**The Mad Dance**

by Cormac29ru

**Part 1**

Ending up naked in front of a large group of people doesn’t happen by chance. It takes several missteps along the way. I mean, there’s a lot of things that go wrong beforehand. Not just that day. There are dominoes that fall so far back that by the time it happens, you don’t even see them.

My name’s Caitlin, by the way. I was a member of the girls swim team at Newton U. I was actually pretty good, not Olympic good but still. I major in Business. Anyways, this story begins at the annual Newton University Mud Volleyball Festival, held every Spring Semester, affectionately and unofficially known as Dirty Balls. I should call it ours story, as two other members of the team, Brooke and Olivia, were right alongside me. This was not, of course, due to our performance. Level of play wasn’t a priority at Dirty Balls; it was mainly about fun and laughs. A handful of people remembered who won the tournament each year, but almost all of the students could list off the best team costume winners for the past five years running. We entered with the team name of the Ring Girls, our hair in front of our faces and in white dresses like the girl from the movie The Ring, although our outfits were a bit shorter to show off the positive effects of a life spent in the pool. And we had done well in competition, climbing into the quarterfinals.

No, things started to fall apart for us immediately after the tournament, specifically during the post showers. After the first Dirty Balls, the University was eager to provide rudimentary outdoor plumbing for the event so students could pull the initial layers of dirt off their costumes. The price of running some pipes up in the air above a slightly raised stage was much cheaper than the cleaning bill that came from scrubbing mud out of dorm hallways as students went back to their rooms. These showers were open to the air, on a slightly raised wooden stage that straddled the grass and parking lot, and were a fairly public event. Needless to say, there was an appreciable number of students who hung around the area to take in the scenery of some other their classmates soaked to the bone.

Now, as a group of swimmers, we were certainly experienced enough with water to check beforehand that our dresses were not see-through when wet and could stand up to the weight of mud and water combined. Besides, both of those mistakes were well known to the current generation at Newton U. Anecdotally, there were rumors of teams in the seventies wearing togas not checking for transparency once wet, to the delight of the crowd. However, there was actual visual evidence of the second mistake, the issue of costume weight. Back in 1996, four members of the Student Council were immensely proud of their Braveheart costumes and make-up, spending the day laughing off questions as to whether they had dressed (or undressed) as true Scots. For two of those students, Karen Beals, school treasurer, and Johnathan Olit, Council Secretary, their kilts had stood up admirably to the mud, but the additional weight of the water caused them to rip clean from their bodies, making it clear that yes, they had gone what I’ve heard called “regimental” underneath. Johnathan had made what he thought was the wise decision to simply clasp his hands over his exposed crotch. However, it was noticed that he had to adjust his hands to remain covered, being unexpectedly affected by this public exposure. That combined with people behind him noticing a rather prominent birthmark on the side of his butt led to him spending the remains of his college career answering to “Wild Strawberry” or “Strawberry Beefcake.”

From the even worse department, Karen, whose outfit had held a bit longer than Johnathan, suddenly felt hers fall. Unlike him, she made the decision to bend over in a wild grab for her kilt. Unfortunately, this caused her to fall forward off the stage in a bit of a summersault, which caused the repurposed plaid fabric that had pooled at her heels to be flung into the crowd. Fortunately, after a brief skid, Karen was merely dazed by the fall. However, she spent quite a few seconds getting her bearings, which allowed several students to record fact that her cut off tank top had slid up above her breasts, and her legs were slightly apart. By the time she had gained her feet, the kilt she had been wearing was nowhere to be found and her attempt to pull down on the shirt she was wearing caused some unfortunate ripping around the side covering her left breast, which left her scrambling to cover what she could.

The primary result was that Newton University was forced to grapple with the fact that, the following year, while she didn’t run for office, she won treasurer again as a write-in candidate due to the huge popularity and numbers of “Karen Beals – Hiding Nothing from students” posters that dominated campus. While nothing was ever proven, her decision earlier that year to cut funding to the school newspaper lead to many people to draw the obvious conclusion of who was responsible.

The secondary result was the entire scene made hanging around the shower area a bit of a tradition. Which led to what happened to us.

**Part 2**

So, thanks to incidents like Karen’s and Johnathan’s, hope sprung eternal in the imagination of many lonesome students and thus the showers always had a contingent of loiterers. Lined up as a group, Brooke, Olivia and I stepped up to the shower all at once, and, like everyone else, gave a silent thanks for the fact that the university was more than willing to spring for warm water. Again, with a lifetime in a pool, I wasn’t worried about embarrassment. I have an excellent figure, long and lean, sculpted and smooth. The only thing I had ever been self-conscious of are my freckles, but those were not public knowledge.

Of the three of us, I was the first to notice the change in sound, how the collective buzz of the crowd had slowly turned to a lower murmur, which then moved to increasing titters of laughter. Surreptitiously, I ran a hand across my breasts and down my side. Everything was still in place, and I knew it wasn’t see-through. I tried not to panic, confident that regardless of how form-hugging the dress now was, I’d certainly been in public in tighter swimsuits. Blinking, I shook the water out of my eyes and looked at my teammates.

For a second I thought my eyes were out of focus. Blue. Deep, dark blue covered both of the other girls, and as I lifted my hand in front of my face, me as well. I yelled, and all three girls immediately snapped to attention, looking at me and then each other before joining my screech in near unison. We bolted across campus to the locker rooms where we feverishly showered again, scrubbing as hard as we could. After an hour of nearly rubbing our skin raw, we gave up the ghost and turned our attention to our wardrobe. Olivia picked up one of the now-blue dresses and then immediately dropped it in disgust as dye oozed from it onto her hand.

While we had neglected to bring spare clothes, we were able to find towels. Unfortunately, the bright white only highlighted the blue as we walked hurriedly back to our shared room, carefully clutching the knot at the top and trying to keep the side closed. As we walked back, a significant crowd followed them. Less than halfway on the walk, someone started singing it. “La la, la la la la, la lala lala.” The Smurf theme song. Immediately, the others joined in.

After a few verses, Brooke, ears burning could take no more, finally whirling to the crowd to yell, “Enough!”

Remember when I said I was a Business major? I took a course in Philosophy as a freshman to fulfill one of my general education requirements. There was a guy, Robert Ingersoll, who I liked. He wrote, “In nature there are neither rewards nor punishments; there are consequences.” I thought it would be something cool to say at a business meeting.

Remember the story Karen and Johnathan? Consequences. Not punishments. When I look back now, that decision by Brooke to turn was a consequence that set off a chain of other consequences. Was us picking the Ring Girls the first domino that led to everything else? Or the fact that people expected something to happen at the showers and we were simply the ones who ended up as that year’s entertainment? To this day I still don’t know how far to trace it back. Had Brooke ignored them or laughed it off, that would have been the end. But it wasn’t in her nature. Unfortunately, the immediate consequence from the force of her turn combined with the power of the stomp was that the two were too much for the grip she had on the towel. It slipped from her hand, flopping a few feet in front of her.

Brooke’s intake of breath was sharp and unfortunately, pushed up her round breasts into even clearer view. I was slightly to the side of her and I have to admit, while I’ve spent my life firmly in the hetero camp, it was a hell of a sight. Blue legs, tan thighs, bright white breasts and her pubic hair in a small tight triangle. Combine this with the fact that Brooke was a stunner to begin with, and well, honestly, everyone just gaped for a second. She made a mad dash for the towel, just beating a girl who was in the act of putting her phone away before trying to grab it first. Still, that girl was perhaps one of 25 people who were recording the entire moment for posterity. Brooke struggled to wrap the towel around herself as she quickly caught up with the other girls, and made it safely to their room, leaving the lasting image of her pale butt flashing above her blue legs.

Now, that could have been the end. But it wasn’t. It was just one consequence that led to another.

**Part 3**

It took two full days and several exfoliation scrubs for our skin color to turn completely back to normal. The hair was a different story. Olivia and I got off relatively lucky on that front, as our darker hair hid the blue highlights almost immediately. Brooke’s blonde tresses were completely defeated by the dye. Heartbroken, she chopped it into a short cut and bleached it out before dying it a dark crimson red. I guess she wanted to be as far away from blue as she could.

In that time, we hunted for suspects. Olivia had charmed a student who had a work-study at Human Resources. A bit of research turned up one name: Sabrina L. Owky. Sabrina was on work study, and assigned to set up the showers for Dirty Balls. A bit of asking around revealed that Sabrina was a sophomore who majored in Theatatrical Design and Art. She was a member of the Drama Club and stage managed two shows already, as well as building sets for others.

I rubbed my temples. “I guess it makes sense. She’d know all about dyes and stuff. But why?”

Brooke snapped, “Does it matter?”

Olivia and I were struck silent by her rage. I wanted to say, yeah, yeah it did, but I felt bad for Brooke. She’d taken the largest brunt of whistles and giggles by a mile. So, we set about planning our revenge.

It turned out that she was in a World Civ lecture with Olivia, a 110 person cattle call in which students patiently checked Facebook and Instagram while a professor in his late 50’s droned on, not doubt thinking about his next research trip. As we walked in, Olivia pointed Sabrina out to me. I sat behind her to the left and began to look for something I could use.

Sabrina was pretty enough. She had wide set hazel eyes, their olive shape highlighted by the curve of her well-tended eyebrows. Her chin came to a slight point, which accentuated her long neck. She had light auburn hair with touches of henna red highlights. Her figure was slightly curvy, edging toward voluptuous without quite making it there, thanks to what appeared to be no more than a b-cup chest. In terms of makeup, her style was fairly plain, going for a natural girl look, wearing nothing else besides mascara and lip gloss. I watched her apply that lip gloss as well as an all-natural hand lotion as she occasionally typed the odd note from the lecture. Her skin was soft and very pale in the light of the dark lecture hall. It stood out in contrast to the black three-quarter length t-shirt she was wearing. She also had a tendency to leave her mouth slightly open, which I’m sure worked well on the boys.

I looked periodically at her screen, hoping for something we could use. Finally, abut ten minutes before class, an email notification popped up. I wasn’t able to read much more than the title, a reminder for her next allergist appointment. When I reported my info back to Brooke, who majors in Biology, the moment I mentioned that, the smile across her face was positively wicked. So was her plan.

Two days later, on Saturday morning, Sabrina checked into her work study desk to final a box with a note that said, “Could you deliver this to the presentation on animals that they are setting up in the student union first thing? Thanks”. It was unsigned, of course.

I saw her out of the corner of my eye as she entered the student union. At 7:30, the place was still somewhat empty, still a half-hour away from breakfast even being served. Presentations in the walkway of the student union were nothing new, of course. Nearly every day someone was shouting about something or handing something out to little or no notice of everyone. Still, I could see Sabrina’s confusion as she walked up to my table with 9 foot tall display dividers behind them. The dividers were just small, portable sections of wall that were all over the union, a way to turn a large space into smaller ones. We had grabbed four and a small bench to go with our rack of “chemicals”.

Sabrina was dressed in a black button down dress shirts and black pants, which is apparently standard for anyone working backstage at a theater. She was close enough for me to see the confusion on her face. There wasn’t an animal to be seen, just Olivia and I in white lab coats and surgical masks, our hair covered by white medical bandanas. Olivia waved her over.

Sabrina smiled. “I’m sorry, the note said animals.”

“Animal testing, actually,” Olivia responded. “You wouldn’t believe some of the unnatural chemicals they put in things and test them on animals first.”

Sabrina nodded, “Oh, wow, yeah. I mean, that’s awful. Um, where do you want this?”

As she spoke I walked behind her and misted a bit of powder across the back of her neck, walking by in one clean motion with a mumbled “excuse me”. Once she turned in my direction Olivia misted her with the same across the front. Sabrina turned back to see Olivia’s outstretched gloved hands taking to box from her.

“I’ll take that, let me just check one thing and I can send you on your way.” Olivia opened the box and looked up at Sabrina, eyes wide. “Oh no. This wasn’t packed right.” She showed her the inside. A clear plastic canister was on its side, its contents everywhere. “You didn’t open this before you got here, right?”

Sabrina’s whole body posture was defensive. “No. Nooo. I’m so sorry, it didn’t say fragile or this end up. But I kept it level the whole way here. It was either on my shoulder or in my hands.”

Olivia dropped her voice an octave. “Did you...get any on you?”

Sabrina looked at her hands nervously. I had dusted the box very lightly before setting it down on her table. “Oh God,” Sabrina’s voice seemed to be getting smaller with every word. “I…I’m not…Is it bad?”

Olivia had never acted, but since the mask covered most of her face, she didn’t have to put much effort into it. “It could be. Are you itchy?”

Sabrina had begun to sweat. “A little.”

Olivia looked at me and said simply, “Oh boy.”

That was my cue. I grabbed the dividers, unlocked their wheels and rearranged them into a square, pulling the small table inside of there. I then grabbed her and brought her inside before pulling the dividers closed. We were cramped in the tight room I had made and Sabrina looked terrified. I immediately started rubbing her the back of her hands with a damp cloth.

All the moisture on the cloth did was spread the powder to her wrists and forearms. Mucuna pruriens. It’s all natural, you can still get it at some health food stores. It has connections to lowering cholesterol and provides healthy amino acids. It’s also the active ingredient in itching powder. As I said, Brooke’s a biology major. Masterstroke.

The dividers were nearly 9 feet high and went to six inches above the ground, giving us a measure of privacy. “Still itching?” I asked. “Better or worse? Did you touch any part of yourself after touching the box?”

Sabrina’s face was jumbled confusion. “Oh, worse. Touch my…maybe? Oh, no. No no no no. I don’t…”

I waited a second before making the move. “Take your shirt off.”

**Part 4**

Sabrina blinked at me, and then looked around at the high walls before looking back at me. “What…my shirt?”

I nodded. “This is a brutal chemical. If you’re itching now, it could mean you’re having a reaction. If any spilled down your shirt, or anywhere else…do you have any allergies?”

She bit her lip hard and nodded. I nodded back at her. “Here, let me. It could be on the buttons. Maybe there’s a chance…” I began to unbutton her shirt, slowly. She held her hands up defensively, like a goal keeper in soccer. She started straight down. I could see the beads of sweat popping out of her forehead.

The sweat did some of the work for us. Mucuna pruriens is actually made worse by water; it just gets spread over a larger area. You need a lotion to calm it down. Each droplet of perspiration was spreading the stuff down her body.

I made a big production of rolling hers sleeves back carefully and then slowly opening her unbuttoned shirt, bringing her black lace bra into view. Her breasts were a bit small for her body size, and her stomach had a slight pouch to it. I could see her reflexively inhale as sweat ran down her, along her belly button and under the waistband of her pants.

“Okay, we’re seeing some redness. Let me get this off and see how bad this is.” I carefully eased her arms out of the shirt and set it on the floor behind me. Sabrina looked at it hopelessly and then at me. “Turn around, let’s see how far it went.” This she did quickly, grateful not to be facing a stranger in her bra.

“We’ve got some redness back here as well. Quite a bit. It looks like the dust went down your back.” I set one hand on her bra strap and the other on the small of her back. “Could you curve your back a bit? Lean back towards me.” The moment she did, a small gap appeared in the back of the waistband of her pants. I gently and quickly poured the last of the powder down the opening.

She stiffened and I jumped in before she spoke. “There was some on your waistband but I think we just got it to fall on the floor” I could see her start to shake her head no, but I went on talking. “I’m going to need to unhook your bra, and see where else this went.”

Sabrina went from stiff to rigid. I didn’t take the bra completely off yet. I wanted the itching to be more powerful, to cloud her judgment. Brooke had told us that time was a delicate thing with this. For me the entire thing was thrilling, like hooking a client. I went to work again with the damp cloth. Time to soothe her a bit, I thought. I called over the side. “Could you grab me a spare lab coat from the van? She’ll need something while we clean her clothes once we get this under control.” I watched as my words seemed to ease some of her tension. I started to slowly rub the powder with my water soaked rag, spreading it wide across her back, watching small rivulets go down along two small dimples at the base of her spine. I remember thinking her boyfriend would be some other arty type, he would call her body Rubenesque or something like that. I felt her quiver again when the right strap of her bra slid down her arm again. She started to reach for it and then stopped, suddenly, and shook.

“It itches,” she whimpered. “Really bad. Everywhere.”

“Okay. You’re having a mild reaction. I’ve got something else, just hang on.” I pulled the lotion bottle from out of the lab coat pocket and started spreading that cross her back. The moment it touched her, I heard her positively coo. “Oh God, that’s…that’s so much better.” She turned towards me, her breasts still largely covered by her unhooked bra.”

“Excellent. Where else does it itch?”

“My…breasts.”

“Okay,” I nodded. I set the lotion bottle on the small table I had set in the room. Then I took her bra completely off, dropping it on top of her shirt. I saw her reach to cover herself instinctually and I gently grabbed her wrist. “Your palms may still have residue on them, if they’re still itching,” I intoned in a low voice. Sabrina nodded nervously. I turned her around and started to slowly massage the lotion into her breasts.

This was my part of the plan. If it had been up to Brooke, She would have burned the girl’s skin off but I convinced her otherwise. We needed to build trust for the other half of this to work.

I could feel the shifts in Sabrina’s breathing as I stroked her breasts. She almost seemed to be humming from relief, as the lotion cooled the itching. The rumor mill had it that Sabrina liked guys, but…well, I know I like guys and I’d be lying if didn’t say it was enjoyable for me, much less her. I felt her small pink nipples begin to stiffen and started to move a little bit away before Sabrina’s whole body went tense again. Just on time, I thought to myself.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, working to keep the note of triumph out of my voice. “Is it not working?”

“No, it’s starting to itch…down…by my…butt.” Her voice was timid, and I couldn’t blame her. She knew exactly what that meant.

I was glad the mask covered my smile. There was no way I would have been able to hold it back.

“I was afraid of that. The pants will have to go.”

**Part 5**

Sabrina’s head looked up and around for a second before it dropped. I could sense her defeat. I turned her back around, reached around her from behind and started to unbutton and unzip her pants. I didn’t take them all the way down yet. I just pulled them half-way down her butt. She was wearing a boy-short cut panty that accentuated her hips, covered in a rose petal design with lace on the edges that matched her bra.

I exhaled before speaking. “Okay, there’s a lot of redness here. Are you itching in front?”

Sabrina seemed to shake at what that might entail. “Nnn…no.”

“Alright,” I continued, “this is what we’ll do.” As I spoke I bent down and started undoing the buckle on her Mary Jane shoes. “I’ll get your backside. I don’t want to wait, because this is very red, and I don’t want to risk permanent damage. Then, I’ll have you do a full wipe of your hands and have you do your front as a precautionary measure.” She wasn’t that red, of course, but was reeling her in at this point. I needed her confidence in my expertise. The growing buzz of people entering the student union was increasing. “While you’re doing that, I’ll run a quick decontaminator for your clothes.”

Sabrina was still facing away from me, but I could see the flush spreading across her face. The itching on her other cheeks must have been getting intense because she just shook her head and murmured, “Hurry.”

I had to give her credit. Her hands and now her but had to be itching like crazy. But she still managed to stay relatively still. I lifted her feet out of her shoes and tossed them on the same pile as her shirt and bra and then took her pants the rest of the way down before easing her out of those too. I could see some of the sweat along the back of her thighs and knees.

I exhaled, and made a production of changing my gloves behind her. “I just want to be extra careful here. No itching up front yet?”

“No, no no,” she responded.

“Good,” I responded firmly. “I still want to have you lotion that area as well. Any issue there could be permanent. But I think we’ve avoided any long term damage. Although once we found out who shipped this improperly, you should consider a lawsuit.”

“I…I just want to be okay.”

“You will be,” I said, trying to sound as soothing as I could. Still, I could see the muscle in her legs tighten as I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of her panties. I pulled them down in back, away from her body and just below the curve of her butt. “Okay, redness along the crack and the underside but it doesn’t appear to be in the crotch region from behind.” With that I took them the rest of the way down and off, carefully lifting each of her feet out of the way. I tossed it on the pile and cleared my throat. “Okay, do you think you could get up on the table? I want to make sure I get underneath.”

Sabrina looked at the table. It was small, more of a desk, really. “Get up how?”

“Just get your knees up there and then bend over. Rest yourself on your elbows.”

I offered my hand elbow and she eased herself up before slowly tipping herself forward. I moved her legs a little apart, exposing her pussy a bit. Carefully I massaged the lotion across her butt cheeks and upper thighs. Again I heard an “oooh” escape her lips as the itching dissipated.

I felt a tap on the wall and turned. Olivia’s feet were visible making rounds very near the exterior of the dividers, and she had grabbed the clothes pile. “Oh good, she’s back with the coat.” I came around the side and caught Sabrina’s face. She seemed relieved, and she should, given the number of reason I had given her to suddenly be so. She would have clothes again and all but her hands had stopped itching. “Turn your hands over, palms up.” I quickly squirted a great deal of the lotion into her hands. She practically shuddered with relief. “Rub your hands for a good five minutes before you reach for your…areas. If it’s not itching now, that’s good news, but we still need to be super safe. I’m going to get you your robe and decontaminate your clothes. They’ll be wet but okay for you to wear. You can keep the coat. Don’t worry, it’s not see through.” I held up mine as proof before turning my head to call over the side of the divider. “All set, O? Could you block the opening as I come out?”

“Sure thing.”

I patted Sabrina on the back, and she nodded gratefully, and then I carefully eased myself out. It was hard to say how much time had passed, but the union was full now, and we were getting more that our share of funny looks. I saw Brooke next to the stairs and gave her a thumbs up. She held up her digital camera.

I looked at Olivia and nodded. She nodded back and pointed to the wheels of the dividers, still unlocked. When making the rounds, she had paired them together, making four dividers into two L shapes. I went to the left and she went to the right. We each grabbed a corner and started running in the opposite direction.

**Part 6**

After our third round of Fireball shots, Brooke, Olivia and I reached the ideal point of a good buzz, when everything felt warm and in need of a hug. We reacted as if we had just won a relay, jumping on each other’s backs, high-fiving and breaking into intermittent cheers. There was no way anyone could hear each other in the din of everyone talking at once, but somehow everyone was funny, everyone was great, and everything was right again in the world.

It took Olivia several times to settle the others down; each time she was interrupted by a loud pitched “Woooo!” from one of us that was immediately joined by the other, and even she did it in the excitement of it. Finally, she got us to settle enough for our attention.

“Smurfettes no more! The video is up!”

I had to admit, I was eager to see it. Once Olivia and I had pulled the dividers apart, we simply ran in opposite directions, never looking back. I had shed my stuff in a dumpster behind the science building. Olivia’s was behind the gym. We had then met at closed study room in the library that Brooke had signed out that day and had been at for the start of the plan, before slipping out to record the event.

Olivia had put the video up everywhere and repeatedly, Dailymotion, Youtube, Vimeo, you name it. I watched as Olivia and I nodded at each other, grabbed the dividers and took off running. We were lucky that they were well oiled and didn’t stick. Olivia had taken a second to kick the brakes on hers. “I should have done that,” I laughed. Brooke smiled. “Yep, watch.”

Brooke’s camera was a good one. Once the walls separated, she immediately zoomed in on Sabrina’s ass, sticking in the air. Her head was down and she was feverishly rubbing her hands together, bottle of lotion on the small table. The rising buzz of the crowd caused her head to snap up. She looked back and forth like a cat. Then she yelled.

It was an odd sound. Her voice was a little on the high side, but it was a low yell, an extended “Whaaaaaa” that sounded more like confusion than anything else. The crowds’ buzz of confusion turned into laughter. Then she shrieked, cartoonishly, like women in the 1950’s TV shows did when they saw a mouse.

She tumbled trying to get herself off the table. Her hands were bent slightly at the wrists; they were probably still itching. She stood for a second, completely still, looking left and right, her arms bent partially in front of her breasts. Her pussy was in plain view, she was completely hairless. She experimentally tried crossing her left leg in front of the right to cover herself.

You could see the confusion on her face. She finally ran left towards the dividers that Olivia pulled away and ran around them in desperation. The laughter was getting louder. Sabrina was no athlete and to top it off she was running with her knees locked together, conscious of her exposure. Her steps were short and choppy, like a character in a silent movie, and it caused her small breasts to bounce. She made a loop looking for her clothes before tugging at the divider with her wrists. I wondered for a second what would have happened if she’d gone to the divider I moved. Sabrina leaned against it for a second, pressing her ass and hiding her front. She looked around wildly one more time and then took off running again, right towards the camera and passed, out the front door.

“Wow,” I said, “She didn’t even look up. I wonder where she went.”

Brooke laughed. “Well, she headed toward the parking lot. I’m guessing she cut across there back to the Work Study office.”

Olivia laughed, “Well, we showed her. Feel better, Brooke?”

Brooke smiled. “The only way it could be better is if she knew it was us. But that would probably be bad. Screw it, let’s party.”

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I awoke to bright lights flashing before my eyes. For a second I panicked, thinking “Are the cops here?” Then I realized I was face down, half off the couch, and I was seeing the blinking of my and Brooke’s phones. I eased myself up, bracing myself for a mix of headache and nausea and started to try and unlock my phone. I noticed my battery was nearly dead. Jeez, had I drunk dialed everyone? I wondered. I was distracted by the fact that Brooke’s was still buzzing. Bleary, I looked around the room for something non-alcoholic to drink.

Then I noticed Olivia. She was sitting in corner looking at her phone as well. She was pale and as white as I’d seen ever seen her, tapping at bridge of her nose. She seemed to sense I was awake without even looking at me.

Her voice was a whisper. “Eric, that boy from Human Resources? He texted me this morning. I thought it was for, well…anyways, he texted me in a panic. You see, he’s seen the video, as have most of his friends. I think he’s put two and two together, because he did some other digging. Sabrina? She didn’t do it.”

I managed a “Whaa?” before a glance from Olivia sent a shock of adrenaline through my system that silenced me. She looked sacred, angry and confused all at once, ready to cry or laugh. “She didn’t even do it. She wasn’t even there that day. We screwed up. We screwed up really bad.”