officially dictated the law of the school. The scent of him hit her brain like a drug the second she started tugging the fabric down, inch by inch, revealing the "eighth wonder of the world." Damian just watched her, motionless and smug, offering zero help as she worked.

Once he was uncovered, she bit the front of his boxers sensually and started backing up on all fours, dragging them down past his hips.

“Hehehe! You look like a literal bitch right now, Pam. For real. Just a hungry little pet,” he snickered, watching her with a cold, mocking glint in his eyes as he waited for her to clear his ankles.

She looked up at him, her face flushed but her expression totally shameless. “Because I am, Nerd! Hehe!”

“Haha! Well, don't let me stop you then. Get your fix.”

Delighted, she winked at him and lunged in, her tongue and lips getting to work. Damian watched her head move up and down on that cock—the scepter of his power that was currently the talk of the town. He'd seen her like this a million times, but today his chest felt broader. He couldn't stop smirking. He had never felt more masculine, more in control.

After a few minutes, he was in a full, staggering erection. “That's enough,” he commanded, his voice firm.

She looked up, a little surprised and definitely reluctant to let go. “But I was just—”

“I want to use your other mouth, Pam. But I have zero intention of moving a muscle, so...” He gave her a sly, heavy-lidded look.

She smiled, already moving. “That seems fair. You had a busy day being the big man on campus, right?” She stood up, kicked her panties aside, and straddled him. She hovered over him until his velvet-red tip was brushing against her. She was already soaking; she wanted all of him.

“Leave it to me. You just stay there and relax... mmmmm...” she whispered, slowly lowering herself onto that monstrosity.

Damian watched her face. He watched the expression shift from eager impatience to a look of absolute, dumbfounded ecstasy as she impaled herself. She moved with a desperate happiness, obeying his stillness like the "good girl" she had truly become.

“Mmmm... I literally wish everyone knew how much pleasure you give me, Nerd... it's insane... mmmmm...”

Damian let out a dark, effortless chuckle as she started bouncing on top of him. “Hahaha! I mean, if you're down, we can just do this in the hallway during passing period tomorrow? What do you think?”

“Mmmmm... if only we could... mmmmm...” She bit her lip hard, squeezing her own breasts as she worked herself up and down. “But I feel like that would probably scare off your new fan club, wouldn't it?”

He snickered, the sound dry and arrogant. “Yeah, because *that's* definitely the biggest problem we'd have, Pam. Hehehe!”

“By the way... how's it going with those two? Aaahhh!!” she gasped out between moans.

“Well, Amanda is... easy,” Damian replied, leaning back and savoring the power trip. “Total pushover. But Sally? Let's just say she needs a little more ‘encouragement’.”

“Mmmm... you need to just break her in, Nerd... aaahhhhh... because once you do... aaaahhhh... they won't even know what hit them... mmmmm... they'll literally be forced to do...”

“mmmmm... whatever you want...” Pam finished the thought with a ragged breath, completely lost in a level of pleasure she still couldn't believe he could provide.

He looked up at her, biting his lower lip with a smug grin. “Just like you, right toy?”

“Mmmm... oh God, yes, Damian... mmmmm.... exactly like me... mmmm...”

Minutes blurred together as the power dynamic continued its steep incline—Damian rising higher on his invisible throne while Pam sank lower into her role.

“Mmmm... your body is insane, Pam,” he said as she tirelessly rocked against him.

“Aaahhhh... it's yours, Nerd. You know it's completely yours, right? mmmm...”

“Well, not *every* part of it yet...” He suddenly sat up, and she automatically draped herself over him, kissing him with a desperate heat. He gripped her hips firmly. “...there's still one hole you're not giving me,” he whispered, his index and middle finger drifting down to tease her ass. “And, just so you know, I'm officially done waiting, Pam. You keep saying this body is mine, so I'm gonna use it exactly how I want.”

Pam tensed up, her breath hitching. They'd talked about this, but the sheer size of the "rod" she was currently impaling herself on made her willpower feel like paper. It was hard to argue when he wasn't asking—he was demanding.

“Mmmmmmm... Damian... I told you... I don't know if I can... aaahhhh...” She felt the tip of his middle finger begin to press. “I've never done that... it's way too tight for your... aaaaahhhh!!”

It was sensory overload: the friction from his cock forcing her to bounce faster despite her legs turning to jelly, and now his greedy fingers claiming new territory. “Mmmmm... God, you’re so big... aaahhhhh!!!”

Damian leaned in, his tongue tracing the shell of her ear as he whispered, “Then you better start stretching it, Pam... mmmmm...”

“Aaaaahhhhhh... but I don’t even know how—” She tried a weak protest, but he went straight for the kill.

“I’m giving you five days. Mmmmm... next weekend, you’re spending the whole time bent over, taking every single inch of me in this hole.” As the words left his lips, he didn’t wait—he forced his entire finger inside, sending her over the edge.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhh!!!! Damian... aaaaahhhh... yesssss... whatever you wantttttt... aaaaahhhh!!!”

Damian felt himself get flooded by her. She came hard, and he smirked, knowing he’d just locked in another promise she wouldn’t dare break.

“Liked the finger, didn’t you?” He felt her go limp against him, her eyes rolling back in total bliss.

“Aaaahhhhh!! Yes, Nerd... mmmmmm... that was literal heaven... it’s so weird but... mmmmm... aaahhhh.” She pulled back to kiss him, then bit her lip. “Mmmmm... but what if I can’t get ready in time? Five days isn’t exactly a lot of notice...”

He looked at her with a look of pure, concentrated arrogance. “Hehehe! Don’t even worry about it. If you can’t stretch it, I’ll just finish the job for you, Pam.”

That boyish face acting so cold and dominant made her spine tingle. She was obsessed with his eyes—those blue spheres that held a limitless, selfish power over her.

“Hey! Who told you to slow down?” He landed a loud, stinging smack on her ass, jarring her out of her daze. “I’m still trying to finish, toy!”

She flashed him a shameless smile, her body still hypersensitive from her climax. “I’m sorry! I just got lost in your face!”

“Lay back and let me work, Nerd! I’m gonna drive you insane!!” She pushed him back onto the pillows, and Damian gave in with a dark chuckle.

She stood up on the bed, turned around so her back was to him, and squatted back down onto his rock-hard length. Leaning forward with her hands on his knees, she began a frenzied, rhythmic dance. Damian just gripped the sheets, watching those firm cheeks slap against his pelvis with every single thrust.

What a literal view:

"Yes... mmmm... keep going, Pam... just like that... keep going!!!"

His hands clamped back onto her cheeks, his eyes locked on that virgin territory he was already planning to conquer. He looked at it like a project, something he’d soon mold into his own image, just like he’d done with every other inch of her. The room was a mess of whimpers, frantic moans, and the rhythmic sound of her skin hitting his. They were both totally lost in the high of what they were doing.

Pam was running on fumes, her legs shaking, but there was no way she was stopping now—she was right on the edge of another peak. Her mouth was wide open, her gasps sounding almost feral as she pushed through the exhaustion.

Suddenly, Damian let out a louder, deeper moan, and she felt that hot, heavy flood hit her internal walls. Sublime ecstasy. The sensation was so intense it actually pushed her over the cliff into her second orgasm, the pleasure hitting so hard it brought actual tears to her eyes.

Then... silence.

They lay there, drenched in sweat and completely drained, but both wearing the same look of total satisfaction. Their chests rose and fell in sync, heavy breaths finally starting to level out. Damian was sprawled on his back, looking like a king who'd just finished a battle. Pam was curled up against his side, her face buried in his chest, her fingers lazily tracing his smooth, fair skin.

“Damian?” she whispered, her voice barely a thread in the quiet room. “Promise me something.”

“What?”

“When you finally have like, ten or twenty girls at your disposal... a whole harem of them...” Damian couldn't help but let out a genuine, airy laugh. It wasn't mean; it was just a reaction to the sheer absurdity of how far they'd come. Pam paused, looking up at him, her heart doing that annoying flutter that told her she was deeper in this than she ever planned to be.

“Yeah? And?” he prompted, since she'd trailed off.

She gave him a soft, vulnerable smile. “Well... just promise me I’ll always be your favorite slave.”

Silence stretched between them. Damian’s smile slowly sharpened into a smirk—that dark, dominant look that always made her breath hitch. “Well, well... you finally actually said it out loud.” He paused, letting the weight of the word hang in the air. “So that’s what you want to be, Pam? My slave?”

She bit her lip, a flash of heat rising to her cheeks. For a second, she looked like she regretted letting the truth slip, her eyes dropping to the sheets in a rare moment of shame. After a few beats, she asked quietly, “Does that actually surprise you?”

“Honestly? Not even a little. It’s been pretty obvious for a while now.”

She looked up again, meeting those impossibly blue eyes. “Really?”

“Pam, you’ve spent the last four months telling me I’m a literal god and that everyone should be bowing down to me,” he said, his voice smooth and knowing.

“But it’s the truth! You’re a—” She stopped abruptly, the weight of her own devotion hitting her all at once.

Damian shook his head, looking more amused than ever. “You tried so hard to brainwash me into believing that, but you ended up being the victim of your own game.” He watched her bite her lip, clearly uneasy now that he was reading her mind like an open book. “What you feel for me isn’t just a crush, Pam. I see it in how you look at me, how you touch me, how you kiss me... you worship me. You worship my body, don’t you?”

She looked at his smug, handsome face and hesitated for maybe two seconds before nodding. “I can’t help it, Damian. It’s like, stronger than I am.”

He smiled, looking thoroughly pleased with himself. “And how does that actually make you feel?”

She pulled herself closer to him, tucking her head into the crook of his neck as if looking for a safe harbor. “Honestly? It’s low-key terrifying. I’ve never felt like this before. I’m always the one calling the shots in my relationships.” She pulled back to look at him resolutely. “But I know exactly what I have to do now.”

“Which is?”

“Well, the way I see it, it’s a pretty simple life from here on out.”

“Simple?”

“Oh, totally! I mean, all I have to do is obey you blindly. And honestly? That’s the easiest thing in the world for me.”

Damian let out a loud, triumphant laugh. “Hahaha! Well, lucky me then!”

Pam buried her face in his damp armpit, taking a deep, shaky breath of his scent—that raw, masculine smell that she’d come to crave. He was so young, yet in her eyes, he was someone worthy of literal reverence and devotion. She began to kiss the skin there, her lips lingering on the dark contrast against his fair skin.

“I hope it doesn't bother you that I’m like... obsessed?” she asked softly.

He gave her a sly, dark smile. “Not at all. Why would it? In fact, I like that you finally admitted it. You needed to say it, Pam.”

She sighed, looking relieved. “It’s so weird, right? I played with fire and got absolutely scorched.” She watched him as he lay there with his hands behind his head, totally at ease. “I’ve thought about it so much—like, I’ve literally lost sleep—and I realized I can’t imagine my life without you anymore, Nerd... no. I’m not calling you that. It doesn’t even fit you anymore.” She looked at him, admiring his fatal beauty, and gave him a cunning little smile. “What do you think about ‘Master’? Can I call you that?”

He chuckled, the sound deep in his chest. “Hehehe! Why not? I’d say it’s a pretty good fit.”

“So it’s official then. From now on, you’re my lovely little Master,” she said, leaning down to kiss one of his nipples. Then she added “Hey, you still didn’t answer my question, though!”

He feigned a frown. “What question?”

“Am I gonna be your favorite slave or what?”

He thought for a moment, his eyes dancing with mischief. “Hehe! Of course, Pam. You’ll be my favorite slave... at least until I find a better one.”

She shot him a look of fake horror and started tickling his ribs. They tumbled around for a few seconds, laughing like the teenagers they still were. “That’s not funny, Damian! Don’t even joke!”

“Hahaha! It’s literal comedy to me, Pam! You have no idea!”

“Oh, shut up!” she teased, playfully slapping his forehead.

Suddenly, Damian’s expression shifted. The playfulness vanished, replaced by a serious, piercing gaze that made her heart stop. He realized in that moment just how much she depended on him—how every fiber of her being was begging him to just take the lead and lift the burden of choice off her shoulders. He smiled at her, a reassuring but dominant look, and didn't say a word. He just kissed her with a passion that made everything else disappear.

She took a deep, blissful breath, feeling completely his. After a few seconds of quiet, Damian’s arrogant grin returned.

“Hey. Little slave?”

She looked up at him instantly.

“Enough resting. Get back down there and lick my cock.”

She smiled at him, her eyes bright and shameless as she licked her lips. “On it, Master.”

She moved back down to their favorite routine, her awareness sharper than ever. Damian watched her, surrounded by an aura of total power, feeling a sadistic, amused pleasure as he watched his submissive toy get back to work.

Chapter 6

“...so Melanie told Sophie she saw him kissing that little brat Celia, and she, of course, absolutely lost it!” The beautiful Pam, playing the part of the perfect sovereign, listened to Sue and Jenny—her loyal court—as they gave the morning report. They navigated the hallways of her ephemeral kingdom between History and Bio, the air thick with the smell of floor wax and cheap perfume.

“Obviously...” Pam murmured. In reality, she was barely tracking the drama. She just had to nod, throw in a shocked gasp, or a disgusted face at the right intervals. Years of practice made it autopilot, leaving her mind free to wander back to the things that actually mattered. Or rather, the *person* who did.

“Pam, you okay? You’re walking kind of low-key weird today,” Jenny said, her voice dipping with concern. Pam flashed a practiced, effortless smile.

“Oh, nothing! I just went way too hard on the splits in dance class yesterday. My legs are basically numb,” she lied. Jenny bought it instantly, never suspecting that the real reason for her stiff, careful gait was the heavy, polished weight of the silicone plug stretched deep inside her.

It wasn't just "discomfort"—it was a constant, throbbing reminder of Damian's ultimatum. “*Either you prep yourself, or I'm going to wreck you,*” he'd told her. He'd been a bit more clinical about it, but the vibe was crystal clear. She had a set of four, each one more intimidating than the last, and she was currently struggling with the second. She had to reach the fourth—the one that finally matched the thickness of her master's dick—before their next session. Driven by a

mix of fear and sheer horniness, she was wearing them 24/7, only taking breaks for the shower or the quick, boring session she'd had to give Brent yesterday to keep up appearances.

But she wasn't just doing it because she had to. She was thriving. Every time she called him 'Little Master,' her skin prickled with electricity. It was nothing, though, compared to the absolute rush of hearing his voice—that perfect mix of nerdy crack and deep authority—call her 'Slave.'

The word made her feel lightheaded. She replayed the image of him reigning over her bedroom chair, his bare feet resting casually against her cheeks while she worked. If anyone had walked in on them—the school's golden girl worshipfully licking the sweat and grime from between the toes of the former insignificant sophomore nerd—there honestly wouldn't have been any other words for it. "Master" and "Slave" weren't just edgy nicknames in those moments; they were the absolute, unfiltered truth. The dirt on her tongue and the weight of his soles on her face felt more honest than anything else in her scripted, perfect life.

She couldn't wait to give him the one part of her body no one else had ever touched. She was finally going to be entirely his, and the thought of being fully "broken" by him made her breath hitch.

Slave... slave... slave... The word looped in her head, synced to the throb of the plug. She could almost see his sapphire eyes and that smug, boyish smirk.

“Hey, little guy! Hahaha!!”

The shout snapped her back to reality. She looked over to see Bobby Harris getting clowned on by a couple of guys who had bumped into him. The nickname had spread like

wildfire, thanks in no small part to Brent, who had shouted it across the cafeteria yesterday, blissfully unaware he was being a pawn in Pam's game.

Poor Bobby. He looked like a kicked dog, his tough-guy act completely evaporated. When he caught Pam's eye, she didn't offer him a shred of sympathy. She just gave him a cold, sharp smile. The little worm had made Damian's life hell for years; this wasn't just gossip—it was karma, and it tasted better than anything Melanie or Sophie could ever stir up.

Bobby looked away, defeated, while Pam adjusted her stride, feeling the delicious, heavy stretch of her secret keeping her grounded.

"Hi Pam..." a dark-haired girl murmured as she passed, offering a hesitant wave.

"Hi Susy!" Pam called back with that flawless, practiced warmth. For a split second, Pam got the vibe that Susy wanted to say more, but the girl's eyes darted away, her face flushing as she scurried down the corridor. Pam just shrugged and went back to her bodyguards' gossip.

Susan Lockhart was a junior, and most people would just call her "unconventional." Her family had moved to Raleigh from NYC over the summer, and Pam—acting as the saintly head of the student committee—had helped her navigate the culture shock. They'd formed a weirdly sweet bond. Susy knew she wasn't in Pam's league; hanging out with the "royals" was too much pressure, but she looked up to Pam kinda like a big sister. To Susy, Pam was the ultimate authority on how to be a girl—wise, put-together, and seemingly perfect.

But Susy was currently spiraling. There was one topic she was dying to bring up, something so private and low-key depraved that she was terrified Pam would look at her like she was a freak. She was desperate to confide in someone, just to find out if the cravings she'd been having were normal or if her brain was actually broken.

She sighed, clutching her books to her chest as she walked toward her lit presentation. She had five minutes to stop thinking about her kinks and start thinking about Shakespeare.

Sally Cook had never hated anyone as much as she hated that total pick-me, Amanda Derrik. The two of them were currently locked in a mental cold war, exchanging murderous glares across the classroom while Mr Avery droned on. All because of him. The absolute god that was Damian.

He was such a literal saint. Sally felt her heart melt just thinking about how he'd sat them both down, eyes downcast and looking so stressed out, explaining that he just couldn't make up his mind. He told them he was so flattered by their attention that he felt... overwhelmed. Like his heart was too big for his chest or something. He'd said he couldn't choose one over the other because he didn't want to hurt anyone, so he thought it was best to just back off. Sally let out a dreamy, shaky sigh. He was just so sweet, so sensitive, so... *perfect*.

Naturally, instead of letting it go, she and Amanda had turned it into a full-blown war. Both of them knew Damian was a prize worth fighting for, and Sally was 100% confident she'd win. She just had to prove she was wife-material compared to that thirsty tramp Amanda.

She had to be careful, though; Amanda didn't play fair, and she wasn't exactly a shy nun. Sally knew she had to step up her game. Especially with those insane rumors about the locker room flying around. Her hands began to sweat.. Sally was dying of curiosity. The thought of Damian being "gifted" like that made her stomach flip in ways she knew her strictly conservative parents would kill her for. She felt a wave of guilt, thinking about the "moral principles" they'd drilled into her since she was a kid, but every time she looked at his gorgeous, model-tier face, she couldn't stop picturing the raw, heavy power the girls were whispering about. It was a "sinful" curiosity she couldn't shut off.

She was seeing him at 5:30 today. Her dad would be at the office, and her mom would be totally zonked out in front of her soap operas. They'd have a solid hour of being completely alone. Everything was perfect. She planned on "winning" him over with sweet, tender kisses. Yeah, just kisses... And yet that dark, loud part of her wanted to see if the rumors were actually true.

"Exactly, my bro!" Brent's voice boomed through the hallway, loud enough to turn every head in the corridor.

Damian was heading toward the cafeteria, and Brent Miller was busy "coaching" him like he was the freaking sensei of game. Brent's heavy arm was draped across Damian's shoulders in a show of total bro-camaraderie, dispensing "invaluable" advice. At least, that's what Brent believed. Damian just let him bask in that delusional flex, hiding a smirk while he laughed his balls off internally.

"This is key, you gotta lock this in! You too, Danny, don't sleep on this!" Damian winked at Danny, who was still adjusting to being part of the elite circle.

"I'm on it, Brent!" Danny chirped, playing his part.

Behind them trailed the "squad"—the same pack of handsome, arrogant jocks that used to hunt them. Now, they were Damian's personal escort. It was hilarious; Damian had utterly transcended Bobby Harris. By exposing Bobby's "little" secret, Damian had made the guy look so pathetic that his status hadn't just been revoked, it had been incinerated. Bobby's place in the "social heavens"—which his underdeveloped brain had worked so hard for—was gone. It was sadistically funny to Damian; the more he tasted revenge, the more he wanted to burn the whole hierarchy down from the inside.

"You gotta use your brains with these girls, man! Don't let 'em finesse you!" Brent shouted, his ego swelling as the crowds parted like the Red Sea. Students flattened themselves against the lockers just to let the VIPs pass, eyes filled with thirsty, envious admiration. Damian and Danny nodded like bobbleheads.

"You need reps, obviously," Brent continued, loud enough for a group of freshmen girls to hear. "But with a bit of practice, you'll read their minds like a damn book. Just look 'em in the eyes and you'll know if they're ready to fold. Once you learn the vibe, they can't hide shit from you!"

Brent sounded like a preacher; Damian almost expected the guys behind them to shout *'Amen'*.

"I don't know, Brent, sounds pretty high-level..." Damian said, playing the "clueless" card.

"Haha! Well, you're only a sophomore, bro. You've got a long way to go! First priority: getting you laid. Can't have a face like that and still carry your V-card." Brent leaned in, lowering his voice just enough to be "confidential" but still performatively loud. "Especially with the rumors, man. Word is you're packing serious heat."

"C'mon, dude! Don't you think it's a little too soon for him to get his dick wet?" Andy Thomas laughed, shaking his head. Brent spun around, wearing a grin that was pure, unfiltered arrogance.

"When the fuck do you think I lost mine, bruh?"

"Wait, for real?"

"Yeah, for real! Ask your sister—she still sends me tit pics!"

The group absolutely lost it, exploding into a chorus of 'Ohhh!' and vulgar barks. Even Andy was doubling over, taking the hit like a good little soldier in Brent's army. Brent was eating it up, chest puffed out, looking every bit the king of the hill—a god reigning over a bunch of mindless monkeys.

"Now!" Brent barked, turning back to Damian. "I know you've got two thirsty-ass girls fighting for a piece of you already, right?"

Damian braced himself for the next wave of absolute nonsense, wondering if Brent would still be acting like a mentor if he knew his "student" had already spent the week treating the school's prize princess's face like a footstool.

Danny Altman could never have imagined that popularity-by-proxy would feel this insane. Ever since Pam and Brent

had "adopted" Damian, Danny had been pulled right into the center of the orbit. Back in the day, Damian was the textbook nerd and Danny was the behind-the-scenes computer wiz, but now the hierarchy had flipped. Standing next to Damian's movie-star glow-up meant that hot girls actually waved at him and varsity dicks gave him high-fives. It was a total rush; he'd never felt more alive, damn it.

In the background, Brent's loud, gravelly voice was still droning on about "unleashing the beast," bragging to Damian about how girls were basically hard-wired to crave a guy who was packing as much heat as the locker room rumors suggested.

Danny tried to look cool and nod along, but inside, his brain was fried. All this constant talk about sex and body counts had turned him into a permanently horny animal. He was jerking off basically every time he was alone, but he would've sold his soul to have an actual girl touch him for once. The fact that he was still a virgin was his only big problem—a heavy, frustrating weight he carried every second he spent around these guys. It felt like a ticking clock, making him feel like a total fraud in this elite circle. Not that Damian had done it or anything but Danny felt his odds were way lower than his friend.

He shifted his weight, trying to hide the fact that he was low-key catching a stray boner just listening to the talk. He knew he wasn't some chiseled idol like Damian, and being the "tech guy" didn't exactly scream *alpha* in a hallway full of jocks. It was intimidating as hell feeling like the only one in the group who hadn't seen any real action.

He let out a shaky sigh, his eyes drifting to a group of juniors in yoga pants walking past. Just the idea of a girl's hands on him—actually feeling soft skin instead of his own palm—was making his jeans feel dangerously tight.

The 3 PM bell finally cut through the afternoon haze, and Damian moved through the thinning crowds like he owned the place. He swung his locker open, but as he reached for his Physics book, he spotted a small, folded square of notebook paper resting on the cover.

He plucked it out, his brow furrowing for a second before he flicked it open. As he scanned the short, handwritten line, his expression shifted into a slow, wicked smirk. He let out a low, dark chuckle that vibrated in his chest.

Written in a soft, bubble-letter style—the kind of feminine handwriting that looked like it belonged to a "good girl"—were the words: "At night I dream of sucking you off," followed by three little pink hearts and the initials S.L.

Damian shook his head, a surge of pure ego hitting him like a shot of adrenaline. He tucked the note into his back pocket, the paper crinkling against his jeans. "*Join the club, babe,*" he thought, the smugness radiating off him. "*You're definitely not the only one.*"

He slammed the locker shut, the metallic bang echoing in the hall, and headed for the exit with a new spring in his step. It was wild—he'd never have believed that his little "unplanned" locker room flex would have fanned the flames this hard. The whole school was basically vibrating with thirst for him.

S.L., he mused, scanning the faces in the hallway. *Who the hell could that be?*

"Mmmm... Damianmmm..." Sally's moan was lost in the back of her throat as Damian's tongue slipped into her mouth. Good heavens, he was talented. He massaged hers in such a sweet, hypnotic rhythm that she almost forgot about the hands roaming her back. They were tangled together in the backseat of her mom's SUV, the expensive leather creaking under their weight, the only sound in the garage besides the wet, rhythmic smacks of their kisses.

"Sally, you're so beautiful..." Damian whispered against her ear, his breath sending a shiver straight to her core. She hugged him tighter, her nails digging into his shirt.

God, it was so hard to stay "proper." She was buzzing... she wanted... she didn't even know what she wanted, but the ache between her legs was becoming unbearable. *No! No! No!* a voice screamed in her head. *A lady doesn't do this!* But the rules her parents had drilled into her felt like a distant, fading dream the second he touched her.

One of his hands slid up her side, his palm grazing the curve of her ribs before resting gently on her breast. She let out a soft gasp. How could something feel this right if it was supposed to be a sin? That burning curiosity—the rumors that had been eating at her all day—flared up. Her cheeks were flaming as she worked up the nerve to speak.

"Damian?"

He was busy kissing the sensitive skin of her neck, offering only a muffled "Huh?" in response.

"Damian... you know... that thing people are saying at school..."

"What?" His hands were doing something magical, finding exactly where she was most sensitive.

"Yeah... come on... the story about... about the locker room..."

Damian stopped. He pulled back, locking his sapphire eyes onto hers. The silence in the SUV was heavy, charged with a sudden, dark electricity. Sally looked down, her heart hammering against her ribs like a trapped bird.

"Yeah... so?" He didn't sound angry—his voice was smooth, but it had a new, commanding edge that demanded she finish what she started.

"Well... is it..." she swallowed hard, a nervous smile flickering on her lips. "Is it actually all true?"

"Do you want to check for yourself, Sally?"

She blushed so violently it felt like her skin was on fire. "No... I mean... I didn't mean..."

"Look, there's nothing wrong with it. It doesn't bother me if you're curious," he said, his voice dropping into a low, reassuring purr. He pulled his shirt up, revealing a pale, skinny torso with almost zero body fat. You could see the slight definition of his ribs and the flat line of his stomach, looking delicate and boyish. His low-slung jeans revealed the elastic of his boxers, and Sally's breath hitched.

He reached for his fly. The *click* of the button and the slow, metallic *zzzzip* of the zipper sounded like a lightning strike in the quiet garage. Sally's eyes were wide—frightened, eager, and totally bewildered. The massive, heavy bulge encased in the gray cotton was jarring against his thin, slender frame; it looked like it shouldn't even be possible.

She could have stopped him. She should have. But the words died in her throat as Damian hooked his thumbs under the elastic. With agonizing, unspeakable slowness, he began to reveal the raw, heavy reality that made him the most high-profile boy in school.

Damian watched Sally bring her hand to her mouth, her eyes going wide. *Look at her*, he thought, a wave of smug satisfaction washing over him. Her reaction was a total 180 from Amanda's the day before. That thirsty little nympho hadn't even waited for him to drop his boxers; she'd just face-planted into his crotch like a starving dog, whining and gagging herself just to prove she was "the best." Sally, though? Sally was a project. She was clearly a first-timer, staring at his crotch like it was some kind of forbidden monument.

"Oh my god... it's actually huge..." she whispered. She looked mortally embarrassed, but she didn't look away. She was hooked, but her "good girl" programming was still glitching. She needed a little push.

"You should see it when it's hard," he murmured, watching her pupils dilate. She started wringing her hands, caught in a mental war between her Sunday school lessons and the heavy, warm reality right in front of her.

"Come on, touch it. It won't bite," he said, flashing his most innocent, "nice guy" smile. When she still hesitated, he didn't wait. Damian reached out, took her trembling hand, and guided it directly onto the warm, smooth skin of his shaft. He expected a flinch, but she stayed still, her fingers instinctively curling around him. The contact was electric; he felt her palm quiver against him, her skin cool compared to his own heat.

"There... see? Go on, stroke it a little."

Sally finally relaxed, her "proper" upbringing losing the battle to pure, tactile curiosity. A small, dazed smile broke across her face as she started to explore, her thumb grazing the tip. She looked like a kid who'd just unwrapped a gift she wasn't supposed to have—one that was way bigger and more intimidating than she'd ever imagined. Every few seconds, she'd glance up at him, her face flushed a deep, dark crimson.

"Wow... it's... it's so warm," she blurted out.

Damian felt himself growing thicker under her clumsy, inexperienced touch. *Perfect*. "Do you like it?"

She didn't say a word, but she nodded fast, her hand picking up a bit of rhythm. After a couple of minutes of her amateur fumbling, Damian decided to turn up the heat.

"Would you be down to..." He trailed off, letting the silence do the work.

"What?" she asked, her voice breathy.

"Well... give it a kiss?"

Sally froze. She looked at him like he'd just suggested they commit a crime. "Are you crazy?! No, I could never do that... absolutely not!"

Her words were sharp, but her hand was still moving. She wasn't letting go. Damian knew exactly how to play this. He pulled a "hurt" face, looking down as if he'd been rejected.

"Okay, my bad... I didn't mean to make it weird," he said, his voice dropping into a dejected mumble. He started to pull his

boxers back up, gently nudging her hand away. The look of pure disappointment on her face was almost hilarious. "It was just an idea... yesterday Amanda said that... actually, never mind."

"What?!?" Sally's head snapped up.

Bingo. Just like Pam had taught him, the "good girl" couldn't handle the idea of being second best to her rival.

"Nothing, forget about it," he countered, acting like he was over it.

"No, tell me! I'm serious!" She grabbed his shoulder, her composure officially down the drain. The thought of Amanda "winning" was clearly more terrifying than any sin.

Damian shrugged, looking bored. "Well, she just said... that she loved kissing it. Like, she was obsessed. I thought it was a normal thing, but if you're not feeling it, let's just drop it. Honestly, I should probably just head out." He reached for the SUV's door handle.

"No! Please, don't go! I'll do it!" Her voice was borderline desperate now.

"Sally, look, you don't have to do it for me," he said, turning the tables with a masterful, sad-eyed look. "I just wanted to do something special for *you*, you know? I thought it would be a vibe."

"No! Damian, of course I want to!" she cried, her "virtue" completely discarded. "I... it's just that I've never actually done it before."

Damian smiled, a slow, predatory warmth spreading through him. *God, this is too easy.*

"Is that it? You just gotta kiss it, Sally. It's not that deep," he said, keeping his voice so casual it was almost a dare. She swallowed hard, her eyes darting between his face and the heavy reality in her hand.

"Okay... I'll... I'll try..."

Damian kicked the seat back another notch, giving them more room in the cramped SUV. He tugged his boxers down again, letting himself settle. He could see the conflict in her eyes, but underneath the "good girl" panic, she was starving for this. She stayed frozen for a second, her heart hammering so loud he could practically feel it vibrating the leather. Damian didn't give her time to back out; he reached out, his hand sliding into the hair at the nape of her neck, and gently guided her face down.

When her lips finally brushed the skin of his shaft, she let out a tiny, shaky breath. Then came the sound of her first hesitant kiss—soft, wet, and terrified.

"Good girl... do it again," he murmured, his voice a low, honeyed rasp. He could feel her warm breath ghosting over him as she lingered there, her nose grazing him.

"It has a..." she paused, taking a slow, deep sniff, "...strange smell," she exhaled against his skin.

"You hate it?" he asked, tilting his head back.

"No, no! It's just..." She leaned in closer, burying her face against him and inhaling like she was trying to memorize it. "...it's just totally new. But I low-key love it. It's so intense... I've never... mmm... smelled a guy like this before."

No way, Damian thought, his ego spiking. She was actually getting high off his scent. A smothered giggle escaped him

before he could choke it back, and Sally's head snapped up instantly. She caught the smug, amused glint in his eyes, and her face went from dazed to defensive in a heartbeat.

"Wait, are you literally making fun of me right now?" she snapped, her voice going a bit sharp.

Damian pivoted instantly, shifting back into his "innocent boy" persona before she could spiral.

"What? No, I swear!" He flashed her a look of pure, sugary sweetness. "I actually think it's really romantic. Like, the fact that you're so into my scent? That's high-key adorable, Sally."

Her gaze softened, her shoulders losing their tension. "You don't think I'm being a weirdo?"

He rolled his eyes playfully, reaching out to tuck a stray hair behind her ear. "Why would I? It's just nature. It's normal to be obsessed with how a guy smells when you're... you know, this close to him."

She bit her lip, still looking a little unsure. "Are you for real?"

He gave her a goofy, teasing grin. "Sally, do I need to pull out the PowerPoint and give you the 'birds and the bees' talk, or are we good?"

They both burst into laughter, the "proper" wall she'd built up finally crumbling into the carpeted floor of the SUV.

"So you don't mind if I...?" she asked, her face crimson with embarrassment.

He nodded back down toward his lap, giving her that encouraging, boyish look. She smiled, totally under his spell,

and leaned back down. She closed her eyes, inhaling his scent again like it was some kind of drug.

“Don’t forget the kisses, Sally. It feels incredible when you do that,” he murmured, sounding as sweet as a hallmark card.

As she started up again, Damian felt a surge of pure, cold triumph. *Not bad, Damian. Not bad at all.* He’d never have bet on this one—it was their fourth date and he had the school’s most “proper” girl putting her lips on him in a suburban garage. *Right on schedule, Pam’s going to love this,* he thought. It was honestly insane how his “glow-up” had basically given him a cheat code for women. A girl like Sally—who probably prayed before every meal—was now willingly sharing him with her arch-nemesis just to stay in his orbit. She had it bad for him, that much was clear.

The most twisted part? Unlike the weird, deep connection he felt with Pam, he didn’t give a single shit about Sally or Amanda. To his “brilliant mind,” they were just two experiments—lab rats Pam had suggested he use to test out his new “superpowers.” He was basically just out here for the plot, satisfying his curiosity and entertaining himself. He was a little taken-back by how easy it was to be this cruel—the old, nerdy Damian would have been trembling just being in this car. He wasn’t 100% sure if he liked the “new” Damian better, but one thing was certain: this was the most fun he’d ever had.

“Am I... am I doing a good job?” Sally whispered, looking up with a dazed, hopeful expression.

“You’re doing amazing,” he lied, biting his lip to hide the smirk. “But why don’t you try kissing the tip? Just a little bit...”

He reached down and wrapped his hand around his shaft, his knuckles pale against the dark denim of his jeans. With a slow, deliberate pressure, he guided the head of his dick toward her face, pressing it right against her trembling lips. Sally flinched for a split second, her eyes wide as she felt the sheer size of him pushing against her, but she didn't pull away.

She let out a shaky, muffled breath, her lips finally parting to accept the contact, pressing a tender, desperate kiss against the most sensitive part.

“Damian...?”

“Yeah?”

“What else...” She trailed off, looking like she wanted to crawl under the leather seats from embarrassment. He reached out, gently stroking her hair, his touch more "tender" than ever.

“What is it, Sally? You can tell me.”

She looked up at him, her eyes practically pleading. “...What else did Amanda do? You said she loved it, but... what did she actually *do*?”

It took every ounce of Damian's self-control not to lose it and burst out laughing. He kept his face a total blank, masking the predator inside as he prepared to lead this "virtuous" fool down a one-way road to total depravity—a path he'd make sure she never wanted to leave.

Sally closed the front door behind her, the click of the lock sounding like a gavel in the silent hallway. Every inch of her skin felt hyper-sensitive, her nerves fried from the adrenaline.

“Sweetheart? Where have you been?” Her mother’s voice drifted from the living room, making Sally jump nearly out of her skin.

“I was... I was just out... um, chatting with Kate,” she stammered, her voice sounding thin and guilty to her own ears. She prayed the neighbor hadn't been over for coffee while she was busy in the garage. Her heart was a frantic drum against her ribs, but her mom didn't even look up from the TV.

“Make sure you finish your...” Her mother started listing off the usual tedious chores, but the words were just background noise. Sally’s brain was stuck on a loop. If her mom only knew. If she knew that ten minutes ago, her "perfect" daughter had been in the back of her SUV, letting a boy she’d never even mentioned shove himself into her mouth. That she’d swallowed every drop of him, acting on some raw, primal instinct she didn't even know she had.

Damian had been so sweet about it. He’d given her those tender compliments, looking at her with those sapphire eyes like she was the most special girl in the world. He was so perfect, so sensitive—he’d made something so "dirty" feel like a beautiful, shared secret.

But as she reached the sanctuary of her bedroom and locked the door, the "good girl" started to spiral. A flood of pure, conservative-bred guilt began to drown her. *What am I doing? What would Dad say?* The "moral principles" she’d been raised on were screaming at her. But even as her

conscience threw a tantrum, the heavy, warm ache in her stomach remained constant.

The truth was terrifying: she'd loved it. She'd loved the intimacy of it, the taste, and the way he'd smiled at her afterward. Despite being mortally embarrassed, she was already wondering when she'd see him again.

A sudden thrill shot through her, making her skin prickle. Her hand, almost acting on its own, slid between her legs, feeling the lingering heat through her underwear. She closed her eyes and began to touch herself, her breath hitching as she conjured up his movie-star face. She could still smell him on her skin; she could still imagine the taste.

God, he was absolutely incredible. She just needed to find a way to silence the indignant cries of her conscience long enough to get back into that backseat.

"A blowjob? Are you bullshitting me right now?" Danny stopped dead in the middle of the hallway, staring at his friend in total disbelief.

"Have I ever lied to you?" Damian asked, his voice dripping with enough sincerity to kill any doubt.

"No, never, but... from *both* of them? For real?" Danny's voice went up a few octaves as they navigated the crowded hallway on Friday morning.

Damian just gave him a slow, legendary smirk, strolling with his hands in his pockets like he hadn't just changed the game.

"Damn, man! That's actually insane. What's it even feel like? You gotta give me the play-by-play, come on!"

Damian looked at him, his stride radiating a new level of "main character" energy. "Well, let's just say it hits way different than jerking off. Like, it's not even the same sport."

The conversation was standard locker-room talk for most guys, but coming from Damian Flanagan—the guy who used to be the school's most awkward target—it felt surreal.

"Fuck, that's like... Okay, be for real—who was better?" Danny leaned in, his eyes wide with desperate curiosity.

Damian went quiet for a second, actually weighing it in his head. He stared down the corridor, mentally replaying the sensations of the last forty-eight hours. "It's a toss-up, honestly."

"Give me the stats, man. Don't leave me hanging," Danny pleaded.

"Alright, look," Damian said, lowering his voice as a group of freshmen passed. "Amanda's a pro at taking it deep—no gag reflex at all, she just handles it. But Sally? Bro, she's like a friggin' Hoover! She's way more intense."

"No way," Danny whispered, his brain clearly short-circuiting. He hesitated for a second, then leaned in closer. "And did you..."

"Cum in their mouth?" Damian prompted, finishing the thought with a casual shrug. "Yep. They both swallowed, so that's also equal."

Danny was momentarily speechless, his eyes widening in total astonishment. "Dude! You actually made them swallow your cum?"

Damian let out a light, arrogant snicker and adjusted his backpack. "Honestly, I didn't even have to ask. They both just gobbled it all up like it was their favorite meal."

"God, that's insane," Danny muttered, sounding extremely impressed and a little dazed. His voice was also thick with "horny bull" desperation. "You have no idea what I'd give to actually try that for once!"

Damian stopped and clapped a hand on his friend's shoulder, giving him an encouraging, "big brother" grin. "Don't sweat it, man. You'll get there sooner than you think!"

"Yeah..." Danny muttered, trying to mirror Damian's confidence. But as they kept walking, the heavy, familiar ache of being a virgin settled back into his gut. *Yeah, but when?* Now that even Damian was living a movie, he was really the only one left being just a spectator. *Fuck!*

Bobby Harris stood frozen as Flanagan and Altman strolled right past him. They didn't even look his way. No shoulder check, no insult, not even a mocking grunt to acknowledge he existed. It was like he'd been scrubbed from the map.

Now that they were living it up on Olympus, they didn't have time for common mortals anymore, huh?

No, maybe they just didn't see me, he tried to tell himself. *The hall is packed. They were deep in conversation.* But he knew he was lying. He was spiraling, getting straight-up paranoid. This school had turned into a literal hellscape

overnight. He wanted to scream at his past self—who the hell had convinced him to mess with Miller's new favorite? One stupid locker room incident and his entire life had been set on fire.

He slammed his fist against the locker beside him, the metallic *thud* echoing his frustration. He was average—totally normal for a guy his age—but that "little guy" rumor had nuked his reputation. He was stuck in a total dry spell, getting zero action because every girl in school had bought into the "tiny" narrative. It was infuriating.

He spun around, heading in the opposite direction, trying to escape the heavy air of the corridor. He had to find a way to stop it—the whispers, the muffled giggles, the "shrimp" nicknames, the way everyone looked at him like he was a dead man walking. It was too much. He felt like a lost, terrified kid in a world he didn't recognize anymore.

A hot tear pricked the corner of his eye. He blinked it back, jaw tightening. Not here. He wouldn't give them the satisfaction. He'd save the breakdown for later, when he was alone in the dark.

Saturday was the day the game finally got real. Pam hadn't seen Damian all morning, but their phones had been vibrating non-stop—a private, digital countdown to what was coming next.

The second she stepped inside her house, the silence was music to her ears. Her parents were already Aspen-bound, and she'd played the housekeeper like a fiddle, inventing a

list of "emergency" errands that would keep the woman out until at least dinner. She was totally, blissfully alone.

Everything was falling into place. Pam felt like an elementary schooler on her first big field trip, a frantic mix of hype and a tiny edge of fear vibrating through her. She was buzzing. She started peeling off her clothes as she moved toward her bedroom; she had forty minutes to kill before the doorbell rang.

She reached back and slowly, carefully, removed the last anal plug. It was the "final boss" of her training set—the largest one she owned, and one she'd impressively coached her body to handle. She held the heavy silicone in her hand, staring at it.

"Please let this be enough," she whispered, setting the toy aside and headed for the shower. She needed to be pristine, relaxed, and ready for her master to take total ownership of her.

Damian checked his phone one last time before tucking it into his pocket. He glanced at the latest note on his desk: *"I wish I could lick you all over..."* and signed with those same two initials, S.L.

That made three of these in just forty-eight hours. The one before it was even more unhinged: *"I imagine kneeling in front of you just to smell you..."*

He smirked, tossing the note into a desk drawer. Don't get it twisted—he loved the ego boost—but he was getting low-key

annoyed that this mystery girl didn't have the balls to just show her face. It was honestly a waste of time for both of them. If she wasn't a total mid, he'd probably let her live out her little fantasies. *Another girl on her knees wouldn't hurt*, he thought. It was a cold, high-key misogynistic way to look at it, but Damian was all about pragmatism now. If the school wanted to treat him like a god, he was going to act like one.

But he had bigger plans for the afternoon. Pam was waiting, and he knew her well enough to know she was probably vibrating with anticipation right now. He knew exactly what she'd been doing to get ready for him, and the thought of it made his pulse quicken.

He caught his reflection in the mirror, adjusting his shirt over his lean frame. It was time to go over there and claim what was rightfully his.

Damian ditched his bike by the gate of the massive villa and hit the buzzer. The gate clicked open, and he cruised up the driveway. When he got to the front door, Pam was already there, leaning against the frame with a wicked grin.

She was literally just wearing a towel—hitched up high on one side, barely covering the essentials. Her hair was still damp, pinned back in a messy clip. The second the door clicked shut behind him, she crashed into him, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him like her life depended on it. Damian didn't hesitate; he pulled her in tight, his hands immediately finding the firm curves of her ass peeking out from under the terrycloth. She smelled like expensive soap and pure trouble.

"Hey, slave..." he whispered, a smug smirk tugging at his lips.

Pam let out a delighted little giggle. "Finally! Keeping a lady waiting is low-key rude, you know," she teased, pulling a fake pout that didn't fool anyone.

Damian's eyes darkened, and his grip tightened on her waist. "Facts. But luckily for me there isn't a single lady in this house. Just a little slave who's been counting down the seconds until I got here to use her."

The words hit her like a physical shock. Pam actually looked like her knees might buckle for a second. She bit her lip, giggling breathlessly, and started peppering his neck with soft, frantic kisses.

"You're actually terrible, Damian..." she whispered, though she was clearly loving every second of it.

"I'm assuming we're actually alone?" he asked, glancing around the foyer. He was a little surprised she was being this bold right by the front door where anyone could see.

"Always so sharp, my little master, huh?" she teased. Damian didn't respond with words. Instead, he reached down, his fingers finding her backside. With a sudden, confident motion, he slipped a finger right into her asshole, testing the work she'd done with the plugs.

Pam let out a sharp, high-pitched gasp, her body arching into his. "Oh! Damian!"

"Wow. You're already lubricated. Someone's been busy prepping for me," he complimented her, his voice dripping with arrogance.

"Of course!" she gasped, clutching his shoulders. "I want it to be a pleasure for me too, Master!" She paused, trying to catch her breath.

"How much time do we actually have?" he asked.

"I gave Esperanza a massive list of errands," she said with a wink. "She should be gone for at least another two or three hours. It was the best I could do."

"Well, that just means I'll have to work you even harder then," Damian replied, his voice dropping an octave as he toyed with her.

"I wouldn't want it any other way..." She pulled him into another deep, messy kiss. "Let's go upstairs."

They practically stumbled up the staircase, stopping every three steps to touch or kiss. The second they hit the bedroom, Damian's hands went for the loose knot of her towel. It hit the floor in a heap, leaving the raven-haired cheerleader completely naked in the afternoon light. He reached out, pinching her nipples just enough to make her gasp, and pulled her body flush against his. Pam didn't waste a second; she reached down, her small hand wrapping around the heavy bulge in his jeans as she started fumbling with his button.

"Get on all fours," Damian said, his voice dropping into that low, effortless command that always made her heart skip.

Pam's grin was pure mischief. "Say less, little master!"

Damian's chuckle vibrated in the quiet room as he watched her drop down instantly. He still couldn't get over how insane this was. He'd grown used to the power trip, but he never stopped thanking his lucky stars that this absolute smoke-show—this perfection in human form—had fallen so hard for him that she'd gone from taking him to straight-up submitting. It was a total rush, seeing her perfection laid out at his feet, ready to be used however he wanted.

He yanked his sweatshirt and tee over his head, letting them hit the floor in a heap. Pam moved like she'd practiced this a thousand times, reaching out to untie his laces, sliding his shoes off before tugging away his socks. Then, with a slow, deliberate pull, she dragged his jeans and boxers down.

They were both completely naked now. Damian stood tall, looming over her while she stayed in that degrading posture, looking up at him with a mix of mischievous heat and total, devoted adoration. It was the look of a trained animal that finally found its owner.

"I'm obsessed with seeing you like this, Pam," he said, the smugness radiating off him.

"Well, it's basically my favorite place to be when I'm with you, master. Hehe!" she chirped. She lowered her face to the floor and began to press soft, lingering kisses to the tops of his feet.

Damian smirked. This had become their unwritten rule, the price of admission for her. "I noticed you stopped complaining about the smell," he teased, watching her tongue begin to caress his skin with that delicate, practiced rhythm.

"Like I had a choice?" she murmured against him.

"Nah, don't lie. You actually love it. You love licking the sweat off me when I'm dirty. Just admit you're a freak for it," he countered.

He heard her let out a muffled laugh. "I mean, yeah... I get to lick my handsome master's sweat while I sniff his... scent... mmm... it's the best."

Damian shook his head, looking down at her with an amused, superior smile. “You’re totally far gone, slave.”

He leaned forward, still standing, and reached behind her. His fingers found that much-desired spot—the hole that had been the focus of all her "prep" work. He slipped a couple of fingers inside, testing the limits.

“Wow. You really did the work. You’re wide open for me.” he commented, his youthful voice sounding more dominant than ever. He pulled his hand back and gave her a sharp, stinging smack on the ass that echoed through the room.

Pam just chuckled, her head bobbing as she went back to worshipping his feet. Damian squatted down, bringing his imposing member right to her eye level. It brushed against her lips, the heavy weight of him hitting her nose and cheeks as he rocked his hips back and forth.

The raw, masculine scent hit her like a wave, and she started inhaling it feverishly, her pupils blown wide. He was being completely shameless with it, dangling the "prize" just out of her reach.

“Mmmm... Damian...” she whimpered, her tongue darting out to try and catch a taste of him as he teased her. From down there on the floor, looking up at his smug, handsome face, she realized she never wanted to stand up again.

“So, tell me, which one hits harder? Licking my feet or my balls?” He watched her, purely for the sport of it.

She looked stuck, her head darting between the two options like she was losing her mind. “I don’t even know... mmmmm... I’ve told you so many times, Master. I’m obsessed with all of you. I literally can’t pick a favorite,” she murmured, her voice dripping with desperation. “It’s like

how you won't tell me if you prefer finishing in my mouth or my pussy. I've been asking you for like, ever!" she added with a playful, bratty pout as she shifted her focus back to his scrotum.

Damian let out a sharp laugh. "Hahaha! You've got a point, Pam!" He reached down and smoothed her hair, his tone shifting into something colder and more arrogant. "But honestly, there's no point in even asking, right? I'm just gonna keep coming wherever I feel like it, and you're gonna keep licking every inch of me. Isn't that how it works?"

Pam paused, a slow, incredibly thirsty smile spreading across her face. She looked up at him with total adoration. "Every time you let me, little master! It's a privilege, and I know it," she said, her expression as lewd as it gets.

Damian nodded, checking out her rear again. "By the way... where'd you put those plugs?"

Pam frowned, a bit thrown off. "In a box at the bottom of the closet. Why?"

Without a word, Damian stood up, leaving her hanging. He felt her eyes on him as he walked across the room, momentarily depriving her of the view of his cock. He found the box, smirked at the contents, and headed back.

"Spread 'em," he commanded.

She obeyed instantly. He sat on the floor right behind her, stretching his legs out so he had a front-row seat to her rear. It was an elite view. She was entirely his, and he wasn't about to rush the main event; he wanted to milk this for every second of entertainment.

He pressed a hand into her shoulder blades and shoved. “Face on the floor. Now.”

He forced her chest down while keeping her ass arched high, right in his strike zone. Then he bent one leg and shoved his foot against her lips. “Here. Have fun with that while I play with this,” he chuckled.

A muffled moan vibrated against his sole as her warm tongue immediately started working on his skin. Damian reached into the box, pulled out the second-sized plug, and—without any warning—shoved it into her.

Pam let out a louder, sharper moan. Damian started working the plug, twisting it, tilting it, and sliding it in and out with zero resistance. It was a total spectacle. He spent the next ten minutes just vibing, cycling through the different plugs but focusing on the largest one, all while watching Pam diligently “wash” his feet like the perfect, broken-in slave she was.

After a few more minutes, the cool, collected Pam finally started to crack. She was getting restless, her body twitching under his touch.

“Damian, please... that’s enough with the toys... mmm... I need you... *please*...” her voice was a desperate whimper. It didn’t fit her “Queen Bee” persona at all, which only made it more of a high for him.

He smirked, deciding it was time to push her just a little further. “You done with my feet yet, Pam?”

She looked like she was hitting her limit, totally spiraling. “Mmmm... yes...”

But he wasn't done being a menace. “Did you do a good job? Are they clean?”

“Yes!” she gasped, her voice cracking with impatience. “I licked every single inch... I got all the sweat, they’re totally spotless now. I even swallowed all the toejam, Damian... everything. It’s all gone... mmmm... please, just fuck me.”

It wasn't just that she was horny; it was the sheer, pathetic desperation in her voice that floored him. There was zero trace of the girl who usually ran the show. No sarcasm, no "I'm in control" smirk. Right now, she was just a bitch in heat, completely broken down. It was a massive ego trip, and he kept the "torture" going for just one more beat.

“Pam, are you straight-up begging me to shove it in and fuck you?”

“Mmmm... yes, please... see how good I’ve been?” she pleaded, giving his sole a few final, frantic licks like she was finishing a job for a supervisor. “I washed them thoroughly; they were gross before, you know? Like, actually disgusting... and now they’re... mmm... please...”

Damian could barely keep a straight face; hearing her talk like that while he teased her with the largest plug was the ultimate power trip. “You’re contradicting yourself. You’re saying licking my feet is some kind of chore, and now you want a reward for finishing? Is that it?”

He asked, sounding arrogant and totally pretentious. He was having way too much fun. Usually, they traded jabs, but right now he was the only one playing; she was just absorbing the verbal hits, humiliating herself more with every word.

“W...what? No! No! I didn't mean that. You know I love licking them, I literally just said that...” she scrambled to fix it, sounding genuinely stressed. He couldn't help it—he laughed out loud seeing her struggle. This was Pamela Van

Buren! The girl who always had a comeback for everything was now totally broken.

“Please, Damian... I can't take it anymore...” she finally whispered, sounding completely spent.

“Alright, alright, I get it,” he said with a condescending shrug.

He pulled his legs back and got on his knees behind her. She stayed there, legs spread, her ass arched and trembling with pure anticipation. He was rock hard. He placed the tip right at the entrance.

“Here’s your reward, slave.”

With one heavy, deliberate thrust, he impaled her.

Déjà vu, Pam thought, her mind reeling as the air left her lungs. She flashed back to that afternoon months ago when the shy, awkward version of Damian had first claimed her—but this was on a completely different level. She was struggling to catch her breath; he was... massive.

Despite all her training and the mental prep, her master's rod was causing her some serious "technical difficulties." It wasn't exactly sharp pain, but her body was fighting him, her muscles clenching instinctively as her breathing turned into ragged, broken gasps. She let out a long, high-pitched moan.

“Aaaahhhhh!!! Damiaaaannn!!!”

“Mmmm... you feeling that?!” he asked, his voice dripping with smug satisfaction.

“Oooohhh!! Do I feel it?! Oh god, I definitely feel it, it's... shit!” As he started to grind into her, she let out a panicked,

jagged cry. “Aaahhhhh.... Damian, wait! Please! Holy shit, you're still too big for meeee....”

Damian didn't stop. He stayed locked in, his voice sounding low-key cheerful as he slowly worked his way in and out of his "living toy."

“Actually, you're pretty tight, Pam,” he noted, clearly enjoying the resistance. “I'll give you a few minutes to adjust...” Her heart was thudding against her ribs like a trapped bird as she listened to his calm, dominant tone. “... then the real fun begins.”

Suddenly, a cold spike of actual fear hit her. “Take it easy, though, please... I'm scared it's gonna hurt,” she pleaded, her voice sounding raw and vulnerable.

Damian just gave her a chill, smug smile. “Come on, Pam. You know that in like an hour, you're just gonna have one more reason to be my obedient little slave.”

His words were pure arrogance, but his tone—that amused, "I-own-you" vibe—sent a confusing jolt of electricity through her. It was a total mind-fuck. She was the girl who had *everyone* under her thumb; she was the one who pulled the strings. So why did she feel this desperate, primal need to just let go with him? To just stop fighting and be his?

He was right, as always. Every fiber of her being knew he had the situation handled. Aside from the nerves over doing something so "extreme," she couldn't deny that she was obsessed with it. She needed to just quit overthinking and let him have his fun. At the end of the day, his satisfaction was way more important than her "little" discomfort. Seeing that arrogant, "king of the world" smirk on his face—knowing she was the one being used to put it there—was the only thing that actually mattered to her. If he was enjoying himself,

then the pressure and the stretching were just the price she had to pay for being his slave.

She forced her muscles to go limp, getting back into character. She twisted her head back to look at him, her eyes heavy and a little cheeky.

"As if there was ever any doubt, little master..."

Damian's smirk widened, and he rewarded her by thrusting even deeper.

The room was a wreck of heavy breathing and desperate, messy sounds. Pam's moans were constant—high-pitched, frantic, and totally unhinged. Damian's pace was getting aggressive, his strength peaking as he finally conquered that last passage, staking his claim on territory no one else had ever touched. It didn't even take ten minutes for her panic to flip into total, thirsty addiction.

"Ah, ah, ah! Damian! It's actually insane... it's fucking amazing!!" she shrieked, her voice cracking. This was a completely new high, and she hadn't expected the "wrongness" of it to feel this good. Every time he slammed back into her, her brain just went blank.

"Same, Pam! Mmmmm..." he grunted, his fingers digging into her hips as he used her. "You're so hot... and you're literally mine now... mmmm... every inch of you belongs to me... aaahhhh..."

His words hit her harder than the friction, nuking the last bit of her "Queen Bee" ego.

"Ohhh yes, Damian! I'm yours! Say it again! Fuck, say it again! Aaahhh!!"

They were a total mess, their bodies slick with a warm sheen of sweat, sliding against each other in a perfect, fluid rhythm.

“Aaahhhh.... You’re a god, Damian! A literal god.....
aaaahhhh... fuck me like a bitch... please, don’t stop... you’re
a fucking god!!!!”

Damian let out a smug, dark chuckle, getting the umpteenth massive ego boost from the worship. He didn’t even answer her. He leaned his full weight forward, crushing his chest against her back. Pam reacted instantly, pressing her face into the rug and arching her hips higher and higher against his pelvis so that with each thrust, he filled her to the absolute limit.

She looked so wrecked and submissive—a total 180 from the girl who ran the school hallways. She realized, through the haze, that this boy had a terrifying amount of power over her now. Her need for control was dead; she just wanted to be used until she couldn’t think anymore.

“A a a h h h h ... D a m i a n ... s h i t ... I ’ m g o n n a ...
aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!”

Her vision went white as she hit a peak that felt completely different—deeper, dirtier, and way more intense than anything before.

“You’re already finishing, Pam? You’re seriously that much of a little slut for me? You’re trashier than a street whore—it’s actually pathetic you couldn’t even last ten minutes! Haha!”

He laughed, his ego hitting the ceiling, and he didn’t slow down his rhythm for a single second. Instead, he reached back and landed a heavy, stinging slap right on her ass that echoed through the room. She just took the disrespect, her

tongue hanging out and her eyes rolling back in total submission.

“You’re actually shameless, for real,” he mocked, his voice dripping with condescension.

“Mmmm... I’m sorry, Master... mmmm... I can’t help it... aaaaahhh... you’re just too good at using me... I can’t stop it... it’s too much... mmm...”

Damian just laughed and turned up the intensity, his movements becoming a blur of raw friction. A few minutes later, he felt that final, electric tension coil in his gut. Without a word of warning, he shoved himself in as deep as he could go and came inside her, the orgasm hitting him like a physical shock. It was pure, unadulterated ecstasy.

After catching his breath, Damian slowly withdrew his veined cock from that stretched, overworked hole which now looked raw, red, and irritated, taking a few agonizing seconds to even begin closing back up.

“...thank you... thank you, Master... thank you... thank you...” was the only thing Pam could mutter, her voice sounding sweet, dazed, and completely broken. Damian couldn't help but laugh at how far she'd fallen.

“Hehehe!! Don’t even mention it, slave,” he said, leaning back. He paused for dramatic effect, his voice dripping with exaggerated smugness. “For me, it was a... *pleasure*.”

A violent shiver ran down Pam’s spine. As she lay there, Damian noticed the stream of his seed starting to peek out. Grinning like a villain, he reached into the box, grabbed one of the plugs, and unceremoniously sealed her up to keep his warm semen trapped inside. She flinched, a sharp gasp escaping her lips, but she didn’t dare pull away.

“Damian, what are you...?”

“You’re my cumdump, right? I wanna see if I can fill you to the brim, hehe!” he mocked, sitting back with his legs spread wide. His chest was heaving, his belly swelling as he tried to get some oxygen back into his brain after all that exertion.

Still on all fours, Pam managed to turn back to look at him. She had a funny, slightly annoyed expression on her face, her eyes still glassy. “Mmmm... it’s actually so uncomfortable,” she muttered, shifting slightly.

Damian just raised an eyebrow, his cold, dismissive grin widening at her complaint. “Yeah, no shit! Hehe!”

Ignoring her protests entirely, he reached out and buried a fist in her dark hair, yanking her head forward and shoving her face directly into his crotch. He was obsessed with having her lick him clean while he was still coming down from the high. It had become his favorite requirement, the ultimate way to show her she was just a tool for his satisfaction.

With her head forced down and her mind flooded by his overpowering, raw scent, Pam began to lick with her usual, devoted care. God, her Master was such a trip. Everything about him felt perfect—the power, the arrogance, the way he just took whatever he wanted.

Suddenly, a sharp, bitter pang of jealousy hit her. The thought of any other girl getting to see this side of him—especially after she was the one who had built this "God" version of him—made her want to scream. She wanted him all to herself, even if it meant being his foot-licking slave for the rest of her life.

“Mmmm... Damian?”

“What?”

“You know, this whole thing is getting low-key dangerous...” she told him, looking up through her lashes. Damian raised his eyebrows, looking genuinely surprised for a second.

“Dangerous? How?”

Pam gave him a thirsty, wrecked smile. “In the way that I don’t know how you do it, but every time we’re together, you make me want to serve you even more...” Her tongue traced the length of his salty shaft, her rhythm steady and desperate. “...to obey every single order... to satisfy every fucked-up whim you have... shit, I literally can’t say no to you!” She ended her plea by dragging her tongue across his sweaty pubes.

Damian stayed silent for a beat, just watching her with a satisfied, predatory grin from his throne on the floor. When she looked up to catch his expression, he didn’t even look like the same kid from a few months ago.

"That's exactly what I expect, Pam," he said, his voice cold and simple. "I mean, you're the one who crawled to me and called yourself my slave, right? What kind of useless bitch would you be if you didn't fulfill every single one of my desires?" He made it sound so simple, so obvious, that she felt stupid for even bringing it up. "And why would you even try to deny me? You know for a fact that the more I degrade you, the more you obsessed you get. Don't you?"

Pam let out a defeated, shaky sigh. "Oh, damn. You always know exactly how to get in my head."

"Hahaha! Well, there's a reason I'm the one in charge, right? I know exactly how your twisted little mind works, Pam..."

She looked up at him, his cockhead still hovering near her lips. “And how’s that?”

He smirked, leaning down into her space. “All you actually care about is making me happy. That’s the only reason you give me everything I want. You’ve got a total ‘pleaser’ complex.”

Struck and sunk. Pam stared at him, her tongue going still for a second. He was reading her like a cheap book, stripping away every bit of the ‘cool girl’ act she spent her life perfecting.

“How the hell do you even know th—?” She shrugged, unable to find a comeback.

“Common sense.” he shrugged “I asked myself why a girl like you—the ‘untouchable’ Pam—would ever want to be with someone like me. Sure, at first it was just curiosity about my size—fine. But then, you got hooked on something else, didn't you?” He watched her, basking in his own power. “You realized that getting used by me actually got you off. That’s when you started the worship, the new clothes, the constant ego-stroking... you started humiliating yourself just to see me smile. You knew that turning me into an arrogant, untouchable prick would be the ultimate high, and as a result, you’ve become a total, pathetic wreck for me. Correct me if I’m wrong.”

She lowered her gaze, feeling exposed and incredibly hot. She went back to licking his scepter with even more desperate energy.

"No... you're not wrong," she whispered, her voice muffled by him.

“That’s why you’re so desperate to serve me, Pam. You need to please me with your whole being, because you’re literally addicted to seeing me satisfied. You’ve realized that your only real value is being a tool for my entertainment. If I’m bored, you’re nothing—just a used-up girl with no purpose.”

“It’s also why you get so soaked every time I call you my toy, or a cumdump, or my slave,” he continued, his voice calm and matter-of-fact. “You know I find it amusing to talk to you like that, and seeing me get a kick out of degrading you is the only thing that actually gets you off anymore.”

She looked up, a bit annoyed at how easily he’d dismantled her. "Listen here, nerd, you're getting a little too deep with the psych-eval for my taste!" she retorted, trying to use her old nickname for him.

He just laughed. "Hahaha! Okay, I'll keep it simple for you! No matter how filthy or trashy the shit I tell you to do is, you're not only gonna wanna do it, you're gonna love it just because it amuses me..." he stated with total, brutal simplicity. "...and then, you'll thank me for treating you like garbage. Just like you did when I first pounded you, remember?"

She continued licking in silence, her pride completely nuked.

"Because, by your own admission, you can't live without it... I mean, look at yourself right now. A year ago, would you have ever imagined you'd be on your knees like a dog, swallowing my sweat and licking my feet?"

While she worked her tongue around him, she kept glancing up from under her lashes, listening to this total know-it-all break down her entire psyche. He was explaining the whole spectrum of her feelings—shit she wasn't even clear on

herself—and she just shook her head, feeling exposed. He flashed her a smug smile, like *'Need I say more?'*

Pam tried to play it off, mocking him through the haze. "Maybe, but honestly? You might be getting a bit too big-headed for your own good, nerd."

Damian didn't even get mad; he just chuckled, a dark, low sound. "You think so? Let's test that. On your back. Now."

She didn't know what his move was, but her body moved before her brain could protest. He rose onto his knees, straddling her head so his heavy sack brushed against her nose. He hitched forward until his knees were pinning her shoulders down, and then, without a single word, he spread his cheeks and sat his entire weight right on her face.

"Dammmmm—" was all she managed to choke out before his sweaty, puckered heat was pressed firmly against her mouth. She instinctively tried to shove his thighs away, but he didn't budge. He was total dead weight, crushing her.

"Lick it," he commanded, his voice muffled by her own face.

Seriously? Was he actually doing this? Just imposing this foul shit on her without even a hint of a question? How could he even... How could he... But the thought only lasted a second. Who was she kidding? She was the one who had spent months drilling it into his head to never ask for permission, to just treat her like his property. And now she was gonna act surprised when he actually did it?

"Come on, Pam. I'm all sweaty down there. I want you to clean it for me." he said, sounding way too cheerful for how gross it was.

The smell was aggressive—nauseatingly sharp and raw, yet somehow it made her get even wetter. His voice sent a violent shiver down her spine. The perceptive little prick had figured out everything; he knew exactly what kind of trash she really was.

"Why do you want to make me repeat myself?" he insisted, his tone dropping into a sharp reprimand. "I told you to lick, slave."

As usual, she folded like a house of cards. Her tongue flicked out, venturing into the heat.

"Hehe! Good girl. Just like that," he encouraged, his voice dripping with condescension as he felt her tongue darting into the heat. "Mmmm... that's it, Pam... lick all that shit off my ass. Honestly, don't you just feel grateful that I'm even letting you do this? Hehe!"

Her body reacted instinctively to the "praise," even though she knew he was just playing her like an instrument. As her tongue started working intensely, her muscles began to tingle with a frantic, desperate energy. The taste was sour and sharp, and unlike the rest of his skin, there was a coarse fuzz that made the whole thing feel even more degrading. But she was beyond caring; she was addicted to the filth, giving it her absolute all. She licked with a primal hunger, a total reverence that made licking his feet seem like child's play. She was worshiping the absolute lowest part of her Master, and it was the highest she'd ever felt.

Suddenly, he let out a loud, mocking laugh that vibrated against her lips.

"Hehehehe!! Look at you, you seriously getting off on licking my sweaty ass, Pam? It must taste like fucking candy the way you're going at it! Hahahaha!"

Pam was in total ecstasy. Between the stench, the trashy words, and the vibration of his laughter against her face, she was losing her damn mind. She didn't even try to answer; she just kept licking, moaning ravenously against him. She dug her fingernails into his thighs, pulling his weight down harder onto her face, desperate for every bit of him. She didn't care if he stayed there until she passed out from the lack of air. Let him suffocate her if it made him laugh—as long as he was using her, she was exactly where she wanted to be.

After a couple of minutes, however, she felt the pressure on her face ease. Damian slid backward, reclaiming his spot on the floor. The cool air hitting her face felt like a shock; she hadn't realized how much she'd been overheating under his weight. She stayed lying there for a second, looking at him upside down, watching him reach for something on the floor. It was his discarded boxers. He started wiping her face with the fabric, and the thought of being cleaned with his dirty laundry gave her a sick, immense jolt of pleasure.

"Well? You still got doubts, or are we done pretending?" he asked, his voice steady and smug but somewhat sweet.

She swallowed hard and shook her head. She sat up slowly, getting on her knees so they were eye-to-eye.

"Is it that hard to admit you're a total wreck for me?" he asked, noticing the tension in her expression. She just shook her head silently.

She stared at him, really *seeing* him. This wasn't the guy she used to know. This version of him—the one she had carefully built—actually scared her a little. He'd beaten her at her own game, a game she thought she was the undisputed queen of. Had she created a monster? She felt completely exposed, not just naked, but stripped of every defense she ever had. She

had no protection left. But looking at him, she realized she didn't want any.

"You're right, Damian... you're right about everything," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Which means... you have total control over me. I'm literally yours." She looked at him with an intensity that bared all the turmoil in her head.

Damian read her mind. He saw the fear and the devotion clashing in her eyes. He reached out, gently caressing her cheek, his touch soft for a second.

"Pam, look at me... you really think I'm out to hurt you?"

She got lost in those deep eyes. For a moment, the "master" persona slipped, and she saw her adorable nerd again, the one who would never actually break her. It gave her the peace she needed to finally let go. She was ready—body and soul. She melted into a smile, finally letting the last of her ego die.

"I certainly hope not, nerd!" she teased. Then she lunged at him, tickling him.

The two of them rolled around on the floor for a few minutes, laughing carefree, until Damian pinned her down with his light body. He was hovering over her, smiling, a single lock of dark hair falling over his forehead. He looked so unbelievably cute.

"Little Master?"

"What do you want now?"

"Thanks for letting me lick your ass. It was actually wonderful," Pam winked, leaning into the submissive role.

Damian let out a sharp chuckle. “Hehehe! Of course, little slave. Everything I let you lick is a privilege for a girl like you, right?” He threw her own words back in her face, mocking her.

“Right,” she said, hugging him and rolling them over until she was sitting on top of him. “Did you actually like it, though?” she asked.

“It was a blast! I told you, the thought of having your tongue between my cheeks is... Hehe!” He left the rest to her imagination, and she beamed.

Then she bit her lip, looking down at his dick, which was already surging back to life. She gave him a wicked wink. “Looks like the 'Monster' is ready for round two!”

Damian looked down at her, and they both burst into laughter—a loud, genuine laugh that echoed off the walls. For a second, the heavy power-tripping and the “Master and slave” labels faded into the background, replaced by the simple, chaotic energy of two teenagers who were just having the time of their lives.

Chapter 7

Amanda Derrik's jaw was literally locking up. She'd been face-deep in Damian's business for ten straight minutes, and stopping was a total non-option. She was obsessed with everything about him: the ridiculous size, the shape, the scent. She had a crushing, borderline delusional infatuation with the guy standing over her.

She lived for the way he looked down at her—one hand tangled in her hair, the other palming her bare breast, wearing that dazzling, ridiculously perfect smile. She had his face everywhere—her wallpaper, her private stories, probably her dreams. With every bob of her head, she swirled her tongue around the tip, savoring him like he was a legendary drop. In her head, this wasn't just a hookup; it was a high-stakes comp against that "frigid little nun" she had to share him with.

Sally Gook... who actually names their kid Sally? Amanda sneered mentally. She sounds like a trad-wife from the fifties. Literally an NPC from a black-and-white movie. Amanda was shirtless, her bra tossed somewhere on the floor. Damian liked the view, and she loved serving it to him. She clung to his waist, her palms pressed against his back pockets, pulling him in. She was convinced that Sally—that "puritanical little pick-me"—could never handle him like this. At most, Sally probably let him feel her up over her sweater. Victory was hers.

Then, his deep baritone broke through her toxic daydreaming:

“Mmm... more... swallow it all, Amanda. It's actually insane when you do that... mmm...”

Watch and learn, Gook! I'm literally diff! she thought smugly. She buried her face into his groin, forcing his shaft deeper and deeper. Even with her elite-tier lack of a gag reflex, Damian Flanagan's hard rock cock was an absolute marathon. Every time her lips hit his pubic hair, she couldn't breathe, but she didn't care. She wanted to swallow every single inch.

"Mmm... I love how you throat the tip... keep going... more... mmmm..."

His hand was gentle on her head, letting her lead the pace. She was the one chasing that last inch, impaling herself in a rhythm that was making her lose her mind.

After a few more minutes, trails of spit were dripping down her chest and onto the floor. The rhythm was relentless. When Damian finally hit his peak with a choked-out "Aaaaaahhhh!!!", he unloaded directly into her throat. Amanda stayed there, sucking every last drop from him until he finally let go of her hair.

"Damn, Amanda..." he panted, his breath finally leveling out as he looked down at her. He had that innocent, boyish face and those perfect teeth that made him look way too sweet for what he just did. "You're actually a natural at this... seriously, coming in your mouth is like, the best part of my day."

To Amanda, that sounded like the most romantic, top-tier thing she'd ever heard. *Take that, Gook! You're literally cooked!* She looked up at him, still massaging the shaft with her hand, a sweet, dazed smile on her face.

"Mmmm... Damian, that's so sweet. You can do that whenever you want, you know?" she chirped, her voice dripping with honey. "I love swallowing every drop for you."

It's like the best breakfast ever... seriously delicious..." She finished by giving him one last, lingering lick.

Damian reached down and patted her head like she was a good dog. "No way, that's crazy—Sally says the exact same thing!"

A shard of pure ice pierced Amanda's heart. Absolute silence.

Damian kept smiling, totally oblivious. "It's actually so clutch that you're both into it. Saves me so much trouble!" He casually tucked himself back into his boxers and zipped up his jeans.

The morning bell rang, echoing through the small room behind the gym. He headed for the door, leaving Amanda kneeling on the floor, shirtless, with a thin trickle of white semen dripping from her lip to her chin. She was stunned.

With a cheeky smirk, he glanced back. "Catch you later!"

The door clicked shut.

Amanda wiped her mouth and stood up, her hands shaking as she pulled her bra and shirt back on. She was furious. Beyond furious. *So that little wench actually has a throat on her, huh?* she hissed to the empty room. *Innocent my ass!*

She grabbed the door handle, her eyes blazing with a renewed, toxic fighting spirit.

You want war, Gook? I'll give you fucking war!

“Aaaaahhhhh!!”

Damian let out a low, satisfied exhale as he headed up the stairs. *Mission accomplished. Balls empty. The day can officially start.* He navigated through the hallways, cutting through the usual morning brainrot chatter of students rushing to their first period.

"Yo! Damian!"

Danny caught his eye as soon as he stepped into the classroom. He was posted up by the window with three guys they'd been low-key bonding with lately. Damian walked over, getting the usual round of daps and sincere "What's up, man?" nods.

There was Alec Dempsey—blond, athletic, and perpetually carrying himself with that peak "I'm him" energy, as if the hallway was his personal runway and everyone else was just an extra. Then there was Dick Kapoor, a towering figure with smooth, caramel skin and deep black eyes that always seemed to be scanning for his next conquest; he was basically a legend for having a rotation of like six girls at any given time and a laugh so infectious it could probably cure clinical depression. Finally, there was Toby Jackings, who looked like a literal teen version of Tom Holland; the resemblance was so uncanny that half the school had started calling him "Spidey." He used to be one of Bobby Harris's lackeys, but he'd clearly seen the vision and jumped ship.

Damian had totally re-evaluated these guys. He used to think they were just mindless, carbon-copy preps, but honestly? They were surprisingly chill and actually had working brains. For a guy who used to be a sullen, "lone wolf" nerd who spent his lunch breaks calculating the trajectory of his own social failure, having a high-status squad felt like a literal level-up.

Even Danny had seen a glow-up; Pam had basically forced him into this insane 7-step skincare routine that involved so many mysterious creams and serums that Damian honestly didn't know if it was "preppy aesthetics" or some kind of secret voodoo magic. Whatever the ritual was, it worked—Danny's acne was now a myth, replaced by skin so clear it looked filtered.

He even had a new haircut and a smirk that was starting to look a lot like Damian's. When he laughed, his teeth flashed a brilliant, blinding white that practically gave the game away; it was obvious he'd visited the exact same high-end dentist Damian had to get that perfect smile. Pam said it was "crucial for the brand" that the wingman didn't look like a total NPC.

"Yo, did you catch the new *Invincible* episode last night?" Toby asked, leaning in.

"Bro, it was actually peak fiction," Damian replied with a grin. "The animation went crazy."

"Deadass!" they all agreed. "But you gotta settle this debate," Toby started, pointing at Alec. "Alec is out here claiming that..." Toby laid out some high-level theory about the show's power scaling, knowing Damian was the only one with the logic to settle it.

Damian thought for a second, then shrugged. "In my opinion? Alec is right, Toby. His logic is just more airtight. It is what it is."

"Let's goo!" Alec shouted triumphantly. "Official verdict! I'm the smartest one in the group, confirmed!" They all burst out laughing. It was a vibe Damian never thought he'd have—genuine friends who actually respected his opinion.

Suddenly, Amanda walked in. She spotted him from across the room and gave him a wide, knowing smile, waving a little too enthusiastically. Damian just gave her a chill wave back while his friends watched like hawks.

"She just drained you, didn't she? Admit it," Danny said, his voice dropping low. Damian looked at him, arching an eyebrow.

"How do you even know that?"

Danny started cackling, and the others joined in. "I didn't! But you just confirmed it, bro!"

Damian laughed, shaking his head. "Ten minutes ago. Storage room. Light work."

"With the swallow? Tell me she finished it," Toby asked, leaning in with a "no way" expression. Damian just gave him a look that said *'Is that even a question?'* and nodded.

"Hehe! That's why she's walking in here like she won the lottery!" Alec teased.

"Damn, she's really down bad for you," Toby sighed, sounding a bit jealous. "I wish my girl would move like that. She literally acts like I'm asking for a kidney if I want more than a make-out session."

"Mine does it occasionally, but it's mid," Dick added to the locker-room talk, leaning against his desk. "She makes this whole face about the taste, so she basically does the bare minimum. It's a struggle."

"Wait, which one are we even talking about now, Dick?" Alec interjected with a smirk. "The cheerleader, the track star, or the girl from the debate team?"

Dick let out that famous, infectious laugh, his deep black eyes glinting. "Bro, honestly? I've lost the plot myself. They're all just blending into one giant, mid-tier disappointment. It's tough being the main character, you know?"

Danny finally chimed in, sounding completely exasperated. "Bro, what are you guys even complaining about? At least you guys have options! I'm out here playing on legendary difficulty with zero spawns!"

"Man, Altman, you'd have a girl too if you weren't so picky!" the group chorused back, trying to be supportive but failing to hold back the wheezing.

"I'm not being picky!" Danny defended himself, hands flying up in frustration. "You can't be talking about Marie Simpson, right? Because have you actually seen her? Have you smelled her? She literally reeks of wet dog and basement, on God. I'm not doing it."

He tried to sound dead serious, but the guys were already losing it.

"And she's always scratching her head like she's got a secret colony of space-lice up there... look, I'm desperate, I really am—but I have standards! I'm not trying to be Patient Zero for a new pandemic!"

He barely finished his sentence before Miss Black walked in. The vibe shifted instantly as everyone scrambled to their seats, the carefree laughter fading into the morning grind.

Susy Lockhart scanned the hallway, her eyes darting like she was a character in a spy movie. Over the last three weeks, this had become her low-key obsession. She'd learned the exact windows of time when the hallway was a ghost town, perfect for her secret missions.

Once she reached the main corridor, she headed straight for locker 722. It was Damian's, and it had become the center of her world. She pulled a small, neatly folded piece of paper out of her pocket. Just looking at it made her face go full crimson, a deep blush of pure embarrassment heating up her cheeks.

She took one last look at the words she'd written and cringed at the thought of anyone finding out she had written them. At the very bottom, she had scribbled those same two letters that appeared on all the others: SL.

With a shaky hand, she slid the note through the locker vent, ready to turn on her heel and hurry away, trying to keep her "innocent" mask from slipping but...

"Where is my actual head?" Damian wondered, his pace brisk as he navigated the empty halls.

The penultimate hour had just kicked off, and the entire class had migrated to the language lab for a high-stakes French quiz. Like a total idiot, he'd left the essay he'd spent all night perfecting sitting right in his locker. It was the first time his "robotic academic perfection" had ever glitched, and Mrs. Maubon—a Parisian who took zero shit—had actually given him an indulgent smile when she let him go grab it. Even so, he was low-key annoyed that his "perfect student" aura had taken a hit.

He turned the corner into his corridor and stopped dead.

The school was a ghost town, except for one dark-haired girl standing right in front of his locker. He watched as she slipped a small piece of paper through the grating. When she finished and turned to leave, she locked eyes with him.

The color didn't just fade; it literally drained from her face until she looked ashen. Her expression of pure, unadulterated distress reminded him of *The Scream*—that famous Munch painting. She started shaking her head in total disbelief, her eyes welling up with tears instantly. Before he could even say "Yo," she turned and bolted in the opposite direction like her life depended on it.

Damian just smirked. He didn't chase her. He walked calmly over, hands in his pockets. He spun his lock, pulled the door open, and grabbed the latest drop from his "not-so-secret" admirer.

He already knew that girl. They hadn't been formally introduced, but he'd seen her orbiting Pam's circle at the start of the year. He unfolded the paper and scanned the messy, desperate handwriting.

"I wish my mouth could become your personal toilet..." It was followed by a cluster of hearts and those two initials: S.L. Susan... Susan... something. He couldn't remember her last name for the life of him, but it didn't really matter. He let out an amused chuckle. *Damn. This little slut is already my slave and she hasn't even seen the goods yet. New record* he thought, mentally high-fiving himself.

As he grabbed his French essay on the *arrondissements* of Paris, his brain was already shifting into a different gear. The more he thought about Susan's terrified face and her filthy note, the more a daring, high-risk idea started dancing in his head.

Please, let him not be there!! Susy chanted internally, practically vibrating as she climbed onto the school bus. She'd spent her entire lunch break locked in a bathroom stall, praying she could just phase out of existence. But the school day was over, and the bus was a literal metal cage.

She froze mid-step, her body going stiff as a board. Most of the students were just chilling, scrolling on their phones or yapping about nothing. No one noticed her. Except for him.

Damian was sitting in the fourth row, looking absolutely unbothered. He watched her with this cool, indecipherable expression that made her feel like he was reading her soul. The driver barked at her to take a seat, and she finally forced her legs to move.

As she walked past, Damian gave her a casual, low-key wave. She didn't respond, her throat feeling like it was full of sand. She marched to the very back, wishing the seat would just swallow her whole. *Why did I write that? Why am I like this?* She cursed her "delusional" brain a thousand times over. She was massaging her temples, trying to breathe, when she saw a shadow move.

Her heart stopped. Damian had stood up, his backpack slung over one shoulder with that effortless cool energy, and was walking straight toward her. There was zero escape. He slid into the seat next to her like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Hi! You're Susan, right?" Damian asked, his voice friendly and impossibly calm.

She hesitated, her eyes stinging with unshed tears, and gave a tiny, frantic nod.

"I'm Damian, but you already knew that, right?" Another desperate nod. He leaned in a little closer, his voice dropping into a low, private register. "Come on, don't make that face. I'm not gonna rat you out or leak your notes, if that's what you're terrified of."

She looked at him, her silence heavy and thick.

"Why would I?" he added, looking genuinely amused. He was so relaxed, so top-tier cocky, that it actually started to soothe her panic. "The stuff you wrote to me is... well..." He glanced around to make sure the guys in the row ahead were focused on their own conversation. "Do you actually mean it? Or is this just some weird internet brainrot thing for you?"

Susy stared at the floor, her cheeks burning so hot she thought they might actually blister. She couldn't find her voice. She felt him smile beside her.

"Wow. Respect. Haha!" he commented. She squirmed, feeling mocked by his lighthearted tone.

"It's not that deep," he said, running a hand through his hair in a way that looked effortlessly stylish. "You just have some slightly perverse desires, Susy. That's all."

"Quite the chatterbox, aren't we?" he teased when she didn't answer. Then, without breaking eye contact, he slipped a hand inside his pants and began to slowly massage himself.

Susy's head snapped toward him, her eyes widening in total shock at the sight of his hand bulging against that already massive package. The temperature in the bus seemed to

skyrocket. For twenty seconds, she couldn't look away; she was obsessed, glued to the movement.

"Tell me... have you ever even been close to a guy's business before?" he asked suddenly. His blue eyes were so penetrating, so sure of themselves. She slowly shook her head. "...so you have no idea what it actually smells like, do you?"

She was reeling. He was talking to her with the same calmness people use to talk about the weather.

"...it takes a lot of balls to write all that filth when you don't even know what you're getting into."

Susy's mouth was a desert. Suddenly, he withdrew his hand and, without a single second of warning, he pressed it right against her nose and mouth. The scent hit her like a freight train—raw, musky, and completely male.

In an instant, all her regret vanished. Every dirty thought she'd ever written down felt validated. She looked into his brilliant blue eyes and saw a smirk that said *I've got you*.

Overwhelmed by a sudden, frantic devotion, she reached up and grabbed his hand, pressing his palm firmly against her face. She didn't just want to feel him; she wanted to inhale him. She breathed in deep, letting the raw, masculine scent of his skin soak into her senses until her head spun.

"The next stop is mine, do you mind giving my hand back?" he joked, his voice dripping with that effortless, arrogant charm.

She pulled away instantly, her face a mask of shame as if she'd been caught stealing.

“Well, it looks like you’re a fan of the scent!” he commented cheerily, standing up. “Let’s do this. My parents are out all Sunday. If you want to come over in the afternoon...” He leaned down, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. “...I’ll let you experience way more than just a quick sniff.”

He gave her a wink that made her stomach do a backflip. “Think about it. Catch you at school!”

He hopped off the bus, leaving Susy staring into space. Her heart was finally starting to beat normally, but her head was a mess of "butterflies" and pure terror. She twisted a strand of her hair around her finger—a nervous habit she’d had since she was a kid—trying to process the absolute chaos of the last five minutes.

She couldn't decide this on her own. The stakes were too high. She needed a pro. She needed someone who actually knew how to handle a guy like Damian.

She pulled out her phone, her thumb trembling as she scrolled through her contacts until she hit the name Pamela Van Buren. She hit call, realizing she probably should have made this move a long time ago.

Bobby Harris had never been so cooked. It had been weeks, and he was still the school’s favorite punchline. What sucked the most was that he couldn’t even blame a hater—he’d done this to himself with his own stupid, ego.

Everything that used to matter—the clout, being the star of his own little kingdom, pulling the baddest girls—felt like a

lifetime ago. Honestly, at this point, he'd settle for people just not laughing at him for five minutes. He never thought the script would flip like this. Flanagan was now the golden boy for Pam and Brent, and to the rest of the school, he was basically a local legend. Bobby had spent four weeks internalizing that L, and it had finally brought him to a bitter, desperate resolution.

"Bro, I actually want to deck Avery. He's such a power-tripping loser!" Teddy Becker snapped.

The locker room was packed. Their teacher was a no-show again, so the sophomores and juniors were all crammed into the same space. The locker room... the exact place where this whole downward spiral had started.

"Why? What'd you get on the test?" Toby asked. The guy used to be Bobby's right-hand man, but even he had moved on, and that reality hit Bobby harder than any failed grade.

Watching the guy who used to literally back him in every fight now dapping up the "Nerd" was a soul-crushing visual. Bobby knew, with a bitter knot in his stomach, that it was all his own fault, he'd managed to isolate himself from the only people who ever actually had his back.

"He gave me a fat F, can you believe that? That total—"

Bobby tuned out the foul-mouthed rant. He was standing there with just a towel around his waist, his eyes locked on Flanagan, who was stripping down a few feet away. Bobby took a deep breath, swallowed the last bit of pride he had left, and walked toward him.

Damian was just stepping out of his last bit of clothing, moving with a casual indifference that made Bobby's blood boil.

Damn, how can he be that big? Bobby thought, his eyes betraying him as they drifted toward Damian's cock. It looked even bigger than the last time he'd seen it in the locker room. It was actually unfair.

Bobby stepped into Damian's space and spoke loud enough for the whole room to hear.

"Damian..."

Damian spun around, looking genuinely caught off guard. "Bobby?" he replied, his voice icy. They hadn't traded a single word since the "incident."

"Look, I wanted to apologize to you..."

The locker room went dead silent. You could literally hear a pin drop. Bobby felt every single pair of eyes boring into his back. Damian's eyebrows shot up.

"Yeah, you heard me," Bobby continued, trying to force a casual, "just-a-joke" laugh that fell completely flat. "I was being a total clown for giving you a hard time. I'm sorry, for real."

Damian stared at him, actually speechless for a second. This was the last thing he expected. Then, his expression hardened, his eyes turning into cold flint.

"I'm not interested in your apology, Bobby."

He watched the last bit of Bobby's "alpha" bravado just evaporate.

"Come on, man. I'm being dead serious. I'm sorry for everything... buddy." Bobby extended his hand, but Damian just frowned, looking at it like it was covered in trash.

"Buddy?" Damian's sarcasm was heavy enough to choke on.

Bobby swallowed hard and pulled his hand back, looking like a kicked dog. "Okay, fine. You're right. We were never friends. I just wanted to say sorry, that's all."

Bobby's head was down, his gaze fixed on the floor, so he didn't see the two shadows looming behind him. Suddenly, Teddy Becker and Leo Martinez—the two biggest units in the grade—grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Oh, look at this! Harris has feelings now!" Teddy mocked.

"Yeah, must suck being the biggest loser in the building, huh?" Leo added, his grip tightening.

"Ahhh!! Guys, you're actually hurting me, let me go!" No matter how much Bobby struggled, he was completely cooked. He had zero escape; they were twisting his arms behind his back like he was a suspect in a high-speed chase, and they clearly weren't trying to let him off easy.

The laughter in the locker room was peaking. Damian realized in that moment that nobody—not a single person there—was going to lift a finger to help. There wasn't a soul left who would ever defend Bobby Harris, and you could see that "serves you right" look on every single face.

"Yo, what's the problem?! We just want to help you make your apology more convincing, right?!" With a brutal kick to the back of his knees, they folded him, making him crash to the floor right at Damian's feet. "There! Much better!!" A roar of laughter exploded from every corner. Toby, Alec, Dick, even Danny were losing it right next to him, and everyone was tryna catch Damian's eye to share the vibes of this absolute, well-deserved revenge. Twenty, maybe thirty phones were out, recording the whole downfall in 4K.

“Let me go, man! Teddy, seriously, don't be a jerk!!” The grip tightened until it was painful, and Bobby's face was pressed directly against the tile floor at Damian's feet.

“Come on, run that apology back, Harris, and this time make us believe it!” Leo barked. Damian watched the whole thing go down, feeling a sadistic sense of gratitude toward the two units. He knew they were basically under the direct command of Brent Miller—the guy nobody would ever dare cross before graduation.

“Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!” Bobby was fully whining now, sounding pathetic.

“Hurry up, Harris, we don't have all day!” Leo snapped, slapping him on the back of the head.

“Aahhh... Damian, I'm sorry... aaaahhhh... I'm sorry for being an asshole... aahhhh... I won't do it again, I swear, on God, aaahhh!” The room erupted in a new wave of mockery.

“Well, way more believable, don't you think, Leo?” Becker chuckled.

“Yo, for real! Honestly, Damian, from the way he's begging, it sounds like he wants to be your little foot-licking bitch, doesn't it?!” The guys kept the energy high, completely hyped to see the arrogant former bully finally getting put in his place.

“Is that what you want, Harris? You tryna be Flanagan's foot-licking bitch? Is that the new move? Is that your new dream? Answer me!” Teddy added, yanking his hair back with enough force to make his eyes water.

“Ahhh!! No! No! Stop! Let me go!!!” Bobby gasped, his voice cracking in a way that only fueled the room's adrenaline.

"Hahaha!! We'll let you go once you've realized your dream! Come on, show Damian how sorry you actually are. Lock in and lick his feet!! Hahaha!!!"

Damian, the accidental star of this ruthless show, laughed along with the crowd, the sound dark and effortless. Bobby's face was literally inches from his right foot, and he suddenly flashed back to what Pam had told him in her bedroom months ago: *"Imagine if you became so popular that you had Bobby Harris at your feet!"* It was wild—she'd actually called it.

"Move it! Lick! Or I'm actually gonna snap your arm! No cap, Bobby, don't test me!" Teddy gave him the menacing ultimatum, his grip tightening as the locker room fell into a hungry, expectant silence.

"Fucking lick 'em!"

"Don't be shy! Move it!"

"Lick!! LICK!! LICK!!" The chants merged into a rhythmic, deafening roar that filled the locker room: **"LICK!! LICK!! LICK!! LICK!!"**

Damian looked down and saw the last spark of hope drain from Bobby's eyes, dissolving into a mess of tears. And as he watched Bobby slightly part his lips and timidly stick out his tongue, Damian intentionally moved his foot closer, making sure the angle was perfect for every phone camera in the room. A massive roar of laughter and crude comments echoed through the room, which was thick with the scent of sweat and adrenaline.

"What the hell is going on in here!?" the coach's voice thundered through the chaos after a few moments. The sea of boys formed a human wall to block the stout coach's view,

and Teddy and Leo quickly released the broken Bobby. He collapsed back, sitting on the floor, frantically wiping tears and trying to spit out the rancid taste that had just filled his mouth. When the coach finally pushed through to the center of the room, he saw Bobby on the floor facing a naked Damian and, knowing their history, immediately assumed the worst:

"Flanagan! Is Harris bothering you again?!"

Quiet snickers broke out in every corner while Bobby tried to hide his red, puffy eyes. Damian looked the coach right in the eye, totally calm.

"No, sir. Actually, it's the opposite. Bobby was just finishing up a really sincere apology for being a jerk a while back..."

More snickers. The coach looked absolutely stunned, almost impressed.

"Well, I'll be damned. Harris, maybe there's hope for you yet!" he grunted, then clapped his hands. "Hit the showers, ladies! You stink!"

Bobby didn't show up to school the next day, or the day after. Honestly, nobody was shocked. Within an hour of the locker room incident, the videos were already viral on X, Telegram, and every private Discord server in a fifty-mile radius. By the next morning, Bobby Harris was the biggest "unfortunate celebrity" Raleigh High had ever seen.

The clips had been edited perfectly—you couldn't even tell he was being forced. All anyone saw was his face in 4K resolution, tongue out, looking like a total sub for an "unknown" guy while the whole room roared. It looked less like a bullying incident and more like Bobby had a secret, pathetic fetish he'd finally been caught acting out. The internet's dark corners had archived it forever; he was no longer a varsity athlete, just a digital punchline.

Damian did a quick "conscience check" but came up with a big fat zero. He couldn't feel bad for a guy who'd made life a living hell for every "weak" kid in the school for years. Plus, his entire circle was treating him like a god—Danny, his new squad, Brent, his goons and even the cheerleaders were all-in on the joke.

But the most iconic reaction came from Pam.

"I should literally be so mad at you right now," she told him the next morning. She was standing in the gym, iPad and Apple Pencil in hand, managing a "brigade" of terrified helpers who were setting up for the Spring Dance.

"Wait, what did I even do?" Damian asked, genuinely surprised.

"You let someone else lick your feet! Like, hello? Rude," she whispered, pretending to be offended. Damian just laughed.

"Willy! Honey!" she suddenly barked at a guy on a ladder, her voice shifting from sweet to pure venom. "How many times do I have to tell you that banner is crooked to the right? Are you actually blind or just naturally useless? Fix it. Now."

The boy mumbled a panicked "Sorry, Pam..." and started scrambling.

"Are you seriously jealous of my feet, Pam?" Damian teased once she turned back.

"Duh! And it's your fault for having them be so... nice and soft and inviting," she said, giving him a mock pout that deserved an Oscar. "Mmm, they're literally made for me to lick."

He shook his head, leaning in with a rare bit of softness. "You're right, my bad. But you were the first, Pam... and honestly? I way prefer it when it's you down there."

"Ugh, you're literally so adorable," she cooed in her fake, high-pitched "little girl" voice. "I guess I've already forgiven you!" She gave him a sweet, "innocent" kiss on the cheek, but as their eyes locked, the vibe shifted instantly.

God, Damian wanted to rip her clothes off right there. He imagined pinning her on all fours right in the middle of the gym, spanking her in front of the whole setup crew, making her moan like the absolute bitch in heat she was. His bitch. A devoted, filthy slave who lived to fulfill his most toxic needs. He could tell by the look in her eyes that she was thinking the exact same thing.

"Are you coming over today?" she asked, flicking through her to-do list with a rapid-fire swipe as if she hadn't just been daydreaming about being his foot-mop.

"Can't. I'm with Amanda today," he replied. "That comment I made about Sally really did the trick. She cornered me yesterday to tell me she 'cares about me so much' that she wants me to have her virginity as a gift."

"Oh, how precious," Pam chirped, looking genuinely delighted. "So Guinea Pig Number Two folded first? Who would've guessed?"

"I mean, it was pretty predictable, right?"

"Totally! And since she's definitely going to be screaming it from the rooftops tomorrow just to flex on her rival, how long until 'The Nun' finally folds and opens her legs for you?"

Damian smirked, leaning back against a stack of gym mats.

"Poor 'Little Master'..." she went on, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "I guess you'll just have to sacrifice yourself and take both their cards in the same week. Life is so hard for you."

"I literally adore how you just say the quiet part out loud, Pam. Hehe!"

Pam laughed, sounding like a proud coach.

"Stewart! Sweetie!" she suddenly screamed at another unfortunate boy. "If this stage isn't completely cleared in five minutes, I'm telling your mom you smoke like a chimney. Is that clear, or do I need to use smaller words?"

The boy jumped like he'd been electrocuted. "Yes, Pam! Clear!"

"Can we meet up tomorrow?" Damian proposed, leaning in. Pam bit her lip, looking genuinely stressed for a split second.

"I don't think I can make it happen, Damian. I'm gonna be stuck here micromanaging every tiny detail..." then she suddenly snapped her head around, her voice hitting a glass-shattering volume. "...for this damn dance that's literally going to be a flop if this bunch of incompetents doesn't start moving! Tom! Are those panels done yet?! I swear to God, I'm going to end you!" She scorched the poor guy with a look, leaving him stuttering as he tried to buy time. Then, like

she'd flipped a switch, she turned back to Damian with a sweet, bipolar smile.

"I'm sorry to leave you hanging with blue balls, but..." she said, her eyes gleaming with a sudden thought. "Do you think Sally's gonna catch feelings or make a scene if you use her on such short notice?"

Damian just laughed, looking totally unbothered. "Nah. Don't worry about it. It's light work."

"And what about Sunday? You free then?"

Damian shook his head, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Susy is coming over to my place. She just confirmed," he said, waving the new iPhone 16 Pro Max Pam had gifted him a couple of weeks ago 'just because.'

Pam gave him a wicked wink. "Hehe! Low-key saw that coming after our little chat. Make sure you tell me every single detail," she said, her voice dripping with curiosity. "Damn, what I'd give to be a fly on the wall for that. Someone is in for a massive surprise, hehe!!" They both shared a knowing laugh.

"Yeah! I really hope she appreciates the effort!" he said

"Trust me, she's gonna be grateful to you for life, hehe!!!" Pam barked another couple of orders at two girls scurrying by before turning back. "Alright, I get it, my dear Casanova. You're basically ghosting me for the weekend!"

Damian looked at her, half-surprised and half-dying of laughter. "Casanova? Are you serious right now? Do you even know who that is?" he asked, feigning total shock.

"Hey! I'm not a total NPC!" she defended herself through his giggles. "Okay, fine—I heard it in a movie the other day and had to Google it. Happy?"

"Hehehe! Okay, now the math is mathing! Hehehe!"

"Anyway!" She glared at him, trying to stop herself from breaking character and laughing. "Enjoy your time with those amateur cumdumps this weekend, but come Monday, you need to start tutoring me again, Damian. The SATs are in three weeks and I literally know zero percent of the material. And then Devon was saying that..."

Damian listened intently as her voice softened, losing its venomous edge. She started confiding all her actual insecurities and messy thoughts, leaning on him more than she'd ever admit to anyone else. When she finally finished her rant, she tilted her head. "Got it?!"

Damian stood to attention, flashing her a cheeky, goofy grin. "Yes, ma'am!"

She shook her head and rolled her eyes, her lips twitching as she tried to hide how much she loved it when he played along.

"Does it still hurt?" Damian asked, casually tying his shoe as if they'd just finished a round of video games rather than something life-changing.

"Oh no, don't worry..." Amanda replied instantly, her hands flying as she straightened the bedsheets before her parents could walk in. "It's just... a bit of a sting, honestly. No big

deal." She gave him a quick smile, downplaying the fact that his "immense masculinity" had been a lot for her body to handle. She'd felt the sharp pain of her virginity tearing, but she'd bit her lip and let him keep going. Now, the pain was fading, replaced by a surge of pride. He'd made her feel things she didn't even know were possible—the kissing, the caressing, and the way he'd used his tongue on her... it had been a total awakening.

Damian stood up from the armchair, ready to head out. Amanda dropped the pillows she was fluffing and hurried to follow him to the front door. She caught him at the threshold, wrapping her arms around him for a lingering kiss.

"Thank you, Damian..." she whispered, her voice thick with romance and tenderness. "That was... it was seriously beautiful."

He gave her a chill smile. "Yeah, it was a blast. And next time's gonna be even better, trust me," he said, giving her a light, playful pat on the butt. To him, it was just a "fun" afternoon; to her, it felt like she'd just climbed Mount Everest. She didn't want to look like a "loser" or a "simp" though, especially since he was acting so impossibly cool.

She played along, trying to match his energy. "I literally can't wait. When's the next round?"

Damian didn't answer right away. He just looked at her for a few seconds, that mysterious look in his eyes. "Soon..." he eventually said, turning to walk down the driveway. "See ya!"

She stood in the doorway, her hand half-raised in a wave. "Um... sure... definitely... see you at school! Thanks again, Damian, seriously!"

He didn't turn back or say another word. He just gave a casual, "no problem" flick of his wrist as he kept walking.

Amanda finally closed the door and leaned against it, her heart still racing. A slow, dazed smile spread across her lips. It had been more than wonderful—it had been peak.

Exactly at four o'clock, Susy Lockhart knocked on the maroon door. She felt tied up in knots, feeling a toxic mix of adrenaline and pure nausea. When Damian opened the door, he looked like a total dream—barefoot, black jeans, and a white tee, his black hair perfectly messy.

"H...hi, Damian..."

"Oh, so you actually talk? Groundbreaking," he shot back, skipping the pleasantries. He stepped aside, barely leaving enough room for her to squeeze past. Before she could even process the layout of the house, she felt a firm hand on her shoulder, pushing her forward. "Come on, let's go to my bedroom."

The kindness from the bus was dead. This was a different Damian, he wasn't asking, he was telling her.

"On your knees!" he commanded the second they crossed the threshold. Susy's legs felt like jelly as she hit the carpet. The room smelled like him—deodorant, laundry, and that distinct male scent she'd obsessed over. He looked down at her with a smirk that was equal parts charming and dangerous.

"Are you ready?"

She flashed back to Pam's voice in her head: *Trust him blindly. Surrender.* She nodded, her heart hammering against her ribs. Suddenly, the room went black.

"Damian, what are you doin—"

"No questions, Susan! I'm the lead, you're the extra. Just obey," he laughed, his tone more amused than mad as he cinched a blindfold tight behind her head.

"D... Damian... I... I'm not sure if I like this game," she stammered, the darkness making her senses dial up to eleven.

"You're joking, right?" his voice drifted around her, mocking and sharp. "Then why are you here? On the bus, you were literally melting just smelling my hand. Now that you're about to get exactly what you begged for, you're getting cold feet? Leave if you want. The door isn't locked."

"No! I... I want to stay." She just felt so vulnerable. She heard him moving—a drawer sliding open, the rustle of fabric. She was completely disoriented.

"So... let's see..." Damian's voice began to circle her like a predator. He started reciting her notes, sounding extremely entertained by her embarrassment. "'I dream of sucking you off'... 'I wish I could lick the sweat off your balls'... 'I want to feel it slammed down my throat'..."

Every word out of his mouth felt like a slap and a caress at the same time. She was dying of mortification, yet her body was reacting in ways she couldn't control.

"...'I'd pay to swallow every drop of your cum'... hehe! We can definitely make that happen," he chuckled darkly. "'I wanna be humiliated and used by you...' hey, whatever makes you

happy," he laughed again "and my personal favourite 'I want my mouth to become your personal toilet'... do these phrases sound familiar, Susan?"

He was gloating now, standing right over her. She bit her lip, her breath hitching.

"Why did you write them to me, Susan? Give me one good reason."

"I... I don't... I don't know... I don't know why I wrote them..." she whispered, her voice barely a thread in the quiet room. Damian's soft laugh sent a chill straight to her core.

"Wait, you misunderstand Susan. I know exactly why you wrote them," he said, his voice dropping into a darker, more aggressive tone. "It's because you're literally starving for cock... admit it. Actually, I want you to say it! Come on!"

The tingling between her legs was becoming unbearable. She hesitated, her face burning behind the blindfold. "...I'm... starving for cock..." she murmured.

"Louder, Susan. You need to sound convinced, or what are we even doing here?"

She swallowed hard, trying to keep her voice from cracking. "I'm starving for cock!" she obliged, the words feeling like a heavy weight lifting off her chest.

"Good girl! The first step is always admitting you're down bad," the former nerd laughed, clearly enjoying the power trip. "But what I really mean is... why me? Why did you pick *my* locker to dump all your filth into?"

Again, she drew a blank. She scrambled for something that wouldn't make her sound totally insane.

"Well, there's not really one specific reason..." she began. "I mean, you're obviously very hot and I like you a lot..." She didn't want to offend him; she was just trying to be sincere. "But... for a while now I've had these... urges. Back at my old school in New York, I'd already done some stuff with a couple of guys. I actually slipped the same kind of notes to two of the jocks in my year, but nobody ever caught me. I used to hear them in the halls bragging about their 'locker whore,' and honestly? Hearing them talk about me like that made me feel so good. It was more of a game than anything else..."

Damian was silent, letting her dig her own hole.

"...then a few weeks ago, that thing in the locker room happened. I saw you, and then..." she trailed off, her voice dissolving into the quiet of the boy's bedroom. The awkward silence stretched for a grueling eternity before Damian finally spoke, his voice low and cold.

"So, what you're telling me is that I'm just the latest target?" he asked, a sharp, mocking edge to his tone. "One dick is as good as another for you? As long as you get to kiss it, lick it, and be the little degenerate you wrote about, you don't care whose it is?" He continued to pace around her. "I mean, you did this with those two jocks in New York, and now you're trying it with me. Am I just a convenient placeholder for your little game?"

Her heart was pounding so hard she could feel it in her throat. She was soaking wet now, the humiliation fueling her arousal. "No, Damian... it's you... I... I want you..." she stammered, though even she could hear the lack of conviction in her voice.

"Are you sure? Because I think you're just a girl who's willing to do literally anything to get a dick in her mouth... *any*

dick," he emphasized mercilessly. He was probably right, and that realization only made her want him more.

He began to chuckle again, a sound that was pure, unfiltered confidence.

"Well, let's see if you can convince me I'm wrong!" he said. "To start, I'd say it's time for you to take a good sniff. What do you say?!"

Susy stood at attention, her breath hitching as she felt his hand land on her head. He guided her forward until her face brushed against the rough fabric of his fly. She inhaled deeply, but the denim was a barrier, blocking the raw scent she was craving.

"Would you like to take my pants off, Susan?"

She nodded frantically, biting her lip.

"Then do it. Stop waiting for an invitation!"

She reached out eagerly, her hands trembling as they found his hips. She fumbled with the button and pulled the zipper down with an impatient *zzzip*. His jeans fell to the floor, leaving her face buried in the soft, damp fabric of his boxers. It was soaked with that raw, filthy elixir—an intoxicating, heavy scent she'd been obsessing over since the bus. My God, it was literal heaven.

"So? Do you recognize it?" he teased cockily.

"Mmmm... yes... yes... it's just like I remembered... intense and pungent and penetrating..."

"Well, we were putting in work at the student sports event this morning," he replied, sounding way too casual about the

fact that she was basically worshipping his scent. "But how can you even tell it's *my* scent? What's so special about it, Susy?"

"It's... unmistakable..." she breathed, her face pressed against the increasingly swollen outline of his package. Even through the blindfold, she could visualize every inch of the shape she was obscenely rubbing her cheek against.

"Are you trying to convince me that if I lined up every guy in my class... maybe in the locker room after gym, with your eyes closed..." he was mentally torturing her now, leaning into the absolute brainrot of her obsession, "...that you'd pick me out of a lineup just by sniffing our dicks?"

She didn't hesitate for a second. "Yes... I'm sure. This smell... mmmm... it's literally all I think about."

He chuckled, a low, vibration that she felt more than heard. "Tell me the truth, Susy. The other day on the bus, would you have liked it if I just grabbed your head and shoved your face between my legs right there, instead of just letting you sniff my hand?"

"Yes... mmmm... I've replayed that a hundred thousand times in my head," she confessed, the filters finally breaking down.

"Hehe! Well, if you're that down bad, you deserve a taste." Without warning, the cotton of his boxers slipped away. The second her skin hit his warm, sweaty flesh, it was like a drug. The scent doubled in intensity, and Susy began to kiss him blindly, desperately.

The girl complied instantly, her mouth finding the heavy, salt-flecked sack. The skin was soft, warm, and slightly textured, giving way under the eager pressure of her lips. As

she swirled her tongue around the base, the sensation of that weight resting against her chin made her pulse skyrocket. She could feel the faint, rhythmic thrum of his heartbeat through the thin skin, a reminder of the raw power she was currently worshipping.

The tingling between her legs had turned into a full-on fire, a desperate ache that only intensified with every needy breath she took against him. Damian had realized exactly what kind of game his dark side wanted to play, and he was loving every second of her submission—watching the "anonymous poet" dissolve into a mindless, obedient mess at his feet.

"...Tell me how it makes you feel," he added, his hand resting firmly on the back of her head.

"...it's so good... I love the taste... they're... they're so big and... swollen..."

She could actually feel him smiling. After a few minutes of her worshipping him, he guided her face upward to kiss every inch of the shaft that stood tall like a rock.

"And what do you think of this?"

She bit her lip, her tongue darting out to taste the tip. It was wet with a slick, viscous liquid. She didn't just taste it; she reveled in it, savoring the salty, raw flavor.

"Hehehe! That's not the main course yet, Susan. That's just pre-cum. You like it?"

"Mmm... Yes, it's amazing!" she panted, licking the tip again.

"You want the real thing?" She nodded frantically. "Open wide, then."

She felt herself being fed, her heart racing. She'd practiced this with fruit, with her own imagination, but the reality of a pulsing, fleshy, *dirty* cock was on a whole other level. It was too intense, too filthy, too peak.

“Come on, Susan! Is this all the 'appetite for cock' you were bragging about in your notes!?” That comment hit her like a lash. “Are you going to suck it properly or what!?”

She mumbled something through a mouthful of him, doubling her efforts. She was swallowing as much as possible, licking, sucking, her movements disorderly and desperate. It was her first time, and she was drowning in the sensations. She heard him moan—a deep, guttural sound that was different from his speaking voice. After a few more thrusts, she pulled back to gasp for air.

“So? How does it taste?” he asked cheerily.

“Mmm... I love it... it's delicious, Damian...”

“Well, you're gonna have to learn to give top-tier blowjobs if you actually want your mouth to be my toilet, cocksucker!”

The insult sent a jolt of pure electricity through her. She slipped her hand under her skirt, needing to touch herself. “Mmm.. yes... I'll learn, I swear... you teach me... I haven't mmmmmngpfm—”

He filled her mouth again, cutting her off. "Talk less and suck better!" he barked.

The thrusts became violent, almost brutal. With every hit, his balls slapped against her chin, and Susy couldn't stop teasing herself, her hand moving faster and faster as she neared the edge.

"This isn't gonna cut it! Sluts suck way better, Susan! Try harder!"

Damian's voice was like a whip, fueling the humiliation. As the minutes blurred, Susy's moans turned into something unrecognizable—unintelligible, guttural, animalistic sounds she didn't even know she was capable of making.

"Good, choke on it, whore!! Make me feel good, come on!"

The contrast between his arrogant, degrading tone and the desperate, rhythmic sounds of her own pleasure was too much. The insults were like gasoline on a fire. Right there, pinned and blindfolded, she reached a crushing orgasm that left her brain fuzzy and her body trembling.

But he wasn't done. The head of that cock continued to pound the back of her throat—relentless, domineering, restless. She was running out of oxygen, her mind a blank slate of pure sensation. Then, one last forceful thrust shot the prize into her throat—warm, thick, and long-coveted.

It was different from the pre-cum; it was a thick, sticky, slightly acidic, and incredibly flavorful rush that she swallowed greedily. As the shaft finally slipped out, they were both gasping for air.

"So, run it back for me, Susan," he said, his voice circling her like he was sharking for a reaction. "How does it actually feel to be on your knees throating some guy you barely even know? Having your face used like a total dumping ground while you get treated like a literal prop? You feeling that?"

Despite the afterglow haze she should have been feeling, his words just reignited the spark. "It's... it's amazing... it's literally perfect," she giggled, sounding totally dazed and euphoric.

“And you’re glad you got caught? It was actually worth getting played and humiliated just to get a taste of dick?”

She nodded enthusiastically, a dazed, glassy-eyed smile plastered on her face.

“Good. You want this to happen again?”

She let out another giggle—an obvious, desperate *yes*.

“Good...”

A few seconds later, the blindfold was yanked off. Susy blinked, her pupils struggling to focus on the dick right in front of her. It was fair-skinned, dripping with a mix of saliva and semen. But as her eyes traveled up the shaft, she noticed the hair at the base was... ginger?

That’s weird, I could have sworn... She looked up, and the face staring back at her wasn't Damian's. It was a red-haired boy with green eyes and a few freckles on his nose—a guy she vaguely recognized from the halls. He was smiling at her with pure, smug satisfaction.

"Yo! I'm Danny, the guy who just got the best head of his life. Nice to meet you! Hehe!"

Susy scrambled back in total horror, her heart dropping into her stomach. She hit the edge of the bed, her breath coming in ragged, panicked gasps. "But what... you? Since when? Who even are you? How did..."

"Chill out, Susan!"

Damian's voice came from the right. She spun around to find him sitting backward on a chair, chin resting on his arms, watching the whole scene like it was a Netflix documentary.

"Damian, why?" she sobbed, feeling a different kind of humiliation—one that actually stung. He'd played her. He'd used her deepest, filthiest secrets to turn her into a joke.

"I told you before, Susan," he said, standing up and walking toward her with a cold, savage logic. "You don't actually care about my dick. You just want a dick. Any guy's would've worked for you because you're just that thirsty."

She shook her head, tears blurring her vision, but then she felt his bare foot slip under her skirt. She froze. His sole pressed right against her underwear, and against all her logic, her body ignited again. Instead of pushing him away, she instinctively gripped his ankle, pulling his foot harder against her. He applied more pressure, his heel grinding down, and she let out a shaky breath. It felt sickeningly good to have him literally stepping on her pussy; the weight of his foot against her most sensitive spot was the most dominant, humiliatingly perfect thing she'd ever felt. It made her feel owned in a way that the jocks in New York never could.

"Damn! You actually peaked from your first blowjob? You must've been literally starving for it," Damian teased, his voice dripping with amusement as he watched her melt under his foot. "I guess I was right—you're way past 'down bad.' You're officially cooked."

Danny sat on the edge of the bed next to her, his limp dick still bobbing hypnotically in her peripheral vision with every heavy, satisfied breath he took. He looked absolutely glazed, wearing a dazed, lopsided grin like he'd just won the lottery and discovered the secret to the universe all in the same breath.

She felt a visceral pang of withdrawal the moment Damian retracted his foot. As he sat back down with that effortless

cool energy, she found herself scrambling to catch her breath, her skin still humming from the friction of his heel.

"Look, I'm gonna be honest with you... I don't really have time to deal with you." Damian said, his angelic face looking terrifyingly blunt in the harsh light. "But I didn't want to leave you high and dry when you're clearly this desperate. Danny here is more than happy to let you throat him whenever he's feeling it. He'll let you drain him and swallow every drop of cum you want, right, bro?"

"Deadass! Anytime," Danny chirped.

"See? Isn't he such a real one for that?" Damian asked.

Susy didn't respond. She was trapped between the horror of what just happened and the realization that the "indecent proposal" was exactly what she'd written about in her notes.

"Of course, no one's forcing you, that's a given," Damian pointed out, sounding dead serious. "I mean, it's not like there's a shortage of guys out there who'd let you throat them until you gag, right?"

He paused a moment, his eyes locked onto hers like he was reading her entire search history. "And like I just proved, to you, any dick will do. But you gotta be careful, Susan. Guys talk. They post. If you link up with the wrong one, he's gonna brag to his boys about how you swallow, and then they're all gonna want a turn. You'd probably feel like you had to say yes to them, too, just to keep the 'game' going. Before you know it, you're just the school's communal property. You'll be spending every lunch break in a bathroom stall, taking turns giving head to half the football team just to satisfy that thirst. That's not really the vibe you're going for, is it?"

Her heart hammered against her ribs. That outcome sounded terrifying—and weirdly, electrically possible.

"On the flip side," Damian continued, "you could just ignore your body. Pretend today never happened. Go back to being the 'good girl' and live that boring life forever."

If his first warning was scary, this one was straight-up unbearable.

"No!" she blurted out. Both boys shared a smug smile.

"Well, then it looks like there's only one play left, right?"

A heavy silence settled over the room. Danny wasn't a "top-tier" model like Damian. His face was a bit more angular, and his nose had a slight hook to it. But he wasn't ugly, and that sly, hungry look he was giving her definitely promised a lot of "activity."

"How do I know he won't just... 'lend me out' to his friends?" Susy finally asked, her voice shaking but holding a bit of ground. The two boys traded a quick look before Damian spoke up.

"You mind if I'm real with her, bro?"

"Nah, go for it. It is what it is," Danny replied, totally chill.

"See, Danny doesn't have a lot of experience—just like you," Damian explained. "He's never really had a solid girlfriend, so he's got this massive drive to... experiment. He's trying to make up for lost time."

Susy turned to look at Danny again, weighing the pros and cons while the heat between her legs flared up again. Danny

kept smiling, but this time he actually stepped up to the plate.

"I'd never let anyone else touch you if you were my girl. You'd be mine, period," he said, in a way that was a little cringe but weirdly effective at making her feel "safe."

"And besides, Susan, let's be real—I'm basically always bricked up and ready to go," he added, his voice getting thicker as he leaned in. "You wouldn't even have time to think about anyone else's dick, I promise you that. You could spend all day tryna drain me and I'd still have more for you to swallow. Hehe!"

He gave her a confident wink, looking like he was already imagining her locked in his room, totally obsessed with keeping him empty.

Susy couldn't help but let out a little laugh, her anxiety finally starting to melt. She took a deep breath, looking between the two of them. "Okay..."

"Okay?" Danny's face lit up like he'd just hit a jackpot. "Let's gooo!!" he cheered, sounding a bit like a kid on Christmas.

Damian laughed, getting up from his chair. "Bet. My work here is done," he said, doing a cheesy 'mission accomplished' gesture like he was in an old movie. "I'm gonna head over to Alec's for an hour to grab some stuff. I'll leave you two to it."

He was back to being friendly now, the dominating persona tucked away for the moment. "Have fun, you two!"

The door clicked shut behind him, leaving Susy alone with the boy she'd just "met" in the most intense way possible.

Susy swallowed hard, the embarrassment hitting her in waves, yet she couldn't stop the frantic thrumming in her chest. The whole situation was completely unhinged: she had just agreed to suck off a guy whose last name she didn't even know, someone she'd never actually spoken to, pretty much on a daily basis.

And the worst part? She was doing it because his cum was the best thing she'd ever tasted. The thick, salty heat of it was still a lingering memory on her tongue, a literal cheat code that had bypassed her brain and gone straight to her core. But she knew zero about him. She'd seen him around school in Damian's orbit, and the rumor mill said he was a tech wiz, but that was it. For all she knew, he was a total psycho.

They locked eyes for a few awkward seconds before Danny broke the silence.

"Why don't you start by giving it a good lick to break the ice?" he suggested, gesturing down. "I'm still all sticky from round one." He flashed that little smirk again. He might have lacked "experience," but he was way more proactive than she expected and definitely knew how to talk the talk.

Her cheeks went full crimson as she murmured a "yes," turning to find herself back on her knees. She gripped his thighs and leaned in. The scent and taste hit her again, making her brain short-circuit. *Why haven't I been doing this my whole life? Seriously, why?!*

"Aaahhhhh, I actually can't believe this is my life right now..." Danny groaned. Susy took it as a compliment, working her tongue over his half-hard shaft, the hair, his balls, even the insides of his thighs.

"Hehe! My girl is literally cleaning me up after a blowjob. This is peak life! No cap, I'm the main character now," he

exclaimed, sounding cocky as hell, like he'd just leveled up past everyone in school.

Girl? The word felt so strange in such a surreal, dirty setting. She lifted her head, looking up at him from between his thighs.

"Do you actually want me to be your girlfriend? I thought you'd just see me as your..." she hesitated, her voice dropping to a whisper, "...your cocksucker... or your personal cum toilet."

A tiny, almost imperceptible blush crept onto Danny's face, but his smirk stayed put, turning sharper and more aggressive. "Would you actually prefer that? Just being my little drain-pipe?"

She took a second to think, the scent of him still making her brain feel like static. "I mean, I'm happy to be your girl. You're cute and you seem really chill, so I'm down..." she started, her eyes glazing over as she looked back down at him. "...but, like, when we're alone... if you're cool with it... I'd kind of like to be..."

It was hard to spit out, but Danny was already ahead of her, leaning back with total authority. His smile turned cunning, a little bit wicked. "Say less. I get the vibe. So, 'cum-toilet' it is when the door is locked. You're gonna be my private little throat-slave every single day. Hehe!"

Susy beamed at him, continuing her work with a renewed, frantic energy. "Thank you, you're literally so sweet! You won't regret it, I promise... I'll swallow every single drop, every time," she said, feeling a rush of euphoria. Danny just shook his head and laughed, clearly stunned by her "brand" of logic but 100% here for having a girl who was down bad enough to thank him for using her.

"But I don't know if you're actually the lucky one here," she added softly. "I... I don't know what I'm doing. You're gonna have to teach me everything."

Danny looked down. "I mean, you're doing a pretty mid-to-high-tier job already, look." He pointed to his shaft, which was back to being fully stiff and glistening under the bedroom light. Susy looked at it and felt a sudden, massive surge of pride. She did that.

"Ready to swallow dose number two?"

He didn't wait for an answer. He moved his hands to either side of her head, gripping her hair in a firm, possessive way that made her heart skip a beat. She looked up at his mischievous grin and smiled back, totally obsessed. When Danny thrust into her throat with force, burying her face into his messy, unwashed pubic area, she let herself sink back into that dark, masochistic pleasure.

As she choked and swallowed, she started to realize that between the two of them, she was definitely the one who had hit the jackpot.

Chapter 8

In every high schooler's life, there's a moment where you're basically standing at the edge of the "real world," forced to prove you aren't a total loser if you want even a sniff of a bright future. For the seniors at Raleigh High, that day had arrived: the SATs. It was the ultimate gatekeeper, the national test that decided if you were heading to a top-tier university or staying stuck in your hometown forever.

Damian Flanagan walked strolled the main hallway watching the seniors absolutely spiraling. It was a scene of pure brainrot anxiety—kids clutching prep books like holy relics, frantically drilling each other on obscure vocab and math shortcuts. On their faces, he saw the whole spectrum: focus, stress, and in a few cases, straight-up "it's over" despair.

The girl power-walking beside him was no different. Pam was moving with her prep book open, her eyes darting between the pages and the floor every four steps as she muttered formulas like a frantic prayer.

"Relax, you've got this," Damian said for the millionth time, his voice smooth and untroubled.

She shot him a look, one eyebrow arched high. "If I haven't managed to chill out yet—especially after what we just did in the lab—I doubt a pep talk is gonna work a miracle, Little Master," she whispered.

Damian just smirked, thinking back to the fiery session they'd finished just minutes ago. If that hadn't cured her nerves, nothing would.

"Yo, finally! Where have you been?!" Brent called out as he approached. He was flanked by Andy Thomas and Peter Willis, his usual squad of high-tier athletes.

"Just walked in," Pam lied easily, her eyes still glued to a page of practice questions.

"Brent, please tell her to stop grinding," Damian said after dapping up the guys. "It's literally useless at this point. The brain is full."

The king of the school gave a smug, pensive grin. "Let's see if I can handle it."

He gently took her chin and gave her a soft, tender kiss. It was a pretty mid, chaste peck, honestly. Pam looked at him with a bold, challenging spark in her eyes. She snapped the book shut, shoved it into Damian's hands, and wrapped her arms around Brent's neck.

"If you're gonna do it, do it right, stud," she challenged.

She pulled him in, sliding her tongue into his mouth and taking control. Brent, looking like he'd just won the lottery, leaned into it, flexing his "alpha" energy in front of his boys. They made out for a solid few seconds while the hallway bustled around them.

Damian just smiled. He couldn't help it—the irony was delicious.

When they finally broke for air, Pam exhaled. "Mmm... okay, I actually feel way better now, babe."

Brent kept his arm around her, looking like a beaming protagonist. He glanced over at his favorite protégé, giving

Damian a playful wink. "Take notes, newbie. That's how you handle a girl."

Damian let out a laugh along with the other guys, the tension finally breaking for a second.

"Are you guys testing upstairs?" Pam asked, adjusting her shirt.

"Yeah," Andy replied, looking depressed. "This is so cooked, man. Why did they have to split the group up?" Andy had a habit of complaining about literally everything, but Damian found his kind of pessimism almost entertaining.

"Probably because we can't fit two hundred seniors in one room, Andy," Pam replied with that same patient, slightly condescending tone the vice principal used to use on her.

"Oh..." Andy muttered, looking like he'd just had a spiritual breakthrough. "...Right. Makes sense."

"You guys should probably move, though," Damian interjected, saving Andy from further embarrassment. "The clock is ticking."

The lovebirds shared one last quick kiss before parting ways. Brent gave Damian a firm, affectionate pat on the shoulder and headed for the stairs with his crew.

"Did that kiss bother you, Little Master?" Pam asked a little later as they navigated the final stretch of the hallway toward their testing room.

Damian couldn't help but let out a genuine laugh. "Bother me? Hahaha! Honestly, no, slave. Considering half my body is still damp with your saliva from ten minutes ago... no, I'd say that kiss was just... amusing. Hehe!"

Pam smiled at him with a look that was surprisingly tender. "Well, Brent is just a humble mortal, isn't he? I thought it would be charitable to grant him the immense honor of tasting a god's flavor second-hand." She nudged him with her shoulder. "And besides, you can't be walking around with dirty feet, right? What would people say?" she added, her voice shifting into a parodic, over-the-top motherly tone.

"Hehehe! Exactly. What a useless slave you'd be then! The whole school would be gossiping about your poor work ethic," Damian played along.

"Right! This way I'm just being efficient... mmmm... and it's so tasty!" she moaned, playfully licking her lips. Then, like a happy kid showing off a new trick, she whispered, "By the way, I can literally fit all five of your toes in my mouth at once now, did you see? Tell me I'm a pro! Tell me!" She giggled, looking absolutely delighted as they walked arm-in-arm. She was so unhinged, always finding a way to make him laugh. Damian realized he actually loved being around her.

"If Brent knew the nasty stuff I have you doing day in and day out, I seriously doubt he'd ever bring his mouth near yours again. Like, ever," he said, amused.

Pam hesitated for a heartbeat, then took the chance to ask something that had clearly been living rent-free in her head. "Is that why you don't kiss me on the mouth anymore?"

Damian was blindsided by her insight. "You caught that, huh?" he asked, a slightly guilty smirk tugging at his lips.

"It wasn't exactly hard to notice..." she said, then added with a cheeky grin, "...even for a 'stupid slave' like me! Hehe!"

Damian rolled his eyes. She loved playing the "dumb bimbo" role when it suited her, even though she was probably the

sharpest person in the building. He'd stopped trying to argue with her about it and just gave her his signature exasperated face.

"So? Don't think you're getting off with just a look, Little Master. Are you going to give me an explanation or what?" she asked in that sweet, childish voice she knew he was powerless against.

He looked at her and decided to just give it to her straight. "Well, sorry, Pam, but I just can't bring myself to kiss someone who spends their afternoon with their tongue between my ass cheeks."

She gave him a look of mock resentment. "Hey! You're the one who asked for it!"

He smiled. "It was just an experiment to test a theory... scientific research, really," he threw in with feigned innocence.

"Right, but you knew I'd end up wanting to do it every single day!" she protested.

"Hehehe! I didn't have any mathematical certainty, but... the odds were in my favor," he finished, giggling.

"Ugh, you're actually the worst!" she said, leaning into the childish act. Damian just shrugged.

"Look, if you want, we can cancel the 'games' and just have regular, boring sex," he suggested, and she cut him a side-eye with a raised eyebrow. "You know, missionary style, maybe once a week—hahaha! Stop! Quit it!" He scrambled away as she started ruthlessly tickling his sides.

"Very funny, Little Master!" she laughed, only stopping when he managed to grab her hands. Their energy was a total contrast to the hallway, which felt like the green mile to everyone else. "Don't even joke about that! You know licking every inch of you is literally my favorite hobby," she whispered, her eyes flashing.

"Hehehe! Well, then don't complain about the lack of kissing, Pam. You can't have your cake and eat it too," he replied. "Let Brent handle the mouth stuff. He seems to be a big fan."

"Oh, I definitely will, don't worry! And I'll make sure my mouth is always... extra saturated with you before I see him," she chirped, giggling as they finally reached the classroom door.

However, as they reached the door, the pre-test jitters came back in a wave. "This is it..." Damian said. He felt her whole vibe shift into pure anxiety. He stepped in front of her, taking her by the shoulders and locking his cobalt eyes onto hers.

"Hey, look at me. This is a massive win, Pam. Just think about how awesome it's gonna be once you're at college next year," he encouraged her. "All you have to do is go in there and give it everything. You're literally ready. You cruised through the practice quizzes—this is light work."

He was being genuinely sweet, his face so sincere it was almost a dream. Pam looked at him, feeling that familiar tug in her chest. She would literally do anything for him. But the pressure was still there, so she decided to flip the script and go back to her usual cheeky self.

"Okay, okay, I hear you... but, you know, if I had a little incentive..." she said, a playful spark returning to her eyes. "...I could probably lock in way better and stop spiraling."

Damian looked at her, finding his "Little Pam" absolutely adorable.

"Mmmm... let's see..." he thought aloud. "...I've got a mountain of studying to do this afternoon, but I could slide to your place after and you could..." He made sure the students around them were occupied, then leaned in close, whispering a few filthy words right against her ear.

Her face lit up instantly. "Deadass?! For how long?!" she asked, looking delighted.

"Well, if you're down, you can lick it all afternoon. Just let me actually get my work done..."

She giggled like a kid, literally clapping her hands. "Don't even worry, you won't even know I'm there! Hehehe!" Then she paused, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. "Wait, today's Thursday. You have gym for the last two hours, right?"

Damian nodded, already seeing exactly where her brain was going.

"No shower. I mean it. Got it?!"

"Hehehe!! Understood, Ma'am!" he joked, giving her a mock military salute. She tapped him on the forehead, and he added, raising his hands in fake innocence, "I would never. That would be a literal crime against your favorite hobby, hehe!!"

"Okay! Everyone inside, let's move it!" Miss Black's voice thundered from the doorway.

Damian gave her one last intense look. "Good luck. Go show them why you're the best." He gave her an affectionate wink.

She forced a confident smile, took a deep breath, and got in line to head into the room.

She knew the answers. She actually knew almost all of them.

Ten minutes had passed since the proctor announced the start, and the room was filled with the frantic, rhythmic scratching of pens and pencils against those official, high-stakes sheets. Everyone was locked in, scribbling like their lives depended on it—except for her. Pam hadn't even filled in the bubble for the first question. She just kept looping Damian's words in her head, words that had churned up her emotions and forced her to open her personal Pandora's box.

"...everything will be fine... next year in college... give it your best..."

The future loomed over her like a shadow—a future full of change, new people, and a different life that absolutely terrified her. Why couldn't everything just stay exactly like this? Why did the "best" had to mean moving on?

In the middle of that emotional brainrot, she closed her eyes and took a jagged breath, trying to center herself. Slowly, a spark lit up in the back of her mind. A new idea began to take shape—a brilliant, slightly unhinged idea that she hoped would bring peace to her world and keep her reality from shattering.

She opened her eyes, feeling more certain than she had ever been in her life. She gripped her pen, but she didn't just start answering. She started executing a very specific, calculated plan.

Danny Altman had dipped out of practice ten minutes early, catching a vibe while the sun hammered down on the training field. The weather was officially "hot girl summer" territory, and he ran a hand through his damp, ginger hair as he skirted the school's perimeter. About a hundred yards out, the junior girls were finishing up volleyball. His eyes immediately locked onto the girl he'd been low-key obsessed with for weeks: high ponytail, modest top, and a back-end that was basically a work of art.

Susan. Or "Susy" to literally everyone except Damian, who stayed on that formal "full name" energy for some reason. Danny smirked. Damian was the ultimate wingman—the goat who had handed him the greatest W of his life: her.

"Lockhart! Your little simp is here!" one of the girls on the court chirped, spotting him.

Susy turned and beamed. As she subbed out, the same blonde teammate added with a side of salt, "Going for a quick make-out session before lunch?" Susy just ignored it. She was too shy for the drama, and honestly, she knew it was just pure jealousy. She jogged over to him, her face lighting up.

Make-out session... Danny thought and suppressed a laugh. *I mean, technically her mouth is involved.*

Susy reached him and went for a quick peck. "Hi! I literally missed you so much!" she said, all smiles. It had been three days, which felt like a year in high school time.

"I know, I know. My bad, I've just been slammed," Danny replied, dapping her up before leaning in with a wink. "I'm basically about to crash out down there," he whispered, a mischievous grin shattering the "romantic" vibe she was trying to set. "Come on, let's go."

He grabbed her hand, and she bit her thumbnail—a habit she only did when she was hyped.

They headed to their "spot" at the back of the school, a little alcove in the brickwork that was a total blind spot for cameras and teachers. Danny knew the coast was clear. Their faces were glowing with that "we're definitely getting suspended if we get caught" energy. He leaned back against the wall, and they swapped spit for a few seconds before he got impatient.

"Yo, we're on a clock here," he said, hands on her shoulders, firmly guiding her down to the ground.

She gave him a shy, "my bad" smile. "Sorry... you're right."

She reached for the elastic of his gym shorts, pulling them down along with his boxers to reveal the "red-maned" treasure she'd become addicted to.

The scent hit her instantly. It was familiar now, but still totally overwhelming. She'd realized pretty quickly that Danny wasn't exactly a "shower every day" kind of guy—two or three times a week was his max. She'd also realized that the "dirty" smell she'd experienced at Damian's place was actually Danny on a *clean* day. It was wild—it nearly made her gag, yet she couldn't stop herself from diving in. She didn't say a word about hygiene; she didn't want to kill the vibe, and honestly, she could tell her "Prince Charming" got a massive power trip out of being a little rank.

She pressed her face against the pale, damp, and honestly kind of gross skin of his member, rubbing her cheeks against him like a devoted pet. She didn't hold back at all.

"Good girl. Just like that. Get your whole face in it," Danny groaned, looking down at her. "I love seeing you look this messy for me. Hehe!"

Seeing her delicate, "perfect girl" face covered in his post-practice sweat was total ecstasy for him. The grimier it got, the more he loved it. It gave him a rush of pure, unadulterated power he'd never felt in his life.

After a few minutes, he guided her face down to his balls and took his shaft in his hand. It was semi-hard, and he started slowly working it, pulling back the foreskin and enjoying the show. Suddenly, Susy looked up, her movements coming to a dead stop. In her eyes, he caught a flash of actual nausea.

"What's the move? Why'd you stop?" he asked, annoyed. She was staring at his penis like it was a crime scene.

"What is... that stuff?" she asked, scrunching up her nose.

"What stuff?"

"That whitish stuff, around your..." she trailed off, like it was too gross to even name.

Her tone was starting to get on Danny's nerves, but then he looked down and saw the buildup of smegma around the head of his dick. He hadn't showered since Tuesday, and it showed.

"It literally reeks, Danny," she continued, looking legit worried for his health.

Danny just smirked. He wasn't even embarrassed.

"That?" He shrugged, totally unbothered. "I don't even know if there's a technical term for it, honestly," he said, sounding like he was giving a lecture. "It just gets like that when I skip the shower for a few days. It's probably just... I don't know, standard filth, I guess."

"But I've never seen it like that before," Susy stammered.

"Well, yeah, because usually you're throat-goating me like twice a day, so you don't give it a chance to build up! Hehe!"

She just kept staring at him, her face pale. "That is actually disgusting," she whispered.

Danny chuckled. Her grossed out expression was actually kind of a turn-on. He decided to lean into it.

"Hehe! Yeah, deadass, it's pretty gross. I'm a little disgusted by it too. So, why don't you lick it off for me?"

She looked at him, her eyes filling with actual distress. "No... please, I can't. It's too much. It smells so bad and it looks... thick and mushy and... revolting."

Danny was actually surprised. For the last three weeks—ever since that legendary afternoon at Damian's—she'd been down for literally anything. She'd asked to be his "cum toilet," and Danny had been more than happy to oblige. He'd learned fast that having a "sucker" on call was way better than actually trying to date someone. But this was the first time she'd ever pushed back.

He thought about letting it go for a second, but his libido was redlining. He'd spent every waking moment since puberty hit with just his hand for company, and now that he had a taste

of this life, there was no way he was taking an L today. He was getting his balls emptied, period.

"Yo, what's the problem, cocksucker? Aren't you supposed to be my toilet?" he asked, dropping into that brazenly vulgar tone that usually made her melt. "My dick is right in front of your face and I told you to lick it. Why aren't you?"

He loved talking to her like she was a total slut, and the crazy part was, he knew she lived for it. She bit her lip, clearly torn between the thrill of the insult and the literal filth in front of her.

"Danny, please... don't make me do it," she begged, sounding desperate now. "It's too much... please..."

The excuses were making him lose his patience. He looked her dead in the eye, his voice turning cold.

"Susy, look at me. If you don't start licking and swallowing that shit in the next two seconds, you're never seeing this cock again. We're done. Is that what you want?"

The chilling ultimatum made Susy tremble, her mind racing for an exit that didn't exist. "Danny, please... I'll do literally anything else..." she pleaded, her voice cracking.

"One..." he continued relentlessly. She was hyperventilating now, caught in a total panic. The thought of losing him? Of being cut off from the only thing that made her feel alive? Unthinkable.

"Tw—"

Before he could even finish the word, her lips parted and she dove in, welcoming the filthy grime that coated the flesh he used to control her like a puppet. Danny let out a dark,

triumphant chuckle at the look on her face—it was clear that "stuff" tasted every bit as vile as it smelled.

"Hehehe!! I knew you'd fold! Hehehe!" he mocked, his voice dripping with that arrogant, "I-own-you" energy. "Isn't this what you live for? Sucking my cock?"

Susy looked up at him, her eyes glassy, and despite the revolting taste, she gave a slow, rhythmic nod accompanied by a muffled moan.

"And it's your job to keep it clean, right? Isn't that what a cocksucker is for? You're my personal cleanup crew," he said, his words slowly melting her remaining resistance. As her tongue worked to clear away the buildup, she found herself nodding even more submissively.

"So you're actually happy to swallow that shit for me, right?" He definitely knew how to play her like a fiddle. Susy nodded again, her gaze returning to that familiar state of total ecstasy. Danny chuckled one last time before sliding himself out of her mouth, his member now slick, red, and completely "clean."

"Mmmm... you've been such a good little slut," he praised her, his voice softening just enough to reward her. He was fully bricked now, and he used the tip to tease her, brushing it against her cheeks, her nose, then her lips, watching her struggle in vain to take him back in.

"Tell me what you want..." he prompted.

Susy didn't disappoint; she leaned into the humiliation like it was a drug. "Mmm... I want to feel you all the way down my throat... I want you to fuck my face until I literally can't breathe..." she said, her tongue out and her mouth wide open, looking completely desperate.

He didn't hesitate. He buried himself deep in her throat, slamming her face against his pubic area, and began to fuck her with short, brutal movements. He was barely pulling out an inch before slamming back in.

"Now you're talking, cocksucker! That's the energy I want! Hehe!!!" he praised her, his voice tight with excitement, while her only response was a series of wet, animalistic choking noises. He bit his lip, a smug grin plastered on his face. He wondered if he'd manage to finish before the lunch bell—or before Damian.

Damian would have never thought that a specific facial expression could have a formal name. But he had recently discovered that the internet called the one he was currently looking at, **'ahegao'**—essentially looking completely "dumbed down" from the absolute peak of being fucked. The translation didn't even do it justice, but Sally, the quirkiest of his toys, was its perfect embodiment.

Ever since she'd lost her virginity, the former "nun" had become a total junkie for it. She was addicted, constantly begging and imploring him for her next fix. And every time he satisfied her, her brain would just short-circuit, leaving her in that amusing, dazed state—eyes rolled back, tongue out, reaching a total peace of the senses that was positively hilarious for him to watch.

Like today. After making her work with her mouth for a couple of minutes just to get himself hard, he had thrown her onto the pile of gym mats in their usual, squalid little room behind the gym. With her legs kicked wide open, he started to work. Within minutes, the transformation was already

hitting: her gaze was lost in space, her expression went totally vacant, and those fierce, nonsensical moans started bubbling out of her along with an insane little giggle. Damian loved seeing her in that objectively pitiful state.

Her tight pussy was a top-tier dumping ground. Sure, the little slut was no match for Pam's expertise yet, and she lacked Amanda's "try-hard" initiative, but she was an extremely eager student. She hung on every word he said, and he—the attentive teacher—had used sweet words and seductive moves to guide her down this sordid academic path. She'd gone from a modest virgin to a total nympho in record time.

His cock moved in and out vigorously—long, thick, and proud. Damian didn't have much time to waste; Danny and the rest of the squad were already waiting for him in the cafeteria, so he dialed up the intensity. He spared her nothing, pounding it in to the last imposing inch, totally untamed and in control, enjoying the slippery friction of her warm flesh.

"Dam... aaahhh... Dammiaaahhhnnn..." was the only word she could manage in her lascivious intoxication. He gripped her breasts, using them like soft, firm handles. He was close to the edge, but as usual, she hit her peak first, rolling her eyes back like she was possessed and letting out those hysterical moans she adored.

He kept the pressure on with a smug grin, finally releasing his warm cream inside her with a long, satisfied, "Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!" Just like Amanda, Sally was diligently on the pill. One of the first things Pam had taught him was that condoms were a total buzzkill for pleasure, so... why bother?

Panting but satisfied, he withdrew. As was the routine now, he brought his member right to her face, where her

hospitable mouth was already open and waiting. For his "insatiable sluts," this was part of the deal. If there was one thing Damian hated, it was getting his hands messy with cum and had zero interest in feeling sticky in his underwear all afternoon. He expected them to clean it thoroughly—from the tip to the base, balls included—with those submissive mouths that were more than happy to swallow every last drop of his "vigor."

He reached down and idly fondled her breast, his touch almost clinical despite the words. "Aaahhh, how I love your body..." he said. Sally leaned into the touch, the cock still in her mouth, before pulling back just enough to ask a question that had been eating at her.

"Damian, do we really have to go to the movies all together on Saturday?"

He let out a sigh, his face shifting into a look of pure "here we go again" exasperation. "Sally, it's not exactly a secret that I'm seeing Amanda too, right?" he started, revisiting a conversation they'd looped through multiple times. "And I need you two to start getting along. It's better for everyone."

She pouted, her eyes pleading as she went back to work. "It's just... I want you all to myself," she whispered, swirling her tongue around the tip, trying to play the "sweet girl" card.

Poor, naive girl. As if a little pout could actually touch his conscience. He shrugged, completely indifferent to her emotional bid. "Amanda says the exact same thing. But you're the ones who signed up for this. I told you from the jump how this was gonna go."

Sally sighed, the defeat evident in her eyes as she continued to lick. "I know, I know..."

Damian waited a beat, letting the silence hang before delivering the kill shot. "Look, if you don't want to come, I'll just go with Amanda. Simple as that."

"No, no! Of course I'm coming!" she chirped, the panic setting in instantly. "I'm not leaving you alone in the hands of that har—" She cut herself off the second she saw his eyes go cold. She knew he had zero tolerance for them cat-fighting over him. "...I'm definitely coming," she finished, proving her loyalty by taking his soft shaft deep into her throat and burying her face in his pubic area. She even strained her tongue to reach his balls, desperate to please him.

"Hahaha! Bet. It's gonna be a movie, literally," he said, checking his watch. Without giving her another thought, he shifted his hips away, cutting off her favorite "snack" mid-lick. "I gotta move. The guys are waiting."

He pulled up his gym shorts, leaving her lying there on the mats—legs spread, dazed, and completely abandoned.

As he reached the door, he paused for one last parting shot. "You should probably hurry up; the bell's about to ring." He flashed a smug, amused grin. "And Sally? Your lunch is dripping onto the floor."

The girl gasped and instinctively slammed a hand over her crotch to stop the flow of his cream, biting her lip. She sat up quickly, using her fingers like a spoon to scoop the seed out from deep inside her, licking them clean with a frantic sort of devotion. Damian just chuckled to himself. He didn't even stay to watch the part where she'd inevitably get on all fours trying to lick the drops off the mats—he'd seen that show before, and honestly, he had better things to do.

"See ya later..." he called out cheerfully, letting the door click shut behind him.

“Finally! The power couple has arrived!” Brent Miller called out, leaning back in his chair as Danny and Susy approached the table. Danny dapped up the guys, moving with a new level of confidence that came from being officially "in" with the elite squad. He took his seat right next to Damian, while Susy slid in across from Pam, the two girls immediately falling into a quiet, animated conversation.

Danny leaned in close to Damian, Toby, Dick, and Alec, his voice a low, conspiratorial whisper. “Sorry I’m late, boys. I would’ve been here sooner, but she wouldn’t let me leave until she’d licked every bit of evidence off my dick. I’m basically sterile at this point.”

The circle of boys erupted into muffled, chaotic laughter. Toby nearly spat out his drink, wheezing, “Man’s out here getting the full-service detail,” while Alec just gave a funny, slow, respectful nod.

Damian leaned in, throwing a heavy arm around Danny’s neck and pulling him into a tight huddle. “Living the dream, aren’t we, Altman?” he murmured, glancing over at Susy, who was trying to look busy nearby. “You look like you just hit the lottery.”

Danny’s grin was bordering on manic, his eyes bright with the thrill of it. “Bro, it’s not even a joke, and I’ve only just scratched the surface. Tutorial’s finished; we’re officially playing on 'Legendary' now. Haha!”

“What is actually so funny over there?” Pam asked, her eyes narrowing as she looked up from her phone. Susy followed

her gaze, her face hitting maximum flush as she realized the huddle was definitely centered around her.

On cue, the five boys immediately pivoted. They wiped the smirks off their faces, adopting the most exaggerated, "choir boy" innocent expressions humanly possible.

"Nothing at all, Pam! Just discussing... the local ecosystem. Very serious environmental stuff," Damian said with a mock-innocent smile that was so blatantly fake it was straight-up trolling.

"Right, because you guys are totally the 'save the turtles' type," Pam shot back, rolling her eyes. "Susy, don't believe a word they say. They're definitely plotting something mid."

"Yo, that's actual slander!" Dick chimed in, holding a hand over his heart like he'd been physically wounded. "We are literally the backbone of this school's moral integrity. We're basically saints."

"Saints who look like they just found a glitch in the simulation," Pam muttered, though she was grinning.

The table dissolved into more laughter and banter, the tension of the morning's tests finally melting away into the rowdy, chaotic energy of the cafeteria.

The burger was a charred hockey puck, the fries were cold and soggy, and the vibes were even worse. Bobby Harris's life had peaked and plummeted so fast it gave him whiplash, and now his lunches were a daily funeral for his social status.

He sat at a table of "the ghosts"—four or five outcasts who didn't even fit into the established cliques. It wasn't like being a nerd or a gamer; those kids had each other. Bobby was sitting with the people Raleigh High had actively rejected. At his table, the most high-octane conversation was someone asking for the water pitcher, a request that usually just hung in the air, ignored by everyone too deep in their own misery.

No one wanted to talk to them. Worse, no one even wanted to *look* at them. They were the caution-tape people of the school.

In the dead center of the cafeteria, under the brightest lights, sat the royals. Brent Miller and his inner circle were the main attraction, surrounded by the usual hangers-on and "vassals" that made up their social empire. Pam was right there, looking like a literal ray of sunshine next to the King. It felt like a fever dream to Bobby that only six months ago, he was the one touching her, kissing her, and fucking her. Now, he was lucky if she even remembered his name.

Naturally, Flanagan and his new squad were right in the thick of it, the most celebrated part of the whole court.

Bobby wanted to hate them. He wanted to sit there and fuel his old resentment, tell himself that Damian was just some manipulative puppet master barking orders at a bunch of mindless lackeys. But even a total loser like Bobby Harris could see the truth. Damian wasn't a captain, and those weren't soldiers.

When he looked across the thirty feet of linoleum separating his exile from their paradise, he didn't see a hierarchy. He saw a group of friends. They were laughing, dapping each other up, and actually *living*. It was a club he would have

traded his soul to join, yet from where he sat, he wasn't even a blip on their radar. He was invisible.

It had been a brutal day for Pam. Four hours of grueling SAT sections had drained her, and the only thing that had kept her from crashing out mid-exam were those filthy, tempting promises Damian had whispered into her ear before the doors opened. Now, she was deep in her well-deserved reward—the small piece of paradise her handsome "Little Master" had generously granted her.

Her tongue combed through the sparse dark hair with a hunger that bordered on religious devotion. She was caressing him with a mix of passionate love and ostentatious veneration. Damian sat on her face in total silence, his focus entirely on the textbooks spread out around him.

"How ironic," she thought, a muffled giggle vibrating against him, *"he's grinding, and I'm having the best time of my life!"*

The scent was suffocating in the most perfect way—wild, brutal, and completely revolting as it hammered against her brain. The taste was driving her insane, just like always. It was a literal fever dream.

Of course, a tiny flicker of guilt poked at her conscience regarding what she'd actually done during the test earlier. She wondered how he'd react if she confessed her "brilliant idea"... but now wasn't the time for heavy talk. She had a few hours left of his undivided presence, and she was going to drain every second of it.

Every few minutes, Damian would shift his pelvis forward and back, sliding his sweaty, post-gym cheeks against her nose and tongue without a word. For Pam, licking that perfect mess was an inexhaustible source of pleasure. It was the life lesson that had changed him, but it had unlocked something dormant in her, too—desires she'd never even known how to name before him. All that masculine flavor, that salty sweat, that aphrodisiac scent... it was all hers.

Suddenly, the pressure eased. Damian slid back, sitting on her chest instead. He looked down at her with that signature cocky smile. God, he was so handsome. Even after all this time, looking at him still felt like a punch to the gut in the best way.

"Haven't you had enough yet?" he asked.

Pam licked her lips, looking totally satisfied. "Not a chance. I need to get back in there! Hehe!"

Damian just watched her for a moment, his expression unreadable.

"Don't tell me you're already done studying?!" Pam asked, sounding legit worried that her fun was about to be cut short.

"No, no, relax. I still have a massive stack to get through," he reassured her.

"So what's the look for?" she asked, frowning her brow as he continued to stare.

"You know? You actually surprised me today," he said.

"How so?"

"The whole 'no kissing' thing. You took that way better than I thought you would. I expected you to be salty for at least a week," he said, brushing a stray lock of dark hair away from his eyes.

Pam flashed him a cheeky grin. "Well, I wanted to be, at first... but then I remembered my place, Little Master! Hehe!" She winked at him. "I mean, it's only logic, right? Why would you want to kiss a humble slave whose mouth is... well, occupied with your other parts? My lips aren't worthy of kissing a god's mouth, obviously."

She used that heroically comic tone she always leaned on to soften the blow of the undeniable truth. Damian laughed, clearly amused, while Pam struggled to keep a straight face herself.

"As long as my handsome Little Master lets me lick him from the neck down, I'm literally the happiest girl on Earth!" she finished sweetly.

Damian chuckled, still looking down at her. "Hahahaha! Granted, my beautiful slave! Your logic is flawless!" He was walking that fine line between a joke and the absolute reality of their dynamic.

Pam laughed, leaning forward and burying her face in his groin to pepper it with kisses. "Mmm... you're so generous, my Lord! Hehehe!" She looked up at him fondly, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and total devotion.

"Pam, you're literally a piece of work, you know that?"

She didn't even bother to answer, too busy rubbing her face against the fragrant, warm flesh of his inner thigh.

“There's actually only one thing I'm low-key sad about...” she added, playfully nipping at his skin between long, devoted licks to his testicles.

“What's that?”

She looked up and played coy, giving him a look that was pure "uwu" energy. “Mmm... nah, it's stupid. I'm not telling you... you'll just roast me!”

Damian was clearly living for the fake hesitation. “Oh, come on,” he said, reaching down to grab his limp scepter and rubbing the head against the tip of her nose. “Your Master wants to know. Consider it an official order. No cap. Hehehe!!”

Pam laughed along with him, inhaling his scent and looking completely pleased with the world. “Well, if you must know... it's not really the kisses themselves that I miss, but...” she hesitated, looking like a sweet little kitten, “...it's the taste of your saliva.”

Damian lost it, bursting into a fit of laughter that made his whole body shake. “Hahah! Okay, that's a new one even for you! Hahaha!!”

“Oh, don't laugh! It's the truth, you jerk!” she said, pouting with mock resentment. “I miss having it in my mouth... wetting my tongue with it... swallowing it...”

“My saliva,” Damian repeated, his voice a mix of laughter and amused disbelief. She just nodded and smiled at him, her mouth half-open with the head of his cock resting right against her lips.

He watched her for a beat, his brain processing the level of "down bad" he was dealing with. "Well, if you're that thirsty for it... it's an easy fix."

He leaned his head forward, puckering his lips and sucking in his cheeks until a thick thread of saliva began to descend. It landed on the base of his dick and slid rapidly down the shaft like a stream, pooling on the head. He kept going until the entire length was glistening and wet. Then, he just gave a small nod with his chin.

It was the green light Pam had been waiting for. Looking like she'd just been handed a five-star meal, she took the entire shaft into her mouth, greedily sucking away every single drop. Damian watched her, a slight look of disgust on his face that was quickly replaced by his usual intrigued curiosity. Her behavior was honestly fascinating.

"Mmmm..." Pam leaned her head back onto the floor, savoring the flavor with a dazed expression. "...Mmmm... can I have more?" she asked, this time holding her mouth wide open and her tongue out in anticipation.

Damian smirked. "You're actually insane, you know that, right?"

She just chuckled—a melodious, song-like laugh—but kept her mouth open to show she was dead serious. He repeated the process, but this time he spat directly into her mouth.

She swallowed instantly, moaning with pure joy, before licking her lips. "I literally love all of your..." she paused, searching for the "smart" word she'd heard in health class, "...your bodily fluids." She looked proud of herself for that one.

Damian chuckled. “Bodily fluids, huh? Careful, little slave. If you start giving me ideas like that, I might start thinking about...” he grinned, letting the suspense hang in the air, “...emptying my bladder during a blowjob.”

Pam’s eyes went wide, and for the first time, a genuine flash of "wait, what?" disgust crossed her face. “You’re joking, right? You would *never* ask me to do that!”

Damian laughed again, his brows furrowing as he looked at her with a cheerful, "try me" expression. “Ask you?”

“Damian!” she squealed, half-terrified and half-joking.

“Hahahaha! Break’s over, Pam! Lock in!”

His charming grin disappeared as he shifted his weight, his buttocks once again descending to cover her face. Pam immediately placed her hands on his lean hips, anchoring him there to make sure he wouldn’t move again, and happily resumed her work, purring like a cat. She felt like she was floating. She never, ever wanted this to stop.

Amanda hadn't voiced a major protest, but she'd known this "threesome date" Damian insisted on was a disaster waiting to happen. The movie he picked was some unwatchable, mid-tier slog about World War I. There were maybe ten people in the entire theater, the AC was clearly busted, and she was stuck sitting on one side of him while that convent-school virgin, Sally, sat on the other.

The vibe was absolute zero. Neither girl had said a single word to the other. *Jesus, what did he actually expect?* Amanda thought, staring ahead. *Does he think this is some harem anime?* This was such a drag; she was counting the seconds until the credits rolled.

"Actually a decent flick, right?" Damian said casually, acting like he hadn't noticed the radioactive silence between them.

Both girls forced a smile that didn't reach their eyes and nodded like robots. Then, they immediately cut each other a look of pure salt before turning back to the screen, beyond irritated.

How much longer is this movie? Amanda wondered, her brain starting to rot from boredom. She tried to zone out, but a very specific, familiar sound made her head snap to the side. Sally did the same thing at the exact same time—like they'd been triggered by a homing signal.

Damian had unzipped his jeans.

In the dim light of the theater, Amanda couldn't see every detail, but it was dead obvious that his business was out in the open. She felt her pulse jump. She could almost swear she could catch that scent she loved, like a hound picking up a trail. She shuddered. They were in a public theater, for God's sake! There's "uninhibited," and then there's "getting us all banned for life."

"Damian, what are you doing? Are you literally insane?" the two girls hissed almost in unison.

He just looked at them with that effortless, smug smile and shrugged. "What's the big deal? It's boiling in here. I'm just giving it some air."

He said it like he was just rolling up his sleeves. Both girls were visibly flustered, their faces heating up in the dark.

“Yes, but...” Sally stammered.

“It's too hot down there,” he insisted. He reached out, grabbed both of their hands, and guided them down. “Feel for yourselves.”

He placed their palms directly onto the flesh they both worshipped. It was true—everything was burning. The shaft, the scrotum, the pubis—it felt like he was running a fever. But the sensation of that touch was electric.

Amanda watched from the corner of her eye, her fingers moving instinctively, occasionally clashing with Sally's hand as they both fought for space. The stimulation worked fast; she felt him swelling beneath her touch. She didn't even notice that Damian had let go of their hands almost immediately. He hadn't commanded them to do anything, but the contact was like a drug—neither of them could pull away. In fact, they were both doubling down.

Now, he was just leaning back shamelessly, legs spread wide and his arms draped over the backs of their seats, watching them work.

Sally shot a sideways glare at the hated little floozy who was currently trying to monopolize her favorite person. Not about to be outdone, Sally started working the handsome young man she was being forced to share. His skin was so warm and soft, even in the chilled air of the theater.

After a few seconds, Amanda's hand tried to take over, shifting her grip to steal the spotlight. *Did this little strumpet really think she could win?* Gently but firmly, Sally wove her fingers between Amanda's, reclaiming the scepter she

worshipped. The counter-move came instantly. The two of them were basically locked in a hand-to-hand skirmish, with a very precious, delicate object right in the center that neither was willing to let go of.

A sudden, aggressive move by Amanda made Sally finally snap.

“Amanda, can you actually chill?!” she hissed venomously.

“You chill, little nun!” came the sharp, biting reply.

"I might be a 'little nun,' but I definitely know how to handle him better than you ever could!" Sally snarled, her fingers tightening their rhythm. "Your technique is literal mid."

"Oh, really? You think that's how you make him enjoy it?" Amanda shot back, her voice dripping with salt. "Shall we talk about head? You seriously don't want to compare yourself to me, do you? It's a total skill issue on your end. You're literal amateur hour."

The icy swords in Sally's eyes clashed with the lightning in Amanda's. The tension between them was radioactive.

"Sure, keep glazing yourself, Amanda. You'd love to believe that, wouldn't you?"

Suddenly, as if on cue, both girls turned their heads toward Damian. He was just sitting there with a smug smirk, watching the drama unfold without saying a single word. He looked like he was enjoying their rivalry more than the actual movie.

"Damian?" Amanda asked, her voice low while soldiers bombarded a fortress on the screen behind them. "Be for real. Who actually gives you better head? Tell us."

Damian just shrugged, leaning his head back against the plush theater seat.

"Good question..." he replied, his voice a smooth, low velvet that cut through the sound of cinematic explosions. "...Mmm... I don't know, girls..." He lifted his hips just enough to slide his jeans down to his knees, exposing himself fully. "...Why don't you give me a live demonstration right here? Show me who actually wants it more."

He watched them closely. It was peak entertainment seeing their brains glitch in real-time. Shock and "good girl" embarrassment were currently fighting a losing battle against the sheer desperation they had to please him. The war in their heads was way more intense than the WWI trench warfare on the screen.

Amanda was the first to recover. Predictable. She was always the high-achiever when it came to being a degenerate.

"Fine by me. Let's settle this once and for all," she said, sounding like a hero in an action flick. She shot Sally a look of pure triumph and dove down, greedily taking him in. Sally looked like she'd been slapped by the quick reflex, her mouth falling open in a protest that never came. Damian, already feeling the expert heat of Amanda's mouth, looked down at Sally.

"Let her have her moment for a second... why don't you focus on my balls in the meantime?" he asked suavely.

Sally melted instantly. She leaned down to comply, her tongue finding the underside of his scrotum with a soft, desperate devotion. Damian let out a long, shaky sigh, a grin spreading across his face. This was the life. Two mouths working diligently, competing for his approval while

providing him with a psychological high that was even better than the physical friction.

That piece of flesh was his scepter. It gave him absolute power, but he knew the credit went to his "brand"—that mix of sweet talk and demanding energy. Ultimately, he owed it to Pam's "training," but he was the one reaping the harvest, just as it should be.

Amanda was putting her whole soul into it, using that deep throat of hers to swallow him down to the base with a primal hunger. Sally was being sweet and attentive, licking every inch of his scrotum like it was a rare delicacy. Together, they almost—*almost*—matched the skill level of the Venus who had taught him. Which was saying a lot.

"Girls... this is literally amazing... you're both fantastic," he murmured, rewarded by a couple of muffled, delighted giggles.

Damian glanced up at the screen. The twenty-something, handsome lead actor was currently throwing a grenade into a bunker. He found himself wondering if that Hollywood idol had ever had two girls worshipping him simultaneously in a public theater. He decided it was highly likely, and for a moment, he felt a weird sense of brotherhood with the guy. What a scene.

"Hey, Amanda, give Sally a turn on the main stage," he said, watching as the reluctant brunette pulled away. Sally beamed at him, grateful for the swap, and immediately took him in. Amanda didn't miss a beat, dragging her tongue down to replace Sally at the base.

The rhythm shifted—Sally's gentler, more rhythmic touch on his shaft balanced by Amanda's passionate, "dirty" tongue on

his balls. Another perfect combo. He'd really hit the jackpot with these two.

"Mmmm... you both make me feel so good..." he whispered to his "maids."

They kept at it for a few more minutes until Sally paused, lifting her head slightly, her lips glistening. "Doesn't my mouth feel better, Damian? Tell her."

Amanda emerged from below with a look that could kill. "In your dreams, nun! You're literally mid!"

Before they could devolve into another round of insults, Damian put a hand on each of their heads. "Girls, chill... how many times do I have to tell you I hate it when you fight?"

"Damian, what do you expect?!" Amanda declared, looking totally full of herself. "How am I supposed to be friends with this frigid nun who thinks holding hands is a scandal? I actually have a life!"

"Oh, she has a 'life,' alright, Damian," Sally hissed, her voice dripping with venom. "I'm sure she has a ton of 'clients' waiting for her after the movie. Didn't you know she's the town's favorite charity case?"

Damian ignored the petty jab and kept looking at the coldly, his face dropping into a tone of pure, calculated disappointment.

"The point is we have literally nothing in common! How do you think we could ever—" Amanda started, but Damian cut her off mid-sentence.

"Nothing in common?" he interrupted, his eyes shifting between them. "You really think you're that different? Come

on, use your heads. Can't you think of even *one* thing you both obsess over?"

They looked at him, confused, their rivalry momentarily paused by his riddle. He let a smug, sharp smile play on his lips.

"It's funny, considering the answer is literally three inches from your faces right now," he said with a chilling level of smugness. The realization hit them instantly, painting their faces in shades of deep crimson.

"You both spend every day telling me how much you love it, how much you need to feel it inside you... were those just lines? Was it all cap?" he asked rhetorically.

"No, no... that's not it..." they stammered, completely folded by the simple, undeniable truth of their shared addiction.

"Not to mention how much you both crave my scent, my taste... don't you always tell me my cum drives you insane?" The girls just nodded, staring at his lap—the altar they were hopelessly addicted to—unable to meet his gaze. Damian let out a heavy, performative sigh, leaning back like a man burdened by the world's weight.

This is too easy, he thought, suppressed a grin. *Guilt is a much better leash than a collar.*

"Listen, girls, let's stop playing games," he began. "You know I'm not choosing. I've said it for months, yet you still try to make me 'pick a side' or out-manuever each other. Honestly? It's exhausting. You're acting like kindergarteners and it's actually making me feel... bad." He let his voice trail off, executing a look of genuine hurt that would have won an Oscar.

The shift was immediate. He could see the guilt eating at them. To them, he was their sensitive, perfect boy; seeing him "hurt" was the ultimate sin.

"This whole... aversion you have," he continued, twisting the knife, "it's just petty competition. But it's mid, honestly. I'm not a trophy to be won. I'm a person."

He paused, letting the silence and the soldiers on the screen emphasize the "gravity" of his words.

"Instead of focusing on how you're different, maybe try noticing how you're exactly the same."

"And should we only ever talk about you then?" Sally whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

"Well, it's a lot better than the constant toxic energy, isn't it?" he replied coldly.

The girls locked eyes for a long, heavy moment, weighing his words. The venom was temporarily gone, replaced by a silent, crushing realization of how easily he had them both figured out, leaving them drowning in a shared, suffocating wave of guilt. Damian watched, knowing exactly how this movie ended. He nearly laughed when their sweet, apologetic murmurs started. First, they showered him with "I'm so sorrys" for stressing him out, followed by a fleeting, much less sincere apology to each other. He reached out and stroked their heads like they were two foolish, loyal pups.

"Ooohh, finally," he said, his voice returning to its charming warmth. "It's ridiculous to fight when we could all be having the best time together, right?" They both nodded, forcing smiles.

"Great! Now, show me you can actually work as a team. Make me come. I'm ready." He flashed a mischievous grin. "Ten sucks each. No arguing. Strictly tag-team. Haha!"

They murmured their consent, and Sally started. Being the "good student," she followed his count perfectly, pulling back after ten strokes to let Amanda dive in. Under his watchful eye, they fell into a rhythmic, obedient cycle. In and out, in and out. His penis hardened into a rock as their small hands worked his scrotum in tandem.

They were giving him a legendary performance. It was the culmination of every hour they'd spent worshipping him separately, now combined into one dreamlike session. Damian leaned his head back, his eyes half-closing.

"Mmmm... girls... I've never felt anything like this. I can't believe we waited this long... mmmm... you have to always do it like this... it's so peak..."

He placed his hands on the backs of their heads, no longer just watching but guiding them, setting the brutal, deep rhythm he craved. *I have to tell Danny and the guys about this*, he thought, his heart racing. *This is an absolute blast*. He slammed into the backs of their throats, the sound of them gagging only fueling his high. They were used to it by now, and the "tag-team" rule meant they could swap out the second they felt like they were truly choking. It was a perfect system.

After several minutes of them drooling over him and massaging his balls on command, Damian felt the pressure peaking. He let go of their heads and gripped his shaft.

"I'm about to go..." he whispered, his voice thick.

The two girls didn't pull away; instead, they both surged forward, their mouths becoming a single, tangled mess over the tip. It was a beautiful, filthy, and grotesque display—a sort of indirect lesbian kiss with his cock as the bridge, disappearing between their lips as they fought to be the one to catch the first drop.

I wish I could film this, he thought, watching their eyes roll back in the dim theater light. *They look like absolute sluts. It's perfect.*

"Here it comes..."

Their mouths became like suction cups, and he exploded in a massive, colossal orgasm. He felt them both gasping, grunting like hungry sows as they competed for every last drop of the hot, viscous seed, gulping it down with a desperate, animalistic hunger. It was pure, unadulterated ecstasy.

He couldn't help but let out a quiet, triumphant laugh. He let go of his shaft and leaned back, watching as the two "insatiable pigs" greedily fought over the remnants. It was a jealous, frantic display—they didn't say a word, just snorted hysterically and rubbed their faces against his genitals as if their lives depended on every last lick.

God, they're so easy, he thought, watching their desperate devotion.

"Aaaahhh... girls... I've seriously never experienced anything like this," he lied. It was a total cap, but he knew the importance of rewarding the "grind" with a little sweet talk. The whole "stick and carrot" routine had been a flawless strategy so far, and there was zero reason to switch it up now.

"Just think how much fun we're gonna have from now on, all of us together... mmmm... it's gonna be a total blast."

They were too busy to respond. They just kept licking and licking, their eyes glazed over in the dark theater.

"Mmmm... good girls... keep going just a little longer, your mouths are literally legendary..."

That comment earned him a pair of muffled, delighted whimpers, and Damian's smile sharpened into something truly predatory. He could see the gears turning behind their eyes; the fire of their competition hadn't been extinguished—it had been optimized. The toxic bickering was over, replaced by a desperate, silent vow to out-hustle one another. They were no longer fighting each other; they were racing to see who could be the most "elite" for him, absolutely terrified that being the "mid" one would get them discarded like last season's tech.

They had surrendered to the arrangement because they were too down bad to even imagine an exit strategy. To keep their spot in his orbit, they'd now perform the ultimate roleplay: faking a perfect friendship while secretly pushing their bodies to the limit to fulfill his every twisted fantasy. They were his personal lab rats, and the experiment was just hitting its stride. Damian wanted to see exactly how much of their pride they'd shred before they hit a breaking point—and as far as he was concerned, the race was still in the warm-up laps.

Chapter 9

Architect Philip Van Buren slid his Porsche SUV into the private stall of his opulent villa. It was only 4:30 PM, an unusually early finish for a man of his stature. Lately, he had been offloading the heavy lifting—blueprints, client revisions, and late-night redlines—onto the hungry interns and junior partners at the firm.

The reason for his sudden "work-life balance" was, quite frankly, sick. It was beyond embarrassing; it was the kind of dark secret that would incinerate his reputation and his social standing in a single afternoon if it ever leaked. But the pull was too strong.

He grabbed his leather briefcase from the backseat and headed for the side entrance. His wife was out for her standing Wednesday afternoon appointments, leaving the house empty for at least another two hours.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Buren! Welcome back!" Esperanza, the housekeeper, chirped as he entered.

"Hello. I have urgent business in my study. Are you done for the day?" Philip replied, his voice clipped and brisk.

"Yes, sir. Dinner is prepped and in the fridge. I was just heading out."

"Good. Thank you. See you tomorrow," he said, already halfway down the hall. Esperanza, used to the moods of powerful men, simply nodded and made her exit.

Philip reached his study and immediately turned the heavy deadbolt on the double doors. He booted up his workstation, shedding his blazer and loosening his tie as the high-end monitors hummed to life. Sitting back in his plush leather chair, his heart began a rhythmic, heavy thumping.

He reached for his headphones, sliding them on to seal himself into a vacuum of total isolation. With a trembling hand, he clicked a small, innocuous icon on his desktop—a stylized eye.

A window bloomed across his ridiculously massive 43-inch monitor, broadcasting a hyper-realistic, high-definition scene that felt like it was happening right in the room, the audio feed now whispering directly into his ears with crystal-clear intimacy.

"They've already started," he muttered, his breath hitching a little.

There he was: the familiar dark-haired boy lounging across the bed with his hands comfortably tucked behind his head, looking more like a bored deity than a teenager. He didn't have the heavy, try-hard muscle of the school's jocks; instead, he was slender and pale, his frame possessing a lithe, almost fragile quality. Yet, despite being skinny and physically unassuming, he projected an aura that was absolutely suffocating. He looked like a king claiming his throne, his narrow, athletic, naked body relaxed and spread-eagled in a display of total, unbothered confidence.

In stark contrast, there was Pam—Philip's own daughter—kneeling in the space between his thighs, her posture a picture of frantic, absolute devotion. She was working with a level of feverish devotion that was as gut-wrenching as it was mesmerizing, her entire world reduced to sucking the boy's enormous dick.

While Damian looked completely unbothered, his eyes half-closed as he enjoyed the view of his own power, Pam was pouring every ounce of her soul into him. She looked utterly consumed, her movements desperate and precise, as if the boy's pleasure was the only thing giving her life purpose. Philip watched, smiling a guilty smile, as his daughter worshipped a boy who didn't even have to raise a hand to own her completely.

It had all started back in March. He'd forgotten a set of site plans and had rushed back to the villa, expecting to find Pam and her tutor, Damian, deep in a study session. Instead, as he passed Pam's bedroom, he'd heard sounds that were unmistakable. At first, he'd assumed it was Brent, her boyfriend, but the voice coming from the room was deeper, way more commanding and hauntingly familiar.

His initial instinct—the primal, "fatherly" instinct—was to kick the door down and destroy the boy. He felt a surge of white-hot rage, realizing the kid he was paying to tutor his daughter was actually fucking her right under his nose. But as he stood there, hand trembling on the handle, something had paralyzed him in the hallway.

The anger hadn't vanished; it had morphed into a bizarre, twisted sense of approval. He liked Damian. The kid was sharp, polite, and clearly possessed a legendary ability to tame Pam in a way no one else could. Philip had found himself leaning against the wall, listening, telling himself it was just a "healthy reward" for the boy's hard work. He'd eventually grabbed his papers and left, but the seed had been planted.

Now, that seed had grown into a full-blown obsession.

The logic of a 47-year-old high-powered architect had completely disintegrated. "Get a grip, Phil, you idiot!" he had

screamed at his own reflection in the rearview mirror a thousand times. His conscience had been a relentless tormentor: *She's your daughter, you absolute degenerate. Aren't you ashamed?*

But the truth was more complex. Philip didn't have a single incestuous bone in his body; what he desperately craved was a front-row seat to a masterclass in power. His own marriage had become a desert of polite conversation and "scheduled" intimacy, leaving a void that the sounds of those raw, primal encounters filled with a terrifying efficiency.

For weeks, he had been reduced to a pathetic shadow in the hallway, pressing his ear against the cold wood of the door just to catch the muffled sounds of Pam's surrender at Damian's each and every demands. But audio wasn't enough anymore. The hunger for a visual had become an itch he couldn't stop scratching. He needed to see them.

That's when he'd hired a twenty-something security technician to install the cameras. The kid had given him a long, searching look when Philip pointed out the specific, invasive angles he wanted in his daughter's bedroom—a look that screamed he knew exactly what kind of degenerate he was dealing with. But Philip had simply slid a fat envelope across the desk containing enough cash to buy a brand-new car, and the kid's moral compass had shattered in a heartbeat. For that kind of money, the technician was more than happy to bury his questions and ensure the pinhole lenses were completely undetectable.

Since then, his study had become a private sanctuary of filth. He wasn't watching his daughter; he was studying Damian, obsessed with the way the boy exerted such effortless, crushing control.

On the monitor, the scene was reaching a fever pitch. Damian was simply a natural. He didn't just have sex with Pam; he dismantled her. He had transformed the "Princess of Raleigh High" into a creature of pure, unadulterated submission, a transformation so complete it made Philip's pulse roar in his ears. The sight of his daughter—usually the most entitled, high-maintenance girl in the city—rendered into a literal tool for this boy's amusement made Philip harder than he'd ever been in his life. It was a sick, intoxicating brand of validation.

He leaned forward, his nose nearly touching the 4K glass as Damian's hand clamped onto the back of Pam's head. The boy didn't even look stressed; he looked bored, like he was mentally scrolling through a feed while simultaneously dominating a human being. He shoved her face down, burying his length until her nose was crushed against his pubic bone.

"Stay like that," Damian ordered, his voice light, almost cheerful. He tucked his hands back behind his head, relinquishing his grip. He didn't need to hold her down; his words were the only leash required.

Philip moaned, his breath fogging the screen. He watched, transfixed, as the timer on the bottom of the surveillance feed ticked: 10 seconds... 15 seconds. Pam's body tensed, her fingers digging into Damian's lean, pale hips. A muffled, desperate whimper vibrated through the high-fidelity headphones, a sound of biological panic struggling against psychological devotion.

"Nope," Damian said calmly, not moving an inch. Philip's hand hovered over the mouse, zooming in until the screen was nothing but Pam's straining neck and Damian's smug, relaxed expression.

The silence that followed was heavy. 20 seconds... 25. Pam was clearly struggling, her eyes wide and watering as she stared up at Damian with a look of terrifyingly pure adoration. She wasn't just fighting for air; she was fighting her own survival instinct just to prove she could follow a single, cruel command.

"I said no, Pam," Damian repeated with a small, sharp smile when she tried to shift. The correction worked like a charm; Pam pressed her face down even harder, her spine arching in a silent plea for approval.

Philip felt a surge of adrenaline so potent it made his hands shake. He was watching his daughter willingly suffocate herself for the amusement of a skinny sophomore. Having that kinda power over someone... even Philip, for all his professional success, had never achieved that.

Finally, at the 35-second mark, Damian chuckled.

"Okay... you can breathe. If you want."

Pam didn't even gasp. She surfaced slowly, backing up only a couple of inches, taking a long, ragged inhale through her nose while keeping her lips sealed firmly around him. When she finally pulled back, her face was flushed a deep, bruised crimson, her eyes streaming, but she was beaming with a look of pure euphoria.

"Mmm... thank you, Little Master!"

"You're welcome, slave. Do it again, but try to lock in longer this time. You're being a bit mid."

"Hehe! With pleasure!!"

As she dove back down with renewed, frantic energy, Philip couldn't take it anymore. The "Architect of the Year" was gone, replaced by a man fueled by the most basic, sordid impulses. He fumbled with his belt, his breathing as heavy as the girl's on the screen, and freed his own aching erection. His eyes never left the monitor as he began a frantic, desperate rhythm, completely lost in the scene in front of him, his self-respect dissolving into the high-definition glow of his daughter's surrender.

"Aah... Aah... Aah... So good! Please, don't stop!!" Pam was spiraling, her composure disintegrating into raw, twitchy need as Damian took her from behind on all fours. The room felt thick with the scent of them, her expensive perfume mixing with the primal, heavy musk of his sweat.

"Aaahhhh, yours is still the best pussy of them all, Pam... honestly top-tier... aaaahhhh..." Damian groaned. His head was tossed back, his eyes hooded and glassy with a look of pure, narcotic satisfaction. His skinny frame looked deceptively elegant even in the heat of it, his pale skin glistening with a thin sheen of sweat that made him look like a marble statue coming to life.

She leaned back into him, her voice a desperate, shaky whimper. "Mmmm... so I'm really your favorite slave? Am I, Little Master? Please say it..."

"Hehehe! For now... but don't get too comfortable." he teased, flashing a wicked, shark-like grin. He looked completely centered, even as he drove into her, clearly enjoying the ego trip of her total surrender just as much as the friction.

"Mmmm... yes, please... keep me on the edge... aaahhhh... Little Master... I'm whatever you want..." she moaned. His pelvis slammed hard against her, the sound of skin hitting skin echoing through the quiet luxury of her bedroom.

Suddenly, Damian pulled his cock out of her dripping heat, leaving her instantly tweaking from the unexpected, cold void. "Hey! Why did you stop? C'mon, don't be mean, keep fucking me!!"

He let out a short, sharp laugh and delivered a resounding smack to her ass. "Shut up, slave!" He repositioned himself, the head of his cock—deeply flushed, thick, and pulsing—now pressing against her tight back hole. "You're not actually trying to give me orders, are you?"

He leaned over her, casually spitting on the entrance a couple of times to prep it.

Pam's brain was lagging, the sensory overload making her slow to react. She hadn't immediately caught onto the shift in his plan, but she recovered almost instantly, twisting her head back to give him a sweet look of pure submission.

"Mmmm... I'm sorry, Little Master. I'm so stupid... please forgive me," she whispered, her eyes wide and pleading. "Actually... no... punish me for being a bad slave. Pleeeeease..." She cut off into a sharp, jagged cry as he unceremoniously shoved two fingers inside to stretch her, showing zero hesitation.

"Punish you? Bet." He withdrew his fingers and immediately replaced them with the heavy, unyielding weight of his cock, forcing his way in. "As soon as I finish using my personal cum tank, I'm definitely going to show you exactly what happens to impudent slaves," he said, already locking into a steady, punishing rhythm.

"Aaaahhhh, yesss, Little Master... thank you... thank you for using me!!!" she sobbed out, the intensity pushing her straight toward a total, ego-shattering peak as she felt every inch of him stretching her open.

He couldn't get over her; she was the perfect toy, a gorgeous set of warm, inviting holes that were never, ever disappointing. It was getting harder and harder to maintain his composure. Leaning forward, he dropped his weight, pressing his chest flat against her back in a primal, beastly position that perfectly matched the heavy, humid scent of sex thick in the air.

He drove his dick into her with rhythmic, violent force, the heavy weight of his balls slapping loudly against her skin with every impact. He could feel the pressure peaking, the heat rising until his orgasm finally surged up his massive, throbbing shaft. Just seconds after she shattered, he let out a low, guttural groan, filling her with wave after wave of hot spunk. It was a total high, a god-tier rush of pure dominance he knew he'd never get tired of.

He stayed buried deep inside her for a moment, giving four or five slow, firm thrusts to milk the final drops, ensuring his balls were pleasantly empty. Finally, he straightened up and pulled out his cock. He sat back on his heels, catching his breath with a look of pure satisfaction while Pam, without needing a single word of instruction, immediately turned around.

She moved with the practiced grace of someone who had found her true calling: worshipping him. That much was clear to the both of them by now. She worked with a frantic, loving intensity, her tongue tracing every vein of his length and swirling around his heavy sack and his sticky pubes until every trace of their session was gone. She licked his junk spotless, her eyes looking up at him with a dazed devotion

that said she enjoyed the cleanup just as much as the act itself.

For about thirty seconds, he didn't even bother to look down at her, simply keeping his eyes closed and soaking in the sensation of being serviced. When he felt like she had been properly cleaned, he stood up, leaving her right there on her knees on the floor. He flopped onto the bed with a massive, liberating sigh.

She was the first to break the silence. She grabbed a glass from the desk and looked over at him, her eyes wide with a desperate kind of hunger.

"Little Master, can I? I'm literally starving..." she whispered, pitching her voice into that high, childish tone she used when she wanted to be extra "extra." Damian propped himself up on his elbows, a smug, knowing laugh bubbling up..

"Hehehe! Go for it. Wouldn't wanna waste it, would ya?"

She blew him a quick kiss, looking hyped, and set the glass on the carpet. Squatting over it, she relaxed and let his creamy seed drain into the glass while he watched from the bed, smirking cockily. Once she was "empty," she brought the glass to her lips and tilted her head back, her throat working in slow, rhythmic gulps as the thick fluid slimed its way down.

"Mmmmm..." she hummed, her tongue darting out to meticulously polish the rim of the glass.

"Tastes top-tier as usual?" he teased.

She shot him a cheeky look. "Duh, obviously! It's yours, silly! It's literally my favorite food group," she said, making him chuckle again.

After finishing her "snack," she looked up at him with a fake, exaggerated pout. "Are you actually gonna punish me, Master?" she asked, playing the part of the sweet, needy kitten.

"Hehe! Well, you're the one who asked for it, right?" He gave her a conspiratorial, wicked smile.

"Alright then... what's the move? What do I have to do?" she asked, sounding genuinely cheerful about the prospect of being used. Damian thought for a second, then snapped his fingers.

"Mmmm... let's see... Get over there, to the foot of the bed."

Pam crawled on all fours, her knees dragging across the plush carpet until she reached his feet. He had them crossed at the ankles, looking kinda like a bored prince. His feet were slender and aesthetically perfect—the skin was remarkably smooth and pale, with long, elegant toes that twitched slightly as she approached.

"You haven't licked them yet today," he noted, flexing his long toes right in front of her face.

"Mmmm... I know, Little Master... I've been waiting..."

"They're looking pretty gross to me," he said, his voice dropping into a low, persuasive hum. "Definitely sweaty after that round..." He moved one smooth sole closer to her, letting the salt-heavy, masculine scent hit her full force.

"Mmmm... yes..." she whispered, her pupils blown wide as she began to salivate, her face inching toward his smooth heel.

"You really want to taste them, huh? You're literally crashing out for a lick," he asked wickedly. She nodded frantically, her tongue already darting out in anticipation. He just chuckled, a sharp, amused sound.

"Well, you can't! You have permission to smell them, but you're strictly forbidden from touching them with your lips or your tongue."

Pam's jaw dropped, her face a picture of pure, brain-rotted shock. "Hey!!! That's actually pure cruelty!! No way!!" she squealed, and he just laughed harder, enjoying her desperation.

"Hehehe! That's what happens when you're cheeky with your Master!"

She crossed her arms and pouted, trying to weaponize her "cute" face to soften him up, though she was clearly finding the whole power play low-key hilarious.

"Hehe! Come on, Pam! You earned this L today," he joked, looking down at her.

"Mmmm... Can I at least rub my face against them? Please? I'm literally starving for a touch," she asked, pulling out the big guns with a pleading, wide-eyed expression that pretty much won her whatever she wanted.

He shook his head, still chuckling. "Alright. Granted. But if I feel a single lick, you're grounded."

She beamed, immediately leaning in to caress his smooth, pale skin with her cheek. She inhaled the salt-heavy, masculine scent of her own submission, closing her eyes as she nuzzled against the arches of his feet. "Mmmm... thank you, Little Master... I seriously don't deserve you..." she sang

out cheerfully, sounding more like a happy pet than the school's most popular girl.

Damian laughed again, a relaxed, genuine sound. Slowly, the heavy, charged tension in the room shifted back into something almost normal.

"It's actually wild that school is over in like two weeks," Damian remarked, leaning back into the pillows and staring up at the ceiling, his long toes still twitching contentedly against Pam's face.

"Yeah..." she replied, completely focused on the sensation of her cheek gliding against his smooth skin. "This year was literally a speedrun. It flew by!!"

"For me too... I guess that's what happens when you're actually having a blast," he added, and they shared a genuine, effortless smile.

"Think about how much you've actually learned, though," he said, nodding toward the stack of textbooks, referencing the months of academic grinding they'd done for the exams.

She let out a bubbly laugh. "Think about how many things *you* learned, hehehe!!"

"Hehe! True!" He paused for a beat, a thoughtful look crossing his face. "Do you ever think about how if I hadn't needed to use your bathroom that one morning... none of this would have ever happened? We'd still just be a nerd and a princess who hated each other's guts."

"Oh, come on, nerd! Are you trying to kill the vibe?" she protested, looking up at him with a mock-glare. "Don't put me in a bad mood."

"Hehe! No, no, I'm just saying—"

She raised a finger like a strict teacher, silencing him instantly. "Ah, ah, ah! I don't want to hear it. Why would you even make me imagine a world where I never got to do this..." she said, pressing her face firmly against his damp soles and taking a deep, shaky breath. Damian's smile softened.

"Okay, okay! Relax, I'm changing the topic," he reassured her, idly caressing her cheek with his foot. "I still have to decide what to get you for graduation."

"Don't be extra, Damian. You don't have to get me a gift! I'm the one who should be giving *you* something. I'm only even graduating because you carried me," she told him.

"Well, it's not like I was doing it for clout..." the young man objected. "Your dad has literally showered me with cash this year. If he'd hired a tenured professor, it probably would've cost him less! Especially lately—every time I show up, he's handing over three or four hundred dollars. It's insane. I've stopped even trying to say no; it's useless."

Pam giggled, her face still nuzzled against his long toes. "Three or four hundred? That's mid. He should be paying you double for everything you do for me!!" she said sweetly, and he flashed a grin.

"Well, he pays me for the 'lessons.' If he actually knew what else we were doing..." He raised his eyebrows, and they both burst into laughter.

"Wait, do you actually want to give me a gift?" she asked, looking genuinely intrigued.

"Why is that so shocking? Seems pretty standard, right?"

"Hmmm... and can I choose literally whatever I want?" she asked, her voice turning cheerful and greedy.

He smiled. "As long as you don't drain my entire bank account."

She went quiet for a moment, her brain working through the possibilities. "How about a nice pair of your gym socks? Used, obviously! Extra crusty," she specified.

He lost it. "Hahaha! Wow. You want your gift to be THAT romantic? No cap? Haha!"

She was laughing too, her eyes bright and worshipping. "I can't decide... I'd also love a pair of your boxers!!"

He kept laughing, shaking his head. "Ohhh, you're definitely spoiled, aren't you!"

She gave him her signature pout, half-hidden by the feet she was still rubbing against without stopping.

"All right! I'm gonna spoil you then: boxers AND socks. Done deal," the boy concluded, and she giggled, looking absolutely delighted.

"Do you want to unwrap them on the stage during the awards ceremony or—ouch!!" Damian yelped as she gave his big toe a playful little nip.

"Very funny!" she joked, sticking her tongue out.

"Hey, Little Master..."

"What's up?"

“Could you, like, actually forget about the punishment and just let me lick them? Just this once? Please, I’m literally losing it... it’s a total emergency,” she begged, her voice sounding totally petulant and needy. He smirked and glanced at his watch.

“I’m sorry, little slave, but we’re gonna have to raincheck. It’s past five and I’m already lagging. I have to pick up Sammy, remember?”

“Awwww... you know I love your little brother, but the craving is so real right now...” She went back to pouting, but he just smiled as he stood up from the bed.

“My bad,” he repeated, “but if you’re that desperate, I guess I can let you have one kiss.”

He gave her that signature charming grin, and her face lit up. “Ooooohhh, Little Master... wait, so you actually *do* love me!” she replied sweetly. He just chuckled.

He turned his back to her, and she crawled over instantly, not wasting a single second of her "reward." She placed her hands on his buttocks and spread them with a practiced, desperate focus, exposing his rectum before burying her face right into him. She wrapped her arms around his lower abdomen, anchoring herself as she started to French kiss his ass with a level of feverish desire that would have been revolting to anyone else. To her, his scent and taste were a high she’d willingly die for.

The sound of her tongue kisses echoed between his cheeks, but she didn’t slow down, completely lost in the moment.

"Hey, I said *one* kiss! Don't push your luck," he joked.

She finally emerged, licking her lips with a dazed expression. He turned slightly, looking down at her with that perfect, effortless grin.

"You literally drive me crazy, Little Master," she whispered.

He placed a hand on her head, petting her hair like she was a loyal little pet. "I know. And honestly, Pam? That's exactly how it's supposed to be," he said amusedly, before reaching for his clothes to get dressed.

"Damian! My boy!"

The young man turned around in the cavernous entrance hall. It was Pam's father, Philip, looking significantly more disheveled than usual. His tie was completely undone, hanging like a noose around his neck, and his eyes had a frantic, over-caffeinated sparkle.

"Hello, Mr. Van Buren!" Damian greeted him warmly, effortlessly hoisting his backpack over one shoulder.

"Oh, come on, how many times do I have to tell you? Call me Phil!" the man said, clapping a hand onto Damian's shoulder. His grip was a little tighter, a little more lingering than necessary.

"Right, my bad. Phil!" Damian corrected himself with a polite smile.

"So, how was the grind today? You two actually get through the material?"

"Good, honestly. I think she's set," Damian downplayed, his tone casual. "I don't really have anything left to teach her at this point."

"Nah! Nonsense!" Phil barked out a laugh that sounded jagged and forced. "I think she still has a lot to learn from you, boy. A whole lot. You're basically a miracle worker. And besides, you're not gonna just stop visiting us once the semester's over, right?"

There was something strangely... insistent in his tone. It wasn't just a dad being friendly; it was way more than that. It was kinda weird and Damian's smile faltered for a fraction of a second, uncertain of the subtext.

"Uh... no, of course not..."

"Make sure that's a promise, okay? Hahaha!!" Phil laughed, a bit awkwardly, his eyes darting toward the stairs—the scene of the crime—and then snapping back to Damian with a strange look in his eyes.

"Listen, I... I should probably get going. I have to pick up my brother," Damian said, feeling a wave of secondhand embarrassment for the man. He gestured toward the front door, eager for an exit.

"Of course, of course! I don't want to gatekeep your time! Here!"

Phil reached into his pocket and pulled out a literal roll of cash, pressing it firmly into Damian's palm. Damian glanced down as he thumbed through the bills. One... three... five... it was six hundred dollars. The man was officially losing it.

"Phil... I can't take this. It's too much."

"Oh, stop! I already told you, my girl is graduating, and it's basically all thanks to you. I'm so hyped about it that I decided to double the bonus. For *everything* you do for her!" Phil insisted, giving him a heavy, knowing wink that felt incredibly out of place.

Damian looked at him, genuinely surprised. A hint of confused suspicion flickered in his mind, but it was quickly buried by amusement. *If he wants to throw money at me for 'tutoring' his daughter on all fours, who am I to stop him?* he thought.

"Okay... thanks," Damian said, pocketing the roll.

As he headed out to his bike, he couldn't help but wonder what the guy's deal was. I mean, being a grateful parent was one thing, but Phil was acting like Damian was doing *him* a personal favor.

Susy Lockhart took a long, blissful sniff, her nose buried in the damp cotton. The scent was sharp, masculine, and honestly intoxicating. She was blindfolded, completely locked into the sensory game she'd been obsessed with for weeks.

"So? Who is it?" Danny's voice came from behind her, followed by the muffled giggles of the other guys. Susy took another deep breath, savoring the musk. She was certain, but she didn't want to rush; she wanted to live in that aroma for every possible second.

"Mmmmm... definitely Toby," she whispered.

The room erupted into laughter as Susy whipped off the blindfold. No surprise there—Toby Jackings was lounging on the couch, looking like he owned the zip code. He was wearing nothing but boxers and a smug, punchable smirk, his legs spread wide. His swollen crotch was barely two inches from her face, and the heat radiating from him hit her full-force. To his left, Alec and Dick were leaning back, watching her with predatory grins, clearly enjoying the sight of her on her knees.

"That's actually wild! How the fuck do you even do that? You're a literal cock-hound, Susy! Hahaha!!" Toby joked, his voice booming in the room. Susy just giggled, turning to see Danny sprawled in an armchair, barefoot and totally relaxed.

He was idly tugging on the red leash clipped to the collar around Susy's neck, a smirk playing on his lips as he looked at his boys. "No cap! When it comes to junk, her radar is god-tier. She's literally never missed. Hahaha!!"

Susy laughed along with them, her eyes darting back to Toby's crotch with a sly, thirsty look. "So? What's the reward?"

Toby's grin widened, his knees spreading a fraction wider to crowd her personal space even more. "I mean, you get to suck it. Obviously. What else would you even want?"

Susy actually clapped her hands like a hyped little kid, making the guys shake their heads in amused disbelief. She didn't hesitate for a second, sliding his boxers down and diving straight into the "prize" generously laid out for her. Toby was packing a solid, impressive length, his shaft thick and pulsing with a light brown fuzz at the base. He exuded

that raw, masculine flavor—salty and heavy—that Susy had become completely addicted to.

She had long since tossed modesty out the window; sucking dick was, without a shadow of a doubt, her peak happiness. She realized now that Damian was a literal genius for reading her soul so well from the jump. The nicknames, the leash, the constant roasting from Danny and the others—it was all just a bonus. Being used like a community sex toy by these guys felt so fucking good, a fact she never stopped telling them, even if it just made them laugh at her more.

Danny had shared the whole "lore"—her notes, her perversions, her bottomless hunger—with the squad, so they all knew she was down for whatever. As she took Toby deep into her mouth, she looked up at him. At school, every girl fawned over him because he had that "pretty boy" confidence that drove them wild, and Susy knew that if she wasn't the cheapest whore in their orbit, she would have never even been on this guy's radar or even the other two.

She thought back to the first time she'd ever done this with Danny. Since then, her "hunger" had only spiraled into a total obsession. It was a vicious cycle: the more she sucked, the more she needed.

Toby was leaning back, his hands behind his head, enjoying the view as she worked his length with frantic devotion.

"You really lucked out with this bitch, Danny," Alec said from the back of the couch. "She's built for the grind. Whenever one of us needs to empty out, we just pull the leash and she delivers. Literal cheat code." Danny didn't even need to respond; the group's laughter said it all.

"For real, though," Dick chimed in. "Our girls would never be this slutty, I promise you that!"

"And you're a real one for letting us in on it," Toby added, his voice straining as Susy intensified the rhythm, her tongue swirling frantically around his head. "Best team-building exercise we've ever had, no cap."

The humiliations were just fuel for her fire. Every insult felt like a badge of honor.

"Hey! *Mi perra es su perra!!* Hahahaha!!!" Danny joked, mocking their Spanish class vocab. "Relax, guys. It's not that deep. Look at her—Susy's having the time of her life right now. She's literally stat-padding her throat count right now and loving every second of it."

The three guys looked down at her, and Susy didn't disappoint. She looked up, the thick shaft still buried in her mouth, and flashed a double "V" for victory with her hands, her eyes sparkling with dazed, submissive joy. The room peaked with laughter as they watched her go to work.

It was peak irony. She was living the exact scenario Danny had once promised to "protect" her from. Back then, the thought of being a "group project" would have made her sick, but now the math had changed. She had tasted Toby, Dick, and Alec, and there was no going back. Nobody was forcing her—her own uncontrollable hunger was the only master here. Danny got to be the alpha who shared his "cumdump" girlfriend, the boys got to empty their balls, and Susy?

Susy was surrounded by exactly what she loved. Cocks, cocks, and more cocks. There was literally nothing better in the world.

"Hey, Danny! I'd like to try facefucking her sometime..." Toby suddenly said, snapping Susy out of her thoughts. He looked down at her with a predatory glint. "...you know, like a real, deep-throat skull fuck? No breaks?"

At those words, Susy's eyes practically caught fire. Before Danny could even process the request, she pulled Toby's length out of her mouth—her lips glistening and tacky—and shot her head up.

“Yesssssss!!!! Please, please let's do it! Let's do it right now!!!!”

Toby chuckled, looking down at her with pure, arrogant amusement. "I wasn't asking you, was I? You don't get a vote, little bitch. Hehehe!!!!”

Susy just beamed at him, completely unbothered by the insult, then turned her focus to Danny. She scrambled over on all fours, moving with a desperate, happy energy until she was inches away from him. She lowered her head and pressed a fervent kiss to his bare foot resting on the arm of the sofa.

"Pleeeeeease..." she whimpered, pouting up at him with the wide, "pet-mode" eyes Pam had taught her to use for maximum manipulation. It was her ultimate move, and she knew it was a critical hit.

The room peaked. The guys were losing it at the sheer, shameless desperation of her display.

"God, you're so thirsty it's actually terminal," Toby jeered, watching her nuzzle Danny's foot. "You're a natural doormat!”

"For real," Alec added, shaking his head. "You're a literal clown, Susy."

"She knows her place," Danny said, his voice dripping with mock pity. "She's just a set of holes with a heartbeat, right Susy? She doesn't want flowers—she wants to be the star of

the squad's next highlight reel. Go ahead, Toby. Show her a good time."

"Woah, for real bro?" Toby asked, making sure the green light was official.

"Well, it's your house, man. I can't exactly gatekeep her from you, it would be a total skill issue on my part, right? Go for it! Hehe!"

More laughter filled the room. Susy looked at Danny and silently mouthed 'thank you,' her eyes sparkling with gratitude as if he'd just handed her a diamond ring, before she whipped around back to Toby.

"Come on, hit the floor!" the teenage Tom Holland lokalike ordered. Susy obeyed instantly, lying flat on her back and opening her mouth as wide as she possibly could. She watched him crouch over her, his hard shaft hovering over her face before he guided it in.

The entry was surprisingly smooth at first. He slid in about five inches—nearly his full length—then pulled back and started a steady, rhythmic grind. After about ten chill thrusts, he pulled out and looked down at her, smirking at her dazed expression.

"You good down there? Or is it too much for you?"

Susy looked up and laughed, sounding like a total airhead whose brain had been replaced by static. "Mmmmm... Perfect..." Then she immediately switched back to the pout. "...But why are you being so gentle? I thought you said you wanted to fuck my face? Wouldn't it be more of a vibe if you actually choked me out?" She winked, and the boys lost it again.

"Jesus, she's a total glazer," Toby laughed, looking over at the guys for approval. "Say less, sweetheart! Open up the toilet! Hehe!!"

Susy smiled and opened wide, her eyes already watering in anticipation. This time, there was nothing gentle about it. He slammed his entire length into her with zero restraint, every salt-heavy, odorous inch of him disappearing into her throat.

"There you go! Stuff yourself until you're hitting the balls!"

The hype from Alec, Dick, and Danny acting as a live audience only pushed her higher. As Toby started a skullfuck worthy of the name, Susy lost herself in the savage rhythm. Amidst the wet, messy gagging sounds and perverse, muffled moans, she reached down, frantically fondling her breasts and rubbing her pussy through her clothes, her body vibrating with the raw, addictive thrill she couldn't do without anymore.

Alec Dempsey watched the blurred remains of Susy's face periodically vanish beneath Toby's rhythmically pounding glutes. Thick streams of drool slid like grotesque reverse tears across her cheeks, matting her hair against the carpet. He watched the whole display with an arrogant smirk and a cock that was getting dangerously hard. The sounds she was making were guttural—honestly concerning to any normal person—but every time Toby tried to pull back to let her breathe, she'd reach up, clawing at his ass to shove him back in.

"Hahaha!!! You really love getting your throat wrecked, don't you, Susy?" Alec asked, amused as fuck.

Danny answered for her, leaning back in the armchair. "She's obsessed! I do it to her constantly; she's literally addicted to the grind now! Hahaha!!!"

"Look at her eyes," Dick pointed out, leaning forward to get a better view. "She's got that thousand-yard stare. She's not even a person anymore, she's just a biological flashlight. It's actually legendary how much she's checked out."

"For real," Alec added, "I've seen stray dogs with more self-respect. It's like she's trying to set a world record for most dignity lost in a single afternoon. Peak comedy, no cap."

Toby didn't last much longer. With a long, liberating exhale, he cummed deep in her throat. He stayed there for a second, catching his breath with a few slow, post-orgasm thrusts, before finally standing up and turning to the boys.

"Guys, you actually have to try this. It's a literal cheat code!" Toby said, still breathing hard.

Alec shot a look at Danny. "You cool with that, buddy? Don't want to overstep the boundaries."

Danny just grinned, "Why would I care? Go for it, bro!"

Alec didn't need to be told twice. He kicked off his boxers. "Bet. I'm next," he told Dick, who just nodded, enjoying the high-fidelity show.

Susy finally let out a long, shaky moan. "That felt sooooo good... thank you, Toby!" she whimpered.

"You're welcome, little bitch, hehe!" Toby replied, and she giggled like he'd just complimented her dress.

Alec approached her; she hadn't even moved, just lay there on the floor, panting and covered in her own mess. When she saw him coming, she actually smiled, opening her mouth wide with a look of thirsty anticipation. Alec chuckled, squatting over her and positioning his shaft. He shot one last look at Danny.

“You said not to hold back, right?”

“Nah, what’s there to be scared of? This one has a throat like a subway tunnel. You literally can’t hurt her! I challenge you to actually choke her out if you can, haha!! She’s begging for it!”

"Yeah, treat her like a rental car, Alec!" Dick shouted, laughing. "Don't worry about the mileage; Danny clearly doesn't! Hahaha!"

The group's laughter drowned out Susy's happy, guttural grunt of agreement as the tip of Alec's cock slammed past her tonsils.

“Another order of hot cum coming right up for Miss Lockhart! Hahaha!!” Alec chuckled. Another wet gag from Susy sent the boys into fresh fits of laughter.

“Judging by how she’s dripping, I’d say she’s a fan!” Toby commented. He was sitting right in front of Alec, and he decided to get in on the action, extending a foot and pressing his bare heel directly against her pussy, soaking it in her juices. Susy moved her hand out of the way, letting him give her a rough "massage" with his foot. The guys knew the rules: the pussy and ass were Danny's exclusive territory—Susy was his property, after all. But playful disrespect like this? This was the squad's common ground.

"She's literally leaking everywhere," Toby laughed, grinding his heel into her. "It's like someone left a faucet on. You're a total mess, Susy."

Thump... thump... thump... The only sound in the room was the wet slap of flesh on flesh as the handsome blonde jock pounded her face with zero mercy. He felt her warm drool soaking into his inner thighs and blonde pubic hair, but he didn't care. He leaned into it just like Danny suggested. After a few minutes of Toby's footwork and Alec's relentless pace, Susy's body buckled as she hit another messy orgasm, much to the amusement of the guys watching her crash out in real-time.

Danny watched Alec finish off and swap places with Dick. By now, his own cock was rock hard from the show, and he decided it was time to reclaim his property. He stripped down and positioned himself between Susy's legs, the smell of his boys' sex and her arousal hitting him like a drug.

He couldn't even see her face—Dick was currently using her head like a high-speed thrusting post—but it didn't matter. Deep down, she was his, and everyone in the room knew it. He was the one holding the leash, both literally and figuratively. No one was taking away his favorite sewer, his dedicated cock-sucker, his completely uninhibited bitch. He reached down, feeling how soaked her pussy was, and slid in with one heavy, possessive thrust.

"Damn, look at the King coming back for his throne!" Toby chuckled.

Danny just laughed, sliding in with one heavy, possessive thrust. Susy's hands reached out from beneath Dick's waist, her fingers digging into Danny's thighs, pulling him deeper.

She was trying to share the moment with him, even while her throat was occupied by one of his buddies.

"Look at her reaching for her Master," Dick grunted. "She's so far gone she doesn't even know which one of us is which anymore. You've got her trained perfect, Danny. No cap, this is peak utility."

Danny leaned over her, his sweat dripping onto her stomach. "She knows exactly who owns her," he muttered, picking up the pace until the room was filled with the rhythmic, wet slapping of the squad using their favorite resource as a personal playground.

Half an hour later, the vibe was completely different, buzzing as they stood outside the townhouse, the cool evening air finally hitting their flushed skin.

"See you at school tomorrow!" Toby called out, adjusting his hoodie.

"Susy, seriously—it's always a pleasure," Alec added with a smug, satisfied grin.

"Are you kidding?" she shot back playfully, leaning against Danny. "The pleasure is literally all mine. When are we running this back?"

The guys shared a look, clearly feeling themselves. "Do you ever actually get tired, Susy?" Dick asked, chuckling as he shook his head.

"Mmm... with those beasts you guys have between your legs? Never," she purred, licking her lips so obscenely it sent them into one last fit of laughter, their egos completely inflated by the compliment.

"Alright guys, have a good one!"

After the squad split up, she and Danny started walking down the street, a light breeze cutting through the post-session haze.

"You have a good time?" Danny asked, his voice low. She didn't hesitate, clinging affectionately to his arm.

"Soooo much!" she chirped, looking up at him with pure adoration.

"You know what the guys actually think of you, right?" he asked, testing her. She didn't even have to think; it was like she'd memorized the script.

"Hmm... that I'm a whore with zero dignity who would do literally anything just to suck them off?" she recited, her voice light as if she were reading a poem.

He let out a dark chuckle. "Honestly? Couldn't have said it better myself." She just laughed along.

"I like it that way," she whispered. "It makes everything so much more exciting, hehehe!"

"Hehehe! No cap, it's true. Watching them just unleash on you is a total high," he agreed, his face looking incredibly smug. "And every time they thank me for letting them use you like a piece of equipment... well, that's priceless."

He looked down at her, his eyes glowing with pride. "By the way, I'm a huge fan of you kissing my feet in front of them. That was a move."

She beamed. "Well, consider it a new tradition then. I'll do it way more often."

"Good. And the begging thing too... whenever you need something from me, I want you to really lean into that. It's so amusing, damn," he continued, and she nodded eagerly.

"Oh, yes! I'm totally down for that! Hehe!"

The conversation trailed off as they reached a quiet stretch of the sidewalk. Danny's tone turned a bit more reflective. "You know, I never actually thought girls like you... existed," he said, choosing his words carefully. "Most girls are so high-maintenance, always demanding respect and 'dates.' But you? You just want to be used."

Susy didn't mind the description. In fact, in her twisted world, this was the most romantic thing he'd ever said. She felt a surge of genuine warmth, convinced that they were the only two people who truly "got" each other. She decided it was time to finally say it.

"Danny... Danny, I... I think I love you. For real."

He stopped dead in his tracks, looking at her intently for a few long seconds. The silence stretched out, heavy and expectant. Susy felt her heart thumping against her ribs, wondering if she'd overstepped. But then, a slow, genuine smile spread across his face. He didn't say the words back; he didn't need to. He just tilted her chin up and kissed her deeply, marking her as his once again.

Sally Gook scrambled up the stairs, her heart hammering against her ribs. She was late, and the anxiety was eating her alive. Being late was a cardinal sin—it meant keeping him waiting, leaving him alone with that absolute harpy Amanda, and most critically, losing precious seconds to prove she was the one who deserved to be chosen.

She reached the third-floor corridor, a semi-deserted stretch of lockers and dust, and burst into the small storage room. She wasn't even surprised by the sight that met her. Amanda was already laid out on the usual stack of musty, old mattresses, practically naked and completely undignified. She had Damian's boxers stuffed into her mouth to muffle her obnoxious, noisy moans so they wouldn't tip off any wandering faculty.

So vulgar, Sally thought, her lip curling. *The girl doesn't have a single ounce of elegance*. Damian was working a steady, relentless rhythm into Amanda, his hands busy groping her chest. When he turned to look at Sally, the world simply ceased to exist. His sapphire-blue eyes and that lethal, perfect smile reduced her entire intellectual capacity to that of an amoeba. Sally fumbled to close the door behind her, sealing them into their private sanctuary.

“Sorry I'm late...” she stammered, her voice thick with genuine concern.

Damian raised an eyebrow, his grin widening. “Finally! My balls were starting to feel neglected, no cap! Hehe!”

Sally's hand flew to her mouth, a wave of guilt washing over her. "Oh no..."

She didn't waste another second. She dropped to her knees behind him, her hands gripping the back of his thighs for leverage. She darted her tongue out, immediately getting to work on his heavy scrotum as it swung back and forth between the edge of the mattress and her face.

"Aaaahhhh... much better! Hehehe!!" Damian exhaled, leaning into the sensation.

Sally inhaled sharply, the sharp, masculine scent of him acting like an intoxicating drug. This was their "game formation"—the ménage à trois dynamic they had perfected over the last few weeks. While he was busy with one girl, the other would worship him from behind, desperately hoping to be the one chosen to "clean the mess" once he peaked. It was a fair trade-over; Sally lived for his taste, and even if she wasn't the one being filled right now, the proximity was enough to keep her purring.

Amanda's muffled laments were a rhythmic backdrop to Sally's devotion. As much as she loathed her "colleague," Sally couldn't blame her. Any girl would be losing her mind with Damian inside her.

"Mmmm... lick it, Sally... get it all... good girl... mmmmm..." Damian murmured.

Sally beamed at the "romantic" praise, her face pressed against his taint as his heavy balls slapped against her chin with every thrust. "Oh yes, Damian, it's wonderful to taste you... mmmm..."

She felt his hand clamp onto the back of her head, guiding her movements with casual dominance. He pressed her face

harder against him, directing her from his balls to the base of his glutes, and then further up until she was fervently lapping at his ass. It was a small request, and she was more than happy to oblige. His body was a masterpiece—firm, lean, and hairless, save for the minimal dark fuzz around his center that she took pride in moistening. The exhaustion from her run finally faded, replaced by the blissful, singular focus of serving her adored one.

Damian tightened his fist in Sally's hair, his knuckles white as he ground her face into the cleft of his buttocks. The little slut didn't even flinch; instead, she interpreted the pain as a "sweet request" to wash him better, to worship him harder. Her tongue went into overdrive, fervently massaging his anus with a level of devotion that was honestly pathetic. *Look at her*, he thought, *completely losing her mind just cause i'm letting her lick my shitter. It's actually embarrassing how easy it was to break her.*

Meanwhile, Amanda was a total mess beneath him, her eyes rolled back into her head as he pounded her. He gripped a nipple with two fingers, twisting it as if he wanted to tear it off. Christ, these two were past the point of no return. The "asking" phase was ancient history—they were like warm wax in his skillful hands now. One word, even just a look, and they folded like cheap chairs. It was like he'd personally rewritten their source code and deleted their self-respect.

Damian smirked to himself. The experiment was officially a wrap. He'd taken two "good girls" and reprogrammed them into submissive addicts who couldn't function without his cock. Now came the real problem: what to do with the "subjects." He was starting to get bored with them, yet it felt like a waste to just throw away all that training. Maybe he'd share them with the squad... or gift them to someone who needed a couple of literal human doormats. It deserved some careful thought.

He let go of Sally's head and hauled Amanda up by her nipples, watching her breasts pull taut—a sight that never got old. She bit down harder on his boxers, her eyes a wild blur of pain and peaked pleasure. He withdrew from her and signaled Sally to move.

"Get up," he told Amanda. She obeyed instantly, though she looked a little salty about the interruption.

"Sally, hit the mats. I have a vision," he commanded. The blonde scrambled onto her back, letting her head hang over the edge just like he wanted.

"Amanda, on top of her," he gestured. He watched them fumble into a reverse-69 position, Amanda's dripping pussy hovering right over Sally's face. They didn't have a clue where he was going with this, but they didn't ask questions. They just waited, looking at him like mindless animals. *God, they're so slow. It's like they've traded their last two brain cells for the chance to serve me.* He shrugged with mock innocence.

"Well? You guys don't want me anymore?" he asked, sounding almost hurt.

Their eyes lit up instantly. Sally's jaw dropped open, a huge smile on her face, while Amanda reached back to spread herself wide for him.

"Hehehe! Now you're ready."

Two hot holes, his for the choosing. He stepped forward and went straight for Sally's throat, burying himself until his balls hit her chin. He held it there for a few seconds, letting her feel the weight of him while she struggled to catch a breath, then started a violent, rhythmic pace. He was hitting her esophagus like it was her pussy. Four months of training had

turned them into pros; they could take the full length now, even if his "violent mode" still made them gag. Of course, Sally was the more sensitive one, but if she clumsily soiled him with her mess, she'd just lick everything clean—her only sacred duty.

He felt his balls slapping her nose, the guttural sounds coming from her throat indicating the drool production was in full swing. It was slick, coating him from top to bottom, making everything incredibly pleasurable. Suddenly, she managed a muffled, "Mpfmkmpp..."

Damian chuckled, not breaking his rhythm. "Yeah, Sally, I know it tastes good," he replied slyly, ignoring whatever "romantic" nonsense the little slut was trying to communicate. He just kept fucking her face with zero regard for her comfort. Why would he care? These pieces of meat sprawled on the mat weren't girls anymore. They might have been once, but now they were just toys he was getting bored of.

He continued for a few more minutes until Amanda began showing signs of serious impatience. She was still holding her position, pussy spread wide and dripping just for him, and she was clearly hitting her limit. He finally pulled out of Sally's mouth, watching her gasp for air and hack through a couple of rough coughs. He shifted his weight, planting one foot firmly on the floor and resting the other on the mat.

"Switch!" he said playfully, before thrusting deep into Amanda. He grabbed her hair like he was holding the reins of a mare, settling into a heavy, dominant rhythm.

While this second meat toilet began her rhythmic grunting, the first—Sally—was already stuffing her snout back between his genitals. She licked ravenously at any inch of his skin her tongue could reach, barely flinching when his thrusts sent his

weight slamming against her face. She was purely focused on his pleasure, which in her broken mind, was the only way she could feel her own. It was pathetic, really. His well-being was their first thought in the morning and their last prayer at night. Damian was almost certain that Sally, his former little angel, probably blessed his name before she fell asleep. It was a hilarious, comforting thought.

Everything in this little dynamic was perfectly oiled. Roles were defined, and the machine functioned flawlessly. But for a young stallion like him, flawless was just another word for boring. His popularity had peaked to such a height that he felt untouchable. He could probably drag any girl in the hallway into the boys' bathroom, leave her in a heap on the dirty floor, and walk away without a single consequence. Not that he'd ever be that crude—he had more style than that—but the sheer awareness of his power was a massive ego boost.

As he neared the edge, he heard Sally start to whimper against his thigh. She was clearly hoping he'd switch back to her mouth so she could take his finish. Dumb bitch. She'd shown up late, and in his world, tardiness deserved a penalty. Instead of switching, he cranked up the intensity on Amanda, driving her into a mindless state until he finally peaked. Sally didn't stop her obsessive, rhythmic licking, though he could hear the disappointment in her ragged breath. She was devastated to be left dry—literally.

Deciding to throw her a bone so she wouldn't be completely useless for the rest of the day, he looked down at the top of her head. Amanda was still twitching beneath him, completely spent.

"Sally, when I pull out, every drop of my cum is going to leak right out of her," he said, his voice cold and commanding. "What are you gonna do about it?"

The response was instant, her voice high and trembling with a crazy desperation. "Please... please let me eat it! Let me clean her out!"

He slowly withdrew. Sally, her face a revolting mask of drool, sweat, and vaginal juices, didn't hesitate. She dove forward to lick Amanda's pussy, wanting to catch every drop. Amanda was practically comatose, her brain fried from two orgasms in fifteen minutes, while the blonde worked her tongue deep inside her, sucking away everything she could find.

Damian took a step back to watch them. What a pitiful spectacle. They were lab waste, butcher's meat, trash with zero dignity or will left. He realized then that he was officially done with them in this capacity. He could do better. A slow, dark smile spread across his face as the perfect solution began to surface in his mind.

The lunch bell chimed out across the campus of Raleigh High on the very last day of school. A few more hours would usher in the beginning of nearly three months of absolute, undisturbed freedom. To the "common" students—the bustling crowd of nobodies filling the hallways—it was just summer break. But for the elite group gathered around a cluster of tables in the sun-drenched courtyard, it was the start of an era.

They sat there, looking like they'd just stepped off a movie set, while the rest of the student body swirled around them in a chaotic blur of backpacks and cheap sneakers. The air was thick with the mindless chatter of the privileged:

"...stop capping! Brady is clear of Luck! Did you even see the game on Saturday?"

"...yeah, at Colin's party! They definitely went upstairs together, I saw them, and then..."

"...my mom is literally on my case 24/7. Clean this, do that. I'm so ready to ghost for college..."

Damian sat back, soaking in the early June heat, memorizing the faces of the people he'd shared this legendary year with. To any outsider, they looked like a tight-knit, sincere group of friends. And they were! They just happened to have a few "industrial-grade" secrets. Damian smiled to himself; he knew almost all of them, at least the ones worth knowing.

He looked at Danny, his oldest friend. Danny was "in love" with Susan, yet he was the one who orchestrated the schedule for that filthy mouth of hers. Looking at her now—with her modest bangs and pink eyeshadow—you'd never guess she was the whole gang's premier disposal unit. Susy had her hands full lately; even Brent's teammates, Peter, Andy, Leo, and Teddy, had been "feeding" her whenever their actual girlfriends—who were currently sitting right next to them, holding hands and playing the part of the innocent prom queens—weren't putting out. Even Brent, the golden-boy quarterback, hadn't passed up the chance to use the third-year's throat. Danny, ever the strategist, had used his "sweet Susan" as currency to climb the social ladder, and it had worked. He was now a respected pimp in a designer hoodie.

But Susy wouldn't be overwhelmed for long. Very soon, her workload was about to get a massive assist.

Damian glanced at Sally and Amanda, sitting on either side of him. They leaned into him, showering him with the

sweetest, most affectionate gestures, totally oblivious to the "graduation gift" he had planned for them. Damian had decided: they were to become the collective toilets for the entire pack. Looking at their adoring faces, he couldn't help but think how much more natural they'd look with a leash around their necks and a line of guys waiting behind them.

But he wouldn't let them off as easy as Susy. Susy still had the "girlfriend" label with Danny and the guys knew she was good company even without a dick down her throat. Sally and Amanda? They were going to be the squad's on-call, full-time property. No more romance, no more "special" treatment. He was going to strip away the last of their girlhood until they were just two sets of walking, breathing holes with zero self-respect. He was going to turn them into the kind of girls you text at 2:00 AM with a location, use for twenty minutes, and then kick out without a word.

He viewed it as a legacy—a humanitarian donation to the male community of Raleigh High. He'd spend the summer reprogramming their pretty little heads, framing it as their "sacred duty" to keep the boys' spirits high so they could focus on their "studies." By September, they wouldn't just be submissive; they would be fully aware that they were nothing more than laboratory waste meant for the boys' disposal.

Then there were Alec, Toby, and Dick—the three new recruits to Damian's inner sanctum. They were top-tier guys, and Damian genuinely enjoyed their company. They were sharp, funny, and knew how to hold a conversation, making them the perfect accessories to his high-status lifestyle. He was truly glad to have them in the fold.

Of course, there was the minor headache of Dick's sister, Sophia. She was the rebellious type, constantly chirping at Damian and acting flirty just to get a rise out of her brother. Dick, understandably, hated it; he was always venting to Damian, practically apologizing for his sister's "childish" and

thirsty behavior. What the poor guy didn't realize was that when he wasn't looking, Sophia's subtle provocations turned into full-blown demands.

Naturally, the pragmatic Damian had ended up screwing her a few times just to keep her quiet. Okay, it was five times... plus a few random blowjobs, but it was a sacrifice he made for the sake of the friendship. He'd made the deal clear: she acts normal around Dick, and he "obliges" her occasionally. It was basically charity work, and the fact that she had a pair of breasts like melons made the community service significantly easier to handle. Besides, she was heading to California for the summer. With any luck, she'd find a surfer dude to obsess over and become someone else's problem.

Then there was the low-key tea on Andy Thomas, Brent's right-hand man. He was busy hooking up with Sue—one of Pam's "handmaidens"—whenever his actual girlfriend was out of town. The kicker, though, was that Sue was also secretly getting down with Brent. The "talkative gentleman" himself had confessed this to Damian during one of their little mentoring sessions on the art of the "catch."

Damian watched Brent now, a smirk playing on his lips. The school's golden boy was currently wrapped around Pam, their mouths locked in a performative kiss. It was almost painful to witness how much of a complete idiot the guy was.

Brent was nothing but a pawn, a clueless figurehead who—at the masterful prompting of Pam and Damian—had worked tirelessly to turn Damian into a damn idol. The irony was peak: the dandy had put in the labor to make Damian popular, envied, and respected, all while Damian was busy turning Brent's own girlfriend into a filthy sex slave. The guy had grown so many "horns" from being cheated on that he probably couldn't fit through a standard doorway anymore, and he didn't have the slightest clue.

Watching them kiss was Damian's favorite form of entertainment. Pam knew exactly what she was doing; she'd shove her tongue down the fool's throat while shooting Damian mischievous, heavy-lidded glances over Brent's shoulder. To Damian, it was a meta-experience: every time Brent kissed her, it was like the Great Hero of Raleigh High was personally licking Damian's feet, his armpits, or his sweaty balls—whichever part of his body the head cheerleader had just finished "cleaning" with such intense devotion in a broom closet only few minutes prior.

The beautiful Pam. She was the ultimate secret. To the school, she was an untouchable goddess, a queen to be worshipped from a distance. In reality, she had spent the entire year as Damian's humble, filthy, and submissive slave, thriving on the double life they led.

Oh yes, everyone was there: the current and future royals and nobility of Raleigh High. Under the watchful eyes of the entire student body, they were witnessing what was less of a lunch and more of a handover from one king to another. One was abdicating his throne, the other being crowned. If they were living in the era of 18th-century neoclassicism, there would have been a painter in the corner, capturing the moment on a gigantic canvas to hang in a museum for posterity. Damian smiled, amused by the mental image, and took a deep breath of the warm June air.

The painter wasn't there, but Damian's gaze eventually wandered to a solitary tree at the edge of the courtyard. Sitting alone in the shade was a boy who occasionally glanced toward their table with a mixture of longing and bitterness.

The new idol contemplated the silhouette of Bobby Harris for a few seconds. He found himself reflecting on the transformation of the last year. Had he become the very thing he once despised? A jerk? A bully? He gave himself a

quick "conscience check" and decided the answer was a firm no. Being popular didn't equate to being a bully; that was a line he had never crossed and never tolerated from his circle.

He toyed with a radical idea: Why not go over and invite Bobby to join the table? It would be the ultimate "noble" gesture. His brilliant mind analyzed the move from every angle, predicting the social ripple effects. Would it be worth the effort?

Not a chance. If Harris's spectacular fall had taught Damian anything, it was that the social balance of the "caste system" was fragile. Bobby Harris had brought his exile on himself through his own arrogance, and Damian wasn't about to play the saint. There was a difference between not being a bully and having a "noble soul." No, that little jerk needed to spend a few more years in purgatory before he was allowed to breathe fresh air again. Some lessons were only learned in total isolation.

He lingered on his old nemesis for one last beat of cold satisfaction before Alec nudged him.

"Dam, who are you looking at?"

Damian hesitated for a moment, a private, lethal smile touching his lips. He averted his gaze, looking back at his court—at the submissive Pam, the loyal Danny, and the "utilities" Sally and Amanda.

"No one, buddy..." he replied smoothly, picking up his drink. "Just no one."

Philip was the happiest father in the world. His daughter—who previously had the academic drive of a goldfish—had actually stepped onto that stage and received her hard-earned diploma. To Phil, watching her celebrate with her friends was like witnessing a miracle. A year ago, the idea of Pam going to college would have been pure science fiction.

Sure, it wasn't Ivy League. Her SAT scores weren't going to get her into Harvard or Stanford, but she had qualified for any public university she wanted. To Phil's delight, she had chosen to stay local at North Carolina State University. His wife had cried enough tears to flood the auditorium, and Phil was practically vibrating with joy.

But beneath the fatherly pride lay a much darker, more pressing motivation. Phil knew he was troubled, but he couldn't walk away from the "porn shows" that had become his oxygen. He needed a plausible excuse to keep Damian in the house all summer without raising his wife's suspicions. He just needed to sell the kid on the "job."

Heart racing with a mix of nerves and anticipation, he approached the group of teenagers surrounding Pam.

"So, mister tutor?! How are we doing?" he called out, trying to sound like the cool, casual dad.

Damian turned, flashing that perfect, knowing smile. "Hello, Phil! Big day, huh? You must be hyped."

"Hehehe!! It's hard to hide it on a day like this! Hehehe!!" Phil chirped. He reached out with forced nonchalance, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder and gently guiding him a few steps away from the crowd.

"Listen, kid, I wanted to make you an offer for the summer, assuming you're not already booked with another job." Damian shook his head, looking attentive.

"Well, I'm a bit of a collector of old coins and banknotes," Phil started, his lie flowing with practiced fluency. "But I have a mountain of them in the attic that need to be cataloged. I know it's boring, and it'll probably take you all summer to get through the bulk of it..."

In reality, the collection was modest. A genius like Damian could finish the task in a weekend. But Phil was counting on Damian's cleverness—the boy would know to stretch the "work" to maybe an hour a day, leaving plenty of time for their "other" extracurricular activities.

"Of course, it's a paid gig," Phil added, leaning in to seal the deal. "Let's say the same rate you were making for tutoring Pam? Six hundred a day?"

He didn't even need Damian to speak; the glint in the boy's eyes said it all.

"Wow, Phil, thank you! That's incredibly generous. You can definitely count on me—I'd be happy to take the job," Damian said enthusiastically, shaking Phil's hand.

Damian had a grin from ear to ear, and Phil knew it had nothing to do with numismatics. He could only imagine what the boy thought of him—a pathetic loser, an easy target to be mocked behind his back. But Phil didn't care. He felt a wave of uncontrollable happiness radiating from his every pore. He was thrilled.

He was a "great" father who had just successfully bribed a teenager with a small fortune to ensure that for the next

three months, his daughter would be treated like a mindless, filthy sex slave right under his own roof.

Pam pulled up to the curb on Dale Road, her hands gripping the steering wheel a little tighter than usual. Graduation had been a whirlwind of gowns, caps, and an exhausting amount of praise. Her family and friends had spent the last forty-eight hours inflating her ego, telling her how "mature" and "brilliant" she was. It felt wrong. It felt so strange, in fact, that two days ago she'd practically begged Damian to let her spend ninety minutes on his bedroom floor worshiping his feet just to recalibrate her brain.

Damian had laughed, shaking his head, barely looking up from his monitor. "If you're that desperate, sure. But I'm warning you, I'm dropping into a high-stakes *Warzone* lobby with the squad. I'll have my headset on and I'm locked in, so I won't even notice you're there. You get under the desk and you stay ghost or it's not deal!" She couldn't have asked for anything better—the invisibility, the cold dismissal, the absolute humiliation of being a footrest for a guy who was screaming callouts to his boys and completely ignoring her existence. It was her happy place. No thoughts about the future, no pats on the back. Just her, the floor, and her Master's feet on her face.

But today was different. She had a confession to make, and it was eating at her.

Keeping a secret from Damian felt like a betrayal of the one honest thing in her life. She looked at that dark red door with the golden nameplate, remembering the first time she'd

knocked, bored of Brent and looking for a thrill. She was a different person now. A better person—or at least, a more "useful" one.

She followed the sound of voices toward the garage. Damian was a mess. He was decked out in a faded t-shirt, beat-up shorts, and old tennis shoes that were a far cry from his usual polished look. He was hauling boxes of junk, his face twisted in a grimace of effort, sweat soaking through his shirt in heavy, unstylish patches. Physical labor was clearly not his forte.

Sammy was buzzing around him like a persistent fly, bombarding him with his usual endless stream of "why."

"Damiaaaaaan!!! Why can't I stay here with you?" the kid whined, his voice hitting that perfect pitch of petulance. Damian slammed a box down in the corner, leaning over his knees to gasp for air.

"Let him catch his breath, Sammy!" Pam called out, stepping into the shade of the garage.

Both brothers turned. Sammy's face transformed instantly. "Paaaam!" he cheered, charging at her. She scooped him up, a genuine smile breaking across her face.

"Hello, gorgeous!" she laughed, squeezing him tight.

Damian wiped a sweaty forearm across his brow, leaving a streak of dust behind. He looked exhausted and decidedly un-royal, but to Pam, he was still the only person who mattered.

"What are you doing here?" he panted, walking over. "Weren't we supposed to meet at Sue's party later?"

"Good afternoon to you too, rude!" she teased, setting Sammy back on the ground. "Sammy, promise me you'll grow up to be a gentleman, unlike your brother here."

The child giggled, darting back toward a stack of old toys, while Pam's eyes drifted back to Damian. The playful banter was a shield; beneath it, her heart was racing. She needed to get him alone, away from the boxes and the kid, before her courage failed her.

"I'm here to officially invite you to dinner at the Van Buren residence!" she announced, mimicking a stiff, high-society accent. "Be sure to wear a tuxedo and a bow tie, otherwise the butler won't even let you past the gate!!"

Damian laughed, leaning against a stack of bins. "That's a given! I wouldn't dream of disrespecting the help."

"Daaaamiii!!!" Sammy interrupted, tugging relentlessly at Damian's sweaty shirt. "Why can't I stay here with you?!?! Please!!!" He put on a pout that could melt a glacier, his big eyes looking up with pure desperation.

"Sammy, I've already told you..." Damian began, switching to that patient, gentle tone he reserved only for the kid. It was the only time his edge truly softened. "...You know Aunt Diane wants to see you, right?"

"Aunt Diane?" Pam asked, leaning her hip against a workbench.

Damian looked at her, rolling his eyes in theatrical exasperation. "She's my dad's aunt. Every three or four months, she summons us to 'check in' on her great-nephews. It's basically an interrogation session with tea and cookies."

"How did you manage to escape the draft this time?"

Damian gestured vaguely to the mountain of boxes filling the garage. "I had to promise to clean up this entire mess. Forced labor was the only way out."

"Wow, she sounds delightful," Pam muttered under her breath so Sammy wouldn't catch the sarcasm.

"Tell you what," Damian said, kneeling down to Sammy's level. "If you're good with Aunt Diane, when you get back, I'll spend an entire day just with you. We'll do whatever you want—the park, the arcade, all of it. Deal?"

The child's face transformed instantly. "Deal!"

It was genuinely sweet to see him play the big brother role. Pam felt that familiar, heavy spell she was under tighten even more. Seeing him be so human and kind with Sammy only made his dominance over her feel more justified, more earned.

"Let's go, Sammy!" Amy Flanagan's voice rang out from the back of the house. She appeared a moment later, looking hurried but radiant. "Pam, sweetheart! You look lovely!"

"Hello, Mrs. Flanagan!"

"Congratulations on your graduation! You simply must come over for dinner one of these nights so we can celebrate properly!" Pam smiled and nodded, navigating the pleasantries with practiced grace. She really did love Damian's family, but her stomach was currently in knots. She needed the house empty. She needed to speak.

After about seven thousand last-minute instructions to Damian about the garage, the trash, and locking the doors, Amy headed to the car. Sammy trotted behind her, waving

his little hand frantically at Pam and his brother until the car pulled out of the driveway.

"And they're only gone until tomorrow afternoon," Damian said sarcastically, watching the tail lights disappear. "Imagine the chaos if they actually left for a week or two."

Pam laughed, finally feeling the tension in her shoulders start to drop. "I seriously doubt they'd ever leave you alone for an entire week. They know you'd turn this place into a lair."

"A very organized lair," he joked.

"Come on, take a break, hard-working man," she said, reaching out and sliding her hand into the crook of his arm. "Shall we have a cool drink on the porch? You look like you're about to collapse."

"You had me at 'break'," he sighed. She led him toward the front of the house, her mind already racing toward the confession she was about to drop.

She pointed to the swing couch on the porch with a flourish. "Sit yourself down and be served!" she chirped.

Then, unexpectedly, she felt a sharp, playful pat on her rear. "Move it and bring me a cold beer, woman! And don't make me wait!" Damian commanded, sliding into a thick, exaggerated Southern drawl that sounded like a caricature of a backwoods plantation owner. He broke into a laugh at his own ridiculousness, and she raised a skeptical eyebrow.

"Damian, you are officially the least believable cowboy in the history of the world!"

He shrugged as he collapsed onto the swing with that lethal, perfect smile. "True..." he agreed, kicking his feet up and setting the couch into a gentle sway. Then his eyes darkened, that playful humor replaced by a sly, predatory grin. "...but I really do love being served, little slave. No cap."

She blew him a sweet, lingering kiss before heading to the kitchen. Her hands trembled slightly as she grabbed two sodas from the fridge; the weight of the secret was starting to feel heavy. When she returned, she found him lounging in an extremely "comfortable" manner—one heel hooked on the edge of the seat, his arm draped over the backrest.

He took the can from her and drank with a level of self-assurance that would have been unthinkable for him a year ago. Pam watched his clean-shaven, boyish, and dangerously handsome features until he stopped drinking. Without even turning his head to look at her, he spoke.

"I should start charging a premium for all the time you spend staring at me."

She smiled, caught off guard. "Well, that might be a way to make a ton of money, little master, hehe!"

Damian smirked, leaning back further. She took a sip of her coke, her eyes trailing over his outfit again with palpable disapproval. "You seriously need some cool summer clothes," she said, gesturing to his faded shirt and worn shorts. "This look is... not it."

He smiled. "You're right, little slave! You keep spoiling me."

She frowned playfully. "Hey, I didn't say *I* was buying them for you!"

"Hahaha! Of course you will!" he laughed, sounding entirely too certain. "Spending your dad's money on me is one of your favorite hobbies, and I thoroughly enjoy taking advantage of it. So... hehe!!"

She smiled and reached over, gently stroking his lap. He didn't pull away; the afternoon street was deserted and quiet. "mmm... what a good little master you are, exploiting me in every possible way. It's so exciting! Hehe!" she sang.

"It's a natural talent, hahaha!!"

She shook her head, genuinely amused. "By the way, Dad told me about the summer 'job' paying six hundred dollars a day! Nice!"

"Yeah, he really doesn't know where to throw his money, huh?" he asked sarcastically.

"Well, do you have any idea how much he actually has?!"

The young man shook his head, and she shrugged casually. "Neither do I! I just know that I spend a ton of it!"

They laughed together, the sound echoing softly off the porch. It was nice to just be like this—chatting calmly, enjoying the breeze, feeling like a normal couple. But the "normalcy" was the trigger. Pam took a deep breath, her thumb tracing circles on the denim of his shorts. The laughter died down, and the silence that followed felt louder than ever.

The time had come. No point hesitating any longer.

"Listen, I need to tell you something..." she began.

"What is it?"

"It's about the SAT." He looked at her curiously, taking another long pull from his soda. "Do you remember when the scores arrived a couple of weeks ago and you were... disappointed with mine?" she asked.

The boy tried to soften the blow. "Pam, I wasn't disappointed. I just said that with how hard we worked, I hoped for something a little higher, that's all..." he said gently. He looked a bit embarrassed, clearly not wanting to offend her.

She raised an eyebrow bitterly, a small, sad smile playing on her lips. "Well, that's the literal definition of disappointed, don't you think?" she countered.

He smiled back and shrugged, conceding the point.

"Anyway... I have a confession to make..." she continued, her heart hammering against her ribs. It was now or never. "...The test... well, a lot of the mistakes I made were... I made them on purpose," she whispered.

Damian froze. He looked at her, searching her face to see if this was some weird, elaborate joke.

"What?"

She repeated it, her voice trembling slightly. "Many of the mistakes I made were—"

"I heard you. I want to know *why!*" he retorted, his voice suddenly sharp, serious, and dangerously annoyed.

She lowered her eyes, looking at her hands in her lap. "I was scared..."

“Of what?!” he asked, his tone a mix of incredulity and exasperation.

Pam bit her lip, the words tumbling out now. “If I had done too well on the test, I could have gotten into a top-tier university. Somewhere far from here... far away... from you.”

He stared at her for a long ten seconds, his blue eyes turning icy. He turned back to look at the deserted road, and before taking another sip, he spoke with heavy, crushing authority.

“You’re stupid.”

She said nothing. It was exactly the reaction she had feared. She waited for him to finish his drink, hoping they could find a way through the tension. He turned back to her, his gaze piercing.

“Do you understand what I just said? You are *stupid!*” he repeated.

She sighed, trying to find a way to downplay it, but he cut her off before she could even breathe.

“You sacrificed your future for what? Because I have a nice cock?” he said, his tone detached and clinical.

She tried to play it off with her usual coy charm. “Ooohh, but you don’t just have a ‘nice cock,’ you have the eighth wonder of the world between your legs!” she chirped, leaning over to kiss the damp, musk-scented fabric of his shorts.

“Pam, stop it,” he said, not moving a muscle.

“Oh, come on, let me sniff it a little!” she pleaded, falling into the submissive role she used in the bedroom to smooth things over.

The response came in a voice as cold as marble.

"Pam, we're in the middle of the street. I don't think Mrs. McClusky across the road wants to see a cheap whore rubbing her face on my crotch."

He hadn't moved an inch, but the sentence hit her like a physical blow. It was the truth—unfiltered and raw. She was acting exactly like what he called her. But the delivery—that sharp, distant rebuke—cut through her faster than any insult ever had.

She sat back, feeling like a thief caught red-handed. She cleared her throat, her mind a frantic blur. Damian remained silent for nearly a minute, the only sound the distant chirp of a bird. He was processing the "atomic bomb" she had just dropped. It was as if she had betrayed him in a certain sense, and his reaction was more than justified. Yet she had to find a way to gain his forgiveness.

"Pam, what do you even want from me?"

The voice she loved so much pulled her from her thoughts, though it was still laced with that cold, judgmental edge.

"I want things to stay as they are, that's all..." she began, pouring every ounce of her heart into her words. "...I'll go to NCSU, which is twenty minutes from here, and we can continue to..."

"You realize I would never do that for you, right?" he interrupted, looking her in the eye more seriously and intensely than ever. "Like, no shot. In two years, I'm taking that test and I am ghosting this town. You understand that?" She smiled. How foolish he was, couldn't he see?

"I know that, and that's how it should be! Do you really think I would ever ask you to stay?"

The boy softened slightly at those words, his shoulders losing a fraction of their tension.

She placed a hand in his damp, sweat-matted hair. He didn't pull away this time, though he went back to staring at the deserted road. "Damian, you have a great mind. You're going to study and become someone important—an engineer, a doctor... or who knows, maybe they'll make you president, and you'll save the world one day!" Despite his bad mood, Pam saw a hint of a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"I'm just anyone. The world can do without my contribution. But you, nerd... you've made me the happiest person in the world this year." Her hand was growing sweaty from her nerves. He still wouldn't look at her, just listened while sipping his soda.

"I worship you, remember? You taught me that! What I feel goes way beyond 'love'—I have a physical need to be with you, to serve you, to humble myself for you. Did you think that would just disappear at the end of the school year?" she asked him.

"No, but I thought it would be under control... I thought you were more logical than this."

"You were wrong!" she interrupted. "It's not something I can just turn off or forget; it's what I feel!" Damian turned, still serious, those wonderful eyes unintentionally overpowering her. Pam swallowed, then said the words she knew would calm him, relieving the social pressure.

"I know you don't love me, Damian. Don't worry..." Predictably, he didn't correct her. She continued, "...but I

also know you care about me, and that's more than enough for me." Again, silence. Agreement. "I don't demand anything but your company; I'm happy to just adore you."

She left it hanging in the warm afternoon air. After a few seconds, he took a deep breath and quietly muttered, "Wild."

She let a few seconds pass, feeling the ice between them start to thaw.

"You've only delayed the problem, though," he told her, his analytical mind already jumping ahead. "What's the move when I actually leave for college?" She smiled, shrugging as if the answer were the most obvious thing in the world.

"I'll come with you. I'll rent an apartment off-campus and be at your complete disposal 24/7," she said sweetly.

He shook his head, believing for a moment she was joking, but then he looked her in the eye and saw the terrifying, unwavering sincerity there.

"You'd actually do that... You're really that far gone," he said. It wasn't a question, but a realization or more like an observation that, she noticed with a thrill of relief, didn't entirely displease him.

He was silent for a few moments, the ice in the air finally beginning to turn into a strange, heavy heat.

"Are you angry?" she whispered, her heart skipping a beat.

He smiled at her—not the warm smile he gave Sammy, but the one he reserved for her.

"Well, as your tutor, yeah—I'm furious," he started, his voice dropping an octave. "But I'm not your tutor anymore, am I?"

She relaxed instantly, a massive weight lifting off her chest. But then came the warnings, delivered with the rhythmic precision of a judge passing a sentence.

"You're condemning yourself to a one-sided love, Pam. It's actually tragic."

"I know..."

"I'm not letting you have a boyfriend or any of that mid distraction. This time, you're full-time property."

"I know..."

"I'm going to continue to exploit, use, and humiliate you. It's only going to get more unhinged."

"I know this too..."

"And are you actually ready to live with the consequences of this choice for the rest of your life?" he asked, almost incredulous, giving her one final, logical exit strategy.

"Yes..."

Damian stared at her for a few seconds, searching for a crack in her resolve. Finding none, he finally grinned.

"Well, if that's what you want, I'm certainly not going to stop you. Congratulations, you're my indefinite slave. Happy now?"

She laughed, a sound of pure, unadulterated relief, and hugged him tight, resting her head on his sweaty shoulder. "Do you know how happy you make me, Master?"

He chuckled, finishing the last of his soda. "More or less, haha! You're literally obsessed."

She really was. Every fear had evaporated the moment he accepted her surrender. She felt euphoric, wanting to celebrate, to play, but most of all to worship. She pulled back slightly, her eyes roaming over his frame. "Mmmmm, you're all sweaty..."

He didn't say anything, his smirk widening as he realized exactly where this was going.

"What if we went inside, you lay down to relax—maybe in front of the TV—and you ordered me to lick every single inch of your perfect body until you're clean?" she teased, her tongue already tracing the salt on his neck.

Damian's eyes darkened with interest. "Well, I'd say that's way more of a vibe than taking a shower, hehe!"

She clapped her hands like a little girl, a jarring contrast to the absolute filthiness of her request. "Thank you, little Master, hehe!"

As she started to stand up, he suddenly grabbed her by the hair, yanking her face just inches from his. He wore an expression that was pure ego—superior, arrogant, and laced with a dark, sadistic pride. In that one look, he communicated that she was officially below him forever. Pam felt completely overwhelmed by the intensity of it, before he released her after a couple of seconds without a word.

They stood up and went inside. She unzipped her dress and, within thirty seconds, was completely naked, dropping to all fours in front of him before he'd even started to undress. He

looked down at her as if seeing her for the first time and just started laughing.

"What's so funny?" she asked, intrigued.

"Hehe! You know..." he replied, peeling off his shirt and tossing it onto the floor like a piece of trash. "...I think I actually gave you too much credit."

The shorts came off next. "All that time I spent gaslighting myself into thinking you had a brain... you really played the part well." He let out a harsh, disparaging snort as his shoes hit the floor with a heavy thud. "But you're actually just bottom-tier. I meant every word on that porch: you're a worthless, low-IQ whore throwing her entire life in the gutter just to be my personal footrest."

Off came the socks, then the boxers. He stood over her, completely naked and looming, looking down at her with a perfect, lethal sneer. "I don't even respect you enough to be angry anymore. You're so pathetic it's actually tragic. I look at you and I don't see a person—I just see a broken toy that doesn't know when to quit. Honestly, I pity you."

She bit her lip, the cruelty of his voice vibrating through her. The words were acidic, meant to dissolve any shred of dignity she had left, but hearing them delivered with that satisfied, confident smirk only made her crave his dominance more.

"I've been trying to tell you that for months..." she threw in slyly, looking up at him from the floor.

He smiled, a cold, predatory expression, and petted her head like a stray dog he was considering keeping. "No cap, though—you're really going to do everything I want, forever? No matter how deranged the request? You're actually choosing to be a literal human zero?"

She looked at him with unwavering intensity and kissed his manhood, just inches from her face, inhaling the scent of the guy who had just systematically dismantled her soul. "Do you even need to ask?"

He smirked, then pursed his lips and let a long, sticky glob of saliva fall. The spit landed right on her cheek. Like a cat, she spread it across her face with her fingers, then licked them clean without ever breaking eye contact with his disparaging eyes. Damian shook his head, laughing at how cooked her mind really was, then sprawled out on the couch. He grabbed the remote, turned on the TV, and locked his fingers behind his head.

"We have plenty of time," he said, his voice light and cheerful, as if he hadn't just finished insulting her entire existence. "Start from the bottom this time... and don't miss a spot. I want to see how much of a 'worthless whore' you can really be."

As Pam moved her mouth toward the source of his pleasure, she felt a strange, profound peace settle over her. The knot that had been tight in her stomach for months—that nagging, "mature" voice telling her to worry about her future—was finally, mercifully dead. The time for words, grades, and explanations was officially over.

She felt a wave of overwhelming gratitude wash over her. It was a bizarre, intoxicating luck; while other girls were stressing over dorm roommates and career paths, she had been granted the ultimate relief. She didn't have to be "Pamela Van Buren" anymore. She didn't have to be the brilliant student or the prestigious daughter. Damian had stripped all of that away with his insults, and in its place, he had given her a purpose that felt more real than anything she'd ever known.

As her tongue worked with feverish devotion, she relished the sweet, dark comfort of being a true object and the thought made her heart swell with a twisted kind of pride. She felt so incredibly lucky that he had chosen *her* to be his favorite piece of trash. To be used, exploited, and looked down upon by someone as superior as Damian wasn't a burden; it was a gift. It was the only place in the world where she felt she truly fit.

She knew she was just one asset among many in his growing collection—she knew about the "utility" roles he had planned for the others—but she didn't care. In fact, it made her more determined. She would work harder, degrade herself further, and anticipate his every dark whim with such precision that he would never find a more useful or submissive tool.

She wasn't just his slave; she was his creature, and as she looked up to see him staring at the TV, completely indifferent to her presence while she worshipped him, she had never felt more at peace. This was her throne: on the floor, at his feet, serving the only person who had the power to make her feel absolutely nothing and everything at the same time.

Epilogue

November, a few years later...

"Hehehe! Good job, little brother!" Sammy smiled at the sound of Damian's amused voice on the other end of the line.

"Yeah, she still hasn't totally mastered the throat goat status, and her lips are honestly a bit thin," Sammy replied quietly, his sneakers squeaking against the polished corridors of Raleigh High. "But when I finish in her mouth, she looks up at me with that peak blissful expression, like she just won the lottery. You know what I mean? Hehehe!"

"Oh, I know exactly the vibe, kid. No cap! Hehehe!" They both laughed, a shared, dark understanding bridging the miles between them.

"When are you actually coming back, Dami?" Sammy asked, his tone slipping into something a bit more childish than his varsity jacket would suggest.

"For Thanksgiving!"

"Ah... so you're coming with Sarah and Tim..." Sammy noted, referring to his brother's wife and his nephew. There was a clear note of disappointment in his voice, and Damian, ever the analyst, caught it instantly.

"Actually, no. Sarah is locked in with work; I'm just bringing Tim." Sammy's voice turned whiny, the bratty little brother peaking through.

"Oh come on, why don't you just bring the bitch too?"

Damian chuckled. "You're really tryna play with her that bad, huh?"

"Absolutely! Come on! Don't be mid! Bring her!" Sammy already knew the outcome of the conversation; he knew his "super generous" older brother was a sucker for his own legacy.

"Alright, fine. I'll bring her along, and you can have her as your personal toy all weekend. You happy now?" Damian relented, just as Sammy expected.

"Yay! You're literally the goat, Dami! Tell me, do you still keep her locked in the cage?"

"Hehehe!!! Sometimes," Damian said, sounding incredibly satisfied with himself. "When I'm feeling particularly devious, I'll just lay on the couch to watch a game with my feet an inch from the bars. The poor thing just spends half an hour licking the air and whimpering because she can't reach them. It's top-tier entertainment."

"Hahaha!! Poor Pam! I'm definitely doing that when you get here, haha!" Sammy laughed heartily, the image of the former head cheerleader reduced to a caged pet delighting him.

"Sure! If we do it together, she might actually leak from the excitement. Can you imagine? Hahaha!!!" Damian replied.

"It's going to be an absolute blast!!" Sammy commented. Then:

"Okay, I'm gonna let you go. I have to get back to the grind! Tell Mom and Dad I said what's up!" Damian said.

"Bet. Talk to you later!"

"I love you, little brother," Damian added, his voice dropping the edge for a split second.

"Damiii!! Come on, stop being cringe!!!" Sammy groaned, hanging up while Damian was still laughing at his embarrassment. Sammy smiled to himself as he pocketed his

phone. The feeling was mutual, obviously, but did they really need to say it?

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a loud, crashing noise further down the main hallway. Sammy looked up, his expression hardening as he witnessed a scene he definitely didn't like.

"Watch where you're going, loser! Hahaha!!!"

John Terrell hit the floor for the umpteenth time that week. It was becoming a morning ritual. It was like he had a giant neon sign hovering over his head that said: *Free target! Open for abuse!* The reasons were obvious—he was a freshman, he was skinny, and he looked like a total nerd.

Honestly, he was used to it. Middle school had been a similar nightmare, but that didn't make the cold tile of the hallway any more comfortable. He kept his head down, waiting for the four arrogant meatheads to finish trampling over his books as they laughed their way down the hall, already having forgotten he existed.

He sighed, reaching out to gather his scattered supplies. He was already dreading the waste of time, thinking about how he'd have to spend his entire break fixing his notes when—

"What's your name?"

John nearly had a heart attack. He spun around and saw a ridiculously gorgeous guy with dark hair and piercing blue eyes. John froze. He knew exactly who this was. This was the closest thing to a god at Raleigh High—a junior with a cracked GPA, a swarm of girls permanently in his orbit, and a circle of friends that ran the school. He was handsome,

friendly, and looked like he had the world on a leash. There wasn't a single reason why someone like Sammy Flanagan should even notice him.

"Uh... John..." he stammered, his voice cracking.

Sammy knelt down, picking up a couple of the books. He handed them back with a smile that felt like it belonged on a billboard.

"Nice to meet you, John. I'm S—"

"Sammy! I know who you are! Sammy Flanagan!" John blurted out, wanting to prove he wasn't a total idiot.

Sammy's smile widened, but then he turned serious, his gaze sharp. "I saw what those guys did to you, and I didn't like it. It's a mid-tier move picking on someone like that."

John was stunned. Of all the things he expected the school's idol to say, this was the last. He shrugged resignedly. "They do it all the time... it's just how it is."

"That's not okay."

John looked at him, trying to be polite without sounding like a victim. "Well, what can I do? I'm... I'm the biggest loser in school!" he finished in a small, defeated voice.

"And do you actually like being a loser?" Sammy asked calmly.

"Of course not!! But it's not like I can just punch them, right?" John snapped, his frustration leaking out with more defiance than he intended.

Sammy's face broke into a smile that any Hollywood star would envy. "Hehehe! No, John. Violence is useless. That's caveman energy. Besides, you have a much more powerful weapon that they completely lack."

John blinked, trying to figure out what on earth he was talking about. Sammy reached out and placed a firm, reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"Your brain..."

John's shoulders sagged. Yeah, right. His brain was the reason he was getting shoved into lockers. As if reading his mind, the school's idol spoke again.

"Why don't we have a chat? I want to tell you a story..." he started, beginning to lead John down the hallway with his arm draped casually around the freshman's shoulders. To John, it felt surreal—like he had just been drafted into a different universe.

"W...what story?" he asked, his heart racing.

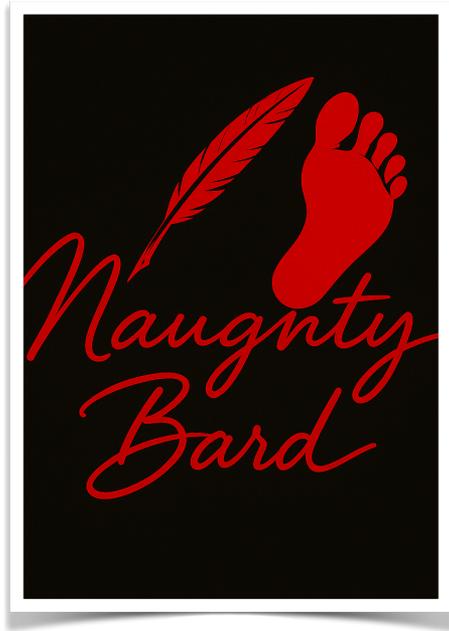
Sammy looked at him, his blue eyes glinting with a strange, intense light. "Oh, you'll like it, trust me. It's a true story. It's the story of a guy who used to be the biggest loser in this entire school... a total nobody."

"Who was it?" the freshman asked, already completely entranced by the older boy's charisma.

Sammy smiled at him again, a look that was both kind and chillingly confident.

"...a guy called... Damian."

About the Author



Born in Italy, raised in the US and equally fluent in both Italian and English, Naughty Bard holds a degree in Foreign Languages and Literatures. A lifelong reader, he has always been fascinated by the power of literature to seduce the mind and immerse readers so deeply they lose track of time.

His writing explores the darker edges of desire, weaving fantasies of domination, submission, and raw erotic power dynamics. Through vivid characters and unapologetic storytelling, he invites readers to step into worlds where pleasure and control collide, and where the boundaries between fantasy and reality blur. For him, erotic fiction is not just entertainment, but an exploration of freedom, imagination, and the hidden truths of longing.