**Carol**

by[flinchny010](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=206667&page=submissions)©

**Carol Ch. 01 In which Carol begins her dress code**  
  
Carol in a snapshot:   
  
She is holding my hand as we exit a building into a brisk summer breeze. Her dress is barely-legal: Too short on her ass by about half an inch, too low off her chest by about two inches. Thin enough to be almost sheer when she enters the full sunlight streaming down between the buildings.  
  
The pink fabric dances around her legs. It wraps itself over her torso like a plastic bag blown up against a greek statue. She doesn't notice the people gawking at her in the streets: She's too busy telling me how she aced her exam.  
  
I dated Carol in college. I was young and innocent (innocentish), and I hadn't figured out that girlfriends could be more than just kissy-dolls or "a partner in life." Carol was the first girl -- first woman -- who showed me a girlfriend could also be a partner in crime. A partner in depravity.   
  
So this is the story of how far we went, and how weird we got. When we started dating, I was looking for an extrovert, a sorta-tease, a hot girl with a little exhibitionism in her blood. By the time we broke up (amicably), we had gone waaay too far and gotten waaay too intense, and I needed six months to decompress before I finally started dating again. Carol wasn't ready to stop, and as far as I know, is still as crazy today as she was by the time we split.  
  
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I'd met Carol in class my Sophomore year. We had a string of great conversations, and I started walking her out of class. Then we began hooking up before class at the nearby coffee shop.   
  
I was stupid-happy to have a friend like her. Guys would stop in the street when she walked past, and there I was, picking fuzz off her sweater, making her giggle, letting her re-button my shirt. Talking to her was a mix of joy and anxiety -- I didn't want to lose this privileged place in her routine, but I never felt solid or balanced: What were we? A couple?  
  
Then, once, when I was late, I saw her scanning the crowds for me. It gave my heart a lurch. I realized I might already have a space in her life. So that's when I asked her up to my apartment. (Carol later confessed, she felt like I'd been testing her, before I finally relaxed and became the 'real' me. People are so weird.)  
  
One summer day, we were standing in line at the coffee shop. Carol was wearing a cut-off jean skirt and a cut-up t-shirt. She had trimmed it into a cross between a half-shirt and a tank-top. It was a very relaxed and casual outfit, not dissimilar to the summer outfits of most other coeds. But on Carol, it generated a six-foot lust field all around her.  
  
Carol flubbed her order: Half-Caff double blah-blah. She broke down in the middle, and nearly died from embarrassment.   
  
"Oh, jeez," she said to the guy behind the counter. She leaned toward him endearingly. The bottom of her shirt slid well above her ribs. "I'm sorry! Don't take me to coffee jail! You don't know what they do to girls like me in jail!"   
  
I had perfected the look-but-not-looking thing, and sort of leaned back so I could take her all in. Strong runner's legs capped by a nice ass, ass covered by a miniskirt that seemed designed to show rather than cover, tight tummy stretched thin as she craned forward, breasts pushing forward as she shrugged her shoulders. And all of it rendered even more interesting by the gaping holes in her chopped-up tee.  
  
"No big," the coffee-guy shrugged, struggling to maintain his cool. His half of the conversation was directed towards her breasts. "You want to try again, or what?"  
  
For the rest of the day, I had to hear about Carol's mortification. She'd ordered her latte inefficiently, and now she felt like crawling into a hole.   
  
Another girl would have been mortified by how the guy behind the counter stood on his tippy-toes to look down her top. About how he purposefully dropped her change on the floor, so she'd have to bend over and get it. About how he'd never once met her eyes.   
  
For myself, I found it hard to reconcile her embarrassment with the vision that was burned into my retinas from the class earlier that day:  
  
During our first class that morning, she had been in front of the class, marking on the blackboard, giving a presentation she wasn't really prepared for (and her class partner had skipped).   
  
Every time she took the chalk and reached up, her shirt slid down her shoulder. When she stood on her tippy-toes, her skirt bobbled up, showing the bottom curves of her ass. The class was dead-quiet, watching her. It was surreal. The only sound in the room was Carol's chirpy, up-beat voice, spewing made-up nonsense that nobody ever questioned.  
  
Dancing around half naked in front of her college class: Too easy. Ordering coffee: Too hard.   
  
That was Carol. Great raw material. When I told her, after her presentation, that we could all see her panties under the skirt, she joked, "Yeah, right. Like I'm wearing panties."  
  
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Fast forward to next semester. I was taking Carol back to my apartment for the first time. We were "friends," we agreed, but we were also holding hands. I was being a bit familiar with her -- a hand on her back to guide her around a line of garbage cans, a squeeze on her hand when I laughed. We were having that conversation -- discussing what we liked about various things. Movies, coffee, lovers, clothes.  
  
For several blocks, we'd been walking behind a twenty-something woman going our direction, into the East Village. We were keeping pace with her, and I was staring hard enough to knock her over. I finally had to point her out to Carol, because if I didn't talk about her, I just wouldn't be able to talk.  
  
"For example, about clothes," I said, "Those jeans are totally cool."  
  
"They are?"  
  
"Yeah. I think ripped-up jeans is a style that will last forever," I said.  
  
This was the early nineties. By 1995, they would be gone, despite what men universally wanted. (They're finally back.) The woman ahead of us had two gaping tears in the seat of her pants. As she moved, her butt-checks winked in and out of the sunlight. It was mesmerizing. If I'd been alone, I might have followed her like a lost dog.   
  
Carol wasn't volunteering anything, so I asked, "What do you think?"   
  
"I think they're cool too." Her voice was unadorned. I had her words, but I couldn't tell what she had actually said.  
  
"I think we should get you some torn up jeans," I teased.  
  
"Me too," she said in the same voice.   
  
"No, really," I said. "Every second that you're walking down the street, and the world can't see your ass -- it's a second that you're committing a crime."  
  
This finally made her smirk.   
  
Encouraged, I went on: "I think from now on, you should think of your ass as a responsibility to the world. I mean, look at you! Your clothes require entirely too much imagination. Every guy we pass should be able to see everything about your ass." I glanced at her. She was in loose, thready blue jeans, with heavy clogs and a stretchy cotton blouse.  
  
"So therefore I should make some holes in my jeans?"   
  
Did her voice hold some amusement? I knew the risks I was taking -- I was talking dirty to a girl during the most precarious phase of a relationship. We had known each other for a while, but this was the first moment verging on romantic... and I was sleazing over her ass. Actually I was trying to compliment her, maybe challenge her a little. To see if she'd push back. I wanted to establish myself as not quite a nice guy. After all, there was always the remote chance she liked sleazebags.  
  
I said, "Don't you get the sense that guys like your ass?"   
  
"Oh yes," she said, with a short laugh. "I get that sense."  
  
"What about your legs?"  
  
"They say I have great legs," she said. "Guys in general say that."  
  
"I agree," I said. "If you're not wearing jeans with holes, you should be wearing short skirts."  
  
"Like, how short?"  
  
"Hmmm," I said, pretending to consider. "My definition of short is probably different from your definition of short."  
  
"Well, we are talking about what you want," she said.  
  
"If a girl is going to wear a short skirt, it should be short. As short as it can go. And the skirt should fly up when you're walking, and the wind should shove it around."  
  
"I don't know if I could get used to that," she said.  
  
"I think you could," I said encouragingly. I was getting less jokey now, and more earnest. (A little too pleading?) "Just try it. Wear nothing but short skirts for a few weeks. You'll stop thinking about it."  
  
"I'm imagining stairways. I'm thinking of when I sit down."   
  
"You'll get used to it. Just remember: If guys can't see your ass, then you're committing a crime."   
  
The woman in front of us turned off our path at a corner. I had to struggle not to stare after her. A part of me thought about following the woman anyway, but how pathetic would that be? Dragging a girl away from my apartment to ogle a woman?  
  
"I'll tell you what the crime is," I said. "Guys are gonna lust after you, no matter what. You're built. You're blonde. Big chest (sorry)."  
  
"But why is it a crime?" she insisted. "Why is it wrong to cover up?"  
  
"Because you're stealing from them," I said simply. "You're stealing from their fantasies. They're gonna think about you later... that's a given. But you're stealing all the details they should have in their thoughts. Those details -- they cost you nothing. On a different day, you'd be wearing a different outfit, and maybe those guys would get those details. Why not every day?"  
  
"So... I'm committing a crime if I don't show up in their jack-off fantasies?"   
  
"Yeah," I said. It sounded less stupid when she said it for me. But it still sounded stupid.  
  
"Why should I care about being a criminal?"  
  
We turned onto my street, and I suddenly realized again that I was leading a girl up to my apartment. We weren't going there to hang out. We were going to make out. And this was our foreplay. We were on the cusp -- our friendship was becoming something romantic.   
  
Or something more matter-of-fact than a romance. Carol certainly liked romantic stuff, but (I later found out) she felt, like me, that this was very mature talk. We were measuring compatibilities, like grown-ups. In our early conversations, we were covering miles, whereas two shy and sweaty-handed kids would have crawled along with blushes and stammers.   
  
I said, "Because I don't date girls who commit crimes."   
  
There. I'd layed it out. I could still get rejected, and at that point, it would hurt more than a little. She didn't even know my favorite color yet. But she knew one thing for sure -- I finished by blurting: "That's my thing. I like girls who are a little slutty."   
  
It hadn't been official, even to me, until I said it. I like slutty-looking girls. I guess I did, huh! It didn't seem so bad when I put it that way, either. A little perverse, but self-honest. Cutely lascivious. I tried to look rakish.  
  
Carol seemed to be taking it well enough. Her hand in mine was relaxed, her stride was even. She didn't break away and flee.  
  
"Um, how will I know if I'm looking 'slutty' enough?"   
  
I had answers ready, fresh from my midnight store of imagination. "At least once per day, some guy asks you out. Or whistles at you. Or makes a comment. Then you know you're hot. That's a requirement. Do you think you can do that?"   
  
"That happens enough already," she said without inflection.  
  
"And guys start talking to you. Like, they remember your schedule, and keep an eye out for you when you're supposed to show up. Then you know you're making an impression on them."  
  
We entered my building, and waited for the elevator. What she said next froze me to the core.  
  
"And when do I start?"  
  
I met her eyes, raising my sun-glasses. She was watching me expressionlessly. I couldn't tell if she was with the program or not. But, somehow, the conversation had drifted from my preferences to what we would do about them.  
  
I gulped, and tried to sound nonchalant, as if this was the most natural thing in the world. "Well, first, we should get upstairs. Then I'll get you out of all your clothes."  
  
She nodded.  
  
"Then, later, we'll take some scissors to your jeans."   
  
"Okay," she said. And I noticed she was breathing a little hard.  
  
To show her it wasn't all about me, I added, "And meanwhile, we'll talk about whatyou like."  
  
She gave a little shrug. "I'm still figuring that out. I don't have a bunch of ideas, like you. But give me time. Is that okay? Can we just do you for now?"  
  
The elevator door pinged open, and I impulsively grabbed her in an embrace, as if the sound had freed me to move. I walked her into the elevator, and we were already kissing.   
  
I said, "I'm going to make you into a wet dream."  
  
"Now that I like," she giggled. "But a wet dream for who?"   
  
"I'm not selfish," I said.  
  
"I figured that out," she said drily.  
  
"You're going to be a wet dream for everybody."   
  
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By the next day, I'd forgotten what we talked about. Forgotten the whole thing. If you ever want to remember something, don't have a 6-hour make-out session with Carol. She blew out the back of my head.   
  
I said "Hi!" as Carol entered the math lab. Then I did a double-take.  
  
Carol caught me staring. "Was today not the day?"   
  
"Not the day for what?"  
  
"That I'm supposed to start wearing short skirts, and nothing but, for weeks?" She cocked her head to the side, and threw out a hip.   
  
She was in a single-piece dress, with straps over the shoulders and two Vs of fabric covering her breasts. Her skirt ended at the top of her thighs. She couldn't have shown more leg if she'd been wearing tiny jogging shorts. The skirt was ruffled, and flounced away from her legs when she moved.   
  
"You look fucking lovely," I breathed.   
  
"'Slutty' enough? Is 'slutty' the word?"   
  
"Slutty is my word. And you just look innocent. Drive-me-mad innocent." I shook my head, and she smiled. "How has your day been going so far?"   
  
She ticked off her fingers: "I got looks on the subway. I got looks in my classes. I got looks on the way to the lab. I got propositioned in the coffee shop."  
  
"It's going well, then," I said. I was a little off balance.   
  
"The Great Experiment," she intoned, dimpling charmingly. "And now we're going to hang out, when you're done?"   
  
"Yeah. Here," I stood up, offering her the computer I'd been fixing. It was right by the door, the first place people passed when they walked in. "Take this station. Rule one: always get the most prominent place in every room."  
  
"Why's that?" She slid into the seat, the hem of her skirt playing over her thighs. Oh boy, did I want to run my hand over them. (Then I realized, with a flush of joy, that I could. We were official.)  
  
"So nobody will miss you as they walk in. And if you're by the door, people can stare at you from the halls. And if they're looking out the door, they have to look past you."  
  
"Everybody will see everything I do?"  
  
"Mm-hm. You're on display, always."  
  
"I'll remember that," she grinned. Standing above her, I could look down the front of her dress, to the smooth brown skin in the cleft between her breasts.   
  
"The goal is, to stop remembering. That it becomes second nature." I lingered over the view down her front.  
  
"Yes, that's what they did, too."  
  
"What?"  
  
"The guys on the train, staring down my top. Someone gave me his seat, and after a few stops I looked up, and I had all these people sort of ringed around me. I noticed them looking."   
  
"Tell me," I leaned in and whispered, "Are you wearing underwear?"   
  
"Yes." Her eyes were fixed on mine. "Should I not be wearing any?"   
  
I shrugged. "Try it this way for four weeks. By week number five, you'll go without."  
  
"Okay."   
  
That's all there was. Simple as that: Okay. That was all there was to it. I said it, and she said okay.   
  
I studied her, wondering exactly how real this all was. By week five, we could be broken up. Or we could be madly in love, angrily possessive of each other. "Okay" was pretty safe, all things considered.  
  
So what the hell. I continued, "But that's for the future. For now, four weeks with underwear. Just so you don't learn any bad habits, like how to bend over gracefully, or avoid stairs."  
  
This made her smirk.  
  
"Let me finish up, give me ten minutes."  
  
As I moved through the lab, I glanced back at her frequently. She was checking email, and was engrossed with it. She unselfconsciously crossed and uncrossed her legs, to move the seat around. Her toned, bare arms reached out to the keyboard. She leaned forward, or leaned back. Her knees were mostly together, but they parted occasionally when she moved. She was a natural. Any girl in a short skirt is a natural.  
  
The people drifting into the lab noticed her, too. Their glances lingered as they moved past. She quickly accrued a raft of guys around her. All of them were staring studiously at their monitors... but all of them were tilted towards her. And when she moved, they all would casually glance over at the same time. The tempo and length of the looks were obvious to me, a man. Men may hunt differently, but we share a hunting language.  
  
As we all watched, she slowly reached up and scratched her chest, just under the collar bone. Her french manicured nails slid over the welling curve of her left breast, but her fingers were under the strap. That alone was the hottest thing I'd ever seen her do. And I'd been staring at her for months.  
  
Yep, great raw material.

**Carol Ch. 02**

"I'm a toy!" she crooned, kissing me on the lips. "I'm a toy for all men!"   
  
How did we get to that?   
  
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Twenty minutes earlier, we had been arguing on the street. "I hate it when you don't talk to me," I told her. "Your non-committal stuff really makes me insecure."  
  
Carol looked frustrated. "That's not my intention. I just don't want to ruin your idea of me."   
  
"That couldn't happen," I said.   
  
"You don't know me," she said earnestly. "Girls can be much more nasty and perverted than men. You don't know what I'm thinking, most of the time."  
  
That sounded promising. "Honey, I'll know what you're thinking if you just tell me." And that was the problem right then: She'd been "hmmming" and "uh-huhing" me since we'd met after class.   
  
We were now walking down the street, hand in hand. The sunlight beat down on us, and she seemed to glow inside the beige smock she was wearing.   
  
True to her dress code, it was short, whisping over her thighs. It rose formlessly to a tight, embroidered bust that hugged the curves of her chest, so that it seemed to hang straight from her breasts. Whether she knew it or not, the city breezes pulled at it mercilessly. It jumped around her legs whenever she took a step. I half wished I was across the street, so I could watch her walk by.  
  
Bear in mind, I'd just met her after her class. She'd ridden into Manhattan on the subway, wearing that dress, as well as her panties, clogs, and a bag over her shoulder. She'd gone to her classes, climbed and descended stairs, and eaten lunch with a guy-friend of hers. She was really adapting well to our whole weird thing. For her to be suddenly demure was quite out of place.  
  
"Okay," I said. "We'll make a no-judgement zone. Let's make a rule."  
  
"Rules are good." She squeezed my hand. We turned the corner, and stepped into a brisk wind. New York does that -- it funnels wind into the avenues, so you can go from calm to windy in three steps.   
  
My eyes were were on her, and I noticed how the wind kicked up the hem of her skirt. Her legs were long and muscular, and excellently shown off by her three-inch clogs. She took long steps to match mine, and her hips swayed in a sexy, cat-walk manner.  
  
I said, "When we're holding hands, you can tell me whatever's on your mind. I can't make any judgments. If you take my hand, and you just talk, I promise, I won't say anything."  
  
"We're holding hands now," she warned. "So you can't judge me." She sighed. "Since I started wearing these clothes all the time... Lots of guys look at me. And they talk to me. I'm talking to a lot of guys. More than ever before."  
  
"That's wonderful," I said. "You should be talking to lots of men."   
  
"What about us? You and me? Are we breaking up?"   
  
I stopped dead. "Shit no!" I exclaimed. She looked relieved. "You can talk to as many men as you want! Just keep dating me! What the hell are they telling you?!"  
  
"I'm getting into conversations that make me feel like a cheater. Like I'm cheating on you. That's what they're saying to me."   
  
"Except that I'm fine with it." I said, and trailed off.  
  
"You're angry," she said. She leaned against me quickly, brushing her face against my neck. She did that every now and then. She said she liked the roughness of my face, when I was unshaven. It was like she was pulling a little out of me when she did it. In lines at the store, when we meet, when hanging out with friends -- she would rub up against me, a little gesture from our lovemaking, in the middle of the world.   
  
"No. I'm thinking of new rules," I said. "Rule: Once a day, you gotta have someone ask you out."  
  
"What!"   
  
"You feel like you're cheating. But you're not. Not really. If you're the center of attention, guys are going to ask you out. You can't help it."  
  
We were standing on a street corner. I stepped around her and hugged her from behind, my hands gliding over her warm, flat stomach. I could feel every detail of her torso through the thin smock. She sank back against me.  
  
"I've stopped jilling off in the morning," she whispered. She was abashed, her face down. "It's like part of the excitement now, to pull a dress out of the closet, and put it on. To spin in front of the mirror, and watch my legs. I wake up, all horny, and take a shower. I come out still horny, and get dressed."  
  
"Good," I breathed.   
  
"And then I walk through Queens, and ride the subway into the city." She planted a strong kiss on my mouth. I had my hands on her hips. As she leaned in, I couldn't help myself -- I gathered the fabric of her dress in my fists, and hiked up her skirt a few inches. I could tell she knew what I was doing. When she pulled back, she had a mischievous smile on her face. "It's like the clothes are part of jilling off. Except I don't... release... until later. It's like the day is becoming one long foreplay."  
  
"And the clothes, the looks, the guys talking..."  
  
"It's all foreplay. You think I don't notice, or care, because I always say yes to you?" She laughed. "It's the opposite. My heart fucking jumps whenever you mention making a rule. I get wet thinking about the rules. I have to fight to keep from steering the conversation back to me, and my rules, all the time."  
  
I knew an opportunity when I heard it. "Then here's another rule for you: Once a week, you must go out with someone who invites you on a date."  
  
"No!" she said, shocked.  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Okay!" She said quickly, then laughed at herself. "It's like a dream. A great boyfriend, and then dating on the side."  
  
"And the next rule--" I said. We started walking again. "Get one guy a day, at least, to touch you. On the arm, the shoulder, the hand, the waist."  
  
"How do I do that?"  
  
"I don't know. Talk about your workouts. Have them feel a bicep. Or, you hug them when you meet them. Stand close to them, and elbow them when they say something funny. Be physical. Men love that. And when they see that you're fine with it. They'll be making up excuses to handle you."  
  
"Handle me," she drawled. "They'll start touching me every day, don't you think? That's... slutty," she said. She didn't make it sound like a bad thing. "Besides, guys are always touching girls."  
  
"Really?"   
  
"Sure. And the older men -- like my Dad's friends -- they always kiss me, on the cheek."  
  
It was getting even better. I said, "No more of that!"  
  
"No more kisses?" she asked, doubtfully.   
  
"No more kisses on the cheek. Carol, you're turning into a woman. From now on, you should kiss on the lips."   
  
"Oh," she said. She blushed. "Oh."  
  
"Yeah," I said. "I want you showy, touchy, and kissy. You need to train guys to kiss you when they see you, and they'll know you're going to be very friendly -- and kiss them on the lips."  
  
"Oh," she said. Her walking was uneven, she was breathing heavily and thinking hard.  
  
"Think about it," I said.  
  
"I'm thinking," she purred. "Every guy?"  
  
"Make it part of your ritual. Make the kissing part of you."  
  
"I can do that," she said, though she sounded uncertain. "What if they, like, open mouth kiss?"  
  
"So open your mouth to them, what's the big deal?" I said, trying to sound natural. I was getting very turned on, just talking about all this stuff. Did I mention Carol was one big power trip for me? By this point in our relationship, I knew whatever idiotic thing I said, she could very well take seriously -- and start doing. I had to be very sure I was saying what I really wanted, and not just getting swept away by the mood. "But keep it short," I added. "But pull back eventually. Keep it light and innocent."  
  
We entered the library, showed our IDs, and queued past the guards. Halfway to the elevators, I stopped her. "Last rule. In the library, no underwear if you're wearing a skirt."  
  
She rolled her eyes at me.  
  
"Really," I said.  
  
"To tell the truth," she sighed, "I don't think I'll notice the difference anymore. Panties or no panties, it's getting all the same."  
  
"That's what I like to hear," I said smugly, then paused. "How do you know it's all the same?"  
  
"Easy!" she gave me a smug look. "I've been cheating."  
  
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We came up on the library elevator. "Oh, here's Mike," she said, in a very different voice.  
  
"A guy you know?" I prompted.  
  
"Ya-huh," she said. She sounded a little grim, as if she were girding herself for what would come next.   
  
"Carol?" said the guy, a mousy sort of undergraduate in jeans and a t-shirt.  
  
"Hi, Mike! Where y'at?" She stepped forward, and I let her go.   
  
"Um, great. I'm just getting some stuff for the paper..."  
  
She leaned into him, and he, though clearly not expecting it, quickly adjusted. His hand went to her waist, in a sort of parody of a hug. But she had other ideas. She pecked him quickly on the lips, and when she pulled away he had a sort of glazed, surprised expression. "Mike, I want you to meet Tyler, my boyfriend."  
  
"Hey," I said. "You guys have a class together?"  
  
Mike shoved his hand at me convulsively, eyes darting everywhere but at me. We shook, and I smiled at him with a sudden flood of friendliness. If Carol would be kissing him -- no, because Carol would be kissing him, I felt very amiable towards him.   
  
"Yeah," said Mike, groping for words. "We're in poli sci together."   
  
Carol was pressed up against him, smiling at me from behind his head. Her high breasts were against his chest, and, I noticed, his hand was firmly around her waist.   
  
She leaned her forehead against his cheek for a second, and said, "Mike's gonna help me get an A! He's sooo smart!" Her hand stroked his neck, above the collar of his t-shirt.  
  
"Carol, you're such a tease!" I laughed obligingly, and Mike laughed too. "You take care of her, dude."   
  
"I will," he said, looking quite detached from the world. "I will. Will-will-will."   
  
"Okay," said Carol, "see ya!" Then she kissed him again.  
  
We left him, slightly stunned, and got onto the elevator. As the doors shut, I had a stupid grin on my face, I couldn't help it. Carol watched me the whole trip, a smile on her lips, clearly enjoying herself.  
  
When we stepped out, and were alone again, she said, "Okay. This will be easier than I thought."  
  
"Really?"   
  
"Really," she said. "Most of these guys, I just know them from classes. We've only known each other for... what... a week or so. They don't know me. Maybe I am a kissing bandit."  
  
"From now on, you are. That worked well."  
  
"You nut! You really got off on that!"   
  
"You were wonderful, you're a one-of-a-kind girl!" I enthused. I shrugged and stared around. "It's like I have a new, incredibly deluxe toy!"  
  
"I'm a toy!" she crooned, kissing me on the lips. "I'm a toy for all men!" I felt what Mike had experienced first hand -- a sudden soft, warm, slightly moist pressure on my lips, gone all too suddenly. My head was full of her scent. "Will he think of me later?"  
  
"For sure."  
  
"And what next?" she asked, looking around brightly.   
  
"Let's get to you a bathroom, and you take off your underwear," I said.  
  
"Okay, then!" she took my hand and led me away. She was flushed and full of energy, walking with a devil-may-care swing in her hips. "So many rules, so many rules. They're hard to remember."  
  
"I'll write them out for you."  
  
"Nah, I remember them. I was just kidding."

**Carol Ch. 03**

I closely watched Carol's breathing, it was deep and uneven, the way she gets in bed. I knew she was hearing what the guys were whispering back and forth. They were talking about her, and how good she looked, of course. She didn't react to any of her watchers' nasty words specifically, but she told me later she was turned on. She liked what they thought; she was indifferent to how they thought it.   
  
How did we get here?  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Carol was learning to be a tease. A highly available, touchable, always-friendly tease. I confirmed this one day when I met her after her class.  
  
When I paused in the door to the classroom, she was still in there, going over some notes with a guy. She was standing very close to him, sharing a notebook. When she glanced up and saw me, she gave a little wave. The guy guiltily dropped his hand from her shoulder. But before long, he put it back.  
  
I waited until she was done. She said, "Okay! Thanks!" and stood on her tippy-toes to give him a quick kiss.  
  
As she came towards me, she passed another guy still in his desk. He called, "Carol!" And then -- it shocked me to see -- he actually reached out and caught the back of her thigh. There was no way on earth that I would feel comfortable enough to grab the thigh of a passing mini-skirted girl, but he didn't seem embarrassed.   
  
Carol rolled her eyes at me and put a finger up, then turned and bent towards him. He was pointing to some stuff on the page in front of him, but his eyes were down her front. His hand slowly slid off her thigh, trying to linger, but trying to look innocent too.  
  
The first guy she'd been talking to came up again, squeezed in beside them, half behind Carol. Her ass was sticking out, into his hip. They went over the page, Carol doing most of the talking. It was maddening, seeing her like that -- bent over with her knees locked, ogled from the front, crowded from the rear, and her just talking naturally.  
  
When she finally stood, she ran a hand down this sitting man's back. He stood quickly, putting a hand on her waist, and gave her a kiss. Then she kissed the first guy again, and finally came over. She was shaking her head, with a broad smile.   
  
"One side effect of all the rules," she said, taking my hand, "is that I'm like the most popular study partner. Everybody but everybody needs my help."  
  
"They're totally in love with you," I told her, nuzzling her ear.   
  
She laughed. "I think they're taking advantage of me."   
  
"That's wonderful," I crooned.  
  
"Yeah. No! I mean, did you see them? According to our rules, I have to talk to guys, and they picked up on it like in the first thirty seconds. So they're always on me about classwork, or helping them with their essays. I'm like a teacher's assistant for all the guys in class."   
  
"Oh. I thought they were taking advantage because they're touching you, or getting kissed all the time."  
  
She nodded. "The kissing is pretty easy, though I'm not used to it yet. I'll take your word about the touching."  
  
"No kidding? You didn't notice them touching?"   
  
"Not any more than usual," she said. "I mean, since I started wearing only these little outfits, I have no personal space. But I'm getting used to that." She thought for a minute. "I notice the other girls, they have two or three feet between them and other guys, when they're talking. I have about four inches, at most. It's nothing serious, I got used to it pretty fast."  
  
"That's so hot," I said.  
  
"But for me, it's business as usual."  
  
"That's what's so hot about it."  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The next day, we were walking through the student union, getting some drinks. As waited in the cashier's line, I glanced down at Carol. She was in a short, flower-print dress and leather shoes, looking quite enticing. As I studied her, a hand slid around her waist, and came to rest on her stomach.  
  
It belonged to a youngish guy, guido-looking, with an open collar and a few gold chains around his neck. "So Carol," he said, "have you given any thought about tonight? Or tomorrow night?"  
  
"I'll tell you later," she said. "This is Tyler, my boyfriend."  
  
"Oh, hey," he said, backing off. He met my eyes, a little challengingly.   
  
"Hi!" I held out my hand, and he took it, suspicious.  
  
Carol said, "He's a friend from class, he wants to take me out to dinner."   
  
I smiled at him, shaking his hand. "If you go, just make sure it's a nice place. She deserves the best."   
  
He nodded uncertainly. "Sure." He turned to her, "So, think about it."  
  
"Okay sweetie," she said, and kissed him.  
  
As he walked away, she said, "Sorry about that."   
  
"No big," I said, squeezing her shoulders. She gave a kooky smile. "Did you notice how he just grabbed your stomach, rather than saying hi?"  
  
"I think he has a thing for my stomach," she agreed demurely.   
  
"You should wear a crop-top for him," I suggested. "Or a half-shirt. So next time, he gets a hand full of skin."  
  
"Half shirt! Those went out in the eighties."  
  
"So you'll bring them back. Are you going to go out with him?"  
  
She shrugged, looking a little uncomfortable. This was the first of her potential dates that I'd actually met. "It's still early in the week. I guess I'm holding out for something less... formal. Like a study session." Her eyes fluttered to mine, and I smiled at her encouragingly. "Yeah. Still, I don't think I could ever take him seriously. He wears more jewelery than I do."  
  
"Keep me up to date," I said, and she nodded, leaning into me. I said, "I like how guys are just grabbing you."   
  
"Hmmm," she laughed. "I thought they just didn't remember my name."  
  
"We are one weird couple."  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
In our own way, we were being methodical about Carol's wardrobe. It was a little like she was in training -- she'd often give reports on how little she noticed what she was wearing, and I'd cheer her on.   
  
After one week, she was reporting that she now wasn't worrying much about her hemline. She said she was taking stairs, sitting down and even bending over without rearranging her clothes. There was an element of the absurd, and we both knew it: Could she really be that precise about something she wasn't supposed to be noticing?   
  
But then, there was truth to it also. She was pulling down her skirts less often. When getting out of a chair, less and less often would she primly keep her knees together. She no longer groaned when guys paused in front of her park bench, or anxiously squeezed my hand when we walked over a vent in the sidewalk. Wind on the streets no longer made her clench her teeth, or giggle, depending on her mood.  
  
After two and a half weeks together, we even started talking about the skirts less. This made me happy, not because I didn't like talking about how the skirts made her feel -- I lived for that. She was just giving fewer reports, and we were dwelling on other topics. We no longer had the sense that the "great experiment," as she called it, would be over in a week and a few days. There was no feeling that, whew, in just ten more days it would be over. It felt permanent.   
  
So although there was a training aspect, and she was observing "the rules," I couldn't help but press things forward. One rule was -- no underwear at the library. Consequently, I had us spending a lot of time together at the library. It helped our studying.   
  
I met her in the library foyer, where she was horsing around with Mike and another guy I didn't know. She was pressed against Mike, their arms crooked behind each others' backs, each hand on the other's neck from behind. He was putting his leg in front of hers, trying to trip her, and she was doing the same. The friend was smiling at them from the side.  
  
"Tyler!" she said, when I walked up.   
  
"Hi hon!" I leaned in, took her cheek in my hand, and gave her a little kiss. Then I pulled back -- I didn't want her leaving Mike's grip.   
  
She was wearing a wraparound jeans skirt, low on her hips, which was closed with two buttons. It bobbled as she moved, the split showing a lot of her right thigh. I really liked her top, though. It was a shiney black silk top, with straps over the shoulders, and it looked like lingerie. The V in front scooped down to her sternum, and the twin orbs of her breasts were covered by modest pyramids of silk. As she tussled with Mike, her chest shimmied back and forth, unrestrained by any bra.   
  
"This is Tim, he's in our poli sci class too," said Carol.  
  
I shook Tim's hand warmly. Tim said, "We were having a political discussion. Carol said she'd try to trip Mike up."  
  
"Literally!" she sang, laughing.  
  
Mike was trying to leverage her around again. He was looking down -- probably had an incredibly unobstructed view down her front -- and moving his leg in front of hers again.   
  
I wished I could be a fly on the wall. Mike was in shorts, and the skin of his leg was rubbing up against the skin of her thighs, especially when she scissored him back and tried to stay standing. His chest was mashed against hers, and his face half down her shirt. If Carol noticed that they were in a full-body clinch, she didn't let on. She was getting to the point that she didn't notice that sort of thing, or at least she wouldn't bring it up until much later.  
  
It was only 5 days since the "kissing and touching" rule, and there were four days until she was supposed to start going without underwear. She was adapting magnificently... and I was walking around with a permanent hard-on.  
  
I eased her away from the guys -- not before she hugged and kissed them good-bye -- and we got on the elevator. There were people pressed all around us, so I limited myself to wrapping a hand around her waist. The fabric of her silk top did nothing to hide her curves from my palm, and the silk was skin-warm to the touch. I could only imagine what her breasts had felt like against Mike's chest.   
  
We got off on the sixth floor, and she took my hand. "So what are we doing today? Just studying?"  
  
As a matter of fact, I had thought this out -- it had been a long, lonely night last night. "We're going to study, but not together. We'll go into the sitting room separately, and pretend we don't know each other."  
  
"Why?" she asked. She started leading us to the room.   
  
"So I can see how guys react to you, when you're alone."   
  
"Lots of kissing and hugging," she said, rolling her eyes. "You'd think I'd get tired of it."  
  
"Go take your panties off," I told her. "We'll talk again in, like, two hours."  
  
She flashed a grin and turned into the women's bathroom, and I went ahead to the lounge. It was a big sitting room, with large windows onto Washington Square Park. There was a scattering of tables and low shelves with reference books. The comfy, love-seat style chairs, with padding, were only half full. People didn't usually study this early in the day.  
  
I circled the room until Carol came in. She was still eye-catching, in her filmy top and short jeans skirt. Her shoes made heavy clunking noises that caused people to look up at her as she passed. Every step she took, caused her chest to sway back and forth. For me, she was extra exciting, because I knew that under those two or three inches of hemline, she was completely bare.   
  
Her eyes flicked over me without pausing, and then she picked out a comfy chair right off the main path through the room. I wondered if this was natural for her too, to pick the most prominent location. In the past, I'd had to remind her about that, but now it seemed second-nature. There were several other empty chairs around her, and I took one about seven or eight feet away.  
  
Carol slid off her shoes, and arranged herself with a book and hi-lighter, settling down to read. Her chest rose and fell as she breathed, and the silk was hanging away from her breasts in all the right places. I noticed another thing about her top -- she was constantly pulling the straps back up her shoulder. I wondered how many times that day she'd replaced the straps, and if she ever just let them hang down her arm, too busy to correct it.  
  
As she read and chewed her hi-lighter, I stared at her. I wondered, briefly, what I'd done to deserve her. Then I told myself that I'd just been nice, honest and friendly.Any guy could've been her boyfriend, because Carol could get along with anybody. I'd been the one with the nerve to start talking to her, to capture and return her affection.  
  
My eyes drifted down. Her smooth legs shined in the light. The hem of her skirt, pulled up in a sitting position, was at the very top of her thighs -- but if she was concerned, bothered, or even aware that she was now half an inch from uncovering herself for passers-by, she didn't let on. She was wholly immersed in her book.  
  
So there I was, staring at Carol, and I didn't have to worry about anything. She wasn't going to get angry at me for staring -- or anybody, I guessed. I was horn-dogging after a hot girl a few seats over, and she was mine! What had I done to deserve her?  
  
Finally, she glanced up at me. I wasn't sure she saw me at first, because she was looking thoughtful and tapping her mouth with her pen. Then she paused, and raised an eyebrow: How'm I doing?  
  
I gave her an infinitesimal smile, which she returned. We had a few guys on either side of us now. Some of them were studying, while others were just sitting, staring around in general and at her specifically. I suppose that anybody walking into the lounge, seeing us boys there, ringed around the girl, would have thought we were all jonesing for her. I felt happy inside: I was the secret boyfriend.  
  
To prove this to myself, I squinted at her challengingly. She caught on, and her face grew expectant. She was ready to react to what I did, but she couldn't be obvious about it. She was blanketed in the gazes of all her admirers, so she couldn't do anything obvious. It was like those stares were pinning her to the couch. She almost looked afraid to shift her weight.   
  
Very subtly, I tapped my shoulder. I mimed sliding a strap off my shoulder and down my arm. Then I returned to my book.  
  
By the time I looked up again, a few minutes later, the strap had "fallen" down her left shoulder.  
  
The V of light silk over her breast was still propped up, by a fold, but the strap itself -- heavy and shiney -- rested in a U shape down by her elbow. The whole, smooth brown expanse of her upper chest skin was gloriously uncovered in the library lights, from her chin, to her collar bone, to her shoulder, to the delta of wrinkles at her underarm. Her breast curved out into the fabric -- the silk must've been held up by static cling.   
  
Carol rocked back in her seat, getting more comfortable. One leg went straight sideways, across the other, while her other foot was nestled under her ass. It was a very prim pose, especially considering how her skirt was riding up. Nothing was visible, but her extended leg was uncovered almost to her hip. Her leg was gleaming in the lights.  
  
She tilted her head back, still mouthing the pen, and read her book holding it sideways. She didn't fix the strap. With every move she made, we could see the curving skin of her breast surging this way and that. It was almost magic how that damned silk stayed over her chest.  
  
I don't know how long she stayed like that, but she turned the pages of her book four times. Her eyes never flicked over towards the five guys in the chairs around us. Like they didn't exist. Maybe they didn't, to her.  
  
When I caught her gaze, I challenged her again. I pretended to fall asleep, nodding my head and resting my chin on my chest. She caught on immediately.   
  
As I watched, her head tilted forward, then she caught it. Her eyelids lowered. Her head eased gently back into the arm of the chair. Her mouth drifted open, even as her book drifted down and settled in her lap.  
  
Two minutes after I suggested it to her, she was pretending to be asleep. The only way this could have been cooler was if I had a tiny speaker implanted in her ear, to give her instructions.   
  
It was a good half hour before she stirred. As people passed, the males did double-takes. Younger men pointed her out to friends their friends. Men who were by themselves searched out a chair near her. When those chairs were filled, they stared from across the room.  
  
I closely watched Carol's breathing, it was deep and uneven, the way she gets in bed. I knew she was hearing what the guys were whispering back and forth. They were talking about her, and how good she looked, of course. But the words they used weren't complimentary to her. I heard the words, "sexy," "hot," and "pussy."   
  
She didn't react to any of her watchers' nasty words specifically, but she told me later she was turned on. She liked what they thought; she was indifferent to how they thought it.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Later that evening, as we lay in bed recapping the day, I began to feel obscurely guilty. I had been thinking it was all about me -- she was my secret girlfriend, if only I had a microphone in her ear. As she drowsed off, she said, "It was like we were a secret team, screwing with everybody else's reality." She was right. There is no "I" in team.

**Carol Ch. 04**

It was five in the afternoon on a Saturday, and my phone rang.   
  
"Hey T, it's me," said Carol.   
  
"What's going on?" I could tell by the tone of her voice that she had something to tell me.  
  
"My dad's friends from the factory are coming over, for the game. They're going to be here before my dad gets back from work."  
  
"Uh-huh?"   
  
"Well... you know our kissing thing? I was just thinking about that. These guys always kiss me on the cheek. But does the lip-kissing hold for them? For old guys like my dad's friends?"  
  
"Yeah, honey, it does." I covered the phone and laughed for a second. How else could she possibly expect me to answer that? Of course I wanted her to fuck with them.  
  
"You're laughing at me!"   
  
"Only because you are so cool."  
  
"So I'm going to kiss them? These old guys?"  
  
"Don't worry," I said. "They'll love you."  
  
"I know they will," she said. "They're big fuckin' horndogs."  
  
"You can make them love you more, you know."  
  
"What does that mean?" her voice was suspicious.  
  
"You could put on some cute clothes. Like a nightie. Bare feet. Something that shows some leg. When they show up, give them the whole treatment -- kiss them, lead them into the kitchen or living room or something. Get them something to drink."  
  
"Oh, sheesh," she said.  
  
"Then say you have to go change. When you do, call me on the phone."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I'm going to call you right back while you're changing. You're going to have to let them bring you the phone, while you're half-dressed."  
  
"It's not a cordless. I'm going to have to come to the phone."   
  
"All the better," I said. I was getting pretty excited. "You come out, all embarrassed, trying to cover yourself. And then you have to stand there talking to me."  
  
"In a towel?" she supplied.  
  
"No. We'll do a towel next time. This time, come out in a tank-top and undies."   
  
"This is so fucked," she said. Her voice sounded harsh, but I could hear that she was smiling. "You know that, don't you?"   
  
"But you'll do it," I pressed.  
  
"Of course," she said. "But you dont' understand. These are all big, hairy, scary guys. I'd normally cross the street rather than walk past them. They're lewd and nasty. You don't know them. And here I am running around in panties?"  
  
"If they're that scary, lock yourself in your room," I said. "But I know you're smiling. Think of it this way... you're not doing them any favors. You're teasing them mercilessly -- you're not doing them any favors. It's not like they can make a pass at you."  
  
"That sounds pretty dumb," she said thoughtfully. "But it works for me. I guess it's all in how you look at it." Then, quickly: "A car just pulled up. I have to go change quickly."  
  
She hung up the phone without saying goodbye.  
  
I couldn't concentrate after that. I turned off the TV and paced around the apartment.  
  
Ten minutes later, the phone rang again.  
  
"Hello?"   
  
"It's me!" came Carol's hushed whisper. I heard voices in the background, as well as television sounds.   
  
"That sounds like a lot more than a few guys," I said.  
  
"Hmmm, yeah. There are four of them. Two I haven't met before."  
  
"Did you put on a nightie?"   
  
"Yeah," she laughed nervously. "I didn't have time for anything fancy -- I just stripped and put on the first thing in my drawer. You'll like this: no panties, no bra. Just a frilly white thing that goes to my thighs, and splits up the hip."  
  
I gulped. "Shit yeah, I like that."   
  
"I'll show it to you someday," she giggled. "When I have the nerve to dress up in lingerie for you."  
  
"How did it go at the door?" I asked.  
  
Her voice still low, she answered, "About like you'd expect, for the first one. Hi, kiss. Then: 'What? Your dad's not here yet?' Then they kind of stared at me closely, and they weren't casual any more. For a few seconds it was pretty strange, with my nightie sliding off my shoulders, and me trying to crawl up their chests to kiss them. From then on, it was like, kiss kiss kiss. Nice to meet you, kiss kiss kiss."  
  
I laughed. "You gave them seconds?"   
  
"Seconds, and thirds, and fourths," she snickered. "Tyler, I was getting mouth juice from them. They were like drooling over me. They stood around as I got them their drinks, staring and talking to me. They kissed me when I gave them their glasses. They were polite for once. I remembered what you said. When I caught them staring at my legs, or at my chest, I made this nasty voice inside my head say: 'That's for the tit jokes.' Or, 'You'll never call me a late bloomer again!' It was pretty ludicrous, but it got me into the mood."   
  
"So you weren't nervous or anything?"   
  
"Hell, no!" she exclaimed. "They were scared of me, can you believe it. They jumped around when I squeezed past them. They fidgeted nervously when I talked to them. It's a dream. I know how to control these guys, finally."  
  
"You're a wet dream, honey," I sighed. I had a raging hard-on.   
  
"I'm like a dominatrix," she bragged, laughing at herself. "Just get me naked enough..." she burst out giggling. "I have my back to them, they're staring at me through the doorway from the family room."  
  
"Is the TV room dark?" I asked heavily.  
  
"Yeah...?"  
  
"The light through the doorway is going through your nightie," I said.  
  
"I think you're right," she said, cheerfully. "They're tricky bastards! I guess I have no more secrets!"   
  
"I want to see that nightie someday," I said, trying not to groan. She had me so turned on.  
  
"Someday, someday. Are you still going to call in a few minutes?"   
  
"Sure. Still want me to?" She'd been so accommodating, I thought I should give her the chance to back out.  
  
"Yeah, I'm not done screwing with them yet."   
  
She hung up the phone.   
  
I gave her a good three or four minutes to get back to her room and change.  
  
Then I dialed her number. It rang four times, before someone finally picked up. "Okay, Carol, I said I'd get it! Hello?"  
  
The voice was deep and masculine, with the expected Queens-y New York-y accent, but more guttural than Carol's.   
  
"Hi. I need to speak with Carol. Is she in?"   
  
"Um, no," said the guy. "Carol is not available for the phone."  
  
"I just spoke to her five minutes ago," I said.   
  
I heard Carol shouting in the background. "Who is it?"   
  
"Who is this?" the man asked me.   
  
"This is Tyler, her boyfriend," I said, emphasizing the boyfriend part. "Listen, it's pretty important."  
  
The man called out, "Carol, it's your boyfriend. He says it's important."  
  
I heard masculine laughter in the background.   
  
I heard Carol call back, "I'm half naked, can it wait?"  
  
The guy on the phone quickly shouted back, "No, you need to get out here right now."  
  
Carol gave an aggravated groan, and I heard a door open and close. The voices in the background grew hushed immediately. She said, "Thanks, sweetie." Then, into the phone, "Hello?"  
  
I said, "Oh jeez, you must be the bravest girl I know."   
  
"Tell me about it," she said. "Hang on Tyler. You there, what's your name?"   
  
"Jim," a voice answered her.  
  
Carol said, "Jim, don't put your feet on the table, please, okay?"   
  
"Sorry."  
  
She said, "See? They're so easy to handle now. They're like pussy cats. I want to just stand here ordering them around."  
  
I didn't have time for any of that. There was one overwhelming question in my mind. "What are you wearing, Carol?"   
  
"Mmmm," her voice grew quiet. "French-cut panties. Big loose tank-top. It's a wife-beater, the arm-holes hang down to my ribs. I have it tied up, so they can see my underwear."  
  
"Wow. I love wife-beaters, you know."  
  
"I wore it in honor of you. That's why I dug it out. It's Dad's. I stole it one day out of the dryer."   
  
My mind was filling with too many ideas to count, too many desires to tell Carol over the phone. "You should wear that into the city for me."   
  
"Um, right. Maybe under a jacket. You mean, wear it by itself? It's really fucking showy."   
  
"Yeeeah, wear it by itself."  
  
"I shouldn't have told you about it," she laughed.  
  
"And you're just standing there, and they're staring at you?"   
  
"Let me see, I'll go back to the doorway." She paused a second, then said, "Everybody get their feet off the table."   
  
There was a faint chorus of "sorry". Then she was back, "Yeah, they're looking at me. Do you want a beer, Jim?"   
  
"Yeah, please, um."  
  
Carol said, "So, I guess I'm going to run around like this for a while, okay?"  
  
"Fuck yeah," I said.  
  
"I'm gonna stand in front of the TV, and block their view so they have to look at me full on. And then I'll tell them that they can't put their feet on the table."  
  
"Yeah," I said.  
  
"And when they do -- you know they will -- I'm going to crouch down in front of them and take off their shoes."  
  
"Great thinking." I could barely speak.  
  
"But I'm going to have to change before Dad gets back."  
  
"I understand completely," I said, dying. "You do what's best."  
  
"I'm killing you, right?" she asked. "I'm as naked as I've ever been for a bunch of strange guys, and you can't see it."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"But you can imagine it."  
  
"Oh, yes."  
  
She said, "T, I am so turned on. You know what? I'm stretching now. I'm arching my back and throwing out my chest. They're all staring at me."  
  
I wanted to cry.  
  
"Don't worry," she continued, voice going chipper again. It was very discordant with my mood. "I'll give you a repeat performance. You have room-mates, don'tcha?"  
  
She damn well knew I did.  
  
She continued, "Well, imagine me spending a whole weekend in nothing but this old wife beater and some lacy underwear. The whole weekend. Curled up on the couch with your pervy room-mates." She giggled wickedly. "I better let you go take care of yourself," she said. "Wait... You know, I was thinking about something."  
  
I could only grunt into the phone.  
  
"The rules for skirts, and how they show off my legs, and ass. Like we wanted--" I liked that 'we' she put in. As if it had been her idea all along. She continued, "But we're not giving my breasts the same treatment. Shouldn't I be dressing smaller up top, too?"  
  
"Yeah," I said, almost keening with desire. I wished she was with me, or that I was over there, getting served beers with the other guys. Some more sane part of me was glad I wasn't there... I'd try to take things too far, too fast. I said: "I think you're right about that. You should show more of your breasts."   
  
As far as things to say into the telephone, that last phrase sounded strange even to me.  
  
"So make a rule for me," she prompted.   
  
"How are you with bras? Can you go without?"   
  
"Yes. I'm not that big, you know. Half the time I don't wear one."   
  
She wasn't being entirely honest, with that. But then, I hadn't been entirely honest asking if she could go without. When she went without a bra, people noticed from two blocks away. And by this point in time, I knew every dimension, every curve of her torso. But I asked anyway, feigning ignorance, and she played along, goading me. Making it easy for me to say what we both knew I'd end up saying.  
  
"Here's the rule, baby," I said, "On class days, you can't ever wear a bra. And you can't wear anything tight either... it has to be loose. Unless it really highlights your chest. Wear tank-tops, a half-shirts, button-up. But the button-up has to have half the buttons undone."  
  
"This is so fun," she said, throwing me off. (I'd been expecting some token resistance.) "What about the skirts?"  
  
"Oh, you still have to wear your little skirts. I'm in love with your skirts. I think everybody in Manhattan loves your skirts. And if you wear a one-piece dress, no bra, no matter what the day."  
  
"I'm going to start right away," she said, her voice impulsive. "Okay, I gotta go now."  
  
"Bye, honey."   
  
I clicked the phone down. I realized that I had the rest of the weekend to wonder about what she'd be doing with the guys for the next half hour. I had so much to tell her, so much "direction" to give: Let the panties droop off her hips; let them help her get dressed, with buttons up the back or fastening a necklace. I had to trust that she'd think of it all herself.  
  
I knew I'd interrogate her about that afternoon. It was too much of a turn-on for me to not ask her about it. Pathetic as it sounds, I actually wrote down all my questions.

**Carol Ch. 05**

She finally broke away, leaving the three boys staring after her with slightly deranged looks. She walked with a huge sway in her hips, and a broad smile on her wet lips. She sort of patted herself down with her hands as she walked, emitting a little unconscious "Oooh!". For a few minutes, she'd had no personal boundaries: The guys' hands had been running into each other in their haste to cover her hips, stomach, arms and legs.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Ten minutes earlier:  
  
It was the first day when Carol was supposed to go "commando" -- no underwear. For four weeks, she'd worn the short skirts, and it was second nature to her. (But let me tell you, that four weeks felt like four months. Never had I been so whollyinvolved with a relationship. It felt like Carol and I were breathing from the same lungs, thinking with the same mind. Together -- and yet other -- I could stand back and get constantly turned-on and impressed by her. But enough of that...)  
  
And, we also had other rules. Not only was it no-underwear day, it was also a Wednesday, which made it a no-bra day. Furthermore, it was a half-shirt day.   
  
I was starting to have trouble remembering all the rules we'd concocted, but not her. She had them memorized, and noted them in her personal calendar with special codes. She was fearless, excited, and, I was starting to realize, perhaps becoming shameless.  
  
She was completely in love with her clothing schedule. In pillow-talk one night, she confessed that she had never felt like she stood out from the other girls. Of course, she did -- she knew she was pretty, friendly, a "catch." But she never felt it viscerally, deep down.   
  
Nowadays, she said, she had guy-friends who sought her out. They walked past other girls to say hi to her. Everybody knew Carol's name. They wanted to know about her life. She felt like a Hollywood star when she walked into class. People made way for her on the subways. Her whole college experience, once gray and confusing, was now revolving around new friendships, new experiences, new sensations. It was, she said, exactly what she'd always thought college would be. And, since we spent so much time in the library, our grades were even good.   
  
On day one of zero-underwear, I was pretty excited myself. I sped to meet her after her first class.  
  
I saw her from down the hall, and slowed to a stop, admiring her: My girlfriend. She was wearing clogs, a flouncy little skirt, and a small white baby-doll t-shirt that she'd cut up to her ribs. She was a wet dream come true. The kind of girl that would give you whiplash on the street. The kind of girl that tourists remember to mention to guy-friends when they go back home.   
  
The first impression she gave was that she was all skin -- her long, glossy legs moved with excited energy, shifting her skirt over the tops of her thighs. Her stomach was firm and flat, with muscles shifting as she turned this way and that. Her arms were in constant motion, long and sculpted, with defined biceps and forearms. And all of her skin was smooth, brown, shiny in the lights.   
  
Carol was gesturing with her arms. I'd noticed how the less she wore, the more extravagant her gestures became. The less she wore, the less she could concentrate. She became flighty, ebullient, as if the rush of excitement she felt couldn't be contained. I wondered how many of her guy-friends had figured that out too.  
  
She was leaned back against some guy -- the guido-looking one from the other day, with all the gold chains and rings. He was standing behind her, his hands wrapped around her waist, riding her stomach as she shifted around. Her ass was in his crotch, his nose was buried in her hair. He was leaning against the wall next to the door of her class. Despite all that, Carol was basically ignoring him.  
  
As guys came out, more than a few stopped in front of Carol, chatting. People would bump up against them, and they'd move on -- bending in quickly for a kiss. A few guys just passed by, not saying much, but kissing her. For each of them, Carol bent forward, stretching her chin up, her mouth open as it landed on their lips. When she bent forward, her ass dug into Guido's lap, and her stomach flexed in his hands.   
  
When they didn't kiss her, they still reached out an arm to brush her shoulder. One guy, older-looking with a beard, patted her cheek as she passed. I thought this was her professor -- what a turn-on that would have been! But soon the professor appeared, looking old and, well, professorial. He nodded genially to Carol and Guido, and moved down the hall.  
  
Throughout this ongoing kissing, fondling, and conversation, at least three times I saw the Guido move a hand to her chin, turn her head around, and kiss her on the lips. These weren't quick pecks, these kisses, but they were short. His jaw worked against hers, his mouth open -- and her mouth open, too.   
  
Her legs were splayed. When he kissed her, his hand was around her waist, and her torso was twisted, bringing her chest into full relief. The t-shirt hanged loosely down her front, making one mound for each breast, and hung away from the comb of her ribs by two or three inches. It looked, to me at least, like she'd be able to raise one arm in class without losing any modesty. But not both arms. No stretching for her!  
  
How awesome is that? How often do we get to see a woman on the street, wearing something she can't even stretch in? Once a year? And she was mine! I got to see her every day!  
  
I knew Carol well enough to see that she was intensely happy. She seemed to know everybody's names, and they knew hers. Everybody wanted to talk to her, to see her. I felt a glowing pride. I was probably happy because she was happy, though I could have been happy because of the sense of ownership I felt. She was mine, I thought, as I watched her getting mauled by Guido and a string of guys.   
  
Two students passed by me, looking back back at her. "Yeah, she's a hottie alright."  
  
"Little bit of a slut," said the other, who was wearing a baseball cap. I called him 'Cap' in my mind.  
  
As luck would have it, they stopped right behind me. As I stared at Carol, I listened to their conversation.   
  
"You think she's a slut?"  
  
"I can prove it," said Cap. "Next class, go up and introduce yourself. Tell her your name. Just talk to her."   
  
"I can't get close to her. Everybody stands around her and talks to her."   
  
"No, she's really nice. Just stand there, and she'll eventually say hi to you."  
  
"Really?"   
  
"Yeah. And then, ask her out."   
  
"Ask her out? Did you ask her out?"  
  
"Yeah," said Cap. "I ask her every day. She's cool about it."  
  
"But she shoots you down?" the other guy laughed.  
  
"Yes, I get shot down. But she always says, 'How sweet!' and kisses me. Now I make a point to stop by her every day. She always kisses people. I think maybe she's Eastern European. Just watch."  
  
The three of us watched Carol as another guy stopped beside her. He put his hand on her arm, high up around her bicep, so his wrist was brushing her right breast. She turned to the new touch, and her face lit up with a smile. They spoke a few words, and then she leaned up and kissed him.   
  
I noticed that Guido's hands were now not side-by-side, but one above the other. He had her whole stomach covered with his palms and fingers, from below her belly button to just under the dangling hem of her half-shirt.   
  
"Wow, you're right," said the voice behind me.   
  
"That guy all over her? Behind her? That's not even her boyfriend," added Cap.  
  
"No shit!"   
  
"She'll tell you about her boyfriend if you ask. But that guy? He's just the lucky guy who got to her first. Last class, it was someone else."  
  
"You're saying I can just walk up to her after class and grab her?"  
  
"If you're fast enough. She won't stop you."   
  
"I really dig her legs. She must work out."  
  
"Then you should grab them! Personally, I like her tits," said Cap. "And there's no bra."  
  
The other guy laughed. "No shit. Her headlights are on."   
  
Cap sighed. "I could watch her all day. But better than watching her, is talking to her. Raaaawwwrr,, dude. It's like having sex: stroking her back, hugging her waist, tracing your fingers down her thighs, bending down to kiss her whenever you want. All I know is that I'm gonna fuck her someday."  
  
I couldn't stop the smile that crept around my lips.   
  
"Now I'm digging her too," said the other guy. "But I have to get to my next class."  
  
Cap was not to be dissuaded. "Let's walk past her again. I'll introduce you."  
  
"But... No. Who am I kidding? I'm with you."  
  
They brushed past me and headed towards Carol again. Cap was licking his lips. They slowed as they got close to her, waiting for a break in the traffic.   
  
Carol saw them sidle up, and called out to Cap. He stepped forward, dragging his friend with him. Carol wrapped a hand around Cap's neck and pulled him close, so that he was standing against her on her right side. I watched as Cap introduced his friend to her -- she held out her hand. The friend ignored it, instead leaning in and kissing her on the lips.   
  
When he pulled back, I saw her surprised smile. In the thinning halls, I heard what she said, "I like your friends!" They laughed. Guido was nuzzling her neck.   
  
Her eyes flickered over to me, and she did a double take -- she'd finally noticed me fifteen feet away, staring at her. She gave an embarrassed little moue: she had Cap pressed up against her right side, Cap's friend leaning in for another kiss, and Guido basically dry-humping her from behind... and he'd left little red marks on her stomach, from clawing at her so hard.  
  
She gave Cap and Cap's friend another kiss, and as she pulled away, Cap leaned in for more. His hand went to her chin, bringing her face back up. He kissed her again, his mouth working on hers.   
  
"I should get going," she said.   
  
Then she stopped leaning against Guido. When she stood, her skirt fell back down over her ass -- I'd hardly noticed it getting worked up her thighs as Guido embraced her. Guido got her for one last kiss, and then she danced up to Cap's friend and kissed him again.   
  
She finally broke away, leaving the three boys staring after her with slightly deranged looks. She walked with a huge sway in her hips, and a broad smile on her wet lips. She sort of patted herself down with her hands as she walked, emitting a little unconscious "Oooh!". For a few minutes, she'd had no personal boundaries: The guys' hands had been running into each other in their haste to cover her hips, stomach, arms and legs.  
  
I started down the hall away from them, and soon she drew up next to me.   
  
Her eyes flicked over, and then away. "You horndog."  
  
"Yeah," I said. "So?"  
  
"I own you," she said, with a downright evil smirk.   
  
"I was just thinking the same thing."  
  
"Me? Owned?" The idea seemed to amuse her. "Only because I want you to think that."  
  
We took a few more steps in silence. We knew we were still being watched up the hall, so we acted casual.  
  
"How's your day so far?"  
  
"Nothing special," she sighed. "I sort of thought everything would be different, when I left my panties at home. But it's like, I can hardly tell the difference. Maybe I should wear shorter skirts?"  
  
"Maybe," I smiled. I grabbed her hand, and she squeezed it. Her perfume floated all around us. There was no way a man could not notice her, even if she was standing behind him. She was like one big invitation, for the nose and eyes. And when she hooked you, she'd talk to you and kiss you. "I liked watching all the guys go through you."   
  
"'Go through me?'" She laughed. "I tell you, the end of class is getting to be like a gang-bang."   
  
"That's the plan for week eight," I said. I was only half joking.  
  
She burst out laughing. "Did you see that guy all over my stomach?"  
  
"Oh, yeah. The Guido."  
  
Exasperated sigh. "I've told you about that 'Guido' term. It's really rude."  
  
"You're right, sorry. I just give all your guys names in my head."  
  
That made her smirk. "Anyway, you were so right about him. I never thought. I should've been wearing half-shirts all the time."  
  
"You look totally hot," I said.   
  
"Thank you," she pecked me on the cheek. With all the mouth-kissing she was doing, the kiss on the cheek felt special. Like something just for me. "I have a few hours to kill until next class. We could go to your apartment and make out. Or we could just walk around. It's my first day without panties. You wanna get me into trouble?"   
  
"Sounds good," I said. We rode the elevator to street level. There was a brisk wind blowing, but Carol, with her crazy light skirt, stepped into it without reservation. I added, "That guy in the cap? In the hall at the end? With the friend? What's his name?"  
  
"Seth," she said, after a moment's thought.  
  
"I overheard him talking to his friend. He wants to fuck you."   
  
"I'll bet," she snorted.  
  
"Why don't you make him your make-out session for this week?"   
  
"Really?" she glanced at me. "Him?"   
  
"Not your type?"   
  
"Too much of a frat boy."  
  
"But make out with him anyway, will you? For me? Just lead him around a corner sometime, and make out with him?"   
  
She was thoughtful for a second. "Okay."   
  
"What, you wanted someone else?"   
  
She paused, then nodded. It was getting easier for her to talk about herself like this. "The guy with the gold chains, who likes my stomach. He really wants to... he said... 'play' with me. I mean, he wants it a lot. It kills me to say no."  
  
Our hands were clenched tightly. We were in unknown territory. I made it easy on her. "You can have them both."  
  
She stopped and spun me around, her eyes boring into mine. "Oh, Tyler. You're the best! I shouldn't have worried. You're sure, both?"   
  
I almost burst out laughing. "Just this week, you can have two. You can have the Guido guy, if you do Seth for me."   
  
"Okay, sweetie," she said, giving me a deep kiss. "Using the word 'guido' is impolite."  
  
She was hot in my arms, breathing heavily. We'd just negotiated not one, but two make-out sessions for her. And this was really just her first official week doing the make-out sessions. I got the idea that we would be accelerating things soon.

**Carol Ch. 06**

"We're just making out," said Carol, looking up. She gave the two guys a broad, welcoming smile. "I don't know his name."  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
It was Friday, in week three that Carol was going without underwear. She trotted up the stairs of the subway into my arms. By now it was second nature for me to check out the guys who were checking her out. Though she tended to walk quickly, she had at least four men behind and below her, staring up at her as she stopped at the top of the stairs.   
  
Today she had her heavy shoulder bag, some sandals, and a short pink dress. The dress had two straps over her shoulders -- rapidly becoming my favorite clothing accessory, those straps -- and was made of some gauzy material that floated around when she walked. The best part of the dress was the bustier -- it had low scoop in front, but was tied together beneath her breasts with a little bow.   
  
One of the men who'd followed her up the stairs didn't pass by us. He stopped right next to her.   
  
"Tyler, this is my friend Andrew," she said, taking his hand.   
  
For a second I was incredibly turned on... was she making friends in the subway, now? Was she kissing guys who made small-talk with her?   
  
"He's an old friend from high school, he's visiting from college this week."  
  
"Oh," I said, "how do you do?"   
  
He shook my hand. "I'm thinking of transferring. Carol is showing me the campus."  
  
"Well, it's not a campus like other campuses," she said. "It's more just a bunch of buildings."  
  
"Still, it's in the city. It sounds totally cool."  
  
We were getting jostled by the crowd from the subway. Carol, standing in the wind with her short skirt at the top of the stairs, was causing a traffic jam as men slowed or even stopped.  
  
I guided her away from the subway exit and we started down the street. She had her arms looped through Andrew's and my elbows. "You look wonderful today," I told her. "Doesn't she, Andrew?"  
  
"Yeah," he said, "though all the old perverts were checking her out."   
  
I laughed ruefully. "The price of being a total babe in Manhattan."   
  
"I guess that's true," said Andrew. "But if I were a girl, I don't know if I could deal with it. Guys rubbing up against you in the subway. Yelling on the streets. Grabbing your ass as you walk by."   
  
"Trust me," said Carol with an air of wisdom, "if you were a girl, you'd stop noticing after a while." She gave my arm a squeeze. "It's amazing what you stop thinking about."  
  
I caught a glimpse of the three of us in a reflective window. Two schlubby guys, sandwiching a drop-dead gorgeous girl in a little pink slip. Her legs flexed as she walked, and her breasts swayed in counter-time to each step. Guys were pausing to watch her go by.   
  
"Let's get coffee," I said as we got to our breakfast place. We went in and stood in line. The guys behind the counter recognized her immediately.  
  
"Hey, it's the pretty girl!" they called.   
  
Carol laughed, flushing slightly.   
  
They had memorized her order, but I still had to give mine. As they got the food together, the cashier leaned over. He didn't even try to hide his gaze. He addressed her chest directly: "So Carol, when are you going to let me take you out?"  
  
"Who knows?" she giggled. "You just keep asking. Makes me feel pretty."  
  
"Someday she'll say yes, huh?" he winked at me. He didn't recognize me, though I was there every morning right next to her.   
  
"If you're lucky," I said.   
  
"I know," the cashier said. "That little dress you're wearing, Carol. Is that even legal?"   
  
"That's what I asked her," said Andrew.  
  
"It's legal," she said. "Why, are you going to frisk me?"  
  
"Something that see-through, and I already know what you're hiding," he laughed.   
  
Carol gave a little twirl. I watched her slip billow out from her legs. In the right light, I realized, you could see her shape through the fabric. Andrew merely stared at her and looked lost -- and very, very hungry for her.  
  
"Well, consider dinner, at least," said the cashier. "I know a little Italian place. Then you come back to my place, a little kissing, a little oral?"   
  
Carol flushed prettily. "And then maybe you'll comp me my bagel?"   
  
"She's sharp!" said another guy behind the counter. "Don't mess with her!"  
  
"She's a dream," said the cashier. "Come back soon, honey. Tell your guy-friends here to take good care of you."   
  
"If they don't," she said, "I'll know where to come."   
  
We were back in the streets, and I guided us towards Carol's first class.   
  
"New York is so cool," said Andrew. "You were just flirting!"   
  
Carol giggled.   
  
"You haven't seen anything yet," I told Andrew. "She has all the guys under her thumb."  
  
"I don't remember you flirting like that in high school," he said.   
  
"I'm coming out of my shell," she said. "It's easy. You just be friendly and smile a lot, and let guys say anything to you, and just laugh. They're your friends for life."   
  
"Like the guy at the newspaper stand, in Queens?" he asked, his tone suddenly different.  
  
"What's that about?" I asked.  
  
Andrew shrugged. "We walked past, and he starts yelling to her how he wants a girlfriend for twenty dollars. Polish his knob, all that." Andrew looked uncomfortable.  
  
Carol was smiling. "He always shouts something. If I ever need twenty dollars, I know where I can pick it up. Ha-ha."   
  
"You know," I said, "he probably only yells at you because he doesn't know you. Why don't you stop next time, and get to know him? Use that Carol charm on him?"  
  
She flashed me a smile, but it didn't reach her eyes. She was looking at me speculatively, as if she wasn't sure what I was asking. I nodded to her, meeting her gaze boldly.   
  
She probably wanted to tell me how old he was, or what a reject. I didn't care. Here was a man who was left out, who didn't know what Carol's mouth tasted like. Here was a man who didn't have the same opportunities as the others, to chat her up, kiss her, or wrap himself around her and dry-hump her from behind (oh so innocently, of course).   
  
I nodded encouragingly. "Just give it a shot, Carol. I'll bet he's a nice guy, deep down. Pretty soon you'll be hanging out in the newstand, behind the counter."  
  
"Or under it," she rallied, giving a weak laugh. I gave her a friendly squeeze to show what I thought of that.  
  
We went into her building and I pulled away. "This is where I get off. I'll see both of you later?"   
  
"Sure thing, sweetie," she said, giving me a kiss. "Follow me, Andrew."   
  
She turned to the stairs and sprinted up them. The twin curves of her ass smirked at us under the hem of her skirt as she went up. I knew what I was seeing, so I enjoyed the microsecond glimpses into the shadows. All the others who watched and followed -- they would have to guess.   
  
She knew I liked to watch her and the guys, so she always took the stairs. A sizeable percentage of the line for the elevator detached itself and headed for the stairwell too -- all guys, some from her class. Andrew gave me a little wave and charged up after her, his eyes on her receding figure.  
  
I knew that Andrew would see. Carol liked to stop at the top of each flight, and spin around, and talk to the person with her (who was invariably catching up). And when the guy answered, it didn't matter to her if he was looking at her legs, her heaving breasts, up her skirt, or even her face. To her it was becoming all the same -- she'd ceased to notice or care what they were looking at.   
  
She confessed, often, that she liked the feeling. She liked feeling that she was the only edible morsel in a city full of sharks. Once, when she was drunk, she also told me that she would someday fuck them all. Everybody who had ever looked at her, "since she got tits." She'd fuck them. The whole city. She was really drunk to be talking like that. She promised me that they would be lined up to fuck her. Lined up around the block.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
I met Carol and Andrew again in the library, in the study lounge. They were sitting side-by-side in one of the loveseats, pressed up against each other, whispering back and forth. I came up behind them, and heard a little of their conversation.   
  
Andrew was saying, "But they were all over you. Guys just walking up and copping feels. And you hugging everybody, tongue-kissing them. They were calling you a slut and you were right next to them."  
  
"Andy, they're just guys," she said. "I can't help how they tease me."   
  
"Sliding a hand over your chest, that's not teasing," he said. "Putting their hands up your skirt, that's not teasing."  
  
"Nobody slid their hand over my chest," she said.  
  
"They did! I watched them do it! And the guy with his hand up your skirt--"   
  
"He just pinched my ass. And if I didn't notice the rest, well, then it couldn't have been too bad, could it?"   
  
Andrew snorted. "You know what I think? I think you noticed it, but you just let them grab you all over. You don't know how to tell them to stop."  
  
She gave a light little laugh. I sensed some tension around the edges, however. "Oh, I know how to say stop. All girls know how to tell guys 'stop.' They just have to want to. You want to know how I shut up guys who are calling me a slut?"  
  
"Sure. Let's have it."   
  
Carol took his arm and wrapped it around her shoulders. Then she raised up and turned sideways on the love seat, leaning back across his lap. She positioned his arm so the elbow framed her left breast, and his fingers were trapped in her right underarm.   
  
He now had a full, swelling handful of the top of her right breast, with the slightest swatch of fabric and the strap between the skin of his hand and the skin of her chest. Trapping his fingers under her arm, she rearranged her skirt -- her legs were now bent, her knees pointed at the ceiling, and her ankles crossed.   
  
She said, "See? You've stopped calling me nasty names. My super-duper strategy has worked on every guy so far."  
  
"That's circular reasoning. And besides, I wasn't calling you a slut," said Andrew quietly.  
  
"I know," she said. "But I don't mind if you do. I guess."  
  
"I can call you slut to your face?"  
  
"Slut, or Cock-tease," she said. Then she added, "Or Carol."  
  
"Cock-tease, huh? You don't have to do this," he said. "You don't have to put my hand on your breast..."  
  
"Don't tell me you're not more comfortable," she said.  
  
"I'm very comfortable."  
  
"Your hand isn't on my tit, it's just on my chest. And I notice you've stopped talking about other guys touching me. So shut the fuck up already, and let me take a nap."  
  
The whole interlude left me stiff, she'd handled him so capably. Perhaps, in the back of my mind, I'd had the suspicion that all her 'Carol rules' were just for me. That they weren't rules she really believed in, or wanted. But hearing how she managed him, bringing him into our little shared reality -- I was relieved and turned on. She wasn't faking it. Our rules were her rules, whether I was there or not.  
  
There was still traffic past the love seat, and I wondered at the view people were getting of Carol's lower extremities, now barely covered by her skirt. Her head was reclined against the arm of the chair, her torso spread over Andrew's lap like a gourmet meal. I saw her chest rising and falling quickly, a sure sign that she was turned on.  
  
I snuck up behind her, and, winking at Andrew, covered her eyes. Andrew grew stiff at the sight of me, but I made sure to smile and be friendly. I leaned in and kissed Carol's lips.  
  
From underneath my hands, she couldn't see who it was. She returned the kiss lustily, arching her back to press harder on my lips. "This better be someone I know," she said.   
  
"It's me, honey," I said, uncovering her eyes. She was hugely turned on, now. I could tell because her eyes were only half-open. When she was hot, her eyelids lowered. I told Andrew, "You shouldn't worry about her. The first thing a girl in New York learns is how to handle men."   
  
"Or how to get handled," mumbled Andrew. "You weren't there."  
  
"I have complete faith in her abilities," I said.   
  
Andrew was trying to gently move her upright, but she still had his hand trapped against her breast. I gestured for them to stay where they were, and sank into a nearby seat close to her legs.   
  
I glanced at her hips, where the skirt flared away from her skin. I had an unencumbered view up her skirt, to her waist, and there was clearly no underwear on her. Her ankles were crossed right in front of her crotch, her feet held in place by the arm of the love seat, so her private parts were covered. Barely.  
  
"Ooh, what a day," I said. My own classes had come down on me like a ton of bricks. I'd just picked up two writing assignments that would keep me busy for a week. "Andrew, you said guys kept hitting on Carol?"  
  
"Guys kept asking her out on dates," he nodded.  
  
I turned to Carol. "And what did you say, sweet?"  
  
"I told them to keep asking, I'd have to say yes someday."  
  
She and I laughed together, with Andrew looking confused. She and I both knew that with Andrew here, she couldn't exactly sneak off with Cap, or the Guido, for her make-out sessions. I already planned to tell her to roll them over to next week -- so she'd have three make-out sessions on Monday. Something told me she wouldn't have a problem with three make-out sessions. But it would be a huge turn-on to suggest it.  
  
Andrew said, "You don't care about all the guys, Tyler?"   
  
"She's young. I'm young. We have lots of life ahead of us." I shrugged. "If I'm going to date a hot woman, I know I have to get used to guys hitting on her."  
  
"But everybody was rubbing up against her, grabbing her. Moving her around."   
  
Carol's eyes were closed again, but she had a smirk on her lips. Maybe she liked the words Andrew used. I know I did. Moving her around.  
  
"I don't care," I said. "She could give them all a blow-job. What does it matter? She's mine."   
  
"I guess I'm the jealous type," he said, sounding miserably confused. He shrugged, staring down at her in his lap. His fingers flexed.   
  
"Oooh! Ticklish!" Carol cried. She moved Andrew's fingers out of her armpit, repositioning his hand further down her chest. It was now wrapped shamelessly around the top curve of her breast. The hot bead of her nipple was pressing up the fabric, right against the side of Andrew's palm. She didn't seem to notice.  
  
"You know what I think?" I said.   
  
"What?" Andrew watched his hand rise and fall on her chest. Her knees swayed back and forth minutely with each breath. When he breathed, her whole torso rose.  
  
"If the girl doesn't care, and nobody cares, you're a fool if you don't take advantage of it. She likes you, and she's comfortable with you. You just watched a bunch of strangers glom onto her. Now she's wrapped around you." I nodded at Carol. "The last thing I would do is try to make her self-conscious. The first thing I would do is cop a feel."  
  
"Cop a feel? Off Carol? Right now?" Andrew looked bleak.   
  
"Or kiss her," I shrugged. "Make her feel loved and appreciated. You were just calling her a slut, you should apologize with a kiss."   
  
"I wasn't calling her a slut," said Andrew. The poor boy was clearly out of his element. (In all fairness, Carol and I were seriously bending reality.) He moved his hand off her chest -- by sliding it over the curve and down to her waist. For a fraction of a second, the burning tip of her nipple had traced a line across his palm. His free arm curved around her head, cradling it, and his free hand slid down her neck to her left breast.   
  
He now had her in a touching embrace, still quite innocent, his hand on her waist plucking at the gauzy pink fabric. "At least, I didn't mean to call her a slut," he added. His head sank towards hers. "You're not a slut, Carol. I'm sorry."   
  
His lips met hers, very lightly at first. I saw Carol's tongue move first, flicking out over his lips. He felt it, and leaned in more closely over her. Seeing him explore her mouth, almost against his will, with her thighs flexing so she could get closer to him, turned me on like a light switch. I wanted to rip her out of his grasp and bend her over the couch, pulling her skirt up over her naked ass.   
  
Instead, I dug out a textbook and flipped through it. Their kiss went on, and when they pulled apart I could hear their breathing. He leaned in again and continued the kiss. I started reading my book, feeling a warm glow of pride.   
  
When I looked up, they had paused. Two students stood in front of the love seat, fidgeting uncomfortably while Carol and Andrew took notice of them.  
  
"Sorry to interrupt," said one of the students. He had a big camera around his neck.  
  
"We're with the student paper," said the other. "Mind if we snap your picture? We're doing a story on student culture. You know, 'Love in the Library'? Are you two dating?"   
  
Andrew glanced at me, nervous again. He was probably thinking about saying that this girl, who he had just frenched, was actually my girlfriend. He finally just shrugged.   
  
"We're just making out," said Carol, looking up. She gave the two guys a broad, welcoming smile. "I don't know his name."  
  
The guy stared down at her and swallowed.   
  
"Is it okay to take a picture or two?" asked the cameraman. He glanced at Carol with a raised eyebrow.  
  
"Sure!" she chirped. "You want us to kiss? Or maybe just in the throws of passion?"  
  
They laughed, the cameraman saying, "No, just look at each other. Pretend like we're not here."   
  
Carol turned back to Andrew. "Stare at me, lover," she laughed.  
  
Andrew had moved his hand discretely off her breast, but she added, "No, you should hug me."   
  
"Yeah," said the student without the camera. "Just hug her." There was a lascivious note in his voice.   
  
Andrew gathered her up again, and Carol's arm went around his head, drawing it down towards her lips. As the camera flashed -- filling the lounge with light -- she parted her lips as if preparing for a kiss.   
  
The camera moved a step closer, and took another picture. He took a step towards Carol's feet, and went to his knees. If he was seeing what I was seeing, he had a view under the fabric to her belly button, obscured only by her bent legs.   
  
The camera flashed twice more.   
  
"Okay, that's it," said the cameraman. "Thank you very much, guys."   
  
They took Carol's and Andrew's names down on a notepad.  
  
"Hey," said Carol. "Do you think I could have a copy of those pictures?"  
  
"And me?" added Andrew.  
  
"Sure!" he said. "Just come by the office in an hour or two."   
  
"You're probably going to be in tomorrow's paper," said the other one. They moved away, casting glances back at Carol.   
  
Carol waited until they had moved out of earshot. She gave a low sigh and shook her head, "Too crazy."   
  
"What's too crazy?" asked Andrew.   
  
"Shut up," she told him. "Let's have a make-out session. I want to check your technique. Let's only stop when a security guard comes and breaks us apart." And they did, though the security guard was a long time coming.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
I walked Carol and Andrew to their subway station. Andrew, it turned out, would be staying at Carol's house over the weekend, and then returning to his college on Monday. It was my first big test -- I was leaving her in close proximity to another guy, for two whole days. Would I be able to take it? Would I implode? Was I strong enough to go down this path which I'd started us on?  
  
At the station, Carol sent Andrew ahead. True to form, she paused at the top of the stairs. The hot air flowing up the stairway kicked around her skirt. It was late afternoon, and clouds were making it darker than usual. She had never looked more beautiful to me.   
  
"Sweetheart," she said, stepping up to me. "I didn't get to spend much time with you today. I'm sorry."   
  
"That's okay, Carol," I said. "I was there for the best parts."

"I've never been more turned on. The pictures... mmmm!" She shivered. She'd given me the pictures from the library. I had a short stack of 8x10s in my backpack. They were mostly innocent -- as innocent as you could be, with a stacked blonde girl in a short pink skirt splayed across a guy in the library, their lips moist from kissing. The last two pictures -- she was clearly without underwear, the smooth, glossy skin of her upper thigh and hips in amazing detail. "We have to get a camera for ourselves."  
  
"I was thinking the exact same thing," I said. "So... are you going to fuck him?"   
  
She looked thoughtful. Not defensive, not embarrassed, just considering. "Tyler, I think I have to. I mean, he's so turned on!"  
  
"Me too," I told her. It was the logical conclusion to all the pain we'd put poor Andrew through. "Just give me all the details, will you? I'm worried I'm going to be jealous."  
  
"Never be jealous," she said, tenderly. "These guys, all these other guys -- they're not you." She gave me a tender kiss.  
  
"And on Monday," I continued, "you're going to hook up with Cappy and the Guido?"   
  
"Mmmm," she smiled, nodding.   
  
"And -- remember the newspaper guy? Who shouts at you when you go by?"   
  
She nodded again, the smile fading. "I don't like it when people are negative towards me."  
  
I pressed on, "Get to know him. Make him a friend. Remember, when guys act out, it's just because they don't know you. They're frustrated."  
  
"And I'm not allowed to leave any guy frustrated, right. I remember." She shrugged. "Okay. On Monday, I'll stop and talk to him."   
  
The look in her eyes gave me no doubt about what she was thinking. She wouldn't end up just talking to him. She never just 'talked' to anybody, anymore.

**Carol Ch. 07**

Forget all the men turning towards her. Forget how her breasts rocked under the distressed fabric of her top, how her little skirt flipped up, how it hardly covered the twin curves of her ass. Forget how she was moving down the New York streets and avenues wearing next to nothing. She probably didn't hear the words the men said to her, the whistles. She was still thinking about blowing the newspaper guy.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The next Monday, I didn't meet Carol at her class. She was finally having her -- meetings -- with her guys, and I gave her all the time she needed. I waited in the library, glancing up as she flounced in. She wore a muscle shirt, green, with wide arm-holes, and a wrap-around tartan skirt. The skirt was fixed with a big safety needle. In addition to that, she had big shit-kicking boots on. She looked captivating.  
  
She had a smile for me. I noticed her lipstick was all messed up. She kissed my cheek, then sat down beside me. I waited as she pulled out her lipstick tube and a little mirror, and applied a new layer.  
  
I was patient. This was the first time I'd seen her since Friday, and I wanted her to be in a good mood. I didn't want to break the suddenly delicate mood while she was preparing to tell me.  
  
"The last three days," I said finally, unable to handle the silence any longer, "did you have fun?"   
  
She nodded quietly, suddenly shy again, then impulsively pulled me to her and kissed me. She buried her head in my shoulder, and her voice was muffled. "You want my report?"   
  
"Hell, yeah," I said.   
  
Still muffled, she said, "I fucked Andrew. Lots of times. And then today, I made friends with the guy at the newspaper stand in Queens. It was easy, like you said it would be. And then, with the Cap guy -- the frat boy guy I don't like -- I got him before the class. I just pulled him out, around the corner, and put him up against the wall. Then after the same class, with the other guy -- the Guido? I took him to the student lounge, and frenched him by the coke machines. He was all under my shirt."   
  
I nodded stiffly. I still didn't know what I was feeling... only that I wanted to know more. "What was it like?"   
  
She knew what I was asking. "Oh, Tyler. It was fun! I don't know if it should be so fun, like that."   
  
"Of course it should be fun, Carol," I said. "Otherwise there's no point."   
  
"Really?" she seemed relieved.  
  
"Of course," I said. "Are you still mine?"   
  
"Tyler, I'm yours forever!" she clasped me closer, her fingers bunching on my shirt. "You don't have anything to worry about. It was just fun, and I still want you all to myself. I was worried that my feelings might change, with all the boys working me (four men in three days!), but my feelings are the same. I feel more for you now than ever."   
  
She gave a wet, crowded little sniff, and I realized she was crying a little.  
  
"Good," I said, stroking her hair. "Then everything is like we hoped, right?"   
  
"Yeah," she said.   
  
I said, "Now, tell me everything, all the details."   
  
"You want to know a secret?" she asked.   
  
"Yeah."   
  
"This part is the most fun for me. Telling you. I'm so happy and relieved."  
  
"I have a secret of my own," I said. "I want my cock in your mouth." And, boy, did I. My cock was so hard, it was pushing out the fold of my jeans.   
  
"Me too," she said, not making a move towards me. We both knew, by now, that it was much more fun to let the tension build. We would be going back to my apartment after this, anyway. We sat together quietly for a moment.  
  
"Tell me everything," I said. "All the nasty details." It was wonderfully intimate, listening to her wet, muffled whisper about sex and sluttiness, there in the middle of the library.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Weekend With Andrew  
  
On the subway, I bounced against Andrew all the way back to Queens. I was in front of him, staring at the crowd in the car, and he was behind me, leaning over me and whispering in my ear. For most of the ride, he was a voice in my head, hot breath in my ear, and a disembodied cock rubbing my ass.  
  
He was full of questions about you and me, Tyler. I think he idolizes you. His main fear about transferring here was not the classes, the cost, whatever. It was 'the level of cool,' as he put it, of the guys there. I mean, all he saw were my guy-friends confidently jumping all over me, passing me around. And then there was you, cool, sophisticated, world-wise, teaching him secrets about how to please women (me).  
  
He played it cool, and he has always been very judgmental, but he was wondering how he would fit in.  
  
First off, I told him that not everybody was like me and my friends. I had to workfor it. Up till the start of my second semester, I was just as lame as everybody else. I encouraged him, saying, you just go to the city, become something, and everybody treats you like you are that something. I told him it was easy, once you started.   
  
He wasn't convinced. Then I got this flash of insight. He had wrapped his arm around me, with his hand gripping my shoulder and his forearm over my chest. It felt so warm and comfortable -- and fewer people were looking at me. I don't notice people staring very often -- not any more -- but sometimes I do. And it all goes away when you're holding my hand.   
  
I'm sure some people still stare, but they don't outright ogle me. They don't come up and start talking. It's like you, being my boyfriend, make a man-barrier between me and the world. It's nice to hide behind, sometimes. I can't be me all the time.  
  
I think about the man-barrier every now and then. Like when I leave my house in just a little silk dress and nothing else. Like when I'm on the subway platform, and the train pulls in, and my dress flies up. Suddenly I think, I'm going into the city and I'm mostly naked. I think, I'm gonna be walking around with a millimeter of fabric between my cunt and every guy on the street.   
  
It all slams down like a ton of bricks. But then I think about meeting you, and how you basically eat me with your eyes. Everybody can stare, they can talk to me, and get me to kiss them, and run their hands under my skirt -- but eventually I'll be there with you. (And then there are the other times, when I just get totally horny with all these strangers.)  
  
Well, I got that same protection-feeling from Andrew when he wrapped his arm around me. So before I could think it out, I said, "Well, why don't we pretend I'm your girlfriend this weekend?"   
  
"What?"  
  
"No, really. I'll be your girlfriend, like we've been going together for a few months. You can practice on me, and I'll give you instructions."  
  
"Really? You really think I can learn to be a Tyler?"   
  
You're smiling, Tyler. Yeah. That was great for me too. Like, here's a guy, and he thinks you're a totally cool hunk. I don't have many girl friends, and certainly none in college, since this semester. Usually girlfriends give feedback about boyfriends. So this was the first time I'd actually heard, from someone beside myself, that you're a great guy.  
  
"What about... you know. The sex part?" Andrew asked me.  
  
"The sex ties everything together," I said simply. I didn't want to get into it: this position was allowed, this position was not. I decided I would just drop everything in his lap, and let him sort it out. "I'd certainly be insulted if, like, you jacked off instead. I mean, I thought I felt something between us."   
  
"We have pictures, even," he laughed. "Okay, girlfriend, let me take you out to dinner tonight. You can tell me about life at the Big U."  
  
"Sounds great!"   
  
"What about Tyler?" he asked. "Is he going to mind?"   
  
"About the dinner? Or all the sex?" I giggled at his discomfort. "Tyler has no say in what I do with my body," I lied. "He says it's all my own business, just that I should be safe and respect him."   
  
"Hmm!" said Andrew.  
  
After we got off the train, we walked the four blocks back to my house. He held my hand, he teased me, he squeezed me when I made jokes -- he was very good at pretending to be my boyfriend. Almost as if he'd been imagining himself in that role since the morning.   
  
Andrew's first test came early, when we passed by the newspaper guy. He stays in his stand to sell stuff to returning commuters, and as we were passing by he was closing up for the night.   
  
The newspaper guy saw me coming, and started his yelling. He said something about how I was bringing my men home with me now. Of course this caused other people on the street to look at us. I thought Andrew would lose it, or crumble.   
  
But no -- he played it up. He had a big smile, and he walked me close by the stand, even slowing down. I followed meekly. As we passed, Andrew reached up and patted my head, grinning at the newspaper guy. The newspaper guy gave Andrew a big thumbs-up.  
  
I was relieved, whispering, "Good job!"   
  
Andrew looked a little surprised. "That was all acting. I patted your head, like you were a good little pet."   
  
"Like Tyler said, that guy isn't yelling because he's mean. He's yelling because he's left out. You just included him in something. That was a 'New York Moment.'"   
  
"I included him at the cost of humiliating you," Andrew said.  
  
"Yeah!" I squeezed his hand. "Wasn't that easy?"   
  
"What's easy is being your boyfriend," he observed.  
  
I laughed. "Tell that to Tyler for me, the next time you see him."  
  
I installed Andrew in our guest room in the house. Actually my step-brother's room, which is empty since he's in the army.   
  
It was late, and we'd have to hurry to get to dinner. So while Andrew got ready, I went to my room to change.  
  
Since he didn't know about my rules for clothes, I thought I would dress differently. I put on a bra and panties, and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked tasty, all strapped-in or fluffed up in the right places. But it also felt a little constricting, like a two-piece string bikini that had been tied too tightly.  
  
I put on socks, and pulled on some jeans. Tight little hip-huggers, with the belt-loops cut off. They left my belly uncovered almost down to my puddy -- very low. I threw on a little sweater with long sleeves, four buttons in front.  
  
As I moved around the room, throwing stuff in my purse, the clothes rubbed against me. I dug out some shoes, and as I bent over to put them on, the jeans cut into my stomach. I had to push against my jeans, just to lean over.  
  
My bra was cutting into my back. The sweater was scratching my arms. I could feel prickles of sweat breaking out on my neck. I was slowing down as I moved.   
  
This wouldn't work. It felt all wrong.  
  
My clothes were against me. I could feel all that fabric, pressed against every square inch of my body, digging in and squeezing me. The friction was abrading my skin, giving me a rash, making me all itchy.  
  
In thirty seconds, I'd thrown everything off again. I stood naked in the middle of my room, sighing with relief. I went back to the closet, to the special part.  
  
I pulled a flowery little dress off the rack and tried it on. It had little straps over the shoulders, an open back with a tie that would draw it tight across my breasts and stomach, and a flouncy little skirt that ended at the top third of my thighs. It looked like the perfect antidote.  
  
I pulled it off again, found some scissors on my desk, and cut the tags off. Then I cut the straps in the back off. After I cut the straps, there was no going back. When I slid into the dress again, it hanged loosely over my chest, the two triangles over my tits sliding this way and that. The open back, without the strings to tie, gaped to my tailbone. When I arched my back and looked in the mirror -- that open back was like a big, gaping window to my ass. All you had to do was get the right angle.  
  
Anyway, it was comfy. It didn't press on my tits -- I could barely feel it -- and air circulated freely under the skirt. It had two things going for it: It was cute, and I would barely notice it.   
  
Andrew whistled at me when I walked into the room. "Very hot," he said.   
  
"Very light," I added. I turned, and showed him my back, "Does this go down too far? Does it show too much of my back?"   
  
"Sure does!" he admired me, motioning me to spin around again. "I can see the top curves of your ass, but no ass-crack. And when you turn, I can see the sides of your breasts from behind! And I didn't know you had so many muscles around your shoulder blades! I can see everything!"   
  
"Should I change?" I asked. If he was my play-boyfriend, then he had the right to offer advice.   
  
"Hell, no," he said. "It's like you're wrapped in wet toilet paper. You're going to be the hottest thing on the street."   
  
"Use them or lose them," I giggled.   
  
But his mood didn't stay.   
  
We rode the subway a few stops to a better part of town. I noticed he was half staring at me, and half staring at the guys around me.   
  
"What are you looking at?" I whispered to him.  
  
He leaned into me, his eyes fixed on my breasts. "The guys around you. Every stop, they get a little closer."  
  
"So?" I asked. "They always do that."  
  
"And you don't mind?"  
  
I shook my head, "This is nothing. You should see me when it's crowded. They're all over me."  
  
"And this happens every day?"  
  
I gave him a mischievous grin. "If I'm lucky."  
  
He still didn't look happy.   
  
"Once, I got a hickie on my neck," I told him, just to fuck with him. It didn't really happen, but I like to think about it on the subway.  
  
He shook his head at me. "You've changed, Carol."  
  
"Thanks," I said. I stepped close to him, and turned around to face the ring of men around me. They looked like any other men -- nicely dressed, badly dressed, fit, fat. If I'd been alone, I would've grabbed the pole in the center of the car, and rocked with the motion, my eyes closed.   
  
I knew what would happen then. Soon, I would've felt them on me, an accidental touch here, a pressure there, as they slowly closed in. Eventually, a hand would land on me, and glide off toward the pole. And the others, seeing that I didn't respond, would hesitantly reach out.   
  
It was rarely anything obvious. Just easily-explained brushes here and there, that would slowly make me flushed -- it was mostly in my mind, I think. When you're being looked at so closely, and you can feel their breath on your skin... a girl starts to imagine. (And sometimes, there are the obvious gropes; different story.)  
  
I told Andrew, "If they think you're with me, they won't get any closer."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
I sighed, a little exasperated. "So kiss me already. You'd be doing me a favor, right? Boyfriend?"  
  
His hands closed around my waist. I dragged my eyes off the watching men and tilted my head back over my shoulder, lips meeting his. He gave a tentative kiss. I opened my mouth and reached up for more.   
  
My hands were braced against his thighs for support, and I could feel his cock getting hard against my ass. I let my legs spread for balance. As the train rocked, I could feel my breasts sway back and forth against the fabric of the dress.  
  
I let my eyes drift back to the men, they were watching. I made sure they knew I saw them watching, as I scooped my tongue back into Andrew's mouth. Andrew wasn't the best foil for me, but he was there. This was the first time I'd really --performed, I guess the word is -- on the subway.   
  
I let the saliva spread over my lips, onto my cheeks, as they watched Andrew's hands squeeze my waist. I tried to let each of them know, through my eyes, what might've been, if only Andrew hadn't been there.   
  
I sometimes get too far into my role. That was how this all started. You, Tyler, had told me that I "owe all men." I owed them what I could give them. And what could a woman give all these men, strangers in the subway? A woman could give them dreams. Wishes. Glimpses. I owed men their fantasies.   
  
So, as a result of my choices, I was getting my mouth reamed in the subway by a guy I didn't particularly like. Andrew is... eh. He's way too self-involved, and as a result, he accidentally insults me in horrible ways. But I kept him close, because he was my self-assigned "task".  
  
"Carol!" he hissed suddenly. "Your tit is sticking out!"  
  
There he went, again! I stared at him, watching his anxiety build. I could feel my right breast sticking out -- when I swayed with the subway car, it pressed against the fabric which was now on the outside of the breast. "So?"  
  
"Sss -- so? Like some whore?"  
  
"You think someone's looking?"   
  
Andrew refused to look around at my audience. "I know they're all staring at you."  
  
I gave a nonchalant shrug. "So what? Why aren't you staring? Why aren't you pulling my other 'tit' out? Why aren't you covering me up with the palm of your hand?"  
  
"I don't know!" He was utterly confused. "Is that what I do?"  
  
"You do what you want to do. That's the whole point. Fake it till you make it."  
  
"Your... breast... is still showing."  
  
My patience ran out. "You know, Andrew. I'm not going to tuck my clothes around all night. I gave that up a month ago. You're going to have to come up with a strategy to deal with it."  
  
And it went downhill from there.  
  
Andrew said, "You're embarrassing me!"   
  
"I'm embarrassing you?" I hissed, shocked. "I'm a frickin' galactic turn-on! Get with it! I'd damn near fuck any man in this car, without knowing their names. I'm a male's fantasy. Do you have fantasies? Why don't you live them out on me, rather than pissing yourself?"  
  
(You would have been proud of me. I was certainly proud of myself, the way I reacted. I wasn't humiliated, or shy -- I was outraged! He was insulting my whole reality!)  
  
I didn't know it then, but I'd be mad at him the whole weekend. That night, after a tense dinner, we came home and I threw him on the bed, unbuckled his pants and went down on him. Even when I pressed his hands against my body, and eased his cock into me, a dumb smile on my face, I was angry at him.   
  
And he never learned. He wanted the curtains shut while we fucked -- so I left them open. He wanted me to wear underwear with my dress when we went into Manhattan on Saturday -- so I switched to a smaller dress (and still skipped the underwear). He was embarrassed to kiss me at the movie theater, so I went down on him. If guys whistled at me, and he complained, I'd make a show of myself. He moaned about the guys at the bar, who were all over me -- so I gave my phone number to all of them (and I'm getting a lot of calls). He didn't like me running around the house in just my panties, so I went totally naked.  
  
Mostly, we fucked like bunnies for 48 hours. I don't want to ever see him again. Every time he shot into me, into my mouth or my puddy, I despised him a little more. In my mind, I pretended he was one of the guys from my classes, or a guy from high school. Even a guy on the street. It helped me come. I pretended I was just being used, to store cum. It helped me to fuck Andrew blind.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Back in the library, I sat in stunned silence as Carol leaned toward me, face flushed, whispering urgently in my ear.   
  
When I'd kissed her good-bye on Friday, sending her with Andrew, I'd imagined -- I don't know. I thought she would tenderly take his virginity or something, a beautiful sharing that only a woman-Carol could give.   
  
What I actually got was marathon, sweaty, anger-sex? Whatever it was, it was completely outside of where we were as a couple, it left me quite off-balance. Next time, I decided, we should really talk more about it beforehand.  
  
"Yeah, it shocked me too," she said. "I'm just going to keep talking, T. I'll tell you about my make-out sessions with the next two guys."  
  
I nodded. Weird and surprising as it was, I was actually fine with the Andrew story. Apart from being hugely annoyed with him for not appreciating Carol. I was willing -- okay, verry interested -- in hearing more (and relieved that I was feeling no jealousy).

\* \* \* \* \*

Cappy  
  
The entire long subway ride into the city this morning, I'd been pinned between two suits, front and back. They were faceless commuters to me, I never looked up past their ties. I just kept my eyes closed behind my sunglasses (women wear sunglasses so they don't have to meet men's eyes on the subway), and thought about my interlude with the guy in the newspaper stand. I'll tell you about him last, Tyler, because I know you'll love it.  
  
Well, I felt the tracks change, and I knew Grand Central Station was coming up soon, so I opened my eyes. It turned out the train wasn't so crowded as I thought -- the guys were just standing up against me for the hell of it.   
  
I also noticed that one of them had a newspaper folded in front of him -- flattened into a narrow tube -- and that his arm crossed just at my chest level. The thing my tits had been bouncing against for the last twenty minutes -- it was his forearm and the back of his hand.   
  
And the guy behind me, he had his lap against my ass, letting the train rock us back and forth.   
  
The other passengers of the subway car, mostly sitting, were either staring at me, or staring at me and being shy about it -- their eyes flicking away. I know how I must have looked to them, a girl getting rubbed up against in the train, and letting it happen.   
  
Grand Central came, and that's where I change trains. I squeezed out from between the men, giving them my 'Carol Smile' as you call it.   
  
"I have to get off here," I said to the guy who'd been, basically, playing with my chest the whole ride. A part of me wondered why I hadn't noticed how his knuckles had been xylophoning across my nipples the whole ride. But another part of me was like, Yeah, I own you. You want me and I don't even notice you.  
  
"Sure, sorry," he answered, and then he followed me off the train. They were right behind me as I took the stairs to the next track. I'm used to being followed now, too. I don't think about it too much, but today I looked back down over my shoulder and I saw all the upturned faces of the businessmen following me.   
  
Today was a big day for me, coming off a big weekend: it seemed right and proper in my mind that everybody on this green earth was staring up my skirt.   
  
Yeah, I had that hunted feeling I talk about sometimes. It's like I'm the only live person on Earth, and everybody else is an automaton, just waiting for me to interact with them. Everywhere I go, nowadays, I see all the faces turned towards me. Their eyes are everywhere, all over me, and when I'm in the city, I rarely see the backs of people's heads. I rarely see people in profile. They're all facing me. And if I say something to them, they leap to do it. And all I have to do is -- well, you know. Be what I am.  
  
So I was in a hot, wet state when I got to my building. I considered squeezing into the elevator (and getting rubbed up against some more) versus charging up the stairs, leading a string of guys. (Yes, I know they follow me up the stairs. I also know that some of them wait for me in the morning, just so they can follow me.) I chose the stairs, leading a big string of guys. I was near dripping, Tyler. Sometimes it all gets so crazy.   
  
I got to my hall, and there were all my friends from class. They wait in the hall for me. I bulldozed through them, grabbed that Cap guy by the hand, and dragged him around the corner of the hall. I found a little alcove formed by a sunken door. We were out of the flow of people in the halls. I said, "Good morning," and leaned up to kiss him.  
  
I told you before he does nothing for me, he's too much of a frat guy. In a way, I was glad I was with him first. With him I was, you know, analytical. Studying my technique, and his reaction. It was a little like a science experiment, but I don't think he noticed. And, sure enough, I started to get turned on. It was fun, Tyler. Really fun. I mean, normally I wouldn't look twice at him, but here he was, big, strong, warm, with a wet mouth, and I was just tonguing him.   
  
He had his fingers crossed in a basket behind my back, cupping my ass. I know he felt that I wasn't in a bra or panties, because every now and then he'd explore all the seams of my clothes, and run his fingers over my ribs. I kept his mouth too busy to talk.  
  
We made out for about four minutes. At the end, I spun around in his arms, so my ass was against his lap. I imagined that I was back on the train, and the businessman had grabbed me from behind. Cappy kissed down my neck, sending tingles everywhere, his hands gliding around my stomach and pelvis.  
  
I kind of watched the stream of students passing us, through lowered lids. I pretended we had a one-way mirror up, where I could see out, but they couldn't see me. But of course that wasn't true. I saw how my nipples were jumping out against my shirt. He was pulling my shirt every which way, and they weren't moving.   
  
I had my legs spread, my feet planted on the floor, and I was leaning back against him. What I like about this skirt, is that it splits up the thigh: I was trying to see how far up it would split, and to get it to work I had to have my legs really spread kind of wide. I could feel the breeze on my sex as people swished past me.   
  
I said to him, "I just had to kiss somebody this morning, I hope you don't mind."  
  
He said, "Like the old country?"   
  
I didn't get that. I told him about my train ride, and the businessmen, and how, for some reason, it turned me on. He wasn't responding. I realized too late that he was sucking my neck: I was getting a hickey. I'm going to have this thing from him for the rest of the day, and no way in hell to hide it. I liked it. I think every man should give me a hickey.  
  
About a minute later I led him back to class. I told him that I owed him a favor.  
  
I think he was too shocked to really think clearly. He just mumbled 'Thanks' and stared at me the rest of the class.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Guido  
  
You call him Guido, but you're very rude sometimes. His name is Alphonso, and he's macho in an old-fashioned way. He's so strong and manly, it makes it extra fun when he crumbles.   
  
With him, it's always a race after class to get to me. Half the time, he's there as I stand up, and he gets me in a hug from behind, with his hands on my stomach. I always stop to talk to people, and his hands are there, him breathing in my neck. It's pretty stupid, how we duck-walk around, like we're joined lap-to-ass.  
  
Once upon a time, I would have been put off by his obsessiveness. Well, now he turns me on.  
  
Not because he's handsome, but because he's just so wrong for me. It's like he's crossing lines, and going against social conditioning, just to get to me. He just can't help it. I like talky, considerate guys who care if I disagree with them. Alphonso is a quiet, self-important guy who doesn't care what I think. He's perfect!  
  
We hanging out like usual after class, as I said good-bye to everybody. Did I tell you they call me 'Cock tease'? To my face? I'll tell you about that later.  
  
At the end, he realized you weren't showing up to meet me, like you usually do.  
  
"Where's your boyfriend?" he asked, when we were mostly alone.  
  
"I told him I'd meet him later," I breathed back, over my shoulder. "I wanted some time with you."   
  
"Finally! Shit! It's about time!" he said.   
  
"You want to buy me a soda?"   
  
"Sure," he said. "If that's all it takes. It's cheaper than dinner."   
  
I let that pass. I laughed as if it was a joke, and not a mean insult. I mean, what was I going to do -- not make out with him? (But it made me think how many times a guy will be with a girl, and say something totally wrong -- a deal-breaker. It's heartbreaking how much nookie is being missed.)  
  
We went to the student lounge a few floors up, and I took him beside the drink machines. He was still behind me, so all I had to do was crook my head back, close my eyes, and open my mouth.   
  
I think that's becoming my favorite way to kiss -- with my back to the guy, turning my face up to him. Andrew, Cap, Alphonso. It like, gives them an opening for their hands, it shows me off when people look. I like to arch my back. I'll show you how I do it, sometime.  
  
Anyway, he dove down with a heavy duty kiss. Very muscular. I tell you, Tyler, I'm getting a spectrum of all the different kissing styles in the world. With Alphonso, it was him just rooting around in my mouth, him just taking what he wanted from me. I got the feeling I didn't really have to be there, and that he wanted to do all the work.  
  
But get this. You were right about him -- his thing for my stomach. He's really into my stomach. I encouraged him, knowing you wouldn't be mad.  
  
His hands were gliding around my stomach, his fingers tickling the space between my shirt and my skirt. On impulse, and since my arms were just hanging loosely anyway while he raped my mouth basically, I pulled my shirt up and put it over his hands.   
  
He gave a needy whine, and o-mi-gosh, that just turned me on. To get him crying like a puppy. What a hunk he was... not. I didn't care what people were seeing when they passed us. His cock was digging a trench in my ass, he was munching away on my lips. He was holding me so tight, I was breathing with a whistle. It felt wonderful, to be a rag doll for him. My arms were hanging down, I didn't have to do anything, just stand there and be, I dunno, a Goddess for him. I was in a weird place... he could've put his cock right in me and it would have seemed natural.  
  
So, his hands were all over my torso. At first, they just glided around, his thumbs brushing the bottom of my tits. I felt so warm and smooth, and his hands were rough. I wonder if he left any scratches. It was like getting mauled by a wild animal. When I didn't object to it, his right hand started drifting up.  
  
By the end, he had one hand going across my stomach, and one hand rubbing across my chest. No finger stuff, no nipple fiddling. He was rubbing his hand bodily across my two tits, pushing them around, my nipples feeling as hard as diamonds. I just let my eyes drift closed, surfing the sensations.  
  
Then we heard somebody in front of us. "Ahem."   
  
He stopped, and I was able to look over. It was the security guard! The one who is by the door when we walk in every morning!  
  
His eyes were going up and down, taking in this big squeeze that Alphonso had me in. He shook his head, a little sternly. Alphonso's hands slid back down and came out from under my shirt.   
  
I gave the guard a smile, saying, "Sorry! Won't happen again today."   
  
Alphonso was muttering some excuse, and I got out of there. "See you next class," I told him. They both watched me go. That security guard -- he wanted me. That was one of the best things about the whole thing with Alphonso. I realized that an old guy, a real adult, with a job and a family -- an old guy wanted me too. Not just the horny college dudes. Real dudes, from real life, wanted me too!  
  
I acted all innocent as I brushed by.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The newspaper guy  
  
This morning I was walking down the street to the subway station, as usual, for my commute. There he was, in his little shack. He picked me out as I was halfway down the block towards him, as he always does. He was crowing at me, something about looking extra hot today.  
  
His mouth snapped shut as I stopped in front of his stand. He was an older guy, an immigrant with an accent, with a scruffy beard and googly eyes. He sort of looked at me like he expected the worst: like I'd yell back at him, make a big scene.   
  
Instead, I just gave him my big smile. Lots of teeth -- you know the one. I said, "You're always so mean to me, but I'm a nice girl. Don't you think I'm nice?"   
  
"Are you nice? Or just cheap?" he said, rallying.   
  
I kept my smile on my face. I'd just come from that weekend with Andrew, and I felt like I could deal with anything. That's one thing you're always right about, Tyler: I always have the confidence I need.   
  
"Nice or cheap, hmmm," I answered, "Maybe a little bit of both."   
  
"You want me to stop yelling at you, right?"   
  
I glanced down at myself. Did I really look cheap today? I supposed I did. With my little skirt, my open shirt. I thought I merely looked normal. Like any young woman with bad judgement.  
  
"No," I told him. "Yell all you want. You have to know by now, I don't give a shit what you say, or think."   
  
"So what? You wanna buy a paper?" he had recovered quickly. Probably my nice smiles, and me being flirty -- probably it made him feel like he was behaving acceptably.   
  
"I just want you to be my friend," I said slowly. Really, I just wanted to beat the crap out of him.   
  
He took this in silence. Then, amazingly, he said, "I've been telling you twenty dollars, every day. For you to polish my knob."   
  
"I know," I said, keeping my smile fixed. What a disgusting world, I was thinking.   
  
"My new offer is ten dollars," he said, and leered at me. Now I know what a leer looks like.  
  
"That's sweet of you to offer," I said. Inside, I was counting down from ten. I knewI could make this work -- you said I could, Tyler. And by now, I believe you. But ten dollars! He should have gone up, to thirty, I thought.  
  
"You want to be my friend," I said with a sigh, "because I kiss my friends."   
  
"You want to kiss me?"   
  
I nodded. I had your voice echoing in my head, Tyler. Charm him. I had him charmed, alright. He was sort of frozen, staring at me.   
  
"Okay, you can kiss me," he said. "But I'm staying at ten dollars for a blow-job."   
  
"Fine by me," I said.   
  
And then, so help me, he leaned forward across the little counter. That's when I knew I had him -- if he really disliked me, he wouldn't have put himself out there like that. I might've brushed him off, humiliating him. But he made the first move. I felt my heart soften towards him.  
  
I was close to the counter already, he was leaning towards me. About six inches away from my face. I'd have to lean forward to kiss him. It was the look on his face -- needy, expectant, with a little smirk, like he was thinking: "I knew you wouldn't do it." Like I was confirming something in his mind. It was that look -- suddenly I was hot. I was wet and hot from the hips down, as if I was suddenly standing in a jacuzzi. Was I really considering doing this?  
  
I was more than considering it. As I felt myself flush, down there, I was already leaning forward, my ass hanging into the sidewalk. He was expecting a peck. But I parted my lips. I gave him some of my moisture, through my mouth. His lips parted, too.   
  
There I was, in the morning, four blocks from my home. I was lip-locked with this older man, his beard scratching my face. Truth be told, I didn't want it to stop. I thought of the scene we were making. People passing by, seeing me kiss him. I was almost gushing. I was worried my wet would run down my legs. The breeze under my skirt was cold, but I was hot.   
  
To make the scene more complete, I kicked up one heel. Like that girl kissing the sailor?  
  
Then I pulled back. "I'll see you tomorrow," I told him.   
  
He nodded, quiet for once. But as I walked away -- I put a sling in my hips, knowing he was staring after me -- he had one last thing to say: "We're down to five dollars now. But now I really want it."   
  
It just made me laugh.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Carol summarizes...  
  
So here's what I learned in the last three days:  
  
If I ever switch back to my "old" clothes, they will take some getting used to. I swear, I felt hot and sweaty for those few minutes I was in the sweater and jeans. I just don't like wearing that sort of stuff anymore. Bra and panties -- it's like being tied up! Give me a tiny top, tiny skirt, and some clogs -- I'll be happy as a clam.  
  
With Andrew, I learned that I am a lot more crazy than I thought. I learned that I would fuck a guy, repeatedly, just to prove a stupid point. Really, I gave up on Andrew that first night... by the end of the weekend, I was fucking him just to see how often I could. And I wanted to see how much I could dislike him without him knowing.  
  
I know that's not what we planned. I'm a lot more crazy than I thought. So I owe you a few fantasies -- I'll make them happen for you, I promise! And I know they're going to be just as crazy as I am.   
  
With Cap, I learned how easy that next step is. From teasing to making out. There's nothing to it, once the guy is primed. And these make-out sessions -- they jam! One session a week isn't enough. I can tell you agree. We gotta do more.   
  
With Guido, I learned how smart I am. It was my idea about the shirts, to make them smaller and more showy like my skirts. And without this top that is basically falling off me -- Guido would never have gotten to my chest!  
  
Lastly, I finally realized that my breasts are hot! Usually they're just there, I don't think about them much, they're just for playing with or for sex. But Alphonso showed me they could be there for everybody to look at, and everybody to play with. You can't walk around without a skirt, but you can wear sheer tops. You can wear little strappy things. It's like I have two whole new sex organs, and people can play with them on the frickin' subway.   
  
And that started me wondering what else we're missing. You and me, Tyler. What are we overlooking? There's got to be more, and more, and more. There have to be other ways, other things we can do. I rushed over to the library, to tell you all this.  
  
I see by your smirk that you have more ideas.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Back in the Library  
  
Carol and I -- our eyes were locked. She was breathing heavily through wet, parted lips. She was fully flushed -- red-faced, red streaks down her neck, red like a birthmark across the tops of her breasts.  
  
I was, in a word, hot. This had been forty minutes of the hottest girl-talk I'd ever heard.  
  
"You know what I need you to do?" I asked her. I didn't trust my voice above a whisper.  
  
"Anything, sweetheart," she said. She had a sort of prideful expression on, somewhat satisfied. She, too, was massively turned on.   
  
"You gotta go down on that newspaper guy. Like daily. Shit." As soon as I said it, I knew it was too much. I'd realized my worst fears, and let my imagination run away from me.   
  
"You sound serious," she said. I don't know if I expected her to be surprised, repulsed, upset. But she was none of these. It was like I was confirming something in her mind.   
  
I was encouraged. I wavered between pulling back, or just letting my 'request' stay out there and seeing how she took it. I gave her a voiceless nod.  
  
"For five dollars," she confirmed. "You really want that?"   
  
"And so do you," I guessed, stabbing in the dark. "Don't you?"   
  
I saw her shrug. "I want what you want. But sucking off a stranger? Every day, you said?"  
  
"He's no stranger," I amended. "He's your friend now."   
  
"He calls me slut to my face," she said, in a dreamy sort of tone.   
  
"We know you're not a slut. Will you do it?" I just couldn't stop my damn mouth. In my defense, this was our common pattern... I'd suggest something. And she would confirm it over and over until we were both puddles of wet lust. So she was playing along with me, stringing me along. It seemed she wanted this as much as I did.  
  
"I..." She trailed off. "Every day, I'll have five dollars from him."   
  
"You like that part," I said, smiling a little.  
  
"I know it's money that I won't want to spend. I'll keep it in a pile somewhere." She paused. "My suck-money."   
  
"Makes you feel cheap and dirty?"   
  
"Mmmm, yeah," she said.   
  
"Well, there's a place in your life for being cheap and dirty, isn't there?"

"There is," she agreed.   
  
"Then you'll do it?"   
  
"You want to meet me each morning, me with cum in my stomach from some old guy in Queens?"   
  
"Fuck yeah," I said. I could imagine it. "It would be like, glowing in your stomach, every time I looked at you. That would be hot." I lapsed into silence, and then remembered how she'd said there had to be more. When she was telling me about the Alphonso guy, and her breasts felt like new sex organs, she'd said there had to be more. "A little cum at first, hot in your stomach. Then, every week, a little more. But, start with the newspaper guy."  
  
"Then, okay, I'll do it." She drew back, shaking her head. "I'm such a fucking fool. I can't believe I'm going to do this."   
  
"You're not a fool," I said. "You're a fantasy come true."   
  
She took this in silence. Her hands were still on me. "And it's all about fulfilling every man's fantasies, isn't it?"  
  
"Sure is," I said. "It's going to be great."  
  
"I think so, too," she said. Bashful again, she was staring at the table in front of us.  
  
I grabbed her and kissed her hard on her lips. We were both imagining her lips wrapped around his cock. Her mouth was wet, so wet, and her lips were so strong, and I couldn't resist any longer. I pulled her up, and started leading her to my apartment.   
  
After leaving the library, and walking several blocks, she was still thinking about the newspaper guy.   
  
Forget all the men turning towards her. Forget how her breasts rocked under the distressed fabric of her top, how her little skirt flipped up, how it hardly covered the twin curves of her ass. Forget how she was moving down the New York streets and avenues wearing next to nothing. She probably didn't hear the words the men said to her, the whistles. She was still thinking about blowing the newspaper guy.   
  
I knew this because she mumbled, "Won't he be surprised."

**Carol Ch. 08**

I met her one morning... I guess it would be week eight, in our relationship. Our weird, intense relationship.   
  
She was wearing a loose little frock. It was designed to be worn over something else, like a body suit. Of course, she'd bypassed all that nonsense. It had a low, square scoop in front, and big arm holes. At the tops of her thighs, it had little v-shaped cuts up her legs, with two larger ones by each hip.   
  
Her legs were the first thing you noticed. They were bare, gleaming, muscular, and the eyes naturally flowed from her round calves, up to her knees, up to her defined thighs, up to her hips. Before long, you realized that you were admiring her thighs, hips and stomach through her dress. It was gray, of a light, loose fabric that pressed against her body when she walked forward. When she was standing still, it hung off the curve of her breasts, hiding little.  
  
It was one of those outfits that you sometimes see on the street -- that make you want to change your plans for the day, and go where that girl is going. What's her story? What does she like? It's surreal, how showy clothes can shock your system.  
  
She floated up the stairs of the subway, with her customary crowd of admiring commuters behind her. She put something in my hand, a little scrap of paper, wet from the perspiration in her hands.  
  
I looked at it: a five dollar bill. I stared at it uncomprehendingly for a moment.  
  
"Holy shit," I breathed. "You finally got the nerve?"   
  
"Yes, Tyler," she said. Her eyes were tearing.   
  
Damn the bottleneck we formed, I had her in my arms in a second. My hand felt every ridge and wrinkle of the five-dollar bill she'd given me. She had, twenty or thirty minutes earlier, sucked off an old man. She was a swallower, so somewhere, deep inside this warm, curvy, bundle of girl -- somewhere deep inside her, a load of cum from a stranger. People eddied around us, and I ignored their inconvenience.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked.   
  
"Oh, yes," she sobbed.  
  
"Are you happy?"  
  
"Oh, yes, Tyler," she had her face buried in my chest. I patted her head, letting her cry.  
  
I guided her away from the subway, where the hot air from the stairwell was wreaking havoc with the hem of her frock.   
  
"If I told you to rip off your dress, and throw it into traffic, would you? Stand here naked with no clothes?"   
  
"Oh, yes. Now, I'd do anything, oh yes."   
  
"I won't ask you to do that," I said.   
  
"Thank you for that," she said, then laughed.   
  
"Tell me everything," I prompted.  
  
"I went up to him, the newspaper stand," she said, wiping her eyes. "I asked him if he was still my friend."   
  
She told me the whole story.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
"Yeah, I'm your friend," he said. He was, so help me, licking his lips.  
  
I took a breath, then made the plunge. I'd been visiting with him since that first time -- when I kissed him. I was just hanging out and then kissing him good-bye. Something inside me was keeping me from taking the next step. I knew you wouldn't be impatient, Tyler.  
  
After the first few kisses, I felt less naughty. It was getting to be a routine, the way I kiss all my guy friends. I know that's part of the plan. Make things routine: first the skirts. Then the no-panties. Then the talking to every guy I meet. Then the kissing. Then the blouses and my breasts. It's all supposed to get routine. And it is: I hardly notice it anymore. I'm changing into something else, slowly but surely.  
  
But could a blow-job get to be routine? I wasn't sure. I guess part of me was waiting, escalating it in my mind. There would only be one first blow-job. At least for this guy.  
  
I told the man, "I need to borrow five dollars for the subway today. I forgot my wallet at home."   
  
He looked at me, shocked for a second. Then suspicious. Finally, he said, "I don't just give money away to people on the street, honey. But you know how you can earn it?"   
  
I had to hear him say it. "How can I earn it? You want me to sell papers for you, or something?"   
  
"Polish my knob, girl. That's a hot dress. I know you're looking for action. Well, you can start early today."  
  
"What do you mean?" I insisted. I gave him a smile. "You want me to go back there and blow you?"  
  
"You bet," he said. He pulled a five dollar bill out of the register. That one you're holding there.   
  
I pretended like this was shocking news to me. My face kind of froze, in the smile. "You're not serious. You really want me to...?"   
  
Shit, I was making it as easy as possible for him.   
  
"Yes I want you to suck me," he said, much encouraged.   
  
I bit my lip, and glanced uncertainly up the street. The subway entrance seemed to beckon me. I could just turn, walk away, and go to the subway. I have a student pass. I didn't need his dirty fucking five dollars. I said, "No, really, I have a test today. I have to get to the city."   
  
He just gave an evil sort of laugh. I could tell he was enjoying himself, like he was a hunter. He was probably patting himself on the back, having a girl like me in a tight situation. He let me stare up the street, then glance back at his eyes. I dropped my eyes to his pants, then glanced away again, as if embarrassed. He laughed again when he saw that. He had a raging hard-on, under his slacks.   
  
Keeping my eyes on the ground, I pointed to the door, and stepped over. In my head, my voice was singing, 'What the fuck are you doing!?' I could feel my weight on my feet, with each step I took.  
  
He opened the door, and I stepped in. He closed the door.   
  
I was still staring at the ground, as he took my face in his rough hands and tilted my head back. His thumb on my jaw opened my mouth, and then he was kissing me full on the mouth, his tongue brushing against my lips. Our teeth grated, and I had to start moving my lips to react to him. The whole thing felt rough and unfriendly, from his hands on my face, to his mouth on my mouth. But I realized that this was just the beginning.  
  
And why was I doing it? Not because I wanted his package. I wasn't, like, horny for his cum. I was doing it because you and I agreed that I should do it. And we agreed, because we thought this mean old guy should be satisfied. We'd decided, weeks ago, that he ought to have his fantasies fulfilled, and shoot off in my mouth.   
  
I couldn't even hide behind a good excuse. I wanted him to shoot his cock off, in my mouth, because I had agreed that he should shoot his cock off in my mouth. For no other reason than that he ought to be able to do it if he wanted.  
  
I kept that in mind as he pushed me down to my knees. I felt the ridged rubber floor on my knees. I was hoping the floor was dirty, so my knees would get stained. I was hoping the ridges would make little bumps in my knee skin. I remember how you told me you love my knees, Tyler, and I was thinking that you'd like to see them all marked up.   
  
Look at my knees, Tyler. See how messy they are? I want to keep them like that all day. So people will see, and know, or guess. I get hot, and a little lost feeling, every time I think of my knees. It's a new emotion: turned on, but bleak. I didn't know I was that deep, that I could feel an emotion like that. I blew him just for the hell of it, for no reason, and that makes me hot.  
  
We were in the corner of the newspaper stand, so nobody could look in. There weren't many people on the street at that time anyway.   
  
He held my head in place, and popped the buckle of his belt. His pants dropped. He waited.   
  
So it was on me to pull down his underwear. I could smell his cock before I saw it. It smelled like yours, only with a stronger odor.  
  
I pulled it down, and his cock sprang out and slapped me on the cheek.   
  
"Oh, yes!" he said immediately.   
  
It was only when I took it in my hand, that I realized, 'Yes, I can do this!' It filled my hand, feeling warm and smooth. I was thinking, this is easy, this is perfect, what a great way to start the day! I could hear him breathing above me.  
  
I put my lips on it, and let it slide in, forcing my mouth open. Like it was an invader or something. It tasted salty and hot, and I wanted him to know all the ridges felt good on my tongue. I liked the taste. I glanced up at him with brave little eyes, and he was staring down at his cock in my mouth.   
  
"You gotta swallow," he added. "I shoot in your mouth, and you swallow, or no five dollars. Otherwise, I get it all over your dress."  
  
For a second, I didn't know which I wanted more: in my mouth, or on my dress.   
  
Then I went to work on him. I grasped his tool in my hand, holding it tight, and started yanking. Slowly at first, but then I got a rhythm. His skin moved over the ridges and curves of his cock, his pubic hair sliding up and down his stomach as I tugged on him. I had the head of his cock in my mouth, where I was tonguing underneath the glans -- that sensitive part you like? Well, I did it with him too, and he liked it.   
  
I was not thinking straight, it was all so surreal. So I didn't try to deep-throat him or anything at first. I just yanked him into my mouth. Finally, I was in my groove. I was smelling him, I was feeling him shift his weight. I was listening to traffic pass by the newspaper stand. I heard footsteps pass by on the sidewalk. You know that girls can get drunk on cock, when they're in their zone? So I started alternating, yanking him, then bobbing forward and taking the whole thing in.   
  
He was loving it. Talking about cock-sucker this, slut that. My dress fell down my shoulders, and I didn't fix it. He liked seeing my tits right there, and he helped himself. I can still feel it -- his rough fingers playing with my nipples.  
  
In fact, I can still feel the whole thing. If I look dreamy, or talk stupid, it's because I can still feel and hear everything. What a way to start the day!   
  
I can still feel it. You know how you go to an amusement park, and you ride the roller coaster? And how, late at night, you're in bed, and you still feel the roller coaster? Like you're still on it, getting slung around, going up and down? That's what I feel. It's not going away -- I'm standing here, talking to you, and I'm still sucking cock. A part of me hopes it never goes away.  
  
Before five minutes had passed (a dollar a minute), he grabbed my head in his hands. He just bodily pulled and pushed my head, as I let go and rode his cock. He was mouth-fucking me, like a pro.   
  
When he came I felt the first gush in the back of my throat. He let go, and allowed me to take his cock again. I gave like twenty hard pulls, with him shooting off on my tongue like crazy. His cum was salty, thick. It was weird -- I felt proud, like I'd done something really good.   
  
He finally pulled away, and left me kneeling there. He seemed to enjoy seeing me on my knees, my tits out, breathing hard, his cum on my tongue. I swallowed it -- you said you wanted to imagine the cum in my stomach. It was a big mouthful, and I felt it go down.   
  
He dropped the five dollar bill on the ground, and I had to sort of bend over and crawl to it. Even that turned me on. I stood up, got back in my dress, and let myself out.   
  
You want to know something weird. Even then, as I walked down the street, he started yelling at me again. I guess with some guys it's just natural.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
I barely knew what to say to Carol after that. I shook my head in pride and disbelief, and kissed her.   
  
"Are you happy?" she asked.   
  
It was only fair, I'd asked her the same. Even admitting I was happy, though -- it was hard. Like I was confessing something about myself. I felt a new wave of admiration at her, how she had unselfconsciously answered when I'd asked her the same thing: Oh yes. She must really trust and need me.  
  
"Yes, honey," I said. "I feel weird and happy."  
  
"Me too. I feel the same way," she said. "I knew I'd feel naughty and dirty. What I didn't expect is to feel so happy. How in the world could all this be connected!? I feel ready to go to class, ready to meet new people, ready to do homework."   
  
"I want more," I told her. She nodded without hesitation. "You know what I want more of."   
  
"You like slutty girls," she shrugged. "What could be more slutty than blowing some guy in the street? You want me to start blowing more guys."   
  
"I don't think of you like a slut," I said. "I love your slutty actions, and how you just jump into everything we talk about. But you're no slut. You're like... you're magical."   
  
"Magical," she laughed.   
  
"Next time, I want pictures. Before, during, after. For tomorrow. Maybe we should get a polaroid camera today. I'll do that."   
  
I said this just to see how she would react. I did plan to buy a polaroid camera, but later. I had plans coming to fruition in the next five days.   
  
She didn't veto the camera idea. She had a silly smile on her face, like she was pleased watching me: I was like a child with a new toy. Moreover, she was finally done crying. I took her hand and guided her down the street. I wanted to spend time with her, so I took her the long way to her building. Up one street, down another, just strolling.   
  
Men of all flavors turned to watch her pass. They all wanted to see the girl with messed-up lipstick, disturbed hair, tear-reddened eyes, in the not-there little frock. Even women glanced twice -- we were getting used to that. The women's stares were either surprised, jealous or appalled, and sometimes a little wanton.  
  
"I feel like everybody's looking at the cum in your stomach," I said to her.  
  
She gave a surprised little grunt. "You think people are staring at me? You think they know?"   
  
"I know people are staring at you," I said. "I'm watching them stare at you."   
  
She shrugged. "I didn't notice. You think they guessed my secret?"   
  
"With your dirty knees, your smeared lipstick? Your crazy hair? Yeah. You've been used, and they're seeing it."   
  
"Good," she said, with a satisfied air. "I'll take your word for it. The cum feels hot in my stomach -- I know it's just psychological. But I feel like I have no secrets from the world. I feel like I'm see-through."  
  
Her voice had a note of warning.  
  
"What are you thinking?" I prompted her.  
  
"We're in the no-judgement zone?"  
  
"The no-judgement zone, yeah," I said. We were. How could I judge her?   
  
"I'm thinking, if someone asks what I've done, I'll just tell them. I don't want to have to think, and fabricate, and tell lies. It's too much work. If they ask why my knees are messed up, I'll just tell them why. If one of my guy friends asks where I went with Cappy and Alphonso, I'll just tell them."   
  
"I'm fine with that," I said.   
  
"You know what will happen. Pretty soon, they'll ask why they don't get the same treatment."   
  
"I'm fine with that also," I said. "I hope you are too."  
  
She shrugged, and we turned into the building. "It seems like the next natural step, doesn't it? I have my excuse, which you gave me: Just because. If I make out with a guy, it's because they needed to get made out with. If I blow a guy, it's because they need a blow-job."   
  
We paused by the stairs. In a moment, she would leave me and go up the stairs, to meet with The Carol Admiration Society. A bunch of her regular admirers, seeing her walk in, peeled off the walls and stood ready to follow her up the stairs. The foyer might have been empty, for all Carol seemed to notice them.   
  
I said, "We're coming up on our two month anniversary."   
  
"Really?" She gave a light little laugh. "It feels like much longer."   
  
"Two months ago, you were a totally different girl," I said.  
  
"I don't even remember that girl from two months ago. All of this, loving you, spending time with you, it just feels so right. It's like I've been brainwashed or something." She looked at me tenderly, and stroked my cheek. "I can't believe how lucky I am."  
  
Me neither, I thought. My gaze drifted over to the ring of guys waiting by the stair well. They were staring at her unabashedly.  
  
"Since we started going out, you've been great with all our experiments."  
  
She nodded, "They're so much fun."   
  
Just because I liked dwelling on it, I reviewed all our little rules, which had been recently simplified to:  
  
Wear short skirts and dresses. Talk to all men who want to get talked to. Touch and be touched by people she talked to. Kiss people hello and good-bye. Wear no underwear, ever. Wear tiny tops on certain days. Wear no bra, ever. Make out with one guy, at least, every class day. Blow the newspaper stand guy in Queens, every week. Oral sex assignments.  
  
The last few were new. She nodded when I said it. "It just seems like the next step, doesn't it?"   
  
"For our two month anniversary," I said, "let me take you out to dinner."  
  
"Yeah!" she said. "Sounds like fun!"   
  
I smiled. "I'll set up the whole night. That day, we'll use all the rules we've made. And that night, we'll make some more."   
  
"Shit yeah," she said.   
  
"We will meet tomorrow night, six o'clock. Can you meet me in Grand Central Station?"   
  
She nodded, waiting.   
  
I continued. "Wear the smallest dress you have. Tiny. I don't care if it's from when you were fourteen years old. It has to be the hottest thing you've ever worn."  
  
"Oh, a challenge!" she giggled.   
  
"I'll take you out for drinks. I'll give you dinner. Then we'll put some strangers' cocks in your mouth. Does that sound okay?"   
  
"Yeah, I guess it does," she said. "But we'll still meet today at the library?"   
  
"Sure." I hugged her. I was too turned-on to just let it go at that. "Why don't you make out with someone today, again? And tell me about it? And then, at the library, I want you to get more cum in your stomach."  
  
"You talk so dirty! Never stop!" She kissed my cheek, and pulled away. "You want me to swallow your cum?"   
  
"No, not mine."   
  
"Thought so." She grinned, then turned around and sped up the stairs. Her collection of guys followed her.

**Carol Ch. 09**

Same day. I was in the library making plans for our 2-month anniversary night. Though I'd been considering it for a long time, I was still under-prepared. I had some calls to make, some research to do.   
  
The mood around me changed suddenly. A general perking up preceded Carol's entry into the lounge -- the room always changed, now, when she walked in. She flounced through the glass double-doors, her heavy shoes clapping on the floor, her bag bouncing on her hip. Her breasts swayed in counter-time to each step, and I hadn't realized just how showy that square decolletage was.   
  
Her collar bones cast shadows, the nape of her neck was bare, both of her breasts were bare to half-way down. The curves were bare on both sides of each breast, and it was mesmerizing to watch the weight of them shift smoothly under the skin.   
  
Her legs, for me, were the best. The bottom of her little frock was a little like a loin-cloth, split up the sides as it was. She paused and surveyed the room, and her strong, tan upper thighs thrust out sideways through the slit.  
  
My eyes drifted lower, to her knees. Still a little grimy, from when, earlier that day, she had dropped to her knees in front of a strange older man, and took his cock in her mouth. This observation inevitably made my eyes drift to her face: beautiful, glowing with an inner light. She had, as she almost always did, a wide, friendly smile. She'd wrinkle prematurely from all the smiling -- but smile wrinkles are the best. Her lipstick had been fixed.   
  
A few of her friends were there at the main table in the lounge. She passed by them, leaning over and chatting in low whispers. She came up behind or beside her guy friends, bending at the waist to bring her mouth down to them. Every time, the whole table would grow still and everybody would stare fixedly down her front.   
  
I heard the sharp little smacking noise of her kisses, loud in the quiet room. People looked up at the noise, and saw her. If I had been her, I would have gotten bored, kissing every guy every time I met them... but never once did I ever see her get bored, or skimp on giving attention to anybody.  
  
Also, whenever she bent over, the bottom of her frock climbed up her butt. Often as not, the fluorescent lighting illuminated the two creases between her ass and the tops of her thighs. I didn't see anything myself, but I knew the people in the low chairs behind her got a considerable hint when she leaned over in front of them.  
  
And any other girl would have bent at the knees, or hooked a hand around to hold the hem of her skirt down (while the other hand came up to cover her chest). But Carol, after nearly two months of running around in short skirts and small tops, could care less about what was going on. Today she would be wearing that frock for about 18 hours. Why should she care about the scattered total of five minutes when someone might be getting a peek? Being a show-off is 1% going 'oops', and 99% just not giving a crap.  
  
She finally got to me, and squeezed into the love-seat. Compared to her promiscuous touching, kissing and chatting with her friends, she was positively nun-like with me. Day to day, every so often, to reaffirm that she was indeed my girlfriend, I would grab her and snuggle her like all the rest of the guys. She had this way of melting in my hands... just going bone-loose like the rest of the world had stopped existing.  
  
She said, "I told Alphonso that if he could find a nice quiet place in the building, I'd give him a blow-job."   
  
"No!" I said. "Really? You just came out and said it?"  
  
"Well, yeah," she smirked. "I made out with him after class, like we discussed? And he was asking for more. Like, whining. He's the worst of them. All these guys, they just take take take, and I give give give. And he wanted more."  
  
"How many times did he ask? Did he ask for one, point blank?"   
  
"Yes, it kind of stunned me. Though I guess it shouldn't, now." She shrugged with a wondering expression on her face, as if to say, what is the world coming to?   
  
"And everybody is getting needy, huh?" I asked. "Well, we expected it."   
  
"It seems like the natural next step," she said again. That was her phrase from the morning. As if, by saying the phrase, she didn't have to make a decision about it.   
  
"It is the natural next step," I told her. "In fact, I feel a rule coming on."  
  
"Oooh!" she giggled, in pretend fright. "Another rule! I thought we were running out of rules."   
  
"Sweetie," I said, "I have a ton of them. And this is one I'm going to love."  
  
"Well, tell it to me. I feel all weird, after this morning. Like I should be doing something I regret. Right now. If I'm going to regret today, and probably tomorrow night, then why not the whole week? And why not next week?"   
  
Her voice had been steadily climbing. She had a glassy look in her eyes, kind of distracted, like the addicts that panhandle for quarters on the street. Her gaze floated around the room.  
  
I shushed her, and wrapped an arm around her to quiet her down. "Okay," I said. "Here it is. Guys are really turned on by you. Guys are asking you for things. You can still say no."  
  
"I can?" She seemed a little surprised. "I can still tell guys no?"   
  
"Yes, you can say no. That's not the rule. But if they ask three times, bang-bang-bang, you have to say yes."   
  
"I can make them do that," she said. Then she gave a start, and glanced at me. She had a crazy grin. "I mean, that could happen. But... Any strange fucker on the street could just yell at me three times. The newspaper stand guy in Queens..."   
  
"If it's somebody who isn't a friend, then it's your judgement call. But if you're friends with the guy -- kissing friends -- then you have to say yes. But only if they ask three times in the same conversation. Of course, if you want to say yes before that, you can. Like if you still haven't done one of the other rules, and you need to make out with someone. But 'no' is okay, up to their third try."  
  
She took a deep breath, thinking about it. "That's for the best. Saying 'no' will turn away a lot of guys. I don't want to spend all my time sucking people off. Not all my time." She nodded, growing into the idea. "Yes, Tyler. That's a good rule. I like being able to say 'no.' It's like I'm not easy."  
  
Damn, she was such a darling. Here she was, with a new rule that made her an easy target for every guy who basically knew her name. If you went up to her and said hello, she would probably kiss you. If she kissed you, you could ask her three times to suck you off, and she would. She was agreeing to open up an avenue, to have her friends use her for quick gratification, and she was glad because it didn't make her easy!  
  
She was nodding in satisfaction. And -- sometimes she was so transparent -- she was even licking her lips. She'd admitted it before: she got a visceral level of happiness, just hearing about the rules. She loved all aspects of the rules. Just thinking about fulfilling them. And reporting how she'd fulfilled them. According to her, the actual deed was secondary. What she liked was the anticipation, and the come-down at the end, when she was telling me what she'd done.   
  
She said talking about it afterwards was like watching a totally hot, raunchy porn film, and being inside the girl. Like she was looking at someone else doing it, but getting all the physical sensations. If she could, she would probably send out a robot look-alike to collect the experiences, and meanwhile she'd be sitting next to me reporting, move by move, what was happening to her. That easy, slutty Carol persona was like a third person, that she and I shared between us.  
  
"And now," I said, "I want you to get more cum in your stomach."   
  
That snapped her out of it. A mere few weeks ago, she would have been awkward, reserved, her eyes downcast. Now she was entirely comfortable. She met my gaze squarely, and said, "Are you sure? Right here? Right now?"   
  
"Well, somewhere in the library. I don't know who."   
  
Her eyes drifted across the lounge, to the row of windows facing onto the stacks of books.  
  
"Over there," she said, nodding to the stacks. Behind them were the study carrels, little rooms with a few chairs and a desk, which students used to meet in small groups. "I'll drag someone into one of those rooms."   
  
"Okay," I said.   
  
"You can see me from here, so you don't even have to move. I'll prowl --" she giggled softly "-- and you can watch me make my moves. Then I'll walk him to the carrels, and we'll find an empty one."   
  
"Then you'll blow him," I said.   
  
"This is so fucked," she said, meeting my eyes. "If I hadn't already sucked that guy in Queens this morning, I'd be totally nervous. What am I saying? I am totally nervous."   
  
"It'll be easy," I said. I felt a little dirty myself, goading this wonderful girl, this beautiful creature, into leaving me and finding someone else. Someone who wouldn't care about her plans, her ambitions, or even her name. Someone who just wanted to plant his penis in her mouth and stare down at her. Someone who didn't care that this was so very unlike Carol. They would be in this lewd, nasty situation, and they wouldn't know that she snores softly in her sleep. But it had to be done -- this was all too much of a turn-on, for both of us, to be skipped.   
  
"Don't you want something really easy, like me stripping naked and running through the library? I'll do that for you, you know that, don't you?"   
  
"Yes. I have the feeling you'd do anything for me."   
  
She nodded quickly, her eyes drifting back to the row of shelves she would be visiting. Somewhere in there, she was clearly thinking, was the guy she would walk up to. "I'd do anything for us."  
  
"It's easy," I repeated. "Just stand up. Take a step towards those stacks. Take another." She was breathing hard, imagining it. "After a few steps, you won't have to think about walking. You'll just walk over there. You'll hesitate when you see the first guy. You might skip him. You'll see a few others. You'll circle back. You'll walk up close. You'll tell them you have a sorority dare."  
  
"A dare! That's good."   
  
"And you have to show someone your chest. You're all apologetic. It's 50 points if they see your chest, 150 if you see their cock. 200 if you touch their cock -- but you couldn't ask that of them. And it's 300 points if you go down on them."   
  
"They'll ask how I'm supposed to have proof."   
  
I was ready for that. "You'll tell them the proof will be in the note they write. They will write a note about what you did, and they have to sign it."   
  
"They'll offer just to write the note, as a favor to me."   
  
"If they do, then you'll act all shocked. Your sisters trust you. You can't break that trust."  
  
"And then I'll ask them how many points they want me to have," she sighed. She was flushed, now, and breathing hard. "I'll tell them I really need points, or I might get kicked out of the sorority. Will you watch my bag? I want to go do this right now."   
  
"Yes, dear."   
  
She stood unsteadily, her eyes fixed on the stacks. She walked away from me without even kissing me, or saying good-bye.   
  
Her hips had a sway as she moved away from me. My view of her ass -- and the ass-cheeks blinking intermittently from under the high hem of her skirt -- were soon blocked by guys leaning back in their chairs to watch her go.  
  
I hadn't banked on this. I wasn't her only audience member. I knew what her watchers were feeling. Sometimes, a girl is so hot, so rarely beautiful, that you have to stare at her for as long as possible. She's going to disappear, and never come back. They were trying to memorize her. (Which had been our plan from the start.)  
  
They watched her go to the stacks, which weren't so very far away, and stroll past them. She paused every now and then, but always moved forward. At the end of the row, she turned around and came back. I, with a dozen other guys, craned my head to watch. Even from far away, the pneumatic shifting of her breasts under the light fabric was easily visible. We had a perfect view through the floor-to-ceiling window-wall of the lounge.  
  
We watched her stroll back and forth. I shortly realized she had crossed in front of the same guy, three or four times. She had his attention, his head was oriented towards her. His face was rapt, he was enjoying seeing her move around.   
  
She looked at him, and took a baby step towards him.   
  
Then -- this was so hot -- she glanced back towards me. I don't know if she saw me, or was able to pick me out of the crowd. What she saw was a dozen male faces, eyes on her. She knew then (we rehashed it later) that everybody was watching her on the make. Another girl might have freaked out, or moved on.  
  
Carol took a bold step towards her admirer, and said something.  
  
He said something back.  
  
She reported the conversation to me later. She reported the whole thing.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Okay so I was freaked that all the guys in the lounge were staring at me. I saw them, and I felt a little embarrassed and shy. I mean, I know some of those guys. And there they were, staring at me, watching me sneak up on Joe.  
  
Joe was his name. He never got my name.  
  
All I could do was hope you were watching, too. So I said, "Hello. Can you help me?"  
  
"Sure! What do you need?"   
  
So far, so good. Entirely natural language. Truth be told, I hadn't found a guy yet who wouldn't help me if I asked. I think they like my confidence, how you've made me so personable and friendly, Tyler. Most girls in New York -- I watch them. They're afraid all the time, and I don't know how they get things done.   
  
Well, after I met you, I just decided to let go of that fear. If they're mean guys, so what? I don't need them. I have a million real friends. I can live without a guy being nice to me, or giving me the brush off. It's sort of Zen -- as soon as you let go, you never have to worry about loss.  
  
So he was talking to my tits. I know you like to call them breasts, but to me now they're tits. There's nothing special or romantic about them. When guys talk to my tits, I get the freedom to watch their faces, to study them. I think I could be a good lawyer, you know, using tricks like that.   
  
So I hugged my arms under my chest, nervous and fidgety. It pushed my breasts up, and his eyes almost popped out of his head. "I'm in a sorority? And, um, I have these dares?"   
  
"Yeah?" he said.   
  
"And, this is so embarrassing. I have this list of dares!"  
  
"What kind of dares?" he asked, gently now. As if he was talking to a baby.  
  
"My sisters and I, we're like..." I went humph, and stomped my foot, jiggling my tits. "It's fifty points if you look at my chest for me."   
  
"If I..." He trailed off. I was dying, internally. I always thought I could be an actress, and here I was, selling it. But no cameras. Plus, I was thinking about all the sororities, how they'd have to live down another rumor.  
  
"Yeah, see, it's like, fifty if you look at my breasts. A hundred points if you show my your, um, penis? One-fifty if you let me touch it." I was counting them off on my fingers, as if struggling to remember them. "Two hundred if you let me kiss it. And three hundred for anything more. Oh, man, this is so embarrassing."   
  
And, just for you, Tyler, I was miming everything. I knew the guys in the lounge were seeing it too, but I wanted you to know what I was saying. In a minute, if I was lucky, I would be walking him away from your sight. But I wanted you to be a part of this. Weren't you going to buy a Polaroid camera?  
  
So when I said breasts, I pointed at my breasts. When I said touch, I made a grabbing motion. When I said 'anything more,' I pointed an imaginary tube to my mouth and made the jack-off motion. I knew people were watching, but it didn't really matter to me.  
  
"Are your sisters around?" he asked, scanning the stacks.   
  
"Oh, no! It's like a race. A competition to get back to the house in time."   
  
"Which sorority are you with?" he asked.  
  
"I'm not going to tell you!" I giggled. "They'd put us on academic suspension."   
  
"And you have to get points, for these dares?" he asked. Suddenly, he was the dim one. Or maybe he just couldn't believe his luck.  
  
"Wait a minute," I said, suddenly backing off. "You've never heard of these dares? I thought you looked like a frat guy. Don't you know what's going on?"  
  
"What's going on?" he asked weakly.   
  
"It's Dare Day! I thought you knew!" I started to move past him. I am a mastermind! Not only did I threaten to yank the prize from him, I made him feel out of the loop for not knowing about 'Dare Day.' If the whole world knew about it, how wrong could it be?   
  
"No, yes, no!" he cried softly. "No, I knew. I just didn't... I lost track of the days."  
  
"Every Thursday," Carol explained patiently. "Though they're not always so, you know, sexy. So can you help me? I'm running out of time."   
  
"You want to show me your breasts now?"   
  
"Beep!" I said, yanking my top away from my chest. He didn't see anything, but he sure reacted quickly when he thought he could.   
  
"I didn't see it!"   
  
"I want points," I said firmly. "I'm not here to give the whole library a show."  
  
"You're so hot," he said.  
  
"That I know. So you're gonna help me?"  
  
"Three hundred for..."   
  
"For everything else," I said. "Good, you chose the high one. Follow me."   
  
Then, for a second, I was back 'in' myself. I could feel his eyes on me as I brushed past, walking down the stacks. I was moving out of your view. I could feel him inhaling my perfume. I could hear him walking behind me.   
  
I went to a study carrel, and put a finger to my lips. "Shhhh."   
  
I listened at the door -- it was occupied. I went to the next one. He followed me like a puppy.   
  
This one was empty.   
  
"Three hundred points for a blow job," he confirmed.   
  
"Yes. And I really appreciate it. You will have to write a note for me."   
  
"You betcha."   
  
We got into the room, and closed the door. It was pitch black, so I turned on the lights. Tyler, will you think bad of me if I tell you something? No? As I turned back towards him, this normal looking guy... As I turned back towards him, my mouth was watering.   
  
I was replaying the newspaper guy in my mind. This new guy was perfect, in that he had a cock. But I was thinking the situation was strange and unusual. Shouldn't he be older? Shouldn't he be more mean to me? Can a polite guy get hard? How long would I have to help him get hard, before he could put it in my mouth?  
  
"Fifty points," I said, and I slid the shoulders off my smock. He liked that, and stopped unbuckling his belt to reach out to them.   
  
As he held them in his hand, weighing the left and then the right, and tweaked the nipples, I said, "Seventy five points more!"   
  
"What if we kiss?"   
  
"Kiss!?" I exclaimed. "Ewww. I'm not going to kiss some guy I hardly know. I don't cheat on my boyfriend."  
  
"Yeah, right, sorry," he said.   
  
"Just kidding," I unbent and kissed him. "Twenty points. But really -- don't tell my boyfriend about any of this."   
  
With his mouth working on mine, and his hands on my tits, he was getting nowhere with his pants. I unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his fly, and manhandled his jeans off his hips. They fell easily to the floor with a little tinkle.  
  
Unlike with the newspaper guy, I was doing all the work. He just kind of stood there and took it. The newspaper guy pushed me around, undid his own pants, guided my head, talked to me. This one was quiet, I felt like I was taking advantage of him.   
  
I wanted to check if he was alright with all this, really. I didn't want to get in trouble for sexual exploitation or anything. But I had the feeling he wouldn't stop it, even if he wanted. Like he'd be too nice or something.

I knelt down to my trusty knees again, and looked up at him. My pussy had been bone-dry until then -- I was concentrating too much on getting him in the room. Then I was concentrating on keeping his mouth busy so he couldn't talk. But as soon as my knees hit the floor, I got wet. I felt a flood of warm juiciness flow through my cunt, oh man!   
  
If you ever want to give me a signal, Tyler, to blow some guy? Just tap my knees. They're my new erogenous zone. Any time I get on my knees, my cunt gets wet, my mouth starts to water. I mean, I start drooling. It's stupid, the way my body is wired now. If you tap my knees, I won't be able to say anything but yes.  
  
So I capped my mouth over his cock, and I thought he came just then. But no, my saliva was running out of my mouth, down his shaft. I bobbed down and sucked it all back in, making a big slurping noise.   
  
"Oh, shit," he gasped. "You're so wet!"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," I agreed. "Sorry I have to go fast."   
  
"You're on a schedule, I know," he said.  
  
He was hard in under thirty seconds (unlike the older guy in Queens). I had his shaft in my hand, and I was pumping it like crazy, my mouth over the top half. I used my tongue to slather all up and down it. Every now and then, I just zoned out, working his cock.   
  
I could smell him, and he smelled like the guy in Queens. When I closed my eyes, half the time I was picturing myself in his shitty little newspaper stand, gunking up my knees. It's like the rest of the day didn't occur, like it was just one long blow-job from morning to afternoon.   
  
That's what sent me over. Plus the pressure of his cock on my lips, moving them in and out. Plus his pubic hair on my cheeks, when I sucked him all in. You know how I like feeling your stubble on my face? Same thing, but with his cock hair. The stubble makes me know I'm with a man, and that pubic hair made me really feel like I was with a man.   
  
I sort of sank my mouth down on his cock, and buried my nose in his pubis, and rubbed my cheeks against him. It made me come. I came, just by sucking some guy's cock. And it was a different kind of orgasm.   
  
I think, as women get older, they get more, better, and different orgasms. This one just hit the base of my throat, and spread down my chest, into my stomach, into my cunt. I really knew what 'cunt' meant then, as a word. I was all cunt, but my cunt was my mouth, and he was pissing this orgasm-feeling down my throat.   
  
I was simply working my jaws, throbbing his cock with my tongue, and swallowing against the head with my throat. I had him buried in my face, Tyler. This pretty face you're staring at. My pretty little lips wrapped around his tool.  
  
My orgasm passed, and I pulled back just as he shot off. It hit my cheek and slid down my front. Then I had him back in my mouth, and I was pulling hard as he spurted on my tongue. I kept it up until he started getting soft.   
  
"Did you come, too?" he asked incredulously.  
  
I rocked back on my heels, breathing hard. His eyes were devouring me -- my tits were flushed, with cum streaked on them. My mouth was open, a pool of his cum floating at the top, dripping over my lips.   
  
I nodded, swallowing. "Shit yeah, that's never happened before."   
  
"You were... I don't know the words. Awesome. I didn't know a blow-job could be like that."   
  
"I get a lot of practice," I teased him. "You should've been at my initiation!"  
  
We pulled ourselves back together. He said, "We should do this again."  
  
I realized that, oh crap, he had just asked me back here for another blow-job. That was the first time he asked. Because -- remember? Just ten minutes before, we had agreed on the 'Ask 3 times and I say yes' rule.  
  
"I don't think so," I said demurely. I was trying to get the cum off my chest, but I was just spreading it around. He was watching me play with it, trying to rub it into my tits, licking my fingers. With all that going on, how could I act all innocent and firmly shoot him down?  
  
"No, really," he insisted. "This was so wonderful. You have to do it again."  
  
He had now asked twice.  
  
"This time was just a dare," I explained. "You're sure you want me to suck you off, every Thursday, in this study room, at this time?"   
  
Trust me, Tyler, he was just a guy. I'm getting pretty comfortable with guys, and I knew he was nothing special. Just a normal, nice guy. But I guess I gave him that opening because I had this cool new rule, and I wanted to use it.  
  
"Your boyfriend wouldn't have to know," he said. "I wouldn't tell anybody. Just ten minutes every Thursday! Please?"  
  
That was the third time he asked.  
  
You asshole, Tyler. You knew that would happen. You knew guys would be begging like puppies. I think it's the begging that turns me on the most. So in a way, it all works out just fine.  
  
"Yes," I said. "Every Thursday." I had to say that. It was the rules, wasn't it?  
  
"Really? You mean it?" He was exultant. Someone in the next study room over banged on the wall -- he was being too loud.   
  
"Yes, I mean it," I whispered.   
  
I'd given up trying to deal with the sperm on my chest. I'd only spread it around, and it was glistening on my neck and tits. I'd have to visit the bathroom and wash it off. I pulled my dress back up, and it was sticking to my tits, going all transparent like it does when I sweat in the subway.  
  
"You're the best, oh, man!" He grabbed my face and gave me a hot kiss. And as I opened the door, he honked my tits again. "Your mouth is awesome!"   
  
I dodged out of the room, but not before he'd cupped my ass, too. "Oh, thank you!" he whispered.  
  
I got out of there.  
  
He was hot on my tail, but I just walked along, ignoring him. I knew you'd want to see me coming back, so I went out on the main path again. I looked into the lounge, but I couldn't pick you out from all the faces there. They were all pointed my way, but I was back to not caring.   
  
Before coming into the lounge, I turned off and went into the women's bathroom, to clean up.  
  
And when I came out, you were there by the door with my bag.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
We were back in my apartment. As she talked, she gathered the frock in her hands and pulled it up off her head in one smooth motion. It was dry -- there wasn't much of it to stay wet -- but it had a crusty imprint where it had covered her chest and soaked up the cum. And yes, people had noticed. And more would probably notice as she rode the train home that evening.  
  
She joined me in the bed, climbing on top of me.  
  
"There's more to this story," I told her.  
  
"Oh, really?" She liked both telling the stories and hearing them.  
  
My cock slid into her without any resistance. She gave a little shout that I'm sure our roommates heard. It sounded like tonight, she was primed to go multi-orgasmic.  
  
"Yeah," I grunted. "We all watched you drag that poor guy away."  
  
She snickered at that.  
  
"And we all watched you come back, with him chasing you. And your tits all shiny and messed up."   
  
"Everybody could see?"  
  
"I bet they could. If I could see it, they could."   
  
"I'm such a fool," she groaned. It was a sexy groan, not a humiliated one. Or maybe they were mixed together. "I was just thinking you should see."   
  
"We all saw, baby. It was hot. You know that thing goes transparent when it's wet?"  
  
"The thing is transparent," she smiled. "In the right light, you can see right through it. I think it's my riskiest dress."  
  
"But it's beige, and usually people have to guess, or look closely. But it was see-through. Wow. And you jumped into the bathroom."  
  
"I sure did. I told you I didn't manage to do much more than spread the cum over my tits."   
  
"That was the best," I added.  
  
"You like that? Should I wear cum every day, do you think?"   
  
She was teasing me, but there was an edge of seriousness to it that made me consider it. I asked, "Do you think you could get turned on, by the feeling of cum drying on you? And wearing it around, like clothes?"  
  
She bit her lip, looking down at me. Her hips were rocking back and forth, milking my cock. "In one day, my knees have become an erogenous zone. I get turned on by being on my knees. I think I could get turned on by cum spattered all over me for the world to see."   
  
"We'll have to try it," I said.   
  
"Just a splatter, here or there, drying into a crust? Like, I put on my earrings. I put on my lipstick. I put on my watch. I rub some cum on me?"  
  
She was testing it out. The concept was totally turning her on. I could feel her getting wetter and wetter.  
  
"Somewhere where the air can hit it--" I added.  
  
"And people will notice it."   
  
"And it's shiny, but it dries into a white little crust. Like a streak."   
  
"Like a little dribble of semen that I missed when I was cleaning up." She groaned, louder than ever. I heard the TV in the other room get turned down. My horny room-mates, turning down the volume, so they could hear Carol having sex. "On my neck. On my shoulder. On my tits."   
  
"There's more to the story," I reminded her.  
  
"Forget the story for a second. Make it a rule. Make the cum-rule. Fuckit: I'll make it myself. New rule -- when I'm blowing a guy, I have to take one of the spurts on my body. I have to let it dry. And if people ask, I have to be honest about it."  
  
"That's a great rule," I said.  
  
"You think so? Are you proud of me?" She had a marvelous smile on her face.   
  
I dug into her deeper, to make her louder. I was thinking of how my room-mates looked at her. Especially after she'd just had a screaming orgasm. She never mentioned it, perhaps she thought the door blocked the noise.   
  
After sex, I decided, I'd ask her to go out in a towel to take a shower. And I'd ask her to stay in the towel while we all hung out and watched TV. Yeah. She'd do it, too. By this point, a towel was more modest than her street clothes.  
  
"After you went into the bathroom, that guy came into the lounge."   
  
"He did?" she peered down at me.  
  
"He went to the big table. All your buddies were there, staring at him expectantly. He said, 'Guess which girl named Carol, also known as Cock-tease, just gave me the best blow-job of my life?'"   
  
I'd rehearsed it, to make it come out smoothly. I had to give credit to the guy -- he had delivered the line like a pro.   
  
Carol was frozen above me. "He... He knew who I was?"   
  
I nodded, smiling.   
  
She said, "He knew my name? He knew my name is Cock-tease?"   
  
"Your name is Carol," I said.   
  
"Whatever," she said. "He knew, and he didn't tell me?"   
  
I said, "His friends were all slapping high fives, saying stuff. Carol, they all knew you."   
  
"Oh, fuck!" Her hips were shaking, driving my cock wild. Her fingernails clenched my chest. She was coming, but keeping it under control.   
  
I said, "And you, Carol, didn't recognize him! He was laughing, about how every day you and he hang out, and you kiss him. They were pressing him for details. I heard, first hand, what guys think about your cock-sucking. He said you were the best, and you had an orgasm because you love cock so much."  
  
My voice was lashing her, making her lose control. She was building a bunch of small orgasms into one big one.   
  
"And he told them how, afterwards, you smeared the cum all over your chest, as you talked to him. And you promised to do him, every Thursday. You didn't even get a signed note, for your 'sorority' dare!"   
  
She mewled like a kitten. She might've been past words, but she wasn't past hearing.   
  
"And all your buddies heard about it, and half the lounge. And every time you walk into that lounge, those people will know you suck cock. And all the guys you meet -- all your 'friends' -- could be guys who know you're a cock sucker. You don't know. You don't even know which of your friends you sucked off. You have so many kiss-and-touch friends now, you don't even know who they all are! A guy could walk up to you, put his hand on your thigh and kiss you, and you'd kiss right back, and let his hand slide up your leg, never even knowing he was a complete stranger!"  
  
Her pelvis was machine-gunning against mine. I kept talking, trying to get her to come with my voice alone.  
  
"And you were playing with his cum. Rubbing his cum into your tits. Sucking his cum down into your stomach. Walking past all his friends with cum on your chest. The same friends you talk to, hug, kiss -- all of them will now be checking you out for cum stains."   
  
She gave a screaming orgasm. It lasted about fifteen seconds, and she was sobbing afterwards. I had come, meanwhile, and I hugged her to me.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
I was laughing, she was laughing and crying both. "You're the best. We have the best sex in the world!"  
  
"You're the best, too," she whispered.   
  
"Next time we fuck, you gotta leave the door open a crack. I want my roommates to hear what I do to you."  
  
"Okay," she said simply.  
  
"And, in a few minutes, you should go out and apologize to them. For being so noisy."   
  
"Okay, sure," she sighed.  
  
"Just wear a small towel when you go."  
  
"Okay."  
  
I hugged her even closer. "I love it when you just say, yes yes yes. And I know you mean it."  
  
"I love it too. Always saying yes, never saying no. Everything's perfect. I love it when you make me so mushy -- so happy that I can't say no." She squeezed me with her pussy, and my cock slid out. "You want me to go talk to them in a towel?"  
  
But instead of Carol going out to antagonize my roommates by being nearly-naked and available, she fell asleep. We both dozed off, comfortably nestled together. When she woke up it was eight o'clock, and time for her to go home.   
  
She insisted she was okay, she didn't need me to walk her to the subway. She kissed me good-bye, and let me snooze peacefully. When I woke up again, well rested at 11pm, all I had was the memory of her amazing day, and the scent of her perfume in my room.  
  
I felt guilty.  
  
Carol was the perfect girl. Beautiful face, with widely placed green eyes, full lips and a strong chin. Crazy, thick, curly, expensive-looking blonde hair. Strongly muscled body -- she jogged every morning, and ate like a horse. Intelligent, getting A's in all her classes, soaring through papers and midterms. Intensely interested in everything, frequently drifting into question and answer sessions with strange men about oblique topics. Innocent, ambitious, willing to forgive, unwilling to judge. When we weren't playing our sexy games, she had a goofy sense of humor that always bubbled to the surface.  
  
I was suffering crisis of conscience. I wrote her an email, detailing all my plans for the next night. I knew she'd check her messages in the morning, and this would be the first thing she read when she woke up.   
  
I wrote everything I planned, and when I finished, I added:  
  
"I love you, but it's a crazy love, and I'm addicted to everything about you. If you've read all this, you know I'd like to take us to the next level. If you don't want to do this, don't come to dinner. I will still love you, but I'll know that we should make our relationship more normal. If you do show up, I will love you and keep you safe for as long as you want me."  
  
I reread the message, and before I lost my nerve, I pressed Send.

**Carol Ch. 10**

The next day, Friday, we didn't see each other. She left directly after her class to go home and get ready -- that was the plan, at least. Myself, I just stayed in my apartment, biting my nails.  
  
When the clock reached 7pm, I was dressed nicely in slacks, button-up, tie, and jacket, and a 'man-purse' filled with stuff. I left the apartment, got on the subway, and went to Grand Central Station.  
  
I was tense. I stared around the broad open space with the Mission Impossible music in my head. On or around 8pm, Carol would enter the main hall of Grand Central -- or she wouldn't. I'd sent the email, so she knew the plan for tonight, she knew generally what we'd be doing. If she showed, then she was okay with everything... if she didn't show, then I knew I'd pretty much lost her.   
  
Of course she'd still be my 'girlfriend,' but I knew even then nothing in a vanilla relationship would compare to our first few months. There was, really, no going back. We could accelerate, or smash into a wall and stop, but we couldn't slow down.  
  
I stood on the floor overlooking the sunken main hall, staring down at the massive tidal flows of commuters passing through the station. There were day laborers, business people and students, all hurrying through the open space, all hurrying to busses, cabs, subways and trains. Every single person represented a unique set of hopes and dreams, eyes, libidos, personalities, outlooks. If Carol appeared, it signified that she was willing to stand in the middle of the flux, to let them see her, to take all this humanity into her.   
  
8pm -- she wasn't there.  
  
8:05 pm -- she still wasn't there. I willed myself to be calm. The subways are hit and miss, you can't time them to the minute. I'd even wait until 9pm, I decided, bleakly. 9:30pm.  
  
8:15 pm -- I caught a glimpse of someone dressed in white at the far end of the great hall, the opening through which her her subway train would disgorge its passengers. I craned my neck, straining to see more. There was a crowd streaming through the entry, and I couldn't see any one of them clearly.   
  
My attention paid off. There she was, striding through the crowd, dodging clumps of people reading train schedules. I let out a breath -- I hadn't noticed I was holding it. Carol was mine, at least for a while longer. She'd read the email, and she had appeared anyways.   
  
I knew she'd read the email, because she had a single rose in her hand. That was the first rule of the night. I'd written: "If you agree to everything, show up at 8pm in your sexiest, smallest dress, and carry a single rose in your right hand."   
  
There she was, and there was the rose. She'd read everything I'd sent in the email. She knew. We were still on the same page.  
  
As she moved through the crowds towards the information stand in the middle of Grand Central Station, she peered this way and that, looking for me. In a moment, I'd go down and join her. But for now, I simply enjoyed the sight of her.   
  
She was looking around, and so she had to notice all the heads turning towards her. She was making eye contact with every person she looked at. How daunting for her -- that every person she glanced at was staring at her, prying her open with their eyes.   
  
And people were looking. She wasn't naked, or even slutty looking. She was, simply, beautiful and elegant. Her hair was made up and piled on top of her head, with tendrils of curly hair hanging down and brushing her cheeks. She had little make-up on, that I could see, and pink lipstick.   
  
Her dress was white, and she was tan. She looked incredibly fit and healthy, under the negligible little dress. I realized suddenly that I'd never seen a real tan line on her -- I'd have to ask her about that.  
  
Her dress was a wrap-around. It had long straps that started halfway up her breasts, went over her shoulders, and down to her waist in back. It closed in front like a bathrobe, one side over the other, and the only thing fastening it shut was a heavy, silvery brooch over one hip.   
  
That night, before leaving her house, she'd consciously decided where to place the brooch: if she closed the dress too tightly, there were no secrets -- it would slip off her pointy parts too easily, or let everything shine through its semi-opacity. If she closed it too loosely, everything would flap open. Just thinking of her frame of mind, as she experimented with the brooch in her room, made me hard.   
  
It looked to me like she had decided to err more on the side of looseness than tightness (and err is all you could do with that dress). The split down her chest went to an inch or two below her sternum. The split up her leg went to an inch or two below her crotch. With every step she took, the light white fabric -- silk -- split easily up her leg, revealing long stretches of her upper thighs. When she paused, and threw out her right leg, the dress split higher than with her left leg.   
  
I started down the stairs towards her, my eyes consuming her, noticing how the inside of her right thigh looked so smooth and powerful in the light. Under the silk, which slid willingly over her curves, you could see all the way around her thigh, almost to her hip bone. When she twisted to look over her shoulder for me, you could see under the curve of her right breast.  
  
And, apart from her dress, the rose, the brooch, the elevated clogs she wore on her feet, and something in her hand -- that was all. I'd told her to carry the flower, one subway token, and her fake driver's license. She had nothing else in the world with her.  
  
As I came up, she'd already aggregated a small crowd of people around her. Mostly men, trying not to stare at her, but ogling whenever they could. I imagined her trek to Grand Central, and all the other men who had seen her. Attractive women are plentiful in New York, but only a few times a year do you come across a show-stopper like this. And when you see one, you try to drag the encounter out.  
  
She finally noticed me as I came up. A smile grew on her face, and she reached up to kiss me.   
  
"You look -- lovely," I told her.  
  
"Thank you! I wasn't sure," she said. I took her hand and walked her through the station, unable to help noticing how her breasts rocked back and forth with each step. I couldn't stare from so close beside her, but I had the next-best thing: people staring and making way for us. You would have thought she was painted blue, or that she was Hollywood royalty, from all the attention. We passed, in effect, through a corridor of commuters, everybody side-stepping to watch her go past.   
  
She continued, "I could have gone with something more transparent, and also pretty small. But, I remembered how you said that loose clothes are better than tight clothes, because there's more of a chance to see something."  
  
"And did you think about loose clothes when you decided where to fasten that brooch on your hip?"   
  
She giggled. "How are you able to read my mind like that? I spent ten minutes finding just the right spot for it -- and it was still too loose. I didn't factor in 'walking' or 'wind', or even 'shifting my weight.' The dress was flying open as I walked down the street. It was just sliding off me as I walked through Queens. I had to fix it. So as I was waiting for the train, I refastened it again."  
  
"You were in the subway, and you took the brooch off, and then put it on again?"   
  
"Yes," she said. "I was holding my dress shut with my pinky. In your honor, I made sure I was standing among a bunch of guys. I fiddled with the dress for thirty minutes, bending and twisting, throwing a leg out. Staring down at myself. When I sit, you can stare down my cleavage to my crotch. I started getting advice from the guys."   
  
Yowza. "You can loosen it again in the cab. Now that you're with me."  
  
"Okay," she said. "Are people really staring? Do I look that cute?"   
  
I glanced sidelong at her, a little surprised. But no -- she was perfectly serious.   
  
I had planned our night in three phases: Dinner, bar, and then a XXX adult theater. Carol knew this, but not the specifics. And by the end of the night, Carol would add her own phase, phase 4, but neither of us knew that yet.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Phase One  
  
It was a nice restaurant, with a maitre'd and incredibly expensive structural cuisine served in tiny portions on gigantic plates. Carol sat across from me, and her legs glowed like expensive polished wood in the candle-light, as they stuck out past the table where the staff had to step around them.  
  
She'd undone the brooch in the cab ride over, and loosened the wrap of her dress. I'd also suggested she should pull one side of the dress lower than the other before fastening it. Now, the right side of the dress hanged lower over her thighs, but the strap also went lower over her right breast.   
  
It was mesmerizing to see so much of that breast. The V of her decolletage gaped open to below the table, from the side you could easily look under the breast and out the other side of the dress. The rounded pink edge of the aureole peeked at me as she shifted during dinner, almost subliminally subtle at times, other times quite clearly.   
  
But the dress, contrary to my expectations, didn't look weird or unkempt. Carol now looked like a model in some designer outfit straight from the catwalk. You know those outfits -- so showy, gaping, and stupidly inefficient, you're sure nobody will ever wear them out? But here she was. A real model would have worn a wrap or a faux-mink stole for modesty; for Carol this was all she had.  
  
Anyhow, she was the tastiest thing in the restaurant. She sat with her back straight, and searchingly glanced at waiters as they went past. She merely stared as one came to take our orders, her head sideways and her lips split. The waiter was a handsome twenty-something guy, and he doted on Carol, leaning in and making jokes. She barely replied, instead staring at him fully with an upturned face, with whetted lips and a tiny Mona Lisa smile.  
  
Usually she was bubbly and talkative, dragging guys into conversation. So I pondered her restrained behavior, and finally realized what she was going through. See, in the email I'd sent her, I'd said that our goal tonight was twenty -- 20 -- men shooting off in her mouth. I'd written it partly to freak her out, and partly because I'd been getting turned on while writing the email (I had increased the number three times).   
  
Carol was thinking: A five-hour long date. Four men per hour. Who is the first?   
  
Carol had barely glanced at her menu. I said, "Would you like me to order for you?"  
  
She nodded. "I just think I should eat very light tonight. If I'll be filling up later."   
  
I got her a glass of wine and a simple salad. I got the same for myself, realizing suddenly that I had absolutely no appetite.  
  
When the waiter left, she glanced at me inquiringly. "Do you want me to follow him to the back?"  
  
"Jeez, no."  
  
"How about him?" she nodded at the maitre'd.   
  
"Only if you want," I smirked. "It will be very obvious when it's time. For now, just relax. This dinner is for you. To show you how much I appreciate you."   
  
She just nodded, not returning my smile. Something was on her mind.  
  
I reached forward and grasped her hand. "Are you feeling too uncovered?"  
  
She glanced down (so I did too). The scrap of silk covering her right breast was very low off the curve of her chest. Ludicrously low. When I pulled her hand to me, I could see in the uncertain candle-light how the skin of her breast changed near the nipple. A thin quarter-moon slice under the soft fabric. "No. I love this dress! I barely notice it. It's just..."  
  
"What?" I asked. I was getting a little worried. "I'm holding your hand, baby. You can tell me anything."  
  
Keeping her voice low, she started talking. "You're sitting there across from me, all happy and excited. And all I can think about is what I'll be doing tonight. With all those men. Twenty men, you wrote. There could be more, or less. But that's a lot of men."  
  
I nodded, and she continued. "When we first started going out, you said I had a responsibility to 'not commit a crime.' I shouldn't be able to steal fantasies from men, by covering up. You know, and I know, that's just a funny way of saying I should drive men crazy around me. Make them happy. And when I started kissing men, and letting them grope me all the time -- it was just a way of making them happy. When my guy-friends started calling me 'Cock-tease' to my face, it was just a side-effect of making them happy.  
  
"And I was proud. I still am. I like having all those friends. I like it when some guy I barely know calls me by name and hooks a hand around my waist. When some old guy in the deli I spoke to a week before nuzzles my neck. Wherever I go, they all get this needy expression. I just have to visit each of them, and hold them to me, and stare into their eyes as I kiss them."  
  
She sighed. "But in my mind, I'm calling myself Cock-tease. I don't think of myself as 'Carol' anymore. If a guy doesn't stare at me, or doesn't wrap his hands all over me, I get a sort of left-out feeling, like, 'what am I doing wrong?' And all my guy friends? They don't have girlfriends. They're waiting for me every day, and letting girls pass by without making moves on them. Their whole sexual satisfaction is coming from me.   
  
"I'm getting into a kind of rut, and that's okay with me as long as the rut gets deeper and deeper. But I'm leading all of them into the same rut.  
  
"And now everybody thinks that I give blow-jobs just for fun. All my friends, they know that about me. They don't know that I just started. For all they know, I've been like this all my life. And my Dad's friends call me 'Stripper' when Dad's not around. And men on the subway rub up against me. And I get patted on the ass while I walk down the halls at school, and I don't even know who is doing it -- I can't keep track of all the hands.   
  
"The other day, some strange guy on the street grabbed my ass, and I suddenly wasn't sure if I knew him. I just smiled at him and waited to cross the street, and so he grabbed my ass again (under my skirt). I'm still not sure I even knew him." She sighed. "And when guys say, 'Cock-tease,' I say, 'Yes?'"  
  
I nodded. Of course, I was greatly turned on by her description, but I couldn't just say, 'ooh, yeah, baby.' I had her words, but I didn't have her mood yet.  
  
"What are you getting at?" I asked.  
  
"We're accelerating. I'm asking for more, and we're doing more. I'm doing, and wanting, things I never thought of. But you have to be honest with me."  
  
"I'll be honest," I promised.  
  
"All this stuff we're doing. It's not about driving men crazy, is it? It's all about making me cheap and easy. It's about humiliating me. In a soft way, building up slowly, we're piling humiliation on humiliation. We're breaking me down, until I'm a girl who won't say 'no' to anybody. And where will it end? It's been so gradual, that half the time I don't care where it ends. But, honestly, it's not that we're being nice to men: We're making me into a slut."  
  
She squeezed my hand, and her eyes were tearing up. I glanced around. Our voices were low, so apart from a dozen pairs of masculine eyes raking up and down Carol's body, our conversation was as private as could be.   
  
I knew this day would come. The day when Carol half-came to her senses and penetrated that first... lie I'd told her (way back in chapter one). My 'thing' was not about giving a gift to all men. The men were inconsequential. My 'thing' was, as Carol has pointed out, about engineering the perfect, completely-available girl, with no limitations and no boundaries.   
  
I said, carefully, "I've been balancing two things -- my self-centered fantasies about a slutty girlfriend, and the fact that I love you so much. You deeply affecteverything I do in life. Maybe my balance is off sometimes, but usually it isn't. Like tonight: Three phases. Us, You, Me."  
  
She gave a little laugh. "I was thinking of the triple-X theater as 'Me.' I guess that's part of my question. What's the difference between me and a slut?"  
  
We paused to receive our plates from the startled-looking waiter.  
  
I said, "If a girl is a real slut, there's something broken in her, so she does the wrong things. She doesn't engage her mind, she doesn't make a decision. A slut is defective, and men take advantage of her, and use her, and she doesn't know... any better."  
  
"Oh," she said.  
  
"For you, it's always a choice. For you, it's a turn-on. It's a game. It's the next exciting step. It's part of a plan, a bunch of games we play, for fun. You're not a slut. You know that, I know that.   
  
"All your guy-friends -- you've worked on them all semester to think of you like a slut. For you, acting like a slut is something you put on, like a dress. And why? Because you're having fun, because you're having incredible sex, because you can. That's the big difference -- at least for me. There would be no fun if you were just...broken. What would we talk about afterwards?"  
  
The waiter cleared his throat. "I suppose this is a good time to ask if you'd like ground pepper on your salads?"  
  
"Yes, please," Carol said to him.   
  
I was feeling too intense to stop just because some stranger was stooping over Carol, grinding a phallic pepper-grinder onto the table settings because he was staring down her chest.   
  
"Carol, after college, you're going to get a job. You're going to get married to someone. You're going to have kids. Do you think you'll have these adventures your whole life?"   
  
She shook her head. "No! It's all going to change eventually. I only plan to kiss strangers, make out with them, suck them off, and -- soon, right? -- fuck strangers, for just a few more years. Maybe eight years -- till I'm twenty-seven. I'll stop at thirty, for sure. Maybe thirty-five. Naw, twenty-five. I don't know."  
  
"For other girls, they're broken their whole life. They mess up relationships. They are sad inside. You -- I know this -- you're full of joy."  
  
"I am," she said earnestly.   
  
"And all our games -- they're making you happy, and confident. You like how you feel before you do something slutty, you cum while you do it, and you like talking about it afterwards."  
  
"I sure do," she said. A small smile appeared around her lips.  
  
"And you'll look back on your time in college with a big secret smile. All the other women, they'll have their fantasies and their what-ifs. But you'll always know you took every opportunity, and tried everything."  
  
She nodded. "I should do what makes me happy inside. If I'm sad, I need to change my life."  
  
"I think that's true of everything. Not just our weird thing."  
  
The waiter was still hovering. When I glanced at him, he finally backed away.  
  
I kept talking, painting a picture of how I truly saw her. Lovely, funny, fun, intelligent -- and unafraid of the tawdry. Willing to jump into something, and get the rewards. Willing to share herself, and make people around her happy. Beautiful and brave enough to be one of those rare one-in-a-million women that men will remember for their whole lives.  
  
Now, when she glanced at the waiter who hovered over her shoulder, it had a note of challenge. Like, 'Come on, ask me three times.' Her mood lightened. She got him talking about wines. Then she got him to ask her out. I listened while they made plans for next week.  
  
When we left, everybody stared at her on my arm. If I'd been in the restaurant, I would have stared too.  
  
We went out to have our next adventure.

**Carol Ch. 11**

Outside the restaurant, I said, "Now we get you a little bit drunk."  
  
She guffawed. "You think I need help getting wild?"   
  
There was a line of Taxis queued in front of a hotel on the same block, so we went over and stood in line. It was a short wait to get to the front. As the next cab was pulling up, I opened my shoulder bag and pulled out a bra and a pair of panties.  
  
She looked at them with surprise as I shoved them into her hand, along with a twenty dollar bill. I leaned in quickly and whispered, "Put these on in the cab. Tell him to go to 45th and Lexington. There's a bar there, Hutton's. They let drunk girls dance on the bar. But you probably want to be wearing underwear. Now you have a place to tuck your ID card. And the bra is for... well... they collect bras."   
  
"You're sending me to a meet-market?" She seemed excited by the prospect.  
  
"Yeah. Go into Hutton's, flirt and tease, drive everybody crazy. I'll pretend not to know you."  
  
The hotel valet was holding the cab door for her, and eyeing her covetously. She held up the bra to eye level, and grimaced. "This is going to look a little dumb. I'm supposed to be bare under this dress."  
  
"Just close the dress up some. Probably people will think you're strange, or they may feel a little sorry for you, being so desperate or out of touch. Besides, if you want, you can get out of it soon."  
  
She kissed me softly. "See? It's about humiliating me."  
  
"Maybe a little," I smiled.  
  
She slid into the cab, all leg and chest and gleaming skin. The valet lingered over her as he held the door. She turned back and leaned past him, saying, "But I just thought of something. I don't ever get humiliated anymore. How weird is that?"   
  
The valet closed the door on her, and let out a big breath. "Dreamboat," he told me.  
  
I leapt into the next cab, and gave my cabby the same directions. It was almost a straight shoot to Hutton's, so I knew the cabs would stay close to each other in traffic.  
  
I kept my eye on Carol's cab as we flitted through the traffic. We were pretty close for most of the trip, and I watched as Carol leaned back from talking to her driver. I couldn't see much through their rear window, but I saw the back of her head, as her back straightened. I saw the straps come off her shoulders.   
  
When her dress was off (I guessed), I saw her head dip down. For a fraction of a second, I caught the tips of her breasts, as she arched her back against the seat -- pulling her panties up.   
  
Then I saw her throw her head back and laugh. They were at a stoplight, and her cabby was turned around, talking to her. He had a big smile on his round face; he was a heavy man with curly red hair, and he seemed quite comfortable having a college co-ed changing clothes in the back of his cab.  
  
Carol held up her bra in the spray of lights, and then shrugged into it. I'd picked it out earlier that day, with the underwear. They were both white and lacy. The bra was semi-sheer, fastening in front.   
  
When we pulled up beside them for a moment, my cabby gave her a wolf-whistle. Of course he had noticed her.  
  
"I wish there were more like her," I said.  
  
"Me too!" he sang, and laughed.  
  
I watched as Carol slid out of her cab, and then tried to hand her money to the cab driver. He wouldn't take it.  
  
She spun on her toe, and stepped unwaveringly into the crowded bar.   
  
The meet market  
  
I paid my own cab driver (no freebies for me!), and got out. Though it was still quite early, the bar was packed, to the extent of spilling out into the roped-off area in front. There were tables and chairs on the sidewalk, all of it full of boisterous New York twenty-somethings. Handsome men and drop-dead gorgeous women in tight little outfits.   
  
I eased into the crowd, and made my first priority the procurement of a pint of stout. Something I could sip for a long time before I had to visit the bar again. The bar was jam-packed, with a haze of cigarette smoke. Music was blasting in a continuous assault on the eardrums.   
  
Carol was near the bar, already surrounded by several guys. Her bright blonde hair, piled in ringlets, was like a traffic light for guys. She could have entered wearing a turtle-neck sweater and jeans; they would have jumped on her no matter what she was wearing. Next to her open smile and friendly willingness to meet your eyes, the other girls in the bar seemed over-serious or even furtive. It goes to show, a willing smile is a lot more attractive than a showy outfit. But her outfit helped.   
  
Someone had bought her a drink -- it was something that she didn't normally order for herself. She was shouting in people's ears, and they were shouting in hers, leaning in over her. She'd fastened the brooch on her dress so it was tighter, but the V in front still, at times, pulled open to below the clip that fastened her bra in front.   
  
The fact that she was finally wearing a bra didn't seem to change men's behavior in the slightest. When she leaned over, or twisted at the waist they still gawked in a way that was hilarious to watch. I started to understand Carol's viewpoint, how going with or without a bra in daily life made little difference... guys stared no matter what.   
  
I eased in closer, to try to listen to their conversation. When she noticed me there, I just pretended to be one of her admirers. The guys around her seemed to know each other, and they gave me the cold shoulder rather than talking to me. That was fine -- I was content to play the solitary weirdo on the fringes.   
  
"My name's Easy," she she seemed to be telling the guys. "E. Z."  
  
They all lit up at that. Three of them simultaneously leaned in to deliver bad jokes. They were in their zone: They were drunk enough that they knew they were immensely clever, and Carol was so pretty they knew she simply had to desire them.  
  
Throughout the conversation, she built up more of a story. She told them she went to a city university, but didn't say which. She told them she was pre-med. She told them she'd heard about this bar, where you could get your bra nailed to the wall if you took it off. She said she had some guy friends who were always trying to get her to come here, to Hutton's.  
  
"We're always going out and getting drunk, and they always end up trying to get me here. I'm like, 'I'll dance anywhere. In a club, on top of a bar. I'm Easy!'"   
  
They loved her. They asked, did she go out a lot?  
  
"Oh, yes," she laughed. "My family was really controlling, so when I finally got away to college, it's like I'm on a mission!" She had everything but the all-girl Catholic high school.  
  
"Is your name really Easy?" one of them asked.  
  
"E.Z." She spelled it out. "Elizabeth Zaftig Watkins."   
  
She continued, "But at school, everybody called me 'Easy,' and it stuck. I always wondered why, but the football team never told me."   
  
"You gonna lose your bra tonight?"   
  
"Depends if there's a good song!" She raised her arms, and started dancing to the music. Other people in the bar were grooving too, but there was no real dancing as such. In her tight ring of guys, she could do little more than gyrate in place. Her circle watched appreciatively.   
  
One of them bravely reached out and snagged her dress with a finger. He pulled the V over her breasts open slightly, revealing the semi-sheer lace of her bra. He grinned suggestively at her, and she smiled back, still dancing. The guys craned their heads to see.  
  
Thus far, she was only acting flirtatiously. Nothing a normal girl wouldn't do. Who wouldn't be flattered by a guy who couldn't restrain himself from reaching out? Well -- most girls, maybe. But Carol was unique.  
  
I leaned in, shouting to be heard over the music. "You have got to be the hottest girl in here tonight!"   
  
Her face lit up, and she smiled at me without any hint of recognition. "Thank you!" she cried, and leaned forward. She gave me a kiss on the lips.  
  
I acted stunned, though I'd kind of expected it.  
  
She spun back to her other friends, and started dancing again. "Sorry if I surprised you!" she yelled over her shoulder. "I get really kissy when I drink!"  
  
"I think you're beautiful too," said the one who'd hooked her dress open. He seemed to be the smartest, or the least drunk. He caught on the quickest.  
  
"Then -- mwwwah!" She danced up and kissed him too.   
  
Their reserve broke. As she gyrated around, their hands were on her back, her waist, or her cheek. They leaned in to talk to her, and often ended up kissing her cheek. Anybody who kissed her got kissed back, on the lips.   
  
The lights were getting slowly dimmer as the crowd got wilder. A few girls in tight jeans and tighter tops were helped onto the bar. To raised hands and guttural screams, they twisted and spun among the glasses like go-go dancers. I watched them like a hawk -- I was turned on by any public display, not just Carol's. That's how we'd gotten started, so long ago -- by discussing the ripped-up jeans of a woman on the sidewalk in front of us.   
  
One of the bar-dancers finally raised her shirt. The noise from the crowd redoubled in intensity. This caused the other girl to pull her shirt out of her jeans, and raise it up over her bra. The two of them shared a dynamic. They didn't seem to know each other, but they fed off each other's moves, each escalating as the other tried to catch up.   
  
They had wide, loose smiles on their lips, their eyes were glazed -- they weren't seeing individuals in the crowd, just the crowd itself. The crowd's attention was a strange, distorted feedback, which grew in each girl until their movements became jangly. The crowd was, in fact, controlling them. (This is my theory. I can only project.)  
  
Then the first girl reached up and unsnapped her bra. It opened in front. It flew open, and there were her breasts, swaying unrestrained below her shirt. Whistles rose from the crowd.   
  
So the other girl unfastened her bra, and slid it out of her shirt. She swung it over her head like a lasso. They looked so hot. If I'd been there alone, I'd've been ga-gaand speechless the whole night. I'd've returned to Hutton's as a place of worship, alone, with a note-pad. I really am that desperate and uncool. Just by standing and watching, cheering and shouting, my febrile masculine brain could basically willwomen to strip in front of a massive audience.   
  
I finally glanced over at Carol. She was rapt, staring at the bar-dancers with a sort of hungry expression, with an edge of something else -- distain! She told me later: "It wasn't hot seeing them half-naked up there. It was hot seeing how they had given control to a crowd of strangers. They were basically following directions up there. The first girl out of her bra -- I saw her boyfriend telling her to do that. So there are others like us out there! Like a secret society!   
  
"And," she continued, "the girls weren't nearly dirty enough. They missed out on so many opportunities. I mean, if you knew you'd be dancing on a bar, why would you wear jeans and not a skirt?"  
  
Carol wasn't noticing the guys around her. They were staring too -- but they hadn't forgotten the gorgeous blonde twisting around in their midst. She was dancing between two guys, and they were feeling her ass rock and sway as she moved. They were getting a pelvis-workout, as they held onto her and did the "man-dance"... rocking inertly as she did all the work.   
  
Her hands were above her head, and as they shifted her around, their hands brushed over her breasts. A few times at first, and then for longer. Carol noticed not at all -- not even when their hands were motionless and she was still dancing, basically rubbing her breasts across their hands.  
  
As I watched, another guy came up behind her. In the press of the crowd, it was probably easy for her to dismiss it. He was standing much closer than he needed to, with his lap against her ass and his nose in her hair.   
  
Carol was oblivious, or at least, she didn't let on that she knew what was happening. Then I realized I was catching a glimpse of her daily life. The girl had nopersonal space anymore.  
  
I marveled at her. For myself, I needed to actually like and feel comfortable with a person to even just say hello in the street. But Carol didn't need anything at all before she could relax with people rubbing up against her and breathing on her. She didn't need names, she didn't need to converse, she didn't even need to see a guy's face. She seemed to have no boundaries at all, no trigger that engaged her defenses, no line that couldn't be crossed.   
  
She danced on, eyes fixed on the girls on the bar, while the three guys around her attached themselves to her swiveling body and copped merciless feels off her chest, ass, arms, stomach and thighs.   
  
The girls on the bar finally got down. The braver one -- she tossed her bra to one of the bartenders, to a chorus of cheers from the crowd. The bartender made a big production of lifting it above his head, and then hooking it on the back wall. The multi-color bras of other bar-dancers heavily festooned the wall and the rafters of the ceiling, making it look like a very strange coral reef.  
  
Bar dancing  
  
"Wow!" said Carol pointedly. "That looks like fun!"   
  
Her circle was immediately interested.   
  
"You want to go up there?" one asked.  
  
"If the song is right, why not?" said Carol. "I think I should take this bra off... it doesn't go with my dress."   
  
"But you'll come back to us when you're done?"   
  
"If I can find you again," she teased.  
  
They (we, because I was sort of in the group) closed around her possessively. "We'll keep track of you."  
  
She looked around at the masculine faces above her. Her face was open and without guile, but she still asked, "You really think I should go up?" (It was her pattern, asking over and over when she'd already decided.)  
  
"Hell yeah!" said one guy.  
  
"Do it, Easy! Do it!" cried another.  
  
A new song was starting up -- "(You) Rocked Me All Night Long" -- seriously danceable. Carol studied the crowded bar, looking for the stairs (she later told me). Her new friends took her arms and lifted, basically propelling her forward. The bartenders saw her immediately, and pulled her onto the bar. With her hands on the bartender's shoulders, she scooted up, getting the last boost from no less than three hands on her ass.  
  
In less than five seconds, she was standing above the crowd, giggling down at us. We were chanting, "Ea-sy! Ea-sy! Ea-sy!"   
  
She half-closed her eyes and started swaying. The lights lit up her white silk dress, the wrap parting down her front as she twisted her shoulders. Her legs were apart, for added balance, with her elevated clogs planted firmly on the wood. She was so close to the track lighting, that the white silk seemed to glow. The white of her panties and bra reflected even more light, standing out in stark contrast to her darkly tanned skin. She looked like she was in lingerie. She looked otherworldly.  
  
Soon the whole bar was screaming at her. The bartenders were working like machines at high speed, grabbing, un-topping, and sliding beers onto the counter, their eyes flickering up to her whenever possible. Money and liquor flowed across the counter-top, some even being passed between Carol's muscle-y legs. A bar like this, with girls like Carol dancing on the counter, was a license to print money.  
  
When the prelude stopped, the guitar and drums kicked in with a wall of sound. Carol began moving in earnest. I'd never seen her dance before, and she'd never dragged me out to a dance club. But I supposed girls might practice in front of the mirror -- either that, or they're born to it. But there are good dancers, and fuckingincredible dancers.  
  
Some women merely swivel their hips, gyrate, rock the shoulders: baseline dancing, entrancing enough when you add the T&A. But then, some women haveenergy. Carol's whole body bopped to the music. The beat was fast, her hair went flying. Where I might nod my head to the beat, she twisted her whole body with a gorgeous, mesmerizing sinuous motion. Her muscles popped, all the way down to her ankles; her toes clenched white in the clogs. She thrashed, she arched her back -- stuff that, if I'd tried to do it, would give me severe muscle soreness the next morning. She never lost her balance. I didn't know it then -- but she was practicing at home. She was already practicing to become a stripper, even then.  
  
In short, Carol was good, and we all wanted to bear her children. Like with the girls before her, people were reaching out to her legs. She couldn't have taken a step, but that was okay, because navigating the crowded counter-top in her clogs would have broken the spell. She ignored the people directly below her, and how the dress split up her parted thighs.   
  
She simply thrummed with the music, like a giant tuning fork for the whole bar, resonating with everybody's libido.  
  
Before long, everybody was chanting, "Bra! Bra! Bra!"   
  
The word reached her, and her smile grew. She nodded, and suddenly flipped open her dress. The V of her dress caught on the outsides of her breasts, and she was now dancing with her top open.  
  
The crowd's cheering redoubled. It was a mad-house -- I was getting pushed from behind, as people pressed forward to get closer to her. She was the whole package: the tiny dress that split up her thigh and down her front, the undergarments glowing underneath. Her pneumatic curves. She was eye-glue for every guy in the bar.   
  
"Off! Off! Off!" we chanted.   
  
One hand drifted to the bra's clasp between her breasts. The crowd hooted and cheered. Carol was smiling broadly now, her huge gleaming smile that always made everybody love her. Her fingers twitched, and a hundred-fifty men screamed like they'd been stabbed.   
  
Until then, nobody had been sure if she was just a tease, or would actually open her bra. The bra snapped open, and in a second she had it off and hanging from her hand. Her breasts swayed heavily in counter-time to her dancing, two perfectly-formed orbs completely lit by the lights above the bar. Nothing hidden, certainly not the hard little points of her pink nipples.   
  
For the last minute-and-a-half of the song, she danced on the bar with her dress open over her chest. She half squatted to pass the bra to a bartender, who held it up for everybody to see. Hands stroked her thighs, and even plucked at the hem of her dress, until she stood again.   
  
The song ended with Carol holding the hem of her dress in her hands, lifting it to her waist to the split uncovered the entirety of her underwear. The lines of the lacy panties, with the curves of her muscled stomach and the little detailed curves in the fabric over her vagina, made her snatch look so clean and enticing that I wanted to launch myself at her. Me and the rest of the world.   
  
She dropped the hem, letting it slide over her legs, and stared down at the crowd, breathing hard. Everybody was cheering and shouting. She held out her arms to her friends, who stretched up to help her down. For a moment, she was crowd-surfing on the forest of hands. People were even holding up dollar bills to her, which made her laugh when she saw them.   
  
Back on her feet in our little circle, there were still hands coming through to pat her on the back, stroke her hair. Fingers were running down her arms. It was close to impossible to tell where Carol ended and the hands began. Some of the admirers were holding out shots to her, the reward for bar-dancing.   
  
She soon gave up trying to reach for the shots. She just put her hands above her head, and let herself get passed around from embrace to embrace, while anonymous hands poured the shots in her mouth. Little rivulets of vodka and tequila ran down her chin and neck, intercepted by the tongues of the guys around her.

When she felt the first tongue, a look of faint surprise crossed her face, and then she got a crafty expression. After that, she got more liquor on her than in her, by closing her mouth or turning her head suddenly. Unreproved, her friends held her more tightly, and dove in to give long licks on her cheek, chin, neck, and even chest.   
  
Body Shots  
  
Yes, even her chest. In every group of men, there's always one poor guy who is worth feeling a little sorry for. One guy with a reversed baseball cap, a little short and a little too thin, had positioned himself in front of her. He stared into her face from six inches away with a moony expression, lost and dreamy -- he was completely drunk.   
  
When the next shot went down her front, I craned my head to see what he was doing. He had two hands under her arms, and he pushed in with the heels of his palms, mashing her chest together. Then his head bobbed down and he was bodily licking the tops of her breasts.   
  
Carol ignored this heavy-duty attention. She was still shouting and accepting congratulations, still with her arms above her head. Everybody else noticed, though. In the group-grab, her dress meant little. Her breasts flashed in and out from under the small silk triangles over her chest, and the straps were sliding all over her shoulders. "The drunk girl is letting him lick her tits!"  
  
They all wanted a turn. So did I. I shouted, "Body shots! Let's do body shots off Easy!"   
  
Suddenly I was a genius. Without even consulting her, they swept Carol off her feet and back to the bar. She was laughing at their frenzy. A wild, uncontrolled laughter that she couldn't stop, even as they lifted her to sit on the bar.   
  
Everybody was yelling, "Body shots!" and the bartenders quickly complied. They swept the clutter off the bar top, and even kindly ran a towel over the surface before they pulled her down.  
  
We lifted her legs up to the bar, and then pivoted her around so she was lying on the length. Her clogs fell off, and were ignored. Her knees were bent and her bare feet dug into the wood, giving purchase. It was a foregone conclusion -- her panties were on display under her thighs.   
  
Her ass was hard on the counter, and the backs of her thighs, with the curves of her ass, all made a sunken little cove where the panties covered her snatch. The panties were lit brightly, and some lucky guy cupped her ass, his fingers on the delicate skin where her inner thigh met her torso.   
  
I was mesmerized by the hand so close to her sex. I didn't see when the rest of it happened. As Carol was laughing and shouting things that went unheard in the throng, the brooch on her hip was undone. Carol didn't undo it -- her hands were crossed behind her head, cradling it so she could look down at herself. The dress was flipped open, and there she was: reclined on the bar covered in nothing but her panties. She was naked, except for two little straps over her hips and some thin fabric that was, for all intents and purposes, sheer.   
  
I gathered from the bartenders that this was not an uncommon occurrence. They had a procedure -- they were putting bottles of vodka out, and one of them was already standing on a box beside Carol and running an ice cube down her stomach to her belly button.   
  
We were all standing over her, she was chest-level with us. The pressure of the crowd was intense, as everybody pushed forward to see what was going on. Now that Carol was bare, with her breasts pointed at the ceiling, she seemed to have some sort of shield up -- nobody wanted to grab her, or, nobody wanted to be seen groping the girl. Us guys can be just that civilized.   
  
(And I may disparage guys in general, but really the guys in our group were funny, handsome, and very nice. It's just that I don't think anybody is good enough for Carol.)  
  
"Who's first?" yelled the senior bartender. He took a bottle, and aimed it at her sternum. The liquor glugged out of the nozzle, and ran down the sunken causeway of her stomach to her belly button, where it pooled.  
  
The guy with the reversed baseball cap was first. He didn't give anybody else a chance. He layed his ear on her lower stomach, below her belly button. He just let his head lie on her lap, and he sucked the vodka off of her stomach. His eyes were fixed on the two high mounds of her chest, or on Carol's green-brown eyes -- she stared down at him through her tits as he tongued the liquor out of her belly button. To her, it mostly seemed ticklish -- her stomach crunched (muscles rippling), her breasts shook, and she kicked her little feet on the counter and screamed with laughter.   
  
Much encouraged, the next guy drank his body shot from her belly button, and then licked his way up to her sternum. There was always a bartender ready with a rag, to wipe off her body -- even where she didn't exactly need it. I watched them more closely -- yep. They had that "professional" thing going for them, like a masseuse or personal trainer; their hands were everywhere on Carol and it seemed fine, their touches weren't lecherous, but they certainly weren't clinical either.  
  
By now, Carol had another bartender serving drinks off her. He let his bottle drizzle alcohol off the inner sides of her chest, where it ran down and pooled in the nape of her neck. The shot-taker nuzzled her neck as he drank the alcohol, his cheek rubbing against the tops of her breasts.   
  
Carol had pairs of men drinking off her, their heads down like pigs at a trough. She kept her hands behind her head, even as hands, rags, faces, lips and tongues ranged up and down her naked torso. The crowd was hooting and cheering, Carol shouting along with them. No sooner was one guy done, than he was jostled aside and replaced by another.   
  
"Put whipped cream on my nipples!" she yelled.   
  
They poured shots off her everywhere: neck shots, belly button shots, stomach shots, mouth shots with nipple chasers. Then one guy, done emptying the liquor from her belly button, turned his head and planted a long, sucking kiss on the mound of her vagina.   
  
Carol screamed, "I was wondering when you guys would think of that!"  
  
The guy on her neck had his hand wrapped around her nearest breast, seemingly casual, with his thumb sliding over her nipple. The next guy mostly ignored the vodka, instead scooping her body up in two arms and rubbing his face up and down her stomach. The audience was starting to get out of hand.  
  
She was only up there for about ten minutes. I guessed most girls giving body-shots only stayed for one or two, but Carol could have stayed up there all night, until she was plastered from the alcohol soaking through her skin.  
  
Finally, the senior bartender whispered in her ear, and she nodded. The bartenders lovingly buffed her dry and she got to her feet -- to the groans of everybody who had lined up for a body shot. The lights went on full power, and she danced to another song. Her dress hung from its straps off her elbows, so she was twisting, turning, and squatting on top of the bar in nothing but her soaked panties.   
  
She played the crowd. Barefoot, she traveled short distances up and down the bar. The hands caught at her feet, her calves. When she squatted and shook her chest at the crowd, the hands palmed the round rocks of her calves, or roamed up her thighs.  
  
The music cut off, and the lights went down again. Carol, waving at the pandemonium, walked back to her group and slid off the bar. I grabbed her clogs for her. By the time I'd turned back, it was a repeat of her earlier bar-dancing episode.   
  
She was dripping with guys, getting pulled between embraces like a tug of war. The straps of her dress were back on her shoulders, but in the tight press, she had her arms up again. It was useless to try and close it. More shots were being proffered to her, and a few were upended over her in the throng. Her hair, once so carefully coiffed, was wet with liquor and perspiration.  
  
I pressed through and got close to her. She was shouting something at one guy. On the other side of her, another guy was working on her neck with his mouth. Hands were wrapped all up and down her torso, with errant, anonymous fingers reaching out to flick her nipples, or cup her chest momentarily. No less than three hands were on her ass.  
  
The most amazing thing was -- hidden in the massive confusion, there was a hand down the front of her panties. A whole hand, the knuckles covered by the fabric, was down her panties, the fingers working in her snatch.   
  
I looked closely at her delicate skin in the uncertain light, and I could see the full-body blush that went over her breasts, up her neck, down her back. Her whole body was a sensory zone, sending information about hands and fingers on her skin. Whoever it was -- and I never discovered who -- was getting an epic feel of her pussy. She was subtly complicit, she had her legs were splayed wide, for balance.   
  
I came up behind her. Her view of life: dozens of male faces floating in and out of focus. Arms and hands reaching towards her over other people's shoulders. Drinks getting pressed to her lips, or being poured down her front. It was chaos.  
  
I shouted, "Do you want to go home with someone?"   
  
"Fuck yeah!" she shouted, past all caring. "I want to go home with someone and fuck them silly! I want to fuck them so hard, their daddies feel it! And then I'll do the daddies! And then I'll hand-hump their daddies' bosses! During an important conference call! Fuck yeah I want to go home with someone!"   
  
"How about me?" I shouted.  
  
"Okay! Sure! Bye everybody!"   
  
The faces on the guys around us were classic. Surprise, shock, despair, I couldn't help but laugh. But I knew I had to get her out of there.  
  
I brought her arms down. Rather than covering herself, she put her arms behind her back, which lifted her chest and brought her breasts up to full magnitude. With her clogs in one hand, I wrapped my arms around her and lifted her off her feet. Before anybody could organize a general objection, or even collect her digits, I turned and carried her to the door.   
  
She was still uncovered, her bare feet kicking the air, as I pushed her through the crowd tits-first. I know for a fact that people were copping feels -- hands everywhere. Her head was leaned back on my shoulder, she was laughing at the ceiling.   
  
Outside, it was still crowded on the sidewalk. I put her on the pavement, and turned her towards me. I gave her a deep kiss, which she returned with her incredibly wet mouth. Then I held her at arm's length as she composed herself.  
  
When I'd carried her out, the hand down her panties had been forcibly removed. Her panties now hung low off her hips, quite low, the top of her pubic bone two inches above the elastic. She looked delectable -- and she was already drawing a new crowd of admirers.   
  
"Drop your panties," I whispered to her.   
  
She was breathing hard and looking around wildly, but she understood me well enough. She hooked her thumbs over the straps of her underwear, and pushed them down her thighs. They slid to her feet and she left them on the sidewalk. Then she got into the clogs and refastened the brooch on her dress. She was still soaked, reeking of liquor, but she now looked more presentable.   
  
She put her arms up and said, "Ta-da!"   
  
"You're incredible," I told her.  
  
"I'm a treat for the crowds," she agreed. "Some night we should just stay there, and see what happens. Think I can go an hour in just my undies?"  
  
I dragged her to the sidewalk and signaled for a cab. It was easy to get one, with Carol on my arm. We slid in, and I told him to take us to 42nd Street.  
  
"Some guy was in me, baby," she told me breathlessly. The lights of the city reflected in her wide eyes. She was a bundle in my arms, vibrating with energy. "Up to the knuckle. Right on my g-spot. I hope we find him again. Him, or any number of other guys."  
  
She looked up at me. "Was that slutty enough for you? Because it wasn't slutty enough for me."  
  
"Just hold on," I told her.  
  
Because for Part 3 of our night, we would be visiting what was then the sex-capital of NYC. Our big night was still just beginning.

**Carol Ch. 12**

For the whole ride, Carol was in a frenzy of excitement. She couldn't stop talking. Though it was warm in the cab, her whole body shivered.  
  
"I never knew bars could be so much fun. But then, I haven't gone to many. Do you still have my ID?"   
  
"I do have it." I told her. " You were great. You were perfect."  
  
"Did you see me up there? I was like a go-go dancer. That must be the best invention of Western Civilization. Maybe even Middle-Eastern Civilization too -- andthey made Algebra!" She laughed. "I was so hot, I almost felt sorry for all the guys. Shit, they wanted me!" She rapped on the window separating us from the cabby. "You hear that, driver? A whole buncha guys made me naked! They were gonna fuck me but you showed up!"  
  
Okay, so she was a little bit drunk.  
  
She turned back to me, "We should do that every Friday, don't you think? Go out and torture men? Make me a legend? Do you think they'll think about me tonight?"   
  
"They will never forget you." I said. "I think you ruined their night. No other girl will be as good for them."   
  
"I ruined women for them! The women in that bar turned out to be my bitches!" she crowed. "Fuck my work-study job. I really should just be a stripper, huh? A go-go dancer in a club? I should just work for tips, giving body shots. Naw, I like the stripper thing. I wanna grind on guys all night. My personal mission will be to have them shoot off accidentally on my leg as I grind them."  
  
She looked at me. "Grind, I tell you. Will you look into stripper jobs for me?"  
  
"You're more than a little bit drunk," I declared.  
  
"Oh, T," She sighed. "Look at me, I'm shaking! Remember 'stripper jobs' for later, willya?"   
  
There was ten minutes of this, and I was running out of ways to agree with her. She was high from all the attention -- she said she didn't really remember anybody touching her, only the faces, the guys trying to get her name, and asking for her number.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The glory hole  
  
We stopped in (what once was) a sleazy part of 42nd Street. The facades of the adult bookshops and clubs were all papered over, and had signs like 'Books' and 'Adult Video Inside.' I paid the cabby as Carol slid out of my grasp.  
  
She stood on the crowded sidewalk, ignoring the people gawking at her as they walked by. Her eyes were on the facades. I knew which shop I wanted, and I took her hand and led her through the doors.   
  
Inside, it was like any other store. The same cold racks of merchandise, the same fluorescent lights. It smelled different, however, and the patrons seemed distant from each other, if not outright furtive. The man behind the counter -- my age -- watched Carol like a hawk as I exchanged some cash for tokens.   
  
Carol growing subdued as I led her through the aisles. Men of every description turned to watch her pass. Old and scruffy, young and t-shirted, business suits -- the whole range of manhood. Carol met their gazes without guile, eyes going from one face to the next as we went past them. She smiled experimentally every now and then.  
  
We entered one of the middle booths at the back of the store, and I flicked the handle to read "occupied." The video screen had no volume controls, so when I dropped some tokens in the small room filled with the wet slapping sounds and groans of sex. Some woman was getting double-penetrated on the video screen, which was behind a scuffed-up acrylic cover.   
  
"What a weird, weird world," said Carol, as she took the room in. She nodded at the video, "When am I going to try that?"  
  
I was thrumming with anxiety. This was as new to me as it was to Carol, and I was operating off secondhand lore and not experience. The tokens, the video player, the very booths -- all stuff I'd only read about. But I had to seem sure, for Carol's sake. I had to seem comfortable, so she wouldn't pull out of our 'scene' and realize -- well, what a weird, weird place we were in.  
  
Wordlessly, I pointed to the hole in the wall. It was about the size of a softball, and rimmed with duct tape. There was graffiti all around the hole: "Sssuck here," and "Cock-suckers only," and "Whore hole." It opened into the next booth over.  
  
Carol bent at the waist and peered through. She turned back to me with a distant look in her eyes. Her voice was small as she said, "Empty." The other booth was still empty.  
  
"That's okay. It won't be for long," I said, trying to make my voice normal. Beyond and above all my nervousness, I was starting to get turned on. Turned on in a serious way. Even the fact that Carol was in the booth felt dirty and exciting. Imagining what might happen next was almost too crazy: visions, smells and sounds flooded through my mind like a brick wall of fantasy, I couldn't get past it, I couldn't get any details.   
  
I could sense that I was starting to lose my grip on what was sane and healthy. Maybe I already had. But the night had a script, dammit, and we were going to check-mark each adventure, or go home feeling like we wimped out.   
  
I pulled a permanent marker from my shoulder bag, and uncapped it. Carol watched as I found a spot on the wall. I wrote: "Carol was here." And then I added the date.   
  
We stood in silence as the marker ink dried. Its scent was peculiarly clean, in the stuffy, odd-smelling booth.   
  
Then we heard the door open. Light flickered in the hole, and then it went dark again. Tokens chunked into the video player. I met Carol's eyes. Like me, she was listening intently.  
  
I took her hand, and guided it to the hole. She didn't resist, or help, as I tapped her fingers on the rim.   
  
Before long, a masculine hand appeared at the hole, and took her fingers. I let go of her hand, and she let the anonymous stranger on the other side play with her fingers. His fingers drifted over hers gently and slowly. The stranger would know she was a young woman, based on the smoothness of her hand. His hand was wrinkled and callused, above forty.   
  
I stood beside Carol, watching as closely as she did. And then I tapped her knee. Her eyes flickered to me, and she nodded silently.   
  
She stepped in front of the hole, and kicked off her clogs. She sank slowly to one knee, and then the other, so her face was level with the hole in the wall.   
  
The man on the other side said, "Wow, you're pretty."   
  
She brought her face close to the hole, and his hand left her hand, to run along her chin. His thumb stroked her lips.  
  
"You want my cock?" he asked gently.   
  
Carol nodded, her cheek cupped by his hand.   
  
His hand disappeared through the hole again. I moved to Carol's other side and unfastened the brooch on her hip, like a magic-show assistant getting her ready. Her knees were on the grimy, dirt-streaked floor. I slid the dress off her shoulders and dropped it in my shoulder bag.   
  
We both heard the zipper on the other side of the wall. When I turned back, she was waiting at the hole, her fingers on the edge and her hands hanging off.  
  
The cock appeared through the hole.   
  
It was thick, and dark. With strange curves, knobbed at the end with a big head. It was lush with hair.  
  
Carol looked at me again, eyebrow raised. If she thought I would save her, or back out, she was wrong. She told me later that she was only looking at me to make sure I was okay. I'd never seen her work some stranger's cock before. She was prepared, she'd done it before. She only hesitated to see if I was sure. And then she took the cock in a gentle grip.   
  
As she stroked it, in long, gentle pulls, she told me, "I had a lot of fun tonight. The dinner was wonderful."  
  
"I'm glad," I said. I was breathing heavily.  
  
"And the bar -- that was so fun. Thank you, Tyler." She was pumping the cock towards her face.   
  
"You're welcome, sweetheart," I said.   
  
"And now this. You're so nice to me, letting me..." she trailed off.   
  
I swooped in and kissed her, the fool. Didn't she know this was for me? Her mouth was already wet, the way it got before she went down. Her lips were soft, warm, her tongue wet. I stood again with the imprint of her lips on my lips, her moisture in my mouth. I knew what she would be applying to that cock.  
  
She opened her mouth and leaned forward on the penis. It seemed to strain at her as it felt her breath, and when she closed her mouth over it there was a long, low groan from the other side of the wall.   
  
I watched, awed, as she went to work on the cock. Her face sank down the shaft, her lips distending over the thick tube. Her fingers, gripped in an O, pulled the skin greedily to her mouth. The hair tickled her fingers, then her nose, then her fingers again, as she yanked on the penis.  
  
Of course I'd seen her suck cock before, but never from this angle. I was amazed at how much she took in, how smooth her movements were. She worked it like an artist, always keeping lateral pressure on the skin of the shaft, always working her tongue over and under the head. She left moisture on the skin, so that the air would hit it, and then sucked it back in with sunken cheeks.  
  
She held the cock sideways, letting the stranger thrust against her cheek as she nibbled up the length. Then she drew back and nibbled up the base, to the scrotal sack. Her tongue came out, she lathered his sack, the hair getting pressed into swirls with her tongue. Then it was back in her mouth. She owned that cock.   
  
Barely able to take my eyes off of her, I dug around in my shoulder bag with one hand. I pulled out my new Polaroid camera, and then agonized over trying to load the first cartridge of film into it.   
  
She was going for speed, not endurance, I had to act quickly. If it had been my penis, I would have shot in the first ninety seconds. Age has its benefits, however, and the older man on the other was lasting longer.  
  
I finally loaded the camera. It whined, and then blinked -- it was ready to shoot.   
  
My first shot was from far away. It had all of Carol in it -- kneeling naked in a dingy little booth, her mouth by the hole, a tube of cock in her mouth. Her eyes blinked in the flash, but she didn't turn away. The picture ejected, and I dropped it on the ground to dry.   
  
The next picture was up close, when Carol had pulled away. The cock was in her hand, her mouth was open over the head. Streamers of saliva connected her lips and tongue to the shaft. Her eyes were open -- staring at the prick in her face.  
  
My own cock was struggling against my slacks. I wanted to touch myself, or even re-arrange myself. But I was so close to the edge, I knew I couldn't. In fact, I closed my eyes for a moment, and tried to think of something else, to pull back from the brink. I thought about pigeons. The sounds of her sucking made me stop again -- I didn't want to forever associate those wet, lurid sounds and my extreme turn-on, with pigeons.  
  
I opened my eyes when the stranger groaned. The cock was pumping through the hole, almost slipping from her death-grip. She capped the head with her mouth, and let it ride in and out between her lips. She kept a steady suction on it, her cheeks indented, and then it cut loose. With a watery sound, she sucked the cum out of the stranger's cock. It shook in her hand, and she stooped her head to stay on it. The stranger's hips were dancing. A seam of white cum appeared between her lips, but she didn't let go until he started going flaccid.   
  
My third picture was of the cock sliding out of her mouth, the cum between her lips glowing in the flash.   
  
The stranger left without another word. I don't know why -- I would have said thank you at least.   
  
Carol stayed on her knees as the stranger zipped up and left.  
  
"Holy crap," I breathed, as she showed me the load in her mouth. "You must be the best cock-sucker in the world."   
  
She swallowed, and then showed me her empty mouth, fresh and clean again.   
  
I said, "It's a crime, everybody not getting sucked off by you. You're committing a crime, baby, if you don't blow every man in the fuckin' world."  
  
"I know," she said. "Crime this, rule that. From now on, let's just see what I'll do without all that stuff. I'll probably do anything."  
  
There were new noises in the next booth, and she put her fingers in the hole again.   
  
This time, there was no talking. The cock just appeared, and Carol had it in her mouth as it slid through the hole.   
  
She told me later, that she wanted the mysterious men on the other side to think the hole was her mouth. She wanted them to imagine her mouth was a hole, in a booth in a store on 42nd Street, that they could visit and ejaculate into. She didn't like talking to the men, because she thought it made her different from the hole. Still, people talked. All kinds of voices, implying all ethnicities and origins of men.   
  
They wanted to know her age, her name. They asked if she was having fun. She answered everything honestly, she didn't keep any secrets from the strangers who ended up in her mouth. One man left knowing her name, her University, and that she lived in Queens. Another asked for her phone number -- I whispered that she should make one up.   
  
She only prompted conversation when a cock appeared through the hole, and it had a condom on. She said she didn't like the taste, and would they take it off. The man on the other side had no problem with that.   
  
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Carol gives to NYC  
  
It was one in the morning. We were in a cab, riding back to my apartment after an unknown duration in the glory hole booth. Time is meaningless in those little rooms -- unless you factor in all the video tokens. I just fed the machine until we were empty.   
  
Suddenly, Carol turned to the driver, and gave new directions, for the Village around 6th Avenue. The neighborhood near the University.  
  
When I looked askance at her, she was staring at my face. Her voice had a doomed sound to it. "There's only one way to end a night like this."   
  
"What's that, kitten?" I asked.   
  
"We need to give me to the world."   
  
I peered at her, and she nodded to me. "What are you saying?"  
  
She said, "I'm getting out of the cab. Will you take my dress and keep it for me?"   
  
"I don't understand," I said. "Why should we get out?"   
  
"Not you. Just me. Don't say anything." She kissed me quickly, and then grasped me in a desperate hug. "It's something I have to try. Trust me?"  
  
"Of course I trust you," I said.   
  
"This is the next step. Or, it should be. It's the next thing. One more way to escalate. I have to try it. I feel... sort of pointless. Like I don't matter. I want to see where it goes."  
  
"Are you--" I grasped for words. This was coming out of left field for me, I had no clue what to do. Not for the first time, I felt like Carol and I were really zooming out of control. "Should I follow? Are--?"  
  
She shook her head firmly. "Don't follow. You're not a part of this. Do you understand? This is just for me. It's my stupid thing. Remember, long ago, you said we could work on what I want? Well, I finally found something. It has to be solo."  
  
"What do I do?" I squeaked.  
  
She seemed surprised at the tone of my voice. "Be strong, that's all I ask. I need to know that you're being strong." She leaned in and whispered. "It will help, if I can believe you're back at your apartment, jacking off to me. To what I'm going to do. Don't be worried."  
  
"You'll get arrested," I said.  
  
"Yeah, I know. I'm going to be hand-cuffed and powerless. I'm giving myself to the city. You know how I've always talked about it. It has to happen. I'm just drunk enough, and I'm just sexed-up enough, that this is the perfect time."  
  
The cab pulled up to a crowded corner. Carol was staring bleakly out the window. "I'm going to try to make it to the park. I'm going to dance in the middle, where the fountain is. Oh, crap. What's with me?"   
  
In this part of the city, there were endless clubs, shops, and coffee houses. And there were endless crowds into early morning. If the Village had a nightlife center, it was here, between the East and West Village, straddled by the NYU campus, revolving around Washington Square Park.   
  
She had already slipped out of her shoes. She slid out of my grasp and opened the door. Sounds of the city flooded the back seat -- traffic, snatches of conversation, footsteps on the sidewalk. My eyes were on her, the crowds moving on the sidewalk were undifferentiated clusters of movement and color.  
  
She stood beside the cab, sheltered by the door. The cab driver, silent through the whole trip, had turned in his seat and was watching her. In her dress, she was captivating, even after the whole long night.   
  
Her hand went to the brooch at her hip, and she unclipped it with one steady movement. She closed it quickly and tossed it into the cab. It thudded on the vinyl seat next to me. Then she opened her dress -- the cab driver going "Oh shit oh shit oh shit!" -- and slid it down her shoulders. Her breasts were high, and glowing in the spray of headlights from the traffic.   
  
She tossed the dress into the cab. Without even looking at me again, she slammed the door shut, and started up the block.  
  
She took medium-sized steps. It wasn't her long sexy walk from when she was happy or turned on. It wasn't the mincing step she had when she was doubtful. They were medium steps, and I couldn't read them, but her ass jogging as she moved. The curves of her breasts were visible from the back, more so when she raised her hands to her hair and let it out, shaking it free from its pile and throwing the pins to the side.  
  
People on the sidewalk noticed her quickly, stepping aside to watch her pass. There were predators out there -- there always were. She picked up a cluster of teen boys. One man she passed reached out and stroked her thigh, moving as if he was in a dream.   
  
She was swallowed by the crowds. She didn't look back once.   
  
The cab driver and I craned our heads until she was gone from view, absorbed by the lights, noise and people of the Village. We could still see evidence of her passage, from the people across the street from her turning and pointing.   
  
Eventually, she was completely gone, as if she had never existed. The cab driver wanted to follow her, but couldn't, as she'd gone the wrong way up a one-way street.   
  
It was the single most unsexy thing I'd ever seen. Possibly because I was consumed with anxiety for her. In another time, I would look back, and think it sexy. For now, the fact of it was like a stream of ice-water down my back. She was gone. She had departed from me, and was doing something for herself. I felt like it was a big mistake. Girls can make big mistakes, I worried.  
  
Eventually the cab driver and I jointly realized there was no reason for us to stay there. I told him where to go.  
  
"She's not an ugly bitch," he said.   
  
I sighed. "I know. You see her ass?"   
  
"Yeah," he said. "If it was me, I wouldn't have let her go. Bang! All night long."   
  
"Been there, done that," I forced a yawn. "Anyway, she wanted it. I want what she wants."  
  
"Still," he said. "That was pretty fucked up."   
  
In part to distract myself from what had just happened, I continued the conversation. "She's a pretty fucked up girl."   
  
"Really?"   
  
"Yeah. She fucks anything that moves. I'm okay with that, I guess. She wants to."  
  
"Cabron," he said. "If a girl is a slut, the best thing is to get away. Fuck her silly and get away. Leave her with your friends."  
  
"There's a thought," I said. "You know -- she'd probably give you a blow job."  
  
"Girl like that is good for one thing," he said.  
  
"If you give me your number, I could probably get her to suck you off."   
  
"Really? You'd do that?" He was vastly amused by the idea.  
  
"Sure. I like a challenge." I passed one of Carol's glory-hole pictures through the grille. "For you."  
  
He savored the picture: he didn't know a thing about her. How she wrote poems and scented them with perfume, and left them in restaurants. How she'd go into a blue funk when she heard of a disaster hitting the third world. How she bought water for dogs chained outside stores in the summer heat.

By the time he dropped me off, I had a free ride, and a phone number in my pocket. I promised to call him in a day or two.   
  
That was sexy (to me, at that moment). Talking about Carol like she was a sex-toy, promising her to strangers. That was hot, not this nihilistic 'give myself to the world' crap that had taken over her mind. I imagined 'giving' her to all sorts of guys, for all the wrong reasons. It was a turn-on, one she shared -- I'd thought.   
  
Giving Carol away, lending her out to guys -- It was just so wrong, especially if you knew the wonderful, smart, funny Carol. It was a work of art, seeing such a girl become so depraved, and then turn around and dissolve in giggles at a corny joke. And she knew it, too. I had thought we were exceptional, two split-personalities blinking on and off in tandem, incredible, incredible, incredible. Man, but I loved her.  
  
Then I remembered that she was gone, off on her own thing. I felt alone, but forced my mind back into its fantasies.   
  
I jacked off endlessly to those fantasies that night. (And I also had a stack pictures of my Carol in the glory hole booth.) I hadn't come the whole evening, and I had more than a little saved up. Here I was, like a fool, fisting myself. I had a bit of fun with it nonetheless, until I realized my fantasies were ways of punishing her.  
  
In the end analysis, I didn't want to punish her. I only wanted to find out what she was thinking. I was hoping I'd continue to be a part of her life.

**Carol Ch. 13**

My phone rang the next morning, insistent, waking me up.  
  
I put it to my ear and said, "Hello?"   
  
When I heard her voice, the whole of last night flooded into my mind. I felt a wave of conflicting emotions, all hitting me at once. Pride at knowing her. Lust, at how wanton she was. Shame, at what I'd put her through. I also felt very tender, like I just wanted to hold her close. The tenderness surprised me most -- I never felt satiated when it came to Carol, and yet, here I was, just looking for someone to snuggle and call my own.  
  
She said, "Hi. It's me. The not-slut."  
  
"How do you feel?"   
  
"Like everything was a dream. Did we really do all that?"   
  
"Yes."  
  
"Fuck," she sighed. "I'm so hung over."  
  
I listened as she started to cry.   
  
"What happened after we parted ways?" I asked.  
  
"After you kicked me out of the cab?" she asked.  
  
"I didn't kick you out."  
  
"I know. I'm sorry. You want to hear what happened. Don't you?"  
  
I said, "You know I do."  
  
"Well, you can come down to the Police station and bail me out."  
  
I got the information from her, got dressed quickly, and caught a cab.  
  
If I'd felt guilt and shame before, I felt more guilty after dealing with the bureaucracy. There is nothing so unfriendly and bleak as trying to figure out the legal system. After questioning uncommunicative policemen behind desks, getting sent to different floors, and filling out some paperwork, I was shown to a waiting room.  
  
Carol was eventually led out. The cop who brought her had his hand on her neck, and he was walking her ahead of him with a straight arm. It was a perp-walk sort of thing -- but also his head was sideways and he was watching her ass as she walked in front of him.  
  
She saw me, and gave a little cry and rushed up to me. They'd given her a little t-shirt, and nothing else. I'd expected a jump-suit at least. She plastered herself against me, hugging me tight, and she felt warm and boneless in my grasp.  
  
"You the boyfriend?" the cop asked.  
  
"Yeah," I said. "I sort of lost track of her last night."   
  
"Found her wandering naked in the streets around Washington Square Park. Nothing on. What we gather, someone slipped her a mickey in a drink."  
  
"Holy shit," I said. "A mickey! And she was naked? She must've had quite a crowd."  
  
The cop stared at me, as if I'd said something wrong. "There was a disturbance, you might say. I won't go into detail, but she'll be tender for a few days. They're not going to press charges on her, since it wasn't her fault. We see this a lot, you know. You should really pay close attention to who she talks to, in bars. You're both too young to be in bars, anyway."  
  
"We'll play it safe from now on, officer," I promised. A date-rape drug, I was thinking, the perfect excuse! And then: Might it have happened? What else could explain her sudden change in behavior?  
  
He stepped back, eyeing her from a better vantage point. With her arms around my neck, she was on the tippy-toes of her bare feet. I guessed her ass was exposed.   
  
He said, "Did you bring a change of clothes for her? She can't keep that shirt."  
  
I hadn't. It actually hadn't occurred to me.   
  
I extricated myself from her embrace and stepped back. She stood there between us, her face down. She had one foot covering the other, her knees pressed against each other. She was the picture of delicious humiliation. I was half turned on, half angry. There were three or four other people in the lounge, waiting, and their eyes were on her. She was immensely interesting, compared to the dull, unadorned walls and institutional setting.   
  
"Give him back his t-shirt."   
  
"Hey, um," the cop stepped back, raising his hands.   
  
In one swift movement, Carol pulled the shirt over her head. As it slid up, her back arched, and her legs spread for balance. It was a natural and unselfconscious movement, but she was completely bare under the shirt. Her as was curved, her waist was slender and rippling with muscles. Her ribs each had their own shadow in the overhead light. Her breasts were large and heavy, and rolled as she held the t-shirt out backwards to the cop. Her stomach was completely without fat. The muscles formed a small, firm V down to the folds of her crotch, from which her little pink clit protruded.   
  
It was like I was seeing her for the first time, all over again, in the antiseptic lighting. I thought again how she went without underwear under her dresses. That highly detailed sex between her legs, full of folds and delicate curves like a nautilus, was always just a few inches of fabric away from the world. But seeing it there, in the stark lights, with the other people in the lounge leaning forward to look at her -- it was like it was all new.   
  
"Miss, you can't do that," said the cop lamely, as he took the t-shirt.  
  
She was covered in hickies and some scrapes. I ogled for a moment, before remembering myself.  
  
I unzipped my parka and held it out to her.   
  
The drawstring at the bottom was pulled tight, and it hung to just below her ass. If she'd wanted, she could have released the drawstring and gotten a few more inches of modesty. And also, she only zipped the zipper halfway up her chest. Though she seemed humbled and out of it, the fact that she didn't completely cover up made me think I knew what she was thinking.  
  
"Oh, sorry about that," she mumbled, still looking at the floor. "I just didn't think it mattered. I mean, the whole fucking city's seen me. I guess this place feels like a doctor's office. They always make me take my clothes off at the doctor's, no matter what... he's a friend of the family. They leave the door open..."  
  
Her voice was so humbled and forlorn that the cop let the matter drop. He said, "Give it some time, it will feel like it never happened."   
  
"Too bad," she muttered, but he didn't catch it.   
  
He said to me, "The detectives have her contact information, if they follow up with the instance. She didn't want to press charges."   
  
"I'll bet it's pretty embarrassing," I explained.  
  
"Mmmm," he said. He backed out of the room, still staring at her legs.   
  
"Thanks for handling her so well," I called.   
  
"You a prostitute?"   
  
Carol and I both turned to the new voice. One of the men, sitting along the wall. He was casually dressed, perhaps forty.   
  
Carol wasn't answering him. She was just staring into his eyes, awaiting anything that came next.   
  
I let her wait for a moment, and then took her hand, and walked her out of the building. She was gentle, barely even willing to speak. She clung to me whenever she got the chance. When men stared, she accepted their stares placidly, as if waiting for something.   
  
I led her into the street and signaled for a cab. She slid in first, the parka sliding up her hips. If she noticed the rapt attention of the driver, she didn't react.   
  
She didn't fix her clothing once. She snuggled against me, and let me play with the zipper on the front while the cab navigated the ebb and flow of traffic. I lowered the zipper a few inches, giving myself (and the driver) something to look at.  
  
"I made it to the park," she said sleepily, her eyes closed. "I was dancing in the middle where the fountain is. Nobody hurt me. But there were a lot of hands, and I remember a whole bunch of cameras."  
  
"You're okay?"  
  
"I'm okay. Will you get me breakfast, and then let me sleep? I'm so tired."  
  
"Sure."  
  
She nodded at the zipper in my hand. "If you want me to be naked, you can unzip that."   
  
"I'm fine," I said.  
  
She stirred again. "I don't care, if you want to unzip it."   
  
"Just rest."  
  
She was quiet, but only for a moment. "I think you ought to unzip it." She glanced pointedly at the back of the driver's head.  
  
If only to quiet her down, I unzipped the parka all the way.   
  
She waited until the next red light. The cab driver couldn't help himself, and turned his head to stare at her. For myself, I just adopted a kooky grin.  
  
She gave him a small smile, and said, "There." And then she finally fell asleep.  
  
She woke when I zipped her back up -- but just the bottom few inches, leaving the rest open. We paused by the deli outside my apartment. She didn't want to go in, she wanted to wait on the sidewalk.   
  
I glanced at her through the window as the deli workers were preparing our order. She looked tasty -- the all but unzipped parka showing the curves of her chest, her legs looking firm and tan in the morning sun. Barefoot. People passed by, staring at her. She met their gazes with a soft, open-mouthed expression, as if they were all her lovers.   
  
She was quite a sight, and even the cashier commented on her. "She yours?"   
  
"Yeah," I said. "You could say that."  
  
"Sort of looks like she's naked," he said.  
  
"She is," I said. "She's just wearing the wind-breaker."  
  
"Lucky man," he said. "These girls, huh? Bring her in sometime."   
  
"I sure will," I said, and left.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
In the apartment, my roommates were just getting up. I felt like I'd had a whole day already. They were as groggy as Carol as I led her past them. They were in a frozen pose around the coffee maker, as it gurgled coffee into the urn.  
  
She mumbled, "If you want me to fuck them, I will."   
  
"Later," I said.   
  
We were in the hallway before they reacted. Saul called, "Did I just hear her say she'd fuck us?"   
  
"She's drunk," I shouted back. "Let her rest."   
  
I turned to find her walking to the window. She was on automatic pilot, going through all the motions. Pulling the curtains apart, she faced out the window and unzipped the parka. It slid off her shoulders, and she was again naked as the day she was born. I let my eyes slide over the vast expanse of flawless skin, the curves of her ass, the insides of her knees, the rippling ululation of her spine. (The bruises, the hickies. The phone number...?)  
  
In the broad light, I saw that people had written stuff on her in different pens. A signature on her left breast. A phone number on her inner thigh. A gang sign on her ass. A Taxi Cab sticker on her shoulder. She'd given herself to the city, and it had covered her in graffiti. I liked it. A lot.  
  
She opened the window, and let the cool early-fall air into the room.   
  
Though I pulled out the breakfast, she stayed by the window, until -- "There," she said. It was the same tone of voice she'd had with the cab driver.   
  
"Someone see you?" I asked.   
  
"Yeah. Hi there, little guy. You're a midget to me, from up here!" She waved tiredly.  
  
"Come over here," I said. "You're in a mood."  
  
She turned like an automaton and came to the bed. She didn't notice that I'd left the door to the room open. If she was indeed a 'gift to the world,' then I could surely play along.   
  
She sat indian-style, picking at the food. My horny roommates, more than once, passed by the door, staring in. She didn't notice them.   
  
"Are you still mine?" I asked finally. I really wanted to know. Like her, I'd been operating on habit.   
  
"Mmmm?" She chewed, meeting my eyes. "Yes, honey." Her voice was flat.  
  
"Are you sure?"   
  
"I'm just so tired," she said. Then she smirked. "My jaw hurts. From keeping it open so long? I feel like a big sponge full of cum. Like someone squeezed me out, and used me to mop up the floors of that theater we went to last night."   
  
"Oh." Well, at least we were talking.  
  
"Or," she added. "Like I was spread out on the floor, and I licked every square inch of that place."  
  
"Uh-huh," I said.   
  
"Do you even know what it's like to feel that dirty?"   
  
"No," I said, honestly.  
  
"I feel too dirty to even eat. Like my tongue is too dirty, and the food is getting ruined." She shrugged. "But I need my strength. You know why I need my strength?"   
  
"Why?"   
  
She looked me in the eye. "So we can do it again. After that experience last night, Tyler, nothing I can think of will make me that dirty again. In a few days, I'll probably be all clean. And we'll have to do it all over again."  
  
"If you wish," I said, hesitantly.   
  
"I'm like you wanted me from the start. A big gift to the world." She suddenly teared up again. By this time, I certainly wasn't sure if she was happy or sad. In the past, her tears had all be tears of happiness. She'd never been sad, and cried, in my presence. But after all that had happened, I couldn't be sure.   
  
She continued, "I wasn't sure, but you were right all along. It's as if you've made dozens of girls like me. You went bang, bang, bang, and gave me hoops to jump through. And it was all so right. How did you know?"   
  
"Are you still mine?" I asked again.  
  
She touched her left breast, indicating her heart. "This is yours." She touched her forehead. "This is yours. But this -- " she slid her hand to her lips, then down to her breasts, then down to the split between her legs. She fingered herself, even as Saul passed the open door again. "My body is not mine to give anymore. Is that okay? Is it okay if it belongs to everybody, and not just you, and not just me?"  
  
"Yes, that's okay," I said.   
  
"That's what I figured out last night. In the cab, before I left you? I was wondering if my mind, my special self that loves you -- I was wondering if that spark could just be hidden from the world. If I could walk myself into the world like a robot, and sit in my secret place, and watch the world do whatever the world wanted to do to me." She leaned forward. "Did you jack off to me last night?"   
  
"Yes," I said. If I couldn't contribute to her monologue, the least I could do was be honest. "I imagined I was giving you to strangers, for the stupidest of reasons. And you were fucking and sucking them all."   
  
"Yes," she nodded. "That's it exactly. I feel, finally, like I can be your girlfriend."   
  
I rocked back in shock.   
  
"If you want me," she added meekly.   
  
"Yes! I want you!" I blurted.   
  
"I'm sorry I took so long," she said. "I just couldn't find my zone. I feel... I feel like I've been coming for the last twenty-four hours. I feel like I can't orgasm unless it's dirty. I feel like I want to stay dirty forever."  
  
I just nodded at her. She was certainly in a strange mood. So defenseless, so honest with me I almost felt humbled. She had no barriers put up against me at all. Like I could obliterate her with a few nasty words -- not that I would or could. But she trusted me that much. She was sharing horrible, foundational secrets about herself -- but the secrets were about her surrender. About releasing herself. By completely letting go, she was entering into safety.   
  
If she was cheap, how could she be cheapened?  
  
I was exhaustingly, tidally relieved. She wasn't letting me go, or closing me out. She was bringing me closer. It made me feel like an insect, in a way. And jealous of her openness. What could I do, to feel just as close to her? Can a man even surrender that much? Is there a way? Is there a way for a man to be as large as an ocean, and as small as spark?  
  
She had finished her breakfast, and was just watching me catch up to her.   
  
I reached for her, and she came to me. I had my cock out -- unzipped my jeans, that was it, and she was straddling me, facing the door. I thought, 'fuck it,' and decided not to worry about my roommates. They'd get her soon enough as it was.  
  
She looked down at me from above, and guided my hands to her breasts. I was completely dressed, and she was completely naked. This was the same skin she had walked into the Village last night, the same skin she had uncovered at the police station, and again in the cab. Not even a shower between the adventures of last night, and the naked vision above me then. She smelled fresh, somehow, despite all that.   
  
She had my cock inside her snatch with one wet, muscular grab, and her vaginal muscles milked it tightly. She stared at my eyes, ignoring the footsteps in the hall. My sick roommates, pornoholics all of them, were probably clustered in the doorway behind my head, staring at her rocking on my torso. They were nice guys, but I knew enough not to trust them around any woman in the apartment. They would take what was offered, and then ask for seconds. It was their idea of being polite.  
  
Carol paid them no attention. She rode my cock, rocking her hips, clutching my hands to her breasts. My tired, abused penis had no trouble staying hard. No trouble with anything. It was partly relief, partly sensory overload, but I came hugely. In my mind when I came, was the vision of Carol, detached from herself, throwing the dress into the cab and walking naked into the Village. Yeah, so sue me -- it was hot, in some ways.   
  
When I was done gasping -- and Carol was drawing fluttery breaths as she came down from her own orgasm -- she pulled herself off my cock and knelt with her snatch above my chest.   
  
She glanced at the doorway, and back down at me. I finally arched my head and looked back. The three of them were in the doorway, their mouths agape, all hairy and disheveled.   
  
"Jeez," I moaned. They were so annoying. "Okay, fine!"   
  
"Okay, fine, what?" came Saul's voice.  
  
Carol was staring down at me. I met her eyes, and said, "Okay, fine, fuck her already. Just do me a favor, don't call her Carol anymore. You can call her 'Slut,' or 'Cock-tease.' If there's company, you can call her, 'C.T.'"   
  
She gave a very slight smile, and then said to them, "That's my nickname."   
  
The fools didn't know when they had a good thing. Saul asked, "Does she suck cock?"  
  
"Does a bear poop in the woods?" I returned.  
  
She shifted her weight, and crawled off me. Her breasts bobbed below her for a second, and then she was standing next to the bed. She still looked tired, but now slightly interested. She walked out of the bedroom, her fingers trailing along my arm until she was gone.  
  
My roommates were cavorting around, getting the living room ready, by the sound of it. As I listened, a porno came alive on the VCR. It was strangely calming, listening to the activity out there.   
  
Saul's voice came, "Let me get a finger in there. Oh, yeah. Guys, she is so wet."   
  
"You know what I want to do?" Andy's voice rang out. "I want to put her up, spread-eagled at the window, and fuck her from behind. Yeah! Show the world we have our very own fuck-toy!"   
  
"Will you do that?" asked Saul. "I know it's kind of cliche."  
  
"Yes," came Carol's voice. "I'll do that. Give me all your cliches, I'll do 'em."  
  
"Put your mouth on this," said Fred. Then, a moment later: "Oh, guys. You gotta try her mouth. She's fucking insane on the cock."

**Carol Ch. 14**

I dozed off to sleep and didn't wake until two hours later, when she came back into bed. She slept like a log for 12 hours, and then went out with my roommates again while I did homework in my room.   
  
By the time Sunday rolled around, we were all in a daze. The porn movies on the TV were rolling non-stop, and all of us, getting off in Carol's mouth, or her 'puddy' as she called it, or her ass, were hard-pressed to say where the porn ended and Carol began.  
  
Sunday afternoon, we were all waiting on the coffee maker. Carol had just finished a call home, saying she would stay in the city another night with her girl friend. She'd been naked for thirty-six hours, and none of us had really spoken to her except to tell her what to do. She was sitting on a kitchen chair, idly stroking Saul's cock as it stuck out of his boxers.   
  
I watched her with a satisfied smile. She saw it, and her lips curved in answer. With a word, I could tell her to go down on him. Or I could just tap her knee -- the guys loved that trick. When I first tapped her knee in the living room, she had slid off the couch and in front of me, saliva running out of her mouth. She was a little embarrassed, especially since everybody noticed. But embarrassment turned to pride, as they all told her how impressed they were. Like Pavlov's dog, they said. It made her giggle.  
  
Saul was thinking the same thing I was. He said, "C'mon, suck me. Okay?"   
  
"Okay," she said.   
  
We watched as she got to her knees in front of him. Her fingers wrapped around his cock, and I was even a little jealous that Saul could get hard at all. Her knees were on our grimy floor, which hadn't been washed since we moved in.  
  
We were, for the most part, too worn out to play with her. She was stretched on the floor in front of the couch, lying on her back with her head turned to watch the porn on the TV. It was some 'true-life' movie, where the camera followed a girl around the city, even into a porn shop on Times Square. The things the girl did with stranger -- I could hardly believe them, but there it was: fact, documented by video. During the Glory Hole scenes, Carol had a little smile on her face.  
  
My roommates were talking about what we could do with her, given that we didn't have a complete erection between us. They called out some of the better ideas to Carol, who would answer, 'Okay,' or 'Sure.' I think they liked that best -- the quick, unconsidering way she agreed to everything.   
  
Then they hit on it. They'd get a pizza delivered by a guy they knew at a nearby pizza shop. We'd hung out with him before.   
  
"What do you say, Carol?" Saul asked.  
  
Carol's head jerked over. "About what?"   
  
"Wanna blow the pizza guy?" He leered at her.   
  
"Sure," she said. "I haven't done that cliche."  
  
"Here's the phone. You call, you ask for Timmy to deliver it. He's gonna freak."   
  
She sat up and took the phone. "What's the number?" There was a slight challenge in her voice.  
  
My roommates were all excited by this. They were reaching out with their feet, running their toes over her legs and stomach. Saul tweaked her nipple with his foot. "Here, kiss my foot and I'll tell you."  
  
Without pausing to think, she took his big toe in her mouth, and sucked on it. He watched, mesmerized, until she raised her eyebrows and wiggled the phone.  
  
He told her the number, and she dialed. When the pizza shop answered, she uncapped Saul's toe and said, "I need Timmy to deliver a pizza to..." she gave our address.  
  
I gestured her over, and she laid across our laps while we watched the porn flick. With four guys together on the couch, she was stretched across our laps. I was the lucky one, because her head was in my lap.   
  
As I watched their hands on her, and thought about pizza deliveries in general, I felt my cock stir. All I had to do was pull it out, and lay it against her cheek. She turned her head and covered it with her mouth, sucking softly on its nearly flaccid length. Her tongue lathered the underside, generating shivers from what I thought was dead flesh.   
  
My roommates were watching her nurse on me when the doorbell rang.   
  
"Up!" cried Saul. "This is it!"   
  
Carol sat up, hands running all over her. She knew without anybody saying it that she was expected to answer the door. She strode languidly over, turned the knob, and opened the door wide.   
  
"Okay -- what!" said Timmy. He was a white-bearded older man, dressed like a biker, and at the moment he had a shocked expression on his face.   
  
Carol stood aside wordlessly and let him in.  
  
"Surprise!" cried Andy. "We got a new toy! Isn't she great?"   
  
"Who's the girl?" Timmy asked.   
  
"We call her anything we need, to get off," said Saul. He was enjoying Timmy's confusion. "She's Tyler's girlfriend, and she's built like the shit, isn't she?"  
  
Timmy looked at me doubtfully. "Your girlfriend?"   
  
"Yeah," I said. "This is Carol."  
  
Carol looked from him, to me, then back to him. She nodded to him.   
  
"Do you talk?" Timmy asked her.  
  
"Not with your penis in my mouth," she said, raising one eyebrow.  
  
"Well, fuck. This is the fuckenest fucked-up thing..." Timmy closed the door behind him. "I thought you were calling me over for beer and porn break."   
  
"We ran out of cocks," Andy explained. "So we ordered out for more, isn't that right, Cock-sucker?"   
  
Carol's eyelids fluttered. She said, "Yes, that's right."   
  
Timmy dropped his pizza and popped open his belt. "Well, shit. Get on it then, girl."  
  
Was it only four months ago, I was walking her to my apartment? Only four months ago, I was convincing her that she could wear short skirts all the time, and barely notice?   
  
I watched with fascination as she dropped to her knees in front of this big, rank man, and shoveled his cock out of his underwear. She cupped it in her hands, and rubbed her cheek on it, her eyes slitted. When she opened her mouth to bring it in, a pool of saliva ran down her chin, and she hurried to fit his member between her lips.   
  
"Oh, fuck," said Timmy, staring down at her. "Her mouth is so wet! Is this really happening?"   
  
"Now you wanna deliver pizzas here, right? No more bitching about the tip?"   
  
Timmy grunted as she bobbed down on his whole length. "Mmm! I'm thinking free pizzas, whenever she's here!"   
  
"Yeah!" Saul slapped hands with Andy. Fred punched my shoulder.   
  
Fred said, "Cock-tease is more than just fun. She's a fucking revenue stream! We're gonna get free pizzas from now on! What do you think of that, slut?"   
  
She pulled off just long enough to say, "It doesn't have to be just pizza."   
  
That lead to a whole new round of male bonding. We watched as Carol quickly brought him off. True to our rules -- they seemed so far away now -- she took one of his spurts on her cheek. She hadn't been doing that with the roommates, so I guess Timmy qualified in her mind as a 'regular' blow-job rather than a special 'apartment' blow-job.   
  
When she rocked back on her knees, leaving Timmy's member limp outside his jeans, the cum had rolled down her chin to her neck. Her fingers went to the globule, broke it apart, and massaged it onto her throat. Then her fingers went into her mouth.   
  
"She's in-fucking-credible," breathed Timmy. "I need to bring my buddies up here, someday."   
  
"Yes," said Saul, looking very turned on. "With her, we can have parties now."   
  
Timmy caught her chin, steered her gaze to his eyes. "Little girl, you think you could do that again?"   
  
"Sure," she said.   
  
"Could you do it to a few guys I know? They'll never believe me."   
  
"Yes, I could," she said. Whenever she said 'yes' to something, I noticed, it was clear and very articulate. As if great importance was attached to saying yes to something she hadn't ever said no to. She later confessed to me that when she said yes, it was a part of the turn-on for her. She could feel her boundaries collapsing with each new yes.   
  
After Timmy left, and the pizza was eaten, we were all pretty exhausted. Carol was slouched on the couch, on top of Andy, and looking so relaxed and wanton that Ihad to think of something new for her. The phone was in my lap -- I was thinking we would call out for someone, if need be.   
  
Then I remembered: I had a phone number. "I-deeaaaa!"   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Carol and the cab driver  
  
I went quickly to my bedroom, and dug through my pockets. There it was.  
  
I went out, and showed the guys the phone number written on the taxi receipt. "This is a guy from the other night. I promised him Carol would suck him off."   
  
"You did?" Carol asked, stirring suddenly. "That last cab driver? Or one of the others?"  
  
"The last guy. I wasn't serious then, but lucky for us, I got the number, right?" I passed it to her. My flux of energy spent, I sank to the ground. "Give him a call for me, will you?"   
  
Carol gave me a long look, and reached for the phone.   
  
"Hello?" she said. "Yes, uh. I'm that girl from the other night. Who took off her clothes and got out of the cab?"   
  
This caused much interest for my roommates.   
  
"I'll tell you about it later," I whispered.  
  
"Yeah. My name is Carol. Um. Or Cock-tease," she grimaced as she said it. We were laughing silently all around her. "Yeah. My boyfriend said I should call you."  
  
She paused. "For what?" She glanced at me, her eyes wide. Then she bit her lip and just said it. "You should drive over here. I'll meet your cab. I should... I want to give you a blow-job."   
  
She waited while he talked, then said, "Yes. I'll go down on you. Like he said.What? It doesn't matter what you think, does it? Look, just keep your advice to yourself. If I want to give you a blow-job, then I will. So what if I'm a slut?"  
  
She gave a frustrated puff, then put the phone against her shoulder. "This asshole is treating me like trash. Are you sure I should do him?"   
  
I gave a tight, hungry little nod. "You're not trash," I said, a little rushed, a little flippant.  
  
She went back on the phone, "What? Yes. I'm a big slut. A big slut. Okay? And I want to suck your cock, so you come in my mouth. Is that okay? All I know, is that my boyfriend says I should suck your cock. Oh. Now it's okay, is it? Yes, he told me to." She whispered to us, "Now it's okay, because of Tyler's say-so. What's that about?"  
  
We listened as she gave him the address.   
  
"Boy, he is an asshole," I said, when she hung up.   
  
She said, "I have to go down and meet him. He thinks you're going to steal his cab or something. He's only a few blocks away."   
  
"Okay," I said. "Get dressed. Have him park under the window, so we can all see."   
  
"Shit," she said. She stood, looking around. "I have no clothes, remember?"   
  
She dug through a pile on the floor, then pulled up a pair of Frank's boxer briefs. They were loose on her, and slid down her hips, which was okay -- she could hold them up. For a top, Saul produced a tight little muscle-shirt that really didn't do much to cover her.   
  
By the time she was going through the door, still barefoot, she had recovered some of her good humor. She blew me a kiss, and closed the door behind her.   
  
We rushed to the window and looked down. Before long, she appeared on the stoop. She looked down the street, but didn't see any cabs. We had a five minute wait, during which Saul, Andy and Frank spat out the window at her. They really were infantile. A big gob hit her shoulder, finally, and she looked up. Another string of spittle roped across her chest, hitting inside the muscle shirt.  
  
She gave us the finger -- but didn't move. She just wiped the spit off, as another pool splashed on her knee. Other than that, she traded innocent looks with the few people who passed on the street. She was a vision -- the muscle shirt was thin and loose, the dark circles of her nipples easily visible through the fabric. The boxer briefs lay on the stoop off her ass, absurdly too large.  
  
Finally, our cab zoomed up the street. It skidded to a stop in front of her, and went dead.  
  
Carol stood, and dusted off her ass. She waited for a clump of teen-agers to pass -- they turned around and walked backwards to watch her -- and gingerly picked her bare-foot way across the sidewalk.   
  
"Will she do it?" Saul asked, in an announcer's voice.   
  
"Do you have any doubt?" I answered.   
  
She opened the door, and slid into the front passenger seat.   
  
"She's in! Man!" Andy was shaking his head. "She really never says no to anything."  
  
"She's in there sucking him off," whispered Saul. "With her endless saliva. Her super-hero tongue. Blowing some guy who treated her like shit on the phone not five minutes ago. I can't believe her."   
  
I smiled to myself. Not that my roommate's opinions counted for much, but it was nice to see her spell working on them. They had only ever seen her at her raunchiest. They didn't know she could crack jokes, or ace an exam. And, though she had been nothing but a series of holes for them for the entire weekend, even they were proud of her. They were protective, and even possessive. I don't know how she did it.  
  
Only a few minutes later, the door opened again. She climbed out of the front seat, slamming the door shut behind her. This time barreling past the pedestrians, she sped up to the door and disappeared, without looking back. The cab pulled away slowly.   
  
We heard her knock at the door. When Saul opened it, Carol was there, panting from a run up the stairs.   
  
"Do it again!" said Saul. "We'll call another cab!"  
  
She stepped into the apartment. She let go of her boxers, and they slid to the ground. Then she opened her mouth -- there was a huge pool of milky white cum, barely restrained from running over her chin by her bottom lip.   
  
"Ooh," said Frank, marveling. "She kept his cum."   
  
"You're the best," I said. Her eyes wrinkled at me, in a mouthless smile.   
  
"She is. She's fuckin' wonderful," said Fred.   
  
Carol swallowed the cum finally, and peeled out of the shirt. "You wanna shut that door?" she said to Saul.   
  
We were so impressed with her, she laughed at us. We all wanted to snuggle her, hug her, keep her warm. With all the mooning, the strokes, the offers to get her something to drink -- she burst out laughing. "You guys are such freaks. All I did was go down on him!"   
  
"They're your freaks," I said.   
  
Carol patted my cheek. It was the most she could do, she was so immobilized by my three roommates. She said, "Let's watch that porno again. The one with the glory holes?"   
  
"You know," said Frank casually, as I popped the cassette in. "We could take you to a glory hole someday."   
  
"Really?" she asked, all innocent. "Do they really exist?"   
  
"If they do, will you go?"  
  
Without pausing to consider, she said, "Sure. Okay."  
  
After that weekend, Carol was pretty much fair game in the apartment. Most of the time, I still fell asleep with her next to me. But if I dozed off and she was gone, at least I had her with me in a way. I could hear the guys working on her, the fluid sounds of intercourse, the muffled cries as they came.   
  
I don't think I ever heard her come, except with me. But I couldn't be sure. Sometimes I listened to her progress through the apartment, from room to room, as she brought off my roommates. Then, if I was awake, I waited for her to appear in the doorway.   
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The illustrated woman  
  
On Monday morning, we were lying next to each other, staring into each other's eyes. The Long Weekend was over, and I doubt we had ever been more tired.  
  
I said, "I don't think we can do this every week-end."  
  
"Why not?" she giggled. "But you know, we crossed a lot of boundaries since Friday. I wonder how school will be. I have class in two hours."  
  
"I can barely imagine."  
  
"Well, I've been thinking about it," Carol said, predictably. "For the last four months, everything has been 'teasy' and innocent. But I don't think it can be that way anymore, do you? Now that it's going to spread that I'm not a 'tease'. Now that the pictures of me at the fountain in the park are probably all over the university. People will be asking me for -- well, and I'll be saying 'yes.'"  
  
"That's their problem," I said. "You be what you want to be. If you want to be innocent, be innocent."  
  
"I don't want to be innocent," she said, stretching. "I want to blow the rest of the semester out of the water. I want to be pulled in by the campus cops. I want to get into trouble three times a week. I want to be arrested again."  
  
She put a finger on my lips, stifling my alarmed response. "Just thoughts. We'll take it one day at a time, like we always do. Your assignment today -- is to dress me provocatively. All you have are your clothes, and maybe your roommates'. I don't mean showy, I mean provocative. For a while, I don't want to be a tease, I want to be the real thing. The type of girl you wouldn't bring home to meet your mom. Can we do that?"  
  
"You bet we can," I croaked. "Take a shower and clean up. Put on some dark eye-makeup. I have some make-up you left in the dresser over there."  
  
By raiding the apartment, we made her ensemble.   
  
She was wearing a muscle shirt with paint stains and some strategic tears, the largest (accidental) one held together with a safety pin just beside the nipple of her left breast. The shirt was tied up to show her waist.   
  
For her skirt, I'd taken my nice button-up shirt, and cut it at the waist. I wrapped the bottom half around her bottom half, where it looked clean and starchy and pretty, and moreover flapped out stiffly like a bell from her legs. After we got done adjusting the wrap, pinning it down, and covering the ragged waistline with an old neck-tie, it looked... well, pretty dumb. But not unfashionable.  
  
Saul threw in his ex-girlfriend's hiking boots, it was all we could find. Andy put a few ropes of Mardi Gras beads around her neck, which looked surprisingly good -- they hung down between her breasts, under her muscle shirt, where you could see them through the fabric. Frank wanted to twist her hair -- but I rejected that. I wanted her blonde tresses as beautiful and high maintenance-looking as ever.  
  
By this point she looked punky and inviting, but not provocative. Not enough for me. Sure, if I didn't know her I'd savor her as she walked past, but I wouldn't necessarily cry like a baby and follow her while whimpering.  
  
And then I remembered how the city had graffitied her.  
  
So we sat around Carol, and drew on her with her eye-liner pencils. A sun-burst around her navel. A snake around her nipple. Signatures all up and down her chest -- as if she'd been signed by a rock band in their touring bus. Little dirty phrases in small letters -- "ask me 3 times", "cock-sucker" (small print in her clavicle), "try me out", "I'll kiss you". We let loose with our imaginative worst, and by the end of it, by the time she was fully illustrated from her calf to her inner thigh to her belly to her chest to her neck, we were completely turned on.  
  
She smoothed her muscle-shirt back down. Text in different hand-writing curved around her breasts, going covered by the white ribbed fabric (faintly readable) and coming back out on the other side of her breast. Words were half-legible under the cotton, an invitation to lean in close and stare, to try to read her, to start a conversation.   
  
It was the kind of look that a girl might do once in her life. (Carol didn't ask me to dress her again, ha-ha.)  
  
In the end, I don't know how well I did with the 'dressing her up provocatively' thing... I can say that Carol looked like my own perfect fantasy girl-on-the-street. She generously said she loved it, kissed me deeply, and went out into Manhattan, alone.   
  
And, pretty much, out of my life.   
  
When I look back, that was the last time I felt really close to her. After that, we had a lot of fun, but she was leading the way and dragging me along.

**Carol Ch. 15**

In the end, I had a dizzying eight months with Carol. In these long chapters I've related the first few months, and how fast and how far we went. We went very, very far.   
  
Shall I touch on everything? Short as life seems sometimes, the episodes stacked up quickly, and college kids seem to have experiences compressed into very short spaces. In college we lived whole relationships in the course of a weekend.   
  
Shall I talk about how she opened "Carol College" in the study carrel in the Library? Once the word got out among her guy-friends, we have to rescind the "ask me three times" rule (except on secret, randomly picked dates). Let me say, she was kept busy, and each day she was brimming with... kinky things to report to me.  
  
Should I cover her (attempted) seduction of a teacher's assistant for a language lab, just so he would adjust her grade down to a B? He shocked her with a turn-down, but then I guess bragged to the other TAs. She was asked to stay after several classes, for innocent conversations filled with smoldering stares. Carol didn't really want to screw up her academics, so she merely teased them mercilessly. Several stories there!  
  
Should I touch on how she eventually did get her job as a stripper (at the seediest place you could imagine)? How she would go there after spending hours as a shot-girl in a liquor-drenched micro-bikini? How she ran across an ex-boyfriend (who'd dropped her painfully) and she spent the evening giving his friend lap-dances while he stewed?   
  
How she turned tricks for gas money as we drove down to Mardi Gras. How she got arrested at Mardi Gras. How she got a job at a video rental place just so she could be fired for incredibly improper behavior?  
  
How, for two crazy weeks, she wore the same frock, and had her friends hole-punch it whenever they wanted? -- That was one of my last inspirations, when I was running out of ideas. She carried the hole-punch with her, and anybody who talked to her got invited to make a little hole in her dress. A 'social experiment', she told everybody, including her sociology professor, who helpfully documented it with pictures every day. It made for an "A" paper.  
  
My roommates helped. We threw an 'avant garde' party where we pretended Carol was a performance artist. She handed out flyers on the street with a picture of her in panties and a scarf in Times Square (that was a big adventure too). For the party she dressed the same, and played a clueless poser. When the attendees started complaining about the lameness (she was reciting poetry and trying to juggle), she pretended to get very worried, and lose her composure.   
  
She bit her lip prettily, saying, "And I'll finish with a... I don't know. It's very advanced, if you don't know art. I'm going to be the exhibit." She turned down the lights and lay down on the coffee table, taking the guests into her one by one, everybody who had the nerve. Then she asked them to fill out short feedback forms on her performance, 'for her art teacher.' That lead to an "A" for Saul's photography class.  
  
And then there was that time we took her to suck a horse. We were quite drunk when Carol showed up heard us snickering about something. We finally suggested it to her. "Erm..." she said. "Um... okay. Is that even done?" Saul's friend worked in a stable in mid-town, and was very interested in filming Carol. As it turned out, we couldn't find the stable, even though Carol kept stopping the cab to ask directions.  
  
Each adventure is just a blur in the mind now, until I think about it closely and review it step by step. There is no time for a Tolstoy-sized novel. Looking back, it was one of the craziest, most alive times of my life.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Break-up sex  
  
The reason Carol and I split up was prosaic. A huge chunk of my brain was telling me, college is for getting experience, fand for putting notches in the bedpost. After eight months with Carol, my life-tally was still three girls slept-with, four girls made-out with. Hers was on the level of eighty men slept-with, a hundred-sixty sucked, untold hundreds made-out with or groped-by. And that wasn't counting repeats.  
  
I'm not exaggerating. Carol worked it out for me, on our last night. "About ten guys a month, on average," she said.   
  
She was pulling out of her red micro-dress. She was the only stripper I'd heard of who wore her stage costumes out of the club after working, with her day clothes in her backpack.   
  
She clarified, "Ten different guys fucked each month, usually three per week. Our first months were pretty low, until I got with the program. The last few have been really crazy. And I was sucking dick by month four, remember? But twenty different guys sucked per month might be low, since you started taking me to the adult bookstores all the time. And Saul takes me to a different one when you're studying, so there's that too."  
  
On my bookshelf, we had jars filled with jelly bellies. Each night she'd drop beans into each jar: Men sucked, men fucked, men who groped her, men she kissed, men "on the hook" for all of the above. The jars were a huge turn-on for both of us... especially lately, when she would go downstairs to get coffee or milk, and come back and drop a bean in the "groped" jar.   
  
I still have those jars even today. They're locked in a trunk in the attic somewhere. If I dug them out now, I'd never stop jerking off. College girlfriends hold such power over old men! Each jar with its beans, representing buckets of jism spent on or inside Carol.  
  
"Meanwhile, I've fucked three girls. In my life." I groused.  
  
"More than meeee!" She sang. "Watch this: Today I had classes, and then I 'auditioned' for a job at a law firm." Plink, plink, plink. She dropped jelly beans into the jars. "Then I served shots at the bar, from six to eight." Plink, plink. "You try being a shot girl at six in the effin' afternoon. Lemonade body-shots... who tips forthat? Then I went stripping." Plink, plink. Plink-plink-plink. "And I rode the subway back here." Plink.   
  
Each jar was represented today. She looked at then with deep satisfaction.   
  
"I have a fake-wife gig tomorrow night, so I won't be able to see you."  
  
Oh, yes. She'd put an ad in the personals: Rent-A-Wife. Newly single? Need help around the house? Call Carol! (Ex-stripper.) Watch in disbelief while I take things in hand. Palpable relief. Groups. She liked talking about it, and setting up 'gigs', but thus far hadn't made it out the door. Each time, we succumbed to dirty-talk about what she'd be doing, then we would jump into the sack, and she would have to cancel.  
  
Forget how coarse she had become sometimes (mostly a turn-on). Forget her growing distance from me and all the men. Our big problem was that we hardly talked. I hardly saw her anymore. There are only so many hours in the day, and her time was completely divided as she searched for the next new high.  
  
No.  
  
None of that is true. We love people for reasons. Because they're pretty, or clever, or ambitious, or because they like us back. We don't shack up with people we don't "connect" with. And that connection is what Carol and I were missing.   
  
See, what I wanted most during that period of life, what Carol had been able to give me, was a girl to run into the mud. A girl to cheapen (and, yeah, I guess, humiliate)... and what's more, the girl had to want it too.   
  
Simply put, after eight months there was nowhere lower for Carol to dip. She was cheerfully shameless, brightly fearless. There were no more raw edges or skinned-up propriety for us to coo over together. I was effectively out of the picture in Carol's adventures.  
  
So I started the break-up.  
  
"I've seen you only two nights in the last ten days."  
  
"We should go see a movie," she said.  
  
"Naw."  
  
"Yeah," she winked in my direction. "I can try to get us in free. I'll take it all the way to the manager if I have to!"  
  
"No," I said.  
  
"Okay then. When the lights go down, I'll disappear. And my task will be to come back at the end with cum all over my chest. I'll just have to find a way. And I can't leave the theater."  
  
"That's not watching a movie together."  
  
"You can dress me! And then afterwards we'll go to a club with black-lights, and I'll be frickin' glowing with cum!"   
  
She started digging money out of her backpack, dropping it on the top of my bureau. The surface was covered with money, singles, fives, twenties, hundreds. More than I could spend, and certainly more than Carol could keep at her house. She added to it daily. My roommates even used it as spending money, which pleased her. When she learned, she crowed, "You're all my bitches! I wonder how many men I could keep supplied?" She didn't care -- there would always be more money.  
  
"I can't do late nights at the end of the semester," I said. "My grades aren't as good as yours."  
  
"Grades!" she snorted. "Then, I can pretend to pass out on the street again. I'll do it right down by your stoop, so you can be studying and looking out the window. Ass-up on the sidewalk and pretending to sleep? That was an insane night, wasn't it?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Bet me at the pool hall? You can gamble me out."  
  
"No..." I held firm. She knew I liked talking about that.  
  
"I'll start bringing back girls, for threesomes," she said. "That will catch you up to me, eventually." I knew how much this cost her to say. She hated the idea of sharing me with anybody.  
  
"No. Well, maybe. I mean no."  
  
"I'll make another pass at my professor, for you." She was starting to look concerned.  
  
I shook my head and looked away.  
  
"I'll spend ten hours at a glory hole, new record!" She offered, I shook my head. "And we can film it. We can mail the pictures to a porn mag, like you always wanted."  
  
I just shook my head.  
  
She sighed. "Fine. And I'll mail a copy of the porn mag to everybody from my high school. I'll pay for it. I'll send it to my Dad's friends. I'll ask them all over for a party and I'll fucking blow them." She looked at me. "Isn't that humiliating enough? With enough planning, we can obliterate the girl I used to be. We can shit all over a high-school girl, me!, and change what I was forever. We haven't talked about going backwards to find something new and low. How much more do I have to humiliate myself?"  
  
"That's not what I'm looking for," I said, feeling miserable. "It's just not what I want."  
  
"I don't get it," she said, finally a little angry. She crawled up the bed to me and pulled the sheet down... of course I was hard. Dirty girl-talk always gets me hard. "Look at you! You're as hard as diamond!"  
  
She climbed onto my lap and eased my cock into her. "Number four, today."  
  
"Four?" I asked. I couldn't help myself.  
  
"Yeah, baby," she said. She started rocking slowly. "And I'm starting to dig the older men. I'm talking, sixty-old, not thirty-old. They're just so needy. But nothing beats a really hard cock."  
  
We went like that for a while, until she said, "You still haven't told me what's bugging you."  
  
"I know. And I know it's not fair."  
  
"You're shy to ask me?" she gave my cock a squeeze. "We're in a no-judgment zone. Remember that?" She smiled, and I couldn't help but smile back.  
  
"You want animals, don't you," she said. "I know it's your thing. You want me to finally suck off that horse. Swallow down buckets of horse-cum? So my stomach sticks out? And you can hear it sloshing while we walk? I'll do it. It can be a regular thing. I'll get a tattoo: sucks horses."  
  
Since when did she think that animals are my thing?  
  
She saw my perplexed look. "Okay! And it will be in the magazine. And I'll send it to everybody I ever knew. And I'll send it to my professors. I have a high school reunion. I'll fucking bring copies, and write my hotel room number on them. I'll have a line out the door of my hotel room... every boy I ever knew... I'll fuck them. Every man and boy who ever saw me, since I got my tits... I'll milk their cum out of them. We can hire a photographer. Who cares if my family finds out, finally?"  
  
I could only shake my head. I could feel how wet the talk was making her.  
  
She said, "Then I can put a new ad in the paper. Rent-A-Dog-Groomer. For the single man, with a pet. Groups okay. All grooming must be filmed."  
  
I finally had to stop her before anything new floated up from her imagination.   
  
"Animals aren't my thing, except maybe to talk about sometimes," I said. "And you're getting incredibly depraved."  
  
"And since when do you not totally get off on me being depraved? Do you hear what I'm saying? Just to get you out of this stupid mood? Since when do I have to beg to be used badly? I haven't had to ask a man since... I don't know when. They all beat me to it. What the hell is wrong with you?"  
  
"We need to break up," I told her.   
  
As soon as I said it, I knew it was really true.  
  
She stopped cold, looking down at me. "I know we do."  
  
She slowly started moving again. And so did I. I pulled her more tightly to me, hands grasping the hot skin of her hips, grinding her clit into my pubic bone. A flush started spreading across her breasts. I wondered how many other men (today alone) had seen that flush.  
  
"You're so wet," I breathed.  
  
She nodded, looking down at me, eyes slowly going wilder. "This morning? On the subway. Some dude behind me put his hand up my skirt."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
"Yeah, T. He had my puddy full in his hand. His fingers were in me. I had to wait until he let go -- you know the rule. I still obey them sometimes, on certain days. According the the rules, I can't break contact anymore. I missed my transfer, because his hand was buried in my puddy."  
  
"And..."  
  
"I came in his hand, honey. And he could feel it. He could feel my need, how I squeezed his fingers. Some guy I never saw." She smirked suddenly. "But one of my old professors saw. He was in the same car as me. Watched the whole thing. He probably knew what was going on, though I was being discreet. I think I'll do a private conference with him later. Invite him out for drinks."  
  
We went on like this until we both finished, and she flopped beside me, breathing hard.  
  
She said, in a tone which was a lot more relaxed, "To tell the truth, I'm glad we're not wrecking my high school years. Sure it would be really wicked. But when I'm twenty-five (or thirty), I have to be able to switch back. To being a normal girl. I'll need some sort of anchor."  
  
"If we know each other when we're thirty, then..."  
  
She interrupted me with a quick kiss. "No, Tyler. At any time in my life, you're in. When I'm thirty five, you can call me on the phone, and tell me what you want me to do. And I'll do it. I'll send you the pictures, if it's not you I'm doing. Call me any time. When I'm a hundred."  
  
"Oh," I said. It sank in. "Wow."  
  
"Yeah," she said. Her look was earnest. "You know what I'm saying? Even if my life is completely different, and I'm as normal and plain-Jane as the next girl. You give me the call, and I'll walk out of my wedding and go whore at a truck-stop, and send you the money."   
  
She thought for a while, and then smiled. "Or hopefully it's something less extreme. Anyway, my husband will just have to understand. I guess I'll have to explain all about myself to whomever I end up with. And maybe I'll make him a little kinky in the process, if I miss 'the life.'"   
  
She glanced over at me, "I fully expect at least a few calls like that, after what we've shared. And I know I'll hear from you during your mid-life crisis. At least, call me once when you're thirty."  
  
I don't know how she did it. Always. She had my mood changed again, and I was starting to giggle.  
  
"And," she said, "I'll get you a rebound girlfriend. Someone who will lose interest in you in, um, two months? To ease our separation process."  
  
I laughed out loud. "I can't imagine it: You, talking to a girl?"  
  
"Hey! I can talk to girls. I can pretend interest." She sat up. "To show you I'm serious, all the rules are off. Really off. No hanky panky. Until I get you the girl, I'm going to be normal."  
  
"Can you even do that?" I asked, agog.  
  
"It will chafe and burn," she said. Then we burst out laughing. "I won't quit my stripping job, or the body-shots, though."  
  
We eventually quieted down. She said, "Here's your rebound girl: Somewhat shy around guys. Not extroverted like me at all. Built like a brick house, not a virgin, okay with oral sex -- but absolutely not easy. Is that vanilla enough? But -- when you get her drunk, she's completely out of control. That's so you can go wild sometimes. Just get her drinking, you have your fun, and she's all apologetic in the morning, and you can tease her and make her blush. Also -- she has some prior commitment, some boyfriend or maybe she's an exchange student, so she's never quite there and she's out of your life when you need it."  
  
I was amazed. "That actually sounds... pretty good. Almost a total reversal. For just two months, right?"  
  
"Right. Just a restorative. And that goody-two-shoes thing is how I'll find her. I'm going to look in bars. She'll be the one in regular boring clothes who is completely blasted, doing body-shots spread on the bar. I'll... seduce her... and bring her back here.   
  
"I'll promise her three guys, and if she agrees then I'll know she's the right girl. We'll sleep with your roommates. In the morning, when you walk out, you meet her. She'll be naked (we must remember to throw her clothes out the window), and hung over, and mortified. You just joke her up, get her breakfast and coffee. You just do your thing. I'll be there... to help."  
  
Her voice quavered. She was tearing up a little. As it turned out, this is exactly what happened. Mandy -- great girl. Mandy and I were both rebounding, and were very 'mature' about our relationship.  
  
"Carol," I said, shaking my head. I gathered her in my arms. "How did you get so cool!"  
  
"I've always been cool. And it's the least I can do, since I'm leaving you."  
  
"Huh!" I said. "I'm leaving you!"  
  
"No, baby. Sorry. I think I left you a long time ago."  
  
And so we settled down to doing what we'd always done best: Planning what Carol would do.  
  
After a while, Andy stopped by the door and asked if Carol would like to see his new bedspread. For the first time in four months, she didn't just say, "Yes." She checked with me.   
  
"Sure," I said. I didn't need her to go off the rules. That was her suggestion.  
  
Carol slid down to the edge of the bed and crooked a finger at him. "Let's stay in here, Andy, okay? Tyler and I have to plan this out." She flipped over on her stomach with her ass in the air, and gave me a wink when she heard Andy step forward.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
When I told my roommates that Carol and I broke up, they almost kicked me out of the apartment. They wouldn't talk to me for days, until Carol started dropping by again after a suitable break, as a friend.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Thirty three  
  
I surfed the web and eventually located her in Missouri, working at a paper company. My email to Carol was simple:   
  
Hi C -- what's your status? -- T  
  
I got back a reply the same day:   
  
So it's you. I'm thirty-two. I'm going through a divorce. My DH cheated on me, I cannot abide that. I'm completely boring and so very, very sad. I don't know who I am anymore. I'm ashamed to tell you this. I'm ashamed all the time.   
  
I remember you. At one time I felt like I was on top of the world. Remember our two-month anniversary dinner? You said that some girls were broken inside, and always sad... am I broken? What happened?

She'd attached some photos. She was at a company picnic, in a halter top and cut-offs. In another she was on the phone in a nightie. In the last, she was standing in front of a fountain in a square (in Europe?) in jeans and a t-shirt -- though clearly with no bra on under the t-shirt.   
  
It was incredibly disorienting to see this woman, who my memory had frozen in the first flush of youth. She now had some wrinkles around her eyes and lips, and she was no longer built of muscle. But she was still leggy, still pneumatic and arrestingly pretty. Time had been very kind to her. She was gorgeous.   
  
Her beauty didn't matter to me in the least.  
  
I wrote back: You are my heart. I am divorced. I am employed. I have no police record. No bad habits. I'm not irretrievably overweight. I want you. Will you marry me?  
  
I was typing fast. I sent it reflexively and then screamed "Shit!" at the computer monitor. Fucking computers! I hadn't wanted to send that last part.  
  
I got a reply in under five minutes. We were almost conversing.   
  
Of course I will marry you, she wrote. Here is what I want: Children, lots. You have to have a cut stomach ASAP. I promise I'll stay hot, or at least thin. And I want you to make me into a crazy woman again. At least until the children come. But not overboard like before. One weekend per month, we're going to make me easy-sleazy, and you're going to like it.  
  
I wrote back: Of course I will like it, but two weekends per month. I've had a few new ideas since college. And -- our children will be beautiful. I can't wait. How do we meet? Are you sure about this?  
  
I sent the message and sat staring at the computer, heart thrumming in my ears. How long before the reply?  
  
The phone rang.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
It was her.   
  
"Hi, T," she managed, and then her voice broke. "Of course I'm sure. You don't think I've been keeping track of you? I wouldn't marry some stranger, for goodness' sake. I don't know how many times I looked you up since my divorce started."  
  
"I need to see you," I croaked. "My poor honey. I need to see you tonight. I can--"   
  
She interrupted me with a laugh. "I just bought a ticket. For three hours from now! Don't you love computers? I'll take a leave of absence from my company. But I bought a one-way ticket. We can drive back and pack up my stuff. Oh!" She stopped suddenly. "Sorry! Is this okay with you?"  
  
"If I can see you in five hours, yes." I don't think I've ever meant anything I've said more wholeheartedly. My whole life, so recently closed in, felt like it was opening up again.  
  
"Um, about the rules..." she started. "Are we...?"  
  
I was already stiff. How did she do that, anyway? "Why not? About the rules."  
  
"I don't really have anything to wear," she said. "In that line. Are you suuuure?"   
  
I could hear the smile in her voice. She was goading me again. I could feel my pulse and I knew her brand of craziness could only be good for me.  
  
I said, "So stop on your way to the airport. Change in the cab. Nothing underneath. Okay? Nothing too young. Just inappropriate. And, you should make friends with someone at the airport or the plane."  
  
"Kissing friends? I don't know if I still have the knack." She giggled. "Look! I'm stupid again! It's much better than being serious and sad."   
  
She kept giggling and I remembered how it could run away with her, if I didn't stop it in time. I said: "We're going to make you a wet dream."  
  
"You actually remember that!" she gasped. Then: "A wet dream for who, Tyler?"  
  
I remembered our first conversation (as boyfriend/girlfriend) like it was yesterday. I changed my response a little from the original: "I'm not jealous. But you're a wet dream for me."  
  
"Then I'm in. We have a lot of catching up to do. You have to hear about the five years after we broke up -- you will not believe how dumb I was. I was awesome."  
  
We spoke for ten more minutes, specifics about the trip. We always liked to plan things. We would meet at the airport, she would just have a carry-on bag. I'd theoretically be able to 'see the goods shaking' (as she put it) as she walked down the concourse, if she was able to find a nice dress. For such a short flight she could certainly be that indecent at least. (Jeez, but I loved her!) And we wouldn't say anything until after we had kissed.  
  
"I'll see you soon, my love," she crooned. "I'm feeling happy again. Are you?"  
  
"Yes. I'm very happy," I said. I had no reservations about telling her that anymore. I had no reservations at all.   
  
What I wanted most was to hear her footstep in the hall, and see her turn the corner with a tired grin, and have our child on her hip. The rest (whatever adventures we would end up having) would be icing on the cake.  
  
I looked around my computer den. Surely she'd expect me to be more organized than I was in college.   
  
I brought the huge garbage can in from the side yard, and started making room in the house.