**Vanilla Slut**

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**Vanilla Slut Part 1**

**Prologue**

I'm sitting on the edge of the sink counter in the mall girls' bathroom, hands clenched and toes curled. My best friend Stacy's head is between my legs: her tongue is making light quick strokes across my clit, and her thumb is teasing the entrance to my hole. I'm *so* close; just a few seconds more and my *need* will be satisfied, and my most urgent problem solved. The man outside bangs on the door again, loudly, authoritatively. Stacy and I ignore it. Finally relief comes crashing down on me. My thighs squeeze Stacy's head as I convulse, so she probably can't hear the man yell, "I'm coming in."

My orgasm is fading to nothing as the mall cop walks in, chest puffed out giving us the dirtiest look he can muster. "Come with me to the security office," he commands. We know better than to argue right now. His insistence doesn't deter Stacy from washing her face while I pull up my underwear and shorts. He perp-walks us past the small gathered crowd, which includes the family of the tween girl who walked in on us in the first place.

Before the security chief can yell at us, I take off my medic alert bracelet and thrust it at him. He reads it out loud: "'Neurological disorder: severe hypersexuality triggered by smell of vanilla.' You're kidding, right?"

He calls my mom, who shows up and explains that it's a real medical issue. She drops a few veiled threats about the Americans with Disabilities Act when he starts to argue, and the whole thing ends with a warning to be more careful next time.

Stacy's a good friend. She's not gay; she just knows that if she hadn't taken care of me, I would have grabbed some random guy - or two, or three - and fucked them instead. I can't control it.

We hadn't counted on the food court being full of the smell of vanilla due to the cinnamon roll store's new flavor. It switched me over into mega-cat-in-heat mode in seconds flat. I guess the mall is one more place that I can't go.

**Chapter 1**

I have a neurological disorder. A year ago I broke my leg in a car crash. After the surgery, a clot reached my brain and caused a stroke. The brain damage crossed up a bunch of basic survival drives, my neurologist Dr. Sato says. Since then, when I smell or taste vanilla, it triggers in me a compulsion to have sex, as soon as possible. It's not like just being really horny - it's that I can't get the goal of sex out of my head, and any attempt to ignore or evade it causes me ever-increasing discomfort.

The first time it happened, I had no idea anything was wrong; we didn't know about the stroke yet. One minute I was eating a cupcake, and the next I was entering my little brother's room and locking the door behind me. Lucas was in seventh grade at the time. He had been lying on his bed reading a book when I entered. "What's up, Katie?" He asked. I didn't answer - I just sat on the bed and put one hand on his thigh, while unbuttoning my blouse with the other. He was paralyzed with a shocked look on his face, so I guided his hand to my breast, and grabbed his crotch.

"Come on, let's do it!" I said. "It'll be so much fun. Nobody ever needs to know."

He shoved me off of the bed. I landed on my butt on the floor. He stood over me. "Katie, what the hell is wrong with you?" I sat up and tried to move my hands to his thighs again, but he slapped them away. "Katie, you're not acting normal. Something's wrong," he said. I stood up, in a daze, and left. I went back to my bedroom and masturbated for hours.

I don't think my brain was fully wired-up when that happened: I don't think I would have given up so easily if that had happened today, even after all of my counseling. Lucas never told anyone about it until much later, when I was in the mental hospital. We've both discussed it in detail since then, with Dr. Sato and

Dr. Brown.

**Chapter 2**

A few weeks later, I lost my virginity to Lucas' friend Jude. Our parents were out on a Friday night, and Jude was spending the night. Lucas and Jude were playing a video game on the livingroom TV. I plopped down on the couch to watch, in my pajamas with a bowl of ice cream. After a few spoonfuls, I was leading Jude off to my room under the pretense of having a secret to tell him.

As soon as we were alone, I peeled off my top and dropped my bottoms, and slid up close for a kiss. Soon we were both naked on the bed, groping with clumsy eagerness. He touched my boobs and butt and pussy. Every once in a while he would stop and do something, like run his hands through my hair, as if he had read online that that was something you're supposed to do to a girl. It was endearing.

For my part, I was thrilled by the new experience of touching a dick for the first time. I squeezed it, testing its slightly yielding hardness. I tugged it this way and that, laughing quietly about what a goofy appendage it was. I ran my finger around the crown, and Jude groaned.

I think Jude would have been content with that much action, but I was driven to go all the way. Without a word I climbed on top of him and pushed myself onto his cock. It was different than the household objects that had been my only experience up until that point. It was bigger, and warm, and while it was hard at its core, it was covered with soft skin. But it was mostly the fact that it was anchored to another human body, one that I was straddling, that made the experience different than I had expected. Instead of simple in-and-out, I found that I could lean this way and that to experience different sorts of friction and pressure. I had just started getting into a groove rocking back and forth on top of him when he made a gurgling sound, grabbed my waist, and shot his load inside of me.

I kept grinding as he went soft, but soon I just wasn't getting much stimulation. Without really thinking about it or asking if it was all right, I moved up and straddled his face. Jude didn't complain; he just licked my pussy. Soon I was humming, trying to stay quiet, while I came and the feeling of satisfaction poured into my body.

Jude and I held each other briefly. I licked a glob of leaked semen from his chin and then softly told him, "You should go." I called Stacy right away to share my excitement. As far as I knew, it had been a spontaneous but freely-chosen act. She thought it was a little weird that I, a freshman girl, had chosen to give up my flower to a seventh grader, but she was happy for me, and we talked until her battery went dead. I expect that Jude and Lucas had a similar conversation, but if so, I have no idea how Lucas reacted.

Late at night I snuck into Lucas' room and woke Jude for another go. Back in my room, we took things slow, and even talked a little. This time he mounted me, missionary style; and with the help of my hand wedged between our bodies rubbing my clit, I came shortly before he did. I wasn't "under the influence" of vanilla this time - I didn't have to do it. But I didn't know that it was any different than before. All I knew was that now I was sexually active, I enjoyed it, and I wanted more.

My dad asked me what I was so happy about at breakfast the next morning. I just shrugged and kept smiling.

**Chapter 3**

The next time vanilla struck, it almost ruined my friendship with Stacy. She had been dating Ryan for a number of weeks. They hadn't gone all the way yet, although they had certainly messed around plenty. She expected it was going to happen this night, though; her parents were staying out late, so the two of them would have her house to themselves for hours. First, though, the three of us were going to take in an afternoon showing of the latest big-budget action movie. I could tell Stacy was doing her best to be appealing: her makeup was prettier and less angry-looking than normal, and she was wearing a miniskirt instead of jeans or cargo pants. She was also wearing perfume for the first time; unfortunately, that perfume was vanilla-based.

It took a while to kick in. I didn't really notice much on the bus ride to the theater; I guess I was just sort of distracted, and spent more time than normal looking at guys' butts. It got stronger as we sat in the theater watching previews. I couldn't stop thinking about sex, and the gorgeous guy sitting next to me. I wanted him to fuck me - I needed him to. I tried to put those thoughts out of my head, but nothing else would stay in their place. It was like an itch in my mind that I desperately needed to scratch. As the movie began to play, I dug my hands into my crotch to try to soothe the feeling, but that didn't help. I've heard friends describe anxiety attacks, where your body desperately screams at you, "you must get out of this situation", even though it doesn't make sense. I guess it was kinda like that. It wasn't exactly fear, and it wasn't exactly pain, but it was just as powerful - just as unbearable. Eventually, I had to do the only thing I could to make the feeling stop, even though I knew it was really really bad. I whispered to Ryan, "Come with me, please. It's really important."

I waited for Ryan at the entrance to the theater, out of sight from Stacy and the other movie-watchers. As soon as Ryan approached, I sprung to my tip-toes and kissed him, invading his mouth with my tongue, and at the same time plunged my hand down his pants and fished for his package. He removed my hand from his pants and held me by the arms at a distance. "Kaitlyn, what are you doing?"

I squirmed, trying to break his hold and press myself closer as I spoke. "I need this. I need us to have sex. Please? We won't tell Stacy. Think how much longer you'll be able to last later with her if you do it with me now. It'll make her first time that much better!" Part of me knew that what I was saying was bullshit, and hurtful, but another part of me was convinced it was true.

Ryan was unconvinced. "You fucking psycho!" he said, as he released me and walked back into the theater.

The dread hadn't been that bad for a minute or two, while it felt like I was making progress, but it came crashing back after Ryan's rejection. I left the theater and wandered, looking for some other way to satisfy my need. I made crazed propositions to three other men before one of them finally took me up on it. He was a shaggy-looking 20 year old theater employee - probably a dope head - who didn't seem to care if he got fired. He fucked me from behind as I stood over a men's room toilet, my arms resting on the toilet tank and my face inches from the grime-coated wall. I didn't come, but it was still an amazingly powerful experience. The sense of relief from my life-or-death struggle, mingled with the sexual stimulation, left my body flooded with all sorts of sensations and a general far-away euphoria. The theater guy pumped his seed into me with glee and then thanked me and left me alone.

I went to the girls' room to clean up, after. As I sat on the toilet waiting for the goo to seep out of me, the haze lifted from my mind and the consequences of what I had just done sunk in on me. I had just fucked a stranger - a dirty looking guy in a dirty looking place, without a condom - for one. I was already on the pill for non-contraceptive reasons, but who knows what diseases that guy had? More importantly, though, I had just tried to fuck my best friend's boyfriend, with her yards away. I had no idea how I would explain it to her.

As it turns out, I never got the chance. Stacy and Ryan were gone from the theater. She wouldn't answer her phone or reply to my texts. I left voicemails begging for her forgiveness and a chance to talk to her about it, but she never called me back. By the time I got home she had unfriended me everywhere.

My mom saw me crying and asked what was wrong. "I hit on Stacy's boyfriend and now she hates me!" I replied. "I don't even know why I did it!"

"Oh, honey," Mom said, pulling me into a hug. "Hormones can really twist your thinking around at your age. You made a mistake. But your friendship with Stacy is strong. You'll get past it - she just needs a little time."

**Chapter 4**

In the days that followed, Stacy still wouldn't talk to me, or acknowledge me at school. That's when I started to think of myself as a slut. What other explanation was there for the things I was doing?

I had always been sure that I was going to do it right: get a boyfriend, fall in love, and have lots of monogamous teen-aged hormone-fueled sex. I certainly never had any expectations of waiting until I was married, or even college. My parents didn't either: my family was pretty open and realistic about sex. When I was younger I never had a problem asking my mom to explain a dirty joke or song lyrics, and she would never hesitate to tell me. When I was twelve, my mom and I even spent a week singing a dirty Liz Phair around the house all the time as an inside joke. ("Give me your hot white come...") The only rules my parents had put on me, for when I became sexually active, were: use protection; don't be impulsive; and be honest with myself about my choices.

Well, I had certainly thrown the first two rules out the window. As for honesty? I couldn't deny what I had done, so all I could do was try to reason why. What I came up with was that I was eager to have sex, and that I didn't care much about with whom or what people thought.

Once I accepted this mindset, it was freeing. I started reacting more positively to attention from boys at school, and pretty soon I was going on frequent dates. Vic took me home one day after school and played his guitar for me. He was singing *to me*. I knew that he probably did that with lots of girls, but it still made me feel special. We made out, and he gave me my first ever hickey, on top of my left boob. Then he fucked me on the battered old couch in his basement. It was a lovely experience.

After a movie and dinner, Josh sketched my face in charcoal. I made him come in his underwear just by playing with his balls, looking him in the eyes, and whispering dirty talk. He said I had the sexiest whisper he had ever heard. He wanted to sketch my entire body, nude, but I wouldn't let him, so he settled for just my butt as I lay on his bed, face down. Once he finished drawing me, he tried to mount me like that. I was willing, but for some reason he couldn't get hard, so instead he finger-banged me into next week.

Marco, a junior, took me out into the desert for a picnic under the stars. After the meal we kissed and discussed the constellations with some jazz playing on his iPod. We had sex in the bed of his pickup truck: me on top, my body pressed flat against his sliding forward and back for penetration, with a thick wool blanket covering us. We were both so satisfied that we fell asleep like that. We still got home in time to avoid upsetting my parents.

As I started to get a reputation, and sometimes see the same boys again, our time together became less like dates and more like hookups. That was okay - I was definitely enjoying the sex and attention, and I convinced myself that I reveled in the rumors. One day one boy - I think it was Tom? - asked if I "take requests". He had seen a porno where the girl was fucked while doing a handstand, and he really wanted to try it. He knew that I had been on the gymnastics team before the car accident, so he figured it would be easy for me. I asked him to show me the video, and we watched it together, talking about how we were going to do it. That was pretty hot. Sure enough, soon he had me upside-down and was jackhammering me into the ground with his cock. It wasn't the best sex, really, but we were both glad to be able to say we had done it.

After that it became standard for boys to ask me for scenes from pornos. I guess the guys all talked to each other about me. Most of the time I was happy to try - it made things more fun. Legs pinned behind my shoulders? Sure! Do the splits while I blow you? I can do that! Take your whole sack into my mouth? Worth a try! Put on a show with a banana? Glad to, just no pictures! I wouldn't do everything they asked, of course: nothing involving peeing, or animals, for instance. I also wouldn't do anal, no matter how much they asked, and I didn't understand why any woman would. It seemed to me like a denial of my basic femininity: why would you want to stick your dick in a butthole when there's a perfectly good pussy right there, that was essentially made for that purpose?

**Chapter 5**

The school year ended so I stopped meeting new boys, although I still went on dates with the ones I already knew. Stacy still wasn't talking to me. In the past I had spent summers taking gymnastic lessons, but that had been replaced this year with physical therapy - I still wasn't at 100% after the car crash, and my therapist said the summer was my opportunity to finish healing. All of the trips to the clinic didn't leave time for summer school or camp, or anything of that sort.

The next time I was vanilla-struck was when I was baking in the middle of the day. I was bored, and I thought it would be a nice treat to make some cookies for my brother and his visiting friends. It was while mixing the ingredients together that sex entered my mind and wouldn't leave. This time, I recognized what was happening to me - I realized that it was actually some separate psychological state, different from just being a horny teenager. This time, I realized that something was taking control of me. I didn't try to fight it - I remembered what that felt like, and it was horrible. I left the half-mixed cookie dough on the counter and marched straight out to where my brother and his friends were shooting hoops in the driveway.

Jude, the last one of my brother's friends that I had used, never came over any more. I wasn't sure whether Lucas still even talked to him. That was probably my fault, and here I was about to cause the same havoc again. The friends in question this time were Todd and Mills. I didn't know Mills' first name, that was just what everyone called him. Both were dressed in gym shorts and sweaty T-shirts. Both were pretty good looking for seventh graders. I didn't care which one fucked me.

"I need some help from one of you two," I declared. To my surprise, both of them dropped their basketball game and approached me, offering whatever help I needed. Lucas looked upset, but he didn't say anything. The boys followed me into my bedroom. To my surprise, Lucas was following down the hallway. "You're not invited," I said, and then locked the door behind me. I probably sounded really bitchy; I don't think I meant to.

I lifted the bottom of my shirt and teased my midsection with my fingers while I came on to them. "I really need to get laid," I said. "Like, you can't imagine how much I need to get laid. I was hoping one of you would help me out. Or maybe both of you?"

Neither boy said anything. They clearly wanted to take me up on my offer - the lust in their eyes and the bulges in their pants said so. Maybe each was waiting for the other to drop out, or for Lucas to burst in, or something. Nothing like that happened, so I stepped close and rubbed their crotches. "Take off my shirt," I whispered, seductively. Together they lifted it over my head, and then Todd started fumbling my bra hooks. Not wanting to be left out, I guess, Mills removed my shorts and ran his hands up and down my legs. Suddenly I could feel how wet I was.

When Todd finished with my bra, I pushed him onto the bed, face up with his legs hanging over the edge, and I climbed on top of him. I grabbed his face with both hands and kissed him hard. His hands were fumbling with my boobs. As I kissed him I ground my hips in slow circles into his hips - a sort of cock sonar. In between tongue-fencing rounds, he gasped, "God, Katie, you're so hot."

After a minute I remembered Mills. Looking back, I saw him standing there looking unsure of himself. "You don't have to wait, you know," I said in a friendly tone. "You can touch me, or do whatever you want to to me." He took my invitation to heart, because immediately he was behind me, peeling my panties off. A moment later I felt his cock head rubbing up and down my slit, and I was in heaven.

"Oh god, Mills, do it!" I said. He grabbed my hips, slid into me, and began thrusting. It felt so good. The sense of need, my itch, my strange compulsion, had never risen to a level of urgency this time around, but none the less I was rewarded with that delightful feeling of relief for giving my body what it demanded. I stopped kissing Todd and moaned as I welcomed the feeling of being fucked by my brother's friend.

I turned my attention back to Todd; he looked frustrated. He was trapped underneath me, unsatisfied, while he watched his friend fucking the girl on top of him. "Slide back," I said, and took most of my weight off of him. Todd slid out from under me until his crotch was right where I wanted it, in my face. Through all the jostling around, Mills kept fucking me, grabbing my hips tight as if, should he lose his grip, he would never get a chance to finish.

I pulled down Todd's shorts and underwear, and welcomed his cock into my mouth, teasing the head with my tongue and lips. Mills kept pounding my pussy while I slurped away at Todd's dick. My own excitement level was getting pretty high, and I started humming my moans. That seemed to turn on Todd even more, and it looked like he was going to come soon if I kept it up.

"Do you want to come in my mouth or my pussy?" I asked Todd.

"Pussy!" He declared eagerly.

"Okay," I said. "Relax and enjoy it until Mills is done." I slowed things down, keeping Todd in a holding pattern. Pretty soon Mills was panting and going at full speed, and my own orgasm arrived. "Oh fuck yeah! Oh god yes. Yesyesyesyes," I moaned. I stopped sucking Todd while I came, but that's a good thing, because I think my moans put him within two licks of exploding himself. Mills let out a string of incomprehensible words as he came, too: "Fucknggr... Katie... gardsagood."

After Mills was finished, the boys switched positions and Todd took a turn behind me while I sucked Mills' flaccid dick. I was moaning a short time later when Todd exploded into my pussy. Mills was hard again by that time, but nowhere near ready to come again, so it didn't bother him when I stopped.

"Thanks, guys - I really needed that," I said, as we all pulled our clothes on.

"That was amazing, Katie," Mills said.

"Yeah. Do you think we can do it again?" Todd asked.

"Um, I'm not sure. We'll see," I said in my softest let-down voice. "But let's not count on it, 'kay?" The boys said they were cool with that, but who knows what they were actually thinking.

The kitchen was clean and there was a plate of warm cookies on the counter when we emerged. Todd and Mills joined Lucas in the livingroom playing MarioKart. I honestly wanted to play with them, but I knew that I shouldn't, so I took the bus to the mall instead.

Lucas didn't say anything about it for the rest of the day, but just before bed he knocked on my bedroom door. I let him in, ready to listen to what horrible things he had to say. He couldn't find the words. His face, though, was a blend of resentment, jealousy, frustration, and pity. "I know," I said apologetically. He seemed to accept this, and left.

**Chapter 6**

A few days later, my family had dinner with a business associate of my Dad's, and his family, at their country club. I was excited for the chance to dress up. My mom and I bought new dresses while my dad took Lucas out shopping for a suit. My dress was strapless with a red satiny bodice and a tiered black skirt down almost to my ankles. My hair was fairly short, so there wasn't a lot I could do to dress it up, but I did work in a cute side-braid. I spent more time putting on my makeup that night than I ever had before. I hoped there would be pictures! Dad said he'd never seen a girl so beautiful.

We met the Pillsbury family at the club. Dinner was outside at one of many tables crowded under a wedding tent, next to the dance floor. The Pillsburys had two kids: Anthony, who had just graduated and turned down a soccer scholarship at ASU to go to MIT, and Jordan, an 11-year-old who was instantly smitten with Lucas and wouldn't let him out of her sight. It was cute.

Anthony and I split our time during dinner trying to be grown-ups and participating in our parents' conversions, and talking among ourselves about teen-aged life. He told me how excited he was to be going off to college soon, but how sad it was that all his friends were going separate ways. I told him about how disappointed I had been to leave the gymnastics team after the car crash; and I told him that I had lost Stacy's friendship (but not how). He casually asked about my dating life, but I dodged the question. I don't think either of us expected to ever see each other again, but for that evening, we were friends.

Dinner was salmon in a dill sauce. Dessert was vanilla creme brulee. I started to feel the compulsion creeping up on me, and I panicked at the thought of what I might do - what dish washer or valet I might pounce on during his smoke break. I was rescued, in a way, when Anthony asked me to dance.

It was a slow song. I pressed my body tight up against his, and laid my head on his shoulder. I tried for that to be enough, but it wasn't - I couldn't deny the succubus trapped inside of me, clawing for her release. "Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked, softly.

"No. Why do you ask?" Anthony replied.

"I... I want your cock," I admitted quietly.

He chuckled. "Excuse me?"

"I want your cock inside of me," I went on. "When this song is over, I want to take you somewhere private and ride you like a white water raft."

Anthony didn't say anything, and I was desperately afraid he would turn me down. Still, I continued forming my plan. My lips kissed his neck seductively. My fingers caressed his biceps. My eyes, though, scanned the surroundings as we danced in slow circles to the big band music. Once the song ended, I pulled him away by the hand. He came willingly.

On the other side of the swimming pool, there were a huge number of tables and chairs, unused and unlit. I guessed that the dinner service was supposed to be there tonight, but the rain clouds had forced the club to move tables under the tent around the dance floor instead. There was no reason for anyone to look out in that direction, and even if they did, they wouldn't be able to see us through the forest of tables as long as we kept our heads low.

"Lie down," I instructed. He took off his jacket and lay down, looking at me as if he thought this might be a trap. I unbuttoned his shirt and ran my hands up and down his chest, marveling at it. No boy I had been with had had such a perfect chest - muscly ripples, soft hard skin, and just enough hair to be manly but not gross. Under other circumstances I would have loved to take my time enjoying his chest, but this time I had my geas to fulfill. I unzipped his pants and roused his erection with my lips.

Casting my panties aside, I lowered myself onto him, hiding our junction under the many ruffles of my dress. We smiled at each other as I pumped my body onto his cock, and the sweet anticipation of sex became the reality of it. Anthony stroked my arms, and then reached under my dress and stroked my legs - which felt nice - but his eyes kept returning to my chest.

"You can touch them if you want," I said, just as softly as my seduction minutes before. He tried squeezing my boobs, and feeling around for my nipples through the fabric, but it just didn't feel right for either of us. I could tell that he was a little disappointed to be missing out on part of the experience, so I unzipped and cast my dress off: I was completely nude, save for my shoes.

There was a very light rain, I soon discovered, but the evening was warm and the rain was comfortable, so it only added to the experience for me. Anthony's face lit up when he saw my boobs, and he set to squeezing and caressing them. When he touched my nipples, softer than kitten's breath, it sent a quake through my whole body. Then when he pinched them, my orgasm hit me like a train crash. I tried not to make any sound, but a "peep" escaped my throat. Something about how Anthony was touching me kept my orgasm going a long time, as if my nipples were knobs by which he was somehow tuning my body.

My orgasm did end, and I think Anthony was close to coming. I was just about to ask him if he wanted me to speed up or do anything special, but then my dad and Mrs. Pillsbury showed up.

"Kaitlyn, get dressed - *now*." My dad's face was stone, and I had never heard his voice so cold. I scrambled off of Anthony and put on my dress, forgetting my panties in the bustle. Mom and Lucas joined us in the car, and we drove silently away from the country club.

After ten minutes, my dad spoke, calmly but distantly. "Kaitlyn, please answer honestly. Did Anthony pressure you in any way?"

"No, Daddy," I confessed, my voice dripping with shame. "It was my idea." Dad nodded an acknowledgement, and then drove on in silence.

Back at home I changed into my pajamas and curled up in bed, while my parents had a heated discussion in the kitchen. I couldn't make out what they were saying; I don't think they were fighting, but they were clearly emotional. I wished there were someone I could take comfort in while I waited for the inevitable confrontation. I thought about going to see Lucas, but I figured he had as much reason to hate me as my parents did. Or, perhaps he would be afraid that I would try to rape him. I settled for clutching my Portal Weighted Companion Cube plushy. Tears and makeup stained my pillowcases.

My mom came in and sat on the edge of the bed, resting her hand on my forearm. I was curled up facing away from her, and I stayed that way. I couldn't look her in the eye.

"He's not upset that you're having sex, you know," Mom began. "That's hard for a father - their instincts say they have to protect you. But your father has always suppressed that urge and trusted you. You embarrassed us tonight - the whole family. You showed poor judgment, a lack of maturity. In your father's eyes, you violated his trust. That's why he's upset. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said, with a sniffle.

Mom patted my arm. "This wasn't your first time, was it?"

I shook my head.

"You know you can talk to me about it - the good and the bad," Mom said. "I would *like* for you to talk to me about it."

"Please, not tonight, Mom," I begged, amidst a new flurry of tears.

"Okay," she said. "Wash your face before you go to bed." She stood up. "Your father and I love you. Don't lose sight of that."

(Months later, I received my panties from that evening in the mail. There was a note, written in a woman's hand: "He doesn't want these any more. You can have them back.")

**Chapter 7**

Things were quiet for the next few weeks, while the awkwardness in the family faded. When I wasn't at physical therapy, I was at home. I didn't talk to anyone outside of my family and the clinic staff. I figured that my sexual fugues must be triggered by something, but I hadn't figured out what it was yet.

One day, Lucas told me he was planning on inviting a friend over. "That isn't going to be a problem, is it?" He asked.

"It won't be," I replied earnestly. "I promise." I never left my room the whole time. I didn't even know which friend it was.

One day my dad invited me to go on a road trip with him. He had a business meeting coming up in San Francisco with an engineering firm. I had talked about being interested in an engineering career in the past - even though I didn't really know anything about it - so my dad arranged for a tour of the office to get a feel for things. The best part was that my favorite band was playing a concert that night, and he said we'd go.

The drive to San Francisco was a lot of fun. Dad and I talked like we hadn't in a long time. We talked about his work, and my physical therapy. I asked lots of questions about the rules of driving, in anticipation of getting my learner's permit in a few months. He told me some of what an engineer does, day to day, but his knowledge was limited - Dad's a lawyer, but he works with a lot of engineers. We even got a little personal when he asked me which Avenger I thought was cutest.

"Well, Captain America is certainly *cutest*," I said, thinking it through for the first time. "But Thor is*sexiest*. Bruce Banner is the one I would want to date, though. He's smart and humble and kind. He reminds me of you... well, when he's not hulking-out, of course." I swear I didn't mean it in a sick Freudian way. Dad chuckled.

A junior engineer named Amy showed me around the shop while my dad was in his meeting. There were tons of cubicles with computers and graph paper, and white boards full of math I didn't know yet. They had a gigantic printer painstakingly generating diagrams the size of bed sheets. They even had a metal shop with all sorts of cool machines, and a room where they set things on fire. They made me put on goggles and promise not to touch anything.

We went back to the motel to change before the concert. I had worn business attire to the office - or at least as close to it as my wardrobe allowed - but I wanted something more free and festive for the show. I had just gotten out of the shower, with a towel wrapped around me, when Dad got back with the lattes. Dad opened up his laptop and started writing an email while the smell of vanilla from the drinks invaded my mind. I panicked when I felt the first stirrings of my compulsion, but I told myself that this time would be different: I had been through it before, I knew what to expect, and I could conquer it with willpower.

The feeling grew stronger - I was losing the battle. I clenched my legs together and pushed my hands against my crotch, as if I could somehow hold the demon in. Finally I lost control and started walking briskly toward the door, off to find some traveler or hobo - anything with a cock.

My dad rolled on his chair in front of my path. "Katie, what are you doing? You can't go out like that." He sounded amused.

"I'll be real quick," I said anxiously. "You won't even know I'm gone."

Dad picked up on my distress. He stood and put his hands on my shoulders, and spoke with a serious tone of voice: "Kaitlyn, what's wrong?"

I couldn't look at his face - only the door. He was holding me, and standing between the door and me; there was no way that he would let me out. Dread overtook me as I gave in to the only gambit left available to me.

"Kaitlyn?"

"You think I'm pretty, right Daddy?" My voice was still shaking.

"Of course I do, sweetheart!"

"And if we were the same age - if we met at school or something - you would want to have sex with me, right?"

"I would loved to have dated a girl like you! You're so beautiful, and you have so many wonderful qualities."

"But you would have FUCKED me, RIGHT?" I said, almost shouting.

"Well, yes. I mean if things were..." he started to say.

"Then do it now!" I said, as I dropped my towel. I rubbed my boobs with my hands, like the girls in pornos do, trying to seduce my father. "Please, Daddy, fuck me. I NEED you to!" He was stunned for a moment, but when I reached for his belt buckle, he took action. He forced me onto the bed, wrapped me up in a blanket, and then sat behind me holding me tightly so that I couldn't move.

"It's going to be okay, angel," my dad assured me.

I was in agony for, I'm guessing, hours. My primal brain wouldn't stop prodding me, as if to say, "You must have sex; you must find a way. Your life depends on it." I couldn't explain what was going on in my head. The closest I came was futile bargaining: "Please, Dad, you HAVE to - you don't know what this is like!" and "I'm going to DIE!" Eventually I stopped talking and just sobbed. Dad never let go; he just sang me a song from my childhood, over and over.

Eventually Dad relaxed his hold; the feeling had subsided and I guess he somehow figured that out. "How are you feeling, sweetie?" He asked.

"I'm so sorry, Dad." I whimpered.

"It's okay. We'll figure this out." He replied, placing his hand on my head reassuringly. "Is this the first time something like this has happened?" I shook my head.

"The country club?" He followed-up. I nodded.

"We'll fix this."

I put on my pajamas and buried my face in pillows while Dad called Mom. "Laurel, I need you to ask around and find the best psychiatrist you can. Make an appointment for tomorrow. No, everything is under control now. No. No, we're driving home tonight. Kaitlyn had a sort of ... episode. No, like ... hypersexuality. She's fine, but I don't want to wait another day. Yeah, we'll talk more about it later. See you tonight. Love you."

I slept most of the drive home, and went straight to bed after that - crying always makes me tired. Before I drifted off, it was clear that they were interrogating Lucas about my sex life. The next day, they checked me in to Painted Mesa Psychiatric Hospital.

My experience in the mental hospital was actually a pretty good one - nothing like the books and movies. It was embarrassing telling Dr. Brown every detail about every time I had ever had sex, but she gave me hope that we could find a way to make me better. She interviewed my family - sometimes with me, sometimes separately - and that, too, was more embarrassment than anyone should ever have to face. The hardest part was hearing about the impact my actions had had on Lucas. A part of him regretted not sleeping with me, that first night, he eventually revealed. He felt like a failure for not protecting me from being used by his friends. But at the same time he envied them for experiencing sex. He felt himself to be less than them, now - cut off, out of the club. And it was an experience that he could have had, if not for the strength of his loyalty to me. He resented them and me, both, for making him feel that way.

Stacy came to visit: she hugged me, and then punched my shoulder, like we had never been apart. She and Ryan had eventually had sex, but not that night. My outburst had moved back the timetable a considerable amount.

Eventually, Dr. Brown zeroed in on my trigger. She tested her theory by waving a bottle of vanilla extract under my nose, and then she locked me in an isolation room when I became hard to handle. Despite the cameras, I masturbated to the point of pain, and beyond. It didn't satisfy my compulsion, but it took the edge off.

The next day they ran all sorts of medical tests, and the day after that I met Dr. Sato, who ordered even more tests. Then he showed me the brain scan, and the tiny dark spot that was evidence of my stroke. He said it was unlikely that my brain would ever heal, but that with cognitive behavioral therapy, I could learn to manage my condition. I was released from the hospital with the agreement that I would continue to meet with Dr. Brown and Dr. Sato regularly. I was glad my parents made a lot of money, because that summer we must have spent a fortune on doctors.

With Dr. Brown's help, I stopped thinking of myself as a slut. Instead, she helped me think of myself as a girl with a normal teen-aged libido, and a handicap that requires some special accommodations. I still got called for dates, but I turned them down - those were guys who thought of me as an easy lay, not a romantic partner. In fact, the rule was no sex.

"Some day," my father said, "we'll be able to control your environment enough that you can have a romantic life; but for right now, you're not capable of giving consent. Any boy who touches you is raping you, and I will treat them as such."

I tried to argue hypotheticals: "What if I meet a boy, fall in love, and we date for six months doing nothing more than holding hands. And then, two weeks before prom, we ask for permission to go further, in a safe environment, with lawyers and paramedics standing by?" Dad's answer was still no, and Dr. Brown supported him.

But that was a moot point: My reputation had grown over the summer, and the only boys who were interested in me were the ones who only wanted a piece of ass. I may have stopped thinking of myself as a slut, but everyone else hadn't come around yet.

That applied to junior high as well as high school: Shortly after school had started again, Lucas came home with a fat lip and a bruised cheek. "We didn't see eye to eye regarding Katie's personality," he said when questioned by my parents.

I hugged him. "Aww, Luke! Just let them talk, okay? I don't want you getting hurt! You can't change their minds - even if you beat them up. Promise no more fighting over me?"

"No," he said, resolutely.

**Chapter 8**

We came up with some plans for how to avoid dangerous situations, and how to cope with them when they did happen - but nothing ever goes according to plan. The first time I got vanilla'd in the new school year, I was using the bathroom between classes. I guess the janitorial crew had switched air freshener brands, and this bathroom had become vanilla-scented over the weekend. I tried to text Stacy when I felt it coming on - rule number one was to let someone know - but I only got as far as "I think I" before my brain jumped track and started looking for men.

The passageways between buildings were largely empty - everyone had gone into the classrooms - but there were a few upperclassmen standing next to a van out in the parking lot. I swayed my hips as I approached them; when I got close they stopped talking to each other and fixed their attention on me. They were pot-heads, obviously ditching class to get high. Two of them were fairly nice looking: one tan and blond like a surfer; the other looked sorta heavy metal, with his hair in a top-knot. The third was fat and sweaty. The last one looked prematurely old, like the junkies in the anti-drug ads.

"Hello, guys!" I said, and unhooked my bra under my shirt. "If I take off my top, which one of you do you think will get hard fastest?"

Metal-boy answered, "An excellent question, my dear. Why don't you join us in the parlor where we can discuss it further?" The van was thick with pot smoke; my eyes stung and I coughed at my first taste of it. Immediately the boys were undressing me, as well as removing their own pants. Fat-boy took me first: he was sitting on the bench and pulled me onto his lap, facing away from him. He cupped my boobs while I bounced on his cock. Surfer-boy stole a kiss until metal-boy pushed him out of the way and flopped his dick in my mouth.

Fat-boy came. I was getting pretty close myself and I didn't want to lose my momentum, so I said, "Someone else fuck me now, please." Surfer-boy positioned me on my hands and knees while I continued to suck off metal-boy, and shoved his noticeably-larger-than-normal dick in my pussy. Anything that we had discussed in therapy about what I should be thinking or doing at this moment was completely lost to me. At the time, I was glad to be in that smoky van, fucking those boys. My body had demanded sex, and it was rewarding me with warm fuzzy feelings in my soul, on top of the orgasm that I knew was just a few thrusts away. I moaned loudly as I came, which motivated metal-boy to pull out of my mouth and shoot his jizz in my face.

Junkie-boy took his turn at my mouth. The come from my face got all over his belly, causing him to say, "Dude, could you try to be more considerate?" Metal-boy laughed mockingly. I sucked junkie-boy while surfer-boy continued to pulsate inside me, making me feel fuller than I ever had.

"So what's your name, dear lady?" Metal-boy asked.

"I'd rather not say," I articulated through a mouth full of cock. Fat-boy wasn't content with that, though. He started rummaging through my bookbag and wallet.

"Kaitlyn Ford, sophomore," fat-boy read from my school ID. "Nice to meet you, *Kaitlyn*. Do you always ditch classes for gang-bangs, *Kaitlyn*? You're such a good jizz-extractor, *Kaitlyn*."

I started to moan again: surfer-boy's pounding was really doing it for me. He moaned in answer, and increased his speed. "God, this girl just can't get enough!" fat-boy observed.

"Yeah, she's a ho," junkie-boy said.

Then I heard, "Hey Cal - smile for the camera!" and the sound of a smart phone taking a picture. Metal-boy kept taking pictures as surfer-boy and I approached climax together, each moan and grunt feeding the other's excitement. Junkie-boy's dick fell out of my mouth, forgotten, as my body tightened in waves of bliss, and surfer-boy loosed his fluids into me.

I was still recovering when junkie-boy pushed me flat on the floor of the van, face down. "I'm going to do her ass," he said.

"No - no anal," I said. I was lucid enough for that, at least. If they had started with that, I'm not sure I would have been able to resist. "Please don't be greedy," I added.

"Fine," junkie-boy said, climbing onto my back and thrusting his dick into my pussy like he meant to hurt me. Maybe it would have hurt earlier, but I was pretty well stretched out by this point. The van's carpet felt rough on my skin - especially my nipples; and the angle at which he was fucking me caused me to rub against it hard. I expected I'd have rug burn on the entire front of my body by the time this was done. Fortunately, I had sucked him for a long time, so he quickly climaxed, uttering obscenities and adding his semen to his friends' in my belly.

I was on my knees, looking around for my bra, when fat-boy noticed my medic alert bracelet and pulled my arm to his face so he could read it. "Guys, get this! 'severe hypersexuality triggered by smell of vanilla'."

"Does that mean you'll slut it up for us again if we buy a girlie candle?" junkie-boy teased.

"Please ignore my comrade's vulgarities," metal-boy said. "It was a pleasure sharing third period with you, Kaitlyn. If you should ever be in the mood, we would be delighted to have your company once again."

I gave up looking for my bra - I suspected that fat-boy had hidden it. I put on the rest of my clothes and stumbled out of the van. I was having trouble walking, dizzy from the pot. This had been my first time inhaling the stuff, and I think that I must had gotten a pretty strong dose. I tried to text Stacy a couple times, but kept messing up. She called me, and I asked her to find her in the parking lot. Stacy took me to the school nurse, who called my mom, who canceled her appointments to take me home.

I stayed at home eating everything chip-like in the house, while my mom went back to the school and yelled up a storm. They couldn't have known about my condition, of course, but she made sure they did now. The principal promised to brief every school employee, and audit every vanilla scented or flavored item used on the premises. Mom wanted a complete ban, prohibiting anyone - students or teachers - from bringing anything containing vanilla to school, but she finally conceded that that would be unenforcible. The air fresheners would be replaced for sure, the principal said. And while the cafeteria would continue to use vanilla flavoring, nothing with a noticeable vanilla aroma would be served.

Dad's reaction was a little scarier: he started wearing his gun, all the time. Dad was a marine, so he knew how to use it; but I had only ever seen the thing once, and that was when Dad was cleaning it years ago. The rest of the time, it had always been locked up in a gun safe in his closet. Now, he wore it and didn't event try to conceal it: he wanted people to know that he was carrying. When Stacy commented about that the next day, Lucas chimed in, "Spread the word."

**Chapter 9**

We refined our protocol a bit after that. I bought an app that, with one button, would send my GPS coordinates by text message to Mom, Dad, Stacy, and Dr. Brown. Stacy's class schedule was rearranged so that she had the same lunch period as me - a perk that, the principal kept telling us, they would not have offered under less extreme circumstances. Dr. Sato had all sorts of questions about how the marijuana had affected the experience for me. He was writing a paper about me, I learned.

A few days later, it was obvious that my secret was out. After an assembly, a couple queen bee bitches were looking at me and talking to each other conspiratorially. I heard one of them whisper-but-not-really, "That's the Vanilla Slut" while pointing at me. The name not only stuck, but it traveled. Two days later, Mom had to pick Lucas up from school early: he had been suspended for fighting. This time his face was unblemished, but his knuckles were swollen and scraped. He had heard my new nickname and took exception with it. It scared me to imagine what he had done to the other boy, who I later found out was Todd. I don't think Lucas had ever been in a fight in his life before this year.

A small group of us ate lunch every day outside the auditorium, far away from the cafeteria and the beaten path. Stacy, our new friend Trace, our old friend Chloe, and I all brought our lunches from home each day. Trace had a car - he had been held back a year in gradeschool, so he was old for a sophomore - so he sometimes brought back treats from the convenience store.

One day as we were heading toward our lockers at the end of lunch, I ran into that queen bee bitch again - Moira, I had learned her name was. She walked right up to me, holding a small bottle, and spilled it on my blouse, with a fake stumble and over-acted "Oops!". It was vanilla perfume. Everyone around stopped to watch and whisper, but Stacy and Trace almost instantly swept in and rushed me off to Trace's car. It must have looked like the Secret Service in the movies. Trace drove, while Stacy removed my perfume-soaked blouse and threw it out the window. The damage was already done, though: I needed sex.

"Trace, stop the car and come back here, please. I need you," I told him.

"We'll get you home," he said.

"No, you don't understand," I said, barely in control. "It's too late for prevention. I need to have sex, *now*. We're friends - it won't be weird. Just come back here and *fuck me*."

"Just hang in there and we'll get you some place safe," he said again.

"It doesn't work like that!" I pleaded. "Okay, stop the car and let me out. I'll find someone else." We were moving at 45 miles per hour on a busy 4-lane road, but I reached for the door latch. Stacy stopped me. "PLEEEEEASE?"

Stacy joined in: "OH FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN-UP AND FUCK THE GIRL. CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S IN PAIN?"

Trace shouted back: "THE ANSWER IS NO. DON'T ASK AGAIN."

"I'll do it my god damned self," Stacy muttered. She slipped the strap of my bra off my shoulder and tugged the cup down, revealing one breast. When she put her lips to my nipple and suckled, to my surprise, my sense of dire need lessened. She reached up under my skirt, inside my panties, and rubbed my slit, quelling my compulsion even further. When she sank two hooked fingers into my hole and began tugging and rubbing, I was able to relax and get lost in the good feelings. The beast inside me had been placated. Stacy's wrist moved in circles, driving her fingers in and out of my hole like a piston on a camshaft, while also rubbing my clit against my own skin. It was similar to how I masturbate on my own, but she was so much better at it! I came hard, and she kept me coming for a long time. Only when I was finally done did Stacy take her lips from my tit.

"Wow!" I said. Stacy smiled and shrugged.

A group of kids from school had followed us in their car, and caught some of the show - but they couldn't have actually seen much.

Back at my house, seeing me enter with a boy and without a shirt, Lucas stepped up to intervene. Trace towered over him, but Lucas starred him down, until I could explain that Trace had helped rescue me.

In private, Trace told Stacy and me why he didn't fuck me. He would love to have sex with me, he said - and Stacy and Chloe and just about every girl at school - but he physically can't. He was mauled by a dog when he was a toddler, and his junk got messed up. He's still attracted to girls - he gets horny - but he can't get an erection and he can't have an orgasm. From what I understand about men, that sounds way worse than anything I've been through.

**Chapter 10**

Within a week, almost everyone was calling me Vanilla Slut - or just Vanilla when teachers were around. Then a little later, boys started wearing white buttons with custard yellow text that read, "I've tasted vanilla!" The stoner boys had had them printed up, and were selling them, but only to boys who had a plausible claim to having slept with me. We found this out when a junior boy approached me and said, "Hey Vanilla, are you busy after class? I was hoping you and me could go somewhere and I could earn my button."

The fat stoner boy actually had the gall to ask me to verify who I had slept with. He came up to us at lunch with some timid freshman and said, "Hey, Kaitlyn! Can you validate that Vince here is 'in the club'? Can't give these to just anyone, you know." Stacy kicked him in the balls, many times.

All of the boys that I had slept with so far under the influence of vanilla had just been lucky - right place, right time. None of them had taken advantage of me - at least as far they knew at the time. But now I faced the real possibility that someone might deliberately abuse my condition.

Fortunately, my friends were proactive. One time, three boys approached us, one of them holding a cooking extract bottle. "Hey Vanilla," one called as they approached. "Look what I've got! What do you say to a party?" Trace walked right up and punched the guy, square in the chest, so hard that it knocked him on his ass and he couldn't breath for fifteen seconds. The other guys backed away, and they all left when their friend could walk again.

The most hurtful incident was near the end of the semester. Coach Turney sent me a note asking me to stop by after class, to talk about when I'd be able to rejoin the gymnastics team, or whether there were other duties I'd consider taking on to help out the team. The conversation seemed pretty normal to me, at first. Yes, I was done with physical therapy, but my doctor didn't want me doing gymnastics yet. Sure, maybe I could be his assistant and travel with the team when when they went on the road. As luck would have it, I had a cold that week, and I was sniffling throughout the whole conversation. Out of nowhere, Coach asked, "That's quite a cold. So you can't smell anything right now?" I looked at him with suspicion, and his face betrayed guilt. He glanced at the wall; there was one of those scented oil heaters plugged in to the outlet.

I ran out into the hall and pressed the vanilla emergency button on my phone. I waited for the urge to overtake me, but it didn't come. Like the Coach had guessed, I couldn't smell anything. I called my dad, and sent follow-up messages to everyone else.

I didn't understand it. He had touched me and all the other girls countless times, and it had never been the least bit pervy. Why would he pick now to try to rape me, and what made him think he could get away with it, even if I did fuck him? Maybe I was misinterpreting the situation, I thought; maybe it wasn't vanilla scented, or maybe he didn't know about my condition, somehow. But I kept coming back to the look of guilt on his face, and I knew the truth. I felt so betrayed.

The cops showed up first, and my dad minutes later. Nobody said a word about him carrying a gun on school property. A detective interviewed me - a rape specialist, I gathered, from his super-empathetic tone. I was taken home quickly, but Dad didn't come home until hours later. The legal stuff is still going on, but Coach Turney never came back to the school.

Plenty of rumors spread over the next few days about the coach's disappearance and my role in it. Many of them painted me in a bad light, but not all. A few made my dad sound like Batman.

**Epilogue**

The incidents have been rare enough, lately, that I find myself missing sex. I know that my dad's rule about not having voluntary sex for now makes sense; and I know that I don't know any trustworthy boys that I could be dating, anyway. But I'm a teenager, and I have as much libido as any girl in my grade. Sometimes part of me wishes for another accident, so that I can be wild and free, and fuck.

And the truth of the matter is that sex feels better when I'm in the vanilla-state. I mean, sex feels good normally - great, actually. But when I give in to my compulsion, there's a layer of satisfaction and relief that goes way beyond that. It's like that first bite of a really good meal after you've been starving. I suspect that sex for me, with vanilla, is way more fun than normal people ever experience.

I have this fantasy about the future. I come home from work - some small office where everyone knows about my condition and they don't mind making accommodations - and my boyfriend has already drawn a bath for the two of us. Picture someone like Chris Hemsworth, but younger. We play in the bath together, giggling and kissing and rubbing bubbles all over each other's chests. Then, when we both know the moment is right, he unwraps a vanilla candy chew and places it on my tongue. He watches me while I suck on the candy and my eyes fill up with sex. Then I climb on top of him and push our bodies together, over and over, creating waves that crash around the tub like a stormy surf. We come together, and kiss, and tell each other how much we love each other.

Then it's off to the shower, to rinse off the bubbles. As soon as we're there, Chris drops to his knees and licks my pussy; and he keeps licking my pussy until the hot water runs out. Then after we towel each other off, we race to the bed, and he climbs on top of me and enters me again. His body is pressing down on me, his sex is pushing into me, and his eyes are penetrating my soul. We make love like that forever. Finally we come, together again. Then after, as we lie there with my head curled up in the nook of his shoulder, I tell him about what an amazing experience he has just given me, and he gets it.

**Vanilla Slut 2: Road Trip**

**Chapter 1**

I guess it started when Stacy was telling me about all the fun she and her boyfriend Ty had had on their trip to the amusement park.

"Ty wanted to go on the Ferris wheel for some reason," Stacy began, "and so I went along, whatever. Once we were seated we started making out and stuff. Then once we were high, he revealed his real plan and started pushing my head down toward his crotch."

"That sounds kinda uncool," I interjected doubtfully.

"No, it was cool - I like it when he does stuff like that," she explained. "Anyway, I wanted to blow him. But you know those safety bars across your lap? I couldn't bend enough to get my mouth down there. But my hands were free. So there we are, going round and round on the wheel, and he's kissing me while I'm working my spit-filled hands up and down his cock like a champ. And then near the very top of the wheel, he groans and squirts. I never stopped to think about where the come would go..."

"Oh no...," I said.

"Oh yes!" Stacy replied. "It shot out, like, feet in front of him before falling out of our sight. And there was a lot of it. Then a second later we heard some angry man shout, 'What the fuck?!?'"

"Oh god!" I reacted. "So then what happened?"

"Obviously we played it cool for the rest of the ride," Stacy said. "The park was closing, so we went back to his SUV. But everyone was trying to leave at once, so we messed around for a while before driving home. Thank god for tinted windows, huh?"

I eyed her suspiciously. "What kind of 'messing around' are you talking about?"

Stacy grinned. "The kind where he pulls down my pants, bends me over the back of the car seats, sticks his nose in my ass crack, and fucks my hole with his tongue until I come."

"Holy shit, you can come like that?" I asked, astonished.

"I did this time!" She said. "Then, of course, he was hard again, so I fucked him sitting in his lap." She added with a certain naughty pride, "I've got bite marks on my boobs."

"God, I am so fucking jealous of you!" I said.

"Hey, just because I managed to think of one sex act that you didn't do first is no reason to get upset," Stacy teased.

"It's just been so long!" I whined. "I miss sex! And I've never even had romance." Then, more somberly, I added, "Hell, it's been forever since a boy even smiled at me."

Stacy picked up on my change of tone, and reacted sympathetically. "Kaitlyn, it'll happen. Your condition sucks, but you've been doing a really good job of managing it."

"Maybe too good," I muttered.

"What do you mean by that?" Stacy probed.

I sighed. "I just mean that sometimes I wish I could go to a party somewhere without you or any of my other caretakers, rip off my mask, unbutton a few buttons, and just let whatever happens happen," I confessed.

Stacy didn't say anything more, but just side-hugged me.

See, the thing is, back in my freshman and sophomore years, I was a notorious slut. Seriously, everyone at my high school, and a lot of people at neighboring schools, knew me as "Vanilla Slut".

A big part of that was the fact that I have this neurological condition: any time I smell or taste vanilla, it triggers in me this overwhelming compulsion to have sex. I can't help it, and I can't fight it. It's like the song stuck in your head. It's like the sneeze that you feel coming but won't quite happen. It's like starving, or running for your life, or being so tired you can't sleep. But it's not any of those things; it's my body telling me, "Kaitlyn, you must have sex right now - your life depends on it."

But when I give in and give my body what it wants, oh my god! It's like a bubble bath after a whole day of gardening. It's like butter-drenched filet mignon when you haven't eaten in a day and a half. It's like finally peeing when you're just short of bursting. And that's on top of the regular feel-goodness of just plain sex.

Anyway, there were a lot of scandals before we figured out what was causing my behavior and how to mitigate it. How I avoided catching a bunch of STDs is anyone's guess. I'm lucky that I've got good friends and family looking out for me.

When school started up again, I was going to be a senior. For more than a year I had been wearing a mask with super-effective filters to keep the smells out any time I was in public. It was not flattering. Recently, a seven year old boy had asked his mom why I was dressed up like Bane from Batman. My mask wasn't quite that bad, but it was certainly unfashionable and it kinda creeped people out. So I'd gone from a slut to a prude freak. Even if a guy had liked me, I wouldn't have been allowed to date him. Too many complications - at least, that's what my dad and my shrink said. I knew they were right, but sometimes I just wanted to run away from my problems.

Not long after that discussion with Stacy, I was letting my brother Lucas practice Aikido on me. That's not as mean as it sounds: Aikido is a martial art that's all about throws and joint locks, but in a nice way. He usually went in slow motion, and any way, I had been doing gymnastics since I was little, so I was no stranger to hitting the ground hard.

Lucas liked practicing on me because I'm unusually flexible, which makes it harder to perform the moves correctly. A couple times, he actually took me in to the dojo to ask the sensei why some move wasn't working on me. The sensei was always able to correct his technique, and turn it into a lesson for the whole class. I didn't mind: they were nice people and they didn't make fun of my mask.

Anyway, there I was in the back yard in my pajamas, with Lucas' arm across my chest and his leg under mine, holding me off-balance, when he said, "Katie, I need a favor."

I giggled at his timing. "Sure. What's up?" I asked as he helped me back to my feet.

"You know how Dad was talking about you taking a road trip to visit that college in Massachusetts?" Lucas asked. "I need you to say yes, and insist that I come along. I need to get to Massachusetts before August 14th."

"Is this about Angie?" I asked. "What's the rush?"

Lucas looked distressed just talking about it. "She's moving to Switzerland. This is our last chance. We really need to... be together." I raised an eyebrow at that, but Lucas went on. "Please. We're in love. We really need to be each others' firsts."

Lucas was about to start his sophomore year. He'd been cyber-dating Angie, this super-cute blond girl that he met through an Aikido discussion website several months before. They had never met in person, but it was obvious that this is the real thing for him. Her family was with the United Nations or something, so they moved around a lot, all over the world.

I smiled at him. "We'll figure something out."

**Chapter 2**

We got permission for the road trip from my parents. Any time I traveled, it pretty much had to be by car. In theory, the security checkpoints at the airport should have been able to make accommodations for medically necessary equipment, but sometimes things go wrong. After the last time, several bystanders had written to the authorities insisting that I be placed on the sex offender registry and the no-fly list.

Better yet, the road trip was going to be just us kids. Dr. Brown had even helped argue my case, saying that like any teen-ager, I needed opportunities to be independent every once in a while in order to grow. And so, Stacy and I set off cross-country to take a tour of Rourke University, with Lucas coming along to help keep me out of trouble.

Most of the first day went by pretty quickly. Stacy and I were goofy and excited, joking about the towns we drove through, and making up stories about the people in cars around us. Lucas was mostly quiet, exchanging lovesick puppy messages with Angie on his tablet.

By the afternoon, the novelty of it all had faded away, and we were all in our own heads. Being the conscientious driver that I was, I knew that there was a car next to us driving the same speed, but I didn't really think much about it. That is, until Stacy brought them to my attention.

"Hey Kaitlyn," Stacy said. "See those guys in the car next to us? They think you're hot."

"Huh?" I said. I looked over. There were two guys - two cute guys - about our age in the car. The one in the passenger seat kept alternately looking at his phone and over at us. When my eyes met his, he made a dramatic gesture, like a sigh and clutching his chest. Then he hurriedly went back to typing on his phone.

"Specifically," Stacy went on, "they say you're 'like a white-hot shard of heaven fallen to Earth'." Lucas shook his head and laughed.

I was flabbergasted. "What? How do you even know that?" I asked.

"I'm texting with them," Stacy replied casually.

Obviously I was flattered, but also completely surprised. I wasn't wearing my mask, of course - no need in the safety of my car. But my hair was kind of messy from driving with the window down earlier, and my clothes were bland comfortable things that I wouldn't want to be seen in by anyone who knew my name. I guess I just sort of forgot what it was like to have boys notice me.

"Well I'll be damned if I'm going to let you get all the admiration," Stacy teased. She was in the back seat, and through glances in my mirror, I could see that she was taking off her vest, hat, and then T-shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, so she was totally topless when she rolled down the window and leaned out. Knowing Stacy, she was probably licking her lips or making fuck-me faces at the boys in the other car. Their car dropped back a few feet so that their passenger window lined up with Stacy.

After a few seconds Stacy sat back down and closed the window. That's when she noticed that Lucas was turned around in his seat in the front, staring at her. "What are you looking at, perv?" Stacy said. It might have sounded mean if you didn't know Stacy, but she meant it in a playful way.

"What, those guys get a show but I'm not allowed to look?" Lucas retorted. Stacy deliberately turned to face Lucas for a moment, hands cupping her boobs, with her chest and tongue stuck out. Then she got dressed and went back to texting.

"Well?" I asked eagerly.

"'Fucking fantastic,' and 'Wet dreams for a month' were their replies," she said. After a moment, she added, "They're still not sure which of us is hotter, though. They want to see your boobs."

I chuckled. "Well, they can't," I said. "I'm driving."

"So pull over," Stacy said matter-of-factly.

"What? No!" I replied.

"Come on. It's all in good fun," Stacy pressed. "You're the one who said you missed getting attention from boys. These guys are from a different town - they've never heard of your reputation. Nothing's going to happen. Just pull over and listen to them say nice things about you for a couple of minutes."

"Just flirting?" I asked. "Just for a couple minutes?" Stacy nodded. I'm pretty sure Lucas rolled his eyes. But he also seemed to be looking back at Stacy a lot.

I pulled off the highway, and the boys did too. There were some trees nearby providing a little bit of privacy and shade, so Stacy and I walked there. Lucas stayed in the car, but before we left, he told us, "Scream if anything looks like it might get out of hand, okay?"

"We will," I promised.

We introduced ourselves. The boys were Mike and Rob - brothers.

"So Stacy's obviously a bad girl," Mike said with a smooth delivery, "but I'm guessing you're the good one. Pure as the driven snow. In fact, I bet you're a virgin."

Stacy and I busted out into laughter. "I'm about as far from a virgin as you can get without actually taking money for it," I said.

Mike looked me up and down. "Nah, I don't believe it. You're a good girl - a Daddy's girl - I can see it. You don't have it in you to do anything wild."

He was playing me, of course, but I liked it. "You just want to see my boobs," I accused. Mike gave me a yeah you caught me but you're going to do it anyway smile. Rob had barely said anything, but the way he looked at me, it was like he was in love somehow. I pulled my polo shirt up over my head, and then took off my bra, giving the boys a playful but innocent smile.

"So what do you think?" Stacy asked. Mike whistled his appreciation.

"I would crawl through the lowest level of hell to touch those," Rob said. I blushed.

"You know, it's my boy Rob's birthday today...," Mike said.

"Pfff, yeah right!" I said. Despite my shy act, I kept making covert motions with my hips and shoulders to give my boobs a little bit of bounce.

"For real!" Mike said. He fished his brother's wallet out of a jacket pocket and handed a driver's license to Stacy.

"What do you know!" Stacy exclaimed. "It really is his birthday."

Rob really did seem mesmerized my boobs. After glancing at Stacy for her opinion - which was of course a yes, I took his hands and put them on my chest. "Just for a minute, okay?" It felt so nice to have him touch me, and squeeze me, and brush his fingers past my nipples. It felt so nice to be wanted again. There was no way we were going to go any further - or even ever talk again. But at that moment, I was really happy for the intimacy that Rob and I shared.

For as much as I enjoyed the feel-up, Rob was on a different level. It was like he was the first person to discover a whole new level bliss or something. I mean, I like my boobs, and I'm pretty sure they're good ones, but they're just boobs.

I stopped Rob when I thought the time was right. My nipples were stiff and my pussy was wet. A part of me really did want to go further. But if nothing else, I wanted to be able to tell my dad and Dr. Brown that they made the right decision in trusting me.

I guess Stacy got bored, because as I was putting my clothes back on, she turned up the tease machine. "You know, Kaitlyn sometimes has these crazy spells where she just has to have sex, with anyone she can find," she said. "There's no stopping her."

"Stacy!" I objected.

Mike wanted to hear more. "Is that right?" He said.

"Yup," Stacy went on. "And as her friend, it's my job to protect her from guys who might take advantage of her." She was talking in her sultry voice. I wasn't sure what she was up to.

"And how do you do that?" Mike asked.

"I just have to fuck her myself," Stacy said as she dropped to her knees in front of me. She reached to unbutton my shorts.

"Stacy, no!" I said.

"Come on - don't you want to give the guys a show?" Stacy said. "Be a little wild?"

"They've seen plenty," I asserted. "Come on, let's get back on the road." Then I said to the boys, "Thank you two for being so nice. Happy birthday, Rob."

Lucas insisted that we tell him all about what had happened. His job on this trip, he asserted, was to keep me out of trouble, so he had to know what had taken place. We told him about it, but he didn't say anything himself.

In the girls' room at the next rest stop, Stacy asked me, "Has Lucas ever actually seen you topless?"

"I don't know," I said. "Probably when we were kids. I don't think so after I got boobs. Why?"

Stacy shrugged. "Just something in his face when you told him about getting felt-up," she said. "And I think he got a chubby."

I laughed it off. "Oh, he's just a horny boy who's never had a girlfriend. We could talk about grandma getting felt-up and it would give him a boner. Yours are probably the first boobs he's seen in person."

**Chapter 3**

We stopped driving pretty late, in a small town whose name I don't remember. After putting our stuff in the motel room, we walked across the street to a restaurant and bar called Stuart's. I was wearing my mask, of course, so I wouldn't be able to eat there, but we all needed to unwind. Lucas and Stacy had meals while I just looked at the menu planning what I would order to-go.

It was a nice stop, though. They had a karaoke machine, and a non-stop line to sing. Some people were really good: there was a woman in some sort of work jumpsuit who hit all the notes in an Ariana Grande song. Some people were bad, like the guy who butchered "Sweet Home Alabama".

There was this one girl - about Lucas' age - that sang three times. She was obviously a local favorite, because the cheers for her were always the loudest. She sang pretty well, but she really knew how to work a stage. She was always prancing around and smiling at the crowd, and twirling her skirt just a little too high. Absolutely everyone in the place with a penis adored her, my brother included. She really made it look fun.

Then Stacy went up. She sang the really old punk song, "Anarchy in the UK." The patrons gave her token applause, but the song clearly didn't sit well with them. Then, after some prodding, Lucas went up and sang the Beatles' "Ticket to Ride". Lucas had always been a quiet kid: I was amazed by his display of confidence. Maybe learning Aikido had matured him, or maybe it was something that Angie had brought out in him. Either way, it was nice to see that from my brother. I think the flirty local girl even winked at him.

I would have loved to take a turn myself. I just kept thinking of more and more songs that I wanted to sing. But of course, singing was impossible with the mask on, and I definitely didn't dare taking it off in the restaurant, having seen all the dangerous things on the menu. Anyway, I figured it was better not to attract attention, since people were already staring and whispering about me. I think Lucas might have read my mind, because at one point he hugged me out of nowhere.

Back at the Motel I ate while Lucas typed goofy lovestruck messages on his tablet, and Stacy teased him. Then it was lights-out, with Stacy and me in one double bed, and Lucas in the other.

I guess I fell asleep pretty quickly, but I think it was just a few minutes later that Stacy shook me awake. She put her finger over her lips and then pointed at Lucas' bed. She was grinning scandalously. I shifted my position discretely and looked over to see a tent-pole made of sheets centered on my brother's crotch, and movement underneath. The light was very dim, and there was no sound, but it was perfectly obvious that Lucas was jacking off.

Stacy clearly thought this was the bawdiest thing ever. She whispered in my ear, "What do you think he's thinking about?" A number of ideas went through my head: Angie, the flirty karaoke girl, random Internet porn. But then I made my choice by pointing to Stacy's chest. She rubbed her nipple with a fingertip as an acknowledgement.

I know it was wrong, but I kept watching as my brother played with himself - even though I couldn't really see anything. Pretty soon Lucas' breathing became audible, and the thumping monster under his sheets moved faster. And then he was still. He shifted onto his side and, I guess, fell asleep.

Stacy pulled my face back in her direction. She looked puzzled, but I had no idea what she was thinking. She whispered in my ear: "What about the jizz?" I shrugged. She whispered again, "Doesn't he need to clean up? Is he just sleeping in it?" I shrugged harder, closed my eyes and tried to get back to sleep.

Try as I might, I couldn't get back to sleep. Trapped in bed alone with my thoughts, I kept wallowing in how unfair it was that I couldn't do normal things like eat in a restaurant or sing karaoke. I'm a good singer, damn it! I had been making all of these stupid accommodations for a year and a half: a year and a half of being stared at and talked about, or being asked personal questions by strangers, or just staying home while everyone else had all the fun. The risks really weren't that high around strangers: none of them would know how to deliberately turn me into a sex monster. And it's not like people walk around with bottles of vanilla extract everywhere.

After I don't know how long, I got out of bed, pulled on a dress, and headed back to the restaurant. I left my mask and my phone behind. The crowds had thinned out a lot, so the DJ was just playing regular music in between patrons' acts. A petrified little girl was singing a Disney song with her mom when I showed up. The crowd gave them warm applause.

I was really nervous when my turn came up, but fuck it, I was going to do this. I picked "Call Me Maybe" because it's a fun song and it kind of fit how I was feeling. After a couple verses I was feeling pretty good about my performance. I experimented with some hip bumps and twirls, but they didn't feel right, so I stuck to just swaying and singing. Enough people were watching, and enough people clapped at the end, that I felt my performance was a success.

As I left the stage and looked for a place to sit down, a guy approached me. "Every man in the place would like to buy you a drink right now," he said. "I hope you'll let me be the one who does."

He was college age, with semi-curly black hair that reminded me of Superman. He was tall and built, too, and his eyes were fantastically blue. He handed me a tall icy glass with a fizzing black liquid

"What is it?" I asked, trying not to offend him.

"It's just Diet Coke," he said. "But I'll get you anything you'd like."

"Just Diet Coke?" I asked, "Nothing in it?" When I heard myself say it, I figured he must think I was accusing him of trying to drug me. "I have allergies," I hastily added.

The boy's name was Hal. We sat in a booth and I sipped at the Diet Coke while we talked. He was just passing through town, too.

He played football for his college, so that was interesting. And he had been injured in high school, too, so we shared stories about physical therapy. I asked him what he knew about engineering students, but he said he didn't know any. Somewhere in there he made a crack about gymnastics not being a real sport, so I had to call him out on that. "Give me your hand," I told him.

I ran my palm across his. "Feel those calluses? Tell me which one of us is more athletic, Mr. Soft Hands!"

"All right," he said, taking off his jacket. "But have you got these?" He curled his arm and showed me a pretty impressive bicep.

"Well, no," I said. "But I bet you can't do this!" I got up from the booth and made sure I had Hal's attention. Standing on one leg, I lifted my other knee up near my chest, and then extended it until my foot was far above my head. With a little steadying from my hand, my legs formed a perfectly straight line. My dress bunched awkwardly, but I was still wearing my pajama shorts underneath, so whatever glimpses the other diners might have caught weren't anything too scandalous. I held the pose and smiled an I know what you're thinking smile at Hal before returning to the booth.

Hal laughed. "Okay, truce. I take back what I said about gymnastics," he said.

Look, I recognize when a guy is on the prowl, hoping to get lucky. And I suppose I was putting out a few "maybe" signals. Back in my full-on slut days, before I understood my condition and before I understood why I behaved the way I did, Hal was definitely the sort of guy I would have gone home with. Maybe he wasn't someone I would have wanted as a boyfriend, but I wasn't even sure of that - I'd never really had one before.

Anyway, that was all moot. These days I was a good girl - a decent girl. Sure, I flirted a little, but I certainly didn't fuck strangers in unfamiliar towns without anyone knowing where I've gone. Certainly not willingly. But, you know, accidents happen.

Hal stood up and grabbed our empty glasses. "Another Diet Coke?" He asked.

"Please," I said appreciatively. I added, "Maybe with some flavored syrup? Surprise me."

My heart raced as I waited for the outcome of my Russian Roulette game. I didn't have to drink it, I told myself. This was a choice I was making, I forced myself to admit, and not an accident. Then I stuffed that voice deep down where it wouldn't bother me again.

One sip was all it took. The Vanilla Coke flipped a switch in my primal brain, and suddenly I was the hunter and he was the prey. Hal didn't even get a chance to sit back down. "Do you think we could go back to your motel?" I asked softly. It was my seduction voice.

I clutched Hal's arm as we walked across the street to the motel. My obsession was in full force: my body was itching for sex. I thought about him naked on top of me, all muscles. I thought about him sliding in and out of my pussy. I thought about screaming in orgasm. The compulsion doesn't feel bad as long as I know I'm making progress - as long as I know it'll happen soon. It consumed my whole attention, but there was a sort of delicious anticipation to it. In the last few steps up to the door, I had my hand on his crotch.

There was another guy in the room when we entered. "Hey Jerry - I'm going to need you to give me the room for a while," Hal said.

Jerry was an Asian guy with spiky hair and glasses. He looked over at me and smiled. "Yeah, lemme just finish this up real quick," he said.

I tried to be patient while Jerry finished whatever he was doing on his laptop, but I couldn't control myself. At first I was running my hands up and down Hal's chest outside of his shirt, but soon I was peeling his shirt off of him, and then I was pulling his pants down.

Jerry chuckled at us. "You guys aren't wasting any time, are you?" He said. "You going to do anal?" He asked without a hint of shame.

"You know it," Hal replied. I was fondling his balls through his underwear while he squeezed my ass.

"No anal," I said with a yucky face. "I want you in my pussy."

"Come on, Kaitlyn," Hal said. "Give it a chance. Every girl I've ever been with has loved it.

"No, I need you in my pussy," I argued as I cast off my dress, dropped my pajama shorts to the floor, and kicked off my shoes. "I'm really tight - you wouldn't believe the muscles I've got down there. You won't regret it, I promise!"

"If you try anal and you don't like it, I promise to lick you for as long as you want," Hal said.

I was starting to get anxious. The more Hal resisted, the more my compulsion weighed down on me, pressing me, punishing me for failure. God, I just want someone to fuck me, I thought. It shouldn't be this hard!

Jerry had folded up his laptop and had started putting on his shoes. It seemed like he was honestly trying to leave swiftly, but that didn't stop him from staring at Hal and me. I pulled off Hal's boxers and gave his dick a couple friendly sucks.

Hal went on trying to persuade me. "I know it sounds disgusting, but you'll actually come harder from anal - all women do if the guy knows what he's doing."

I was exasperated. I went to the bed and lay back with my legs spread invitingly, wider than most women are capable of. I looked up at Hal. "Come on, dude, just do it," I said, with obvious agitation. "No more talking. Just shove your dick in my pussy, please? I **need** it!"

Jerry was ready to leave, but he had slowed on the way to the door to watch the drama unfold. Hal sat on the edge of the bed and put his hand on my thigh, and for a moment I thought that I was finally going to get relief from this horrible wonderful need. Instead he started fingering my asshole. "Let's just slow down and take a look at our options," Hal said, voice dripping with honey.

I sighed loudly. Fearing he would leave before I could make a pitch, I sprung up from the bed and took a few steps toward Jerry. "Will **you** fuck me please?"

"Well, this just got interesting," Jerry said. The three of us just looked at each other for a few seconds. I'm sure they thought I was some kind of freak, but not enough to throw me out just yet.

Jerry spoke again: "How about a compromise? I fuck your pussy while Hal does you up the ass? Good?"

"Yeah, whatever, that's good," I said, glad that I was back on track for cock. I wasn't really sure what would happen with the anal part of the agreement, but that didn't matter compared to getting my pussy filled up.

I yanked down Jerry's skinny jeans and bikini briefs and shoved him back onto the motel's easy chair. A few squeezes of his hairless balls was all it took to get him hard, and then I crawled up on top of him. I lowered myself down onto him, taking his whole cock in in one quick motion - too quick, as it turned out. I was plenty wet - that had never been a problem for me - but my vagina ached for a moment at the forgotten sensation of stretching to swallow a hard penis. The discomfort quickly went away, though, and I was left with nothing but the wonderful throbbing fullness of a cock inside me where it belonged.

"Oh god, yeah!" I breathed with relief as I rocked forward and back, relished the nearly forgotten feeling of two bodies moving together like the surf against rocks. My need was quelled. Instead of anxiety I felt relief - the best high I've ever known. I was fucking this boy, and that's all that mattered.

"Du-u-u-de!", Jerry said. "She wasn't kidding about being tight. You're missing out!" I gave him a couple squeezes with my pussy, and pinched his nipples lightly. His eyes rolled back.

Hal was behind me now, and he was touching my asshole with a wet finger. Whatever - I wasn't about to stop what I was doing to complain. He managed to wiggle it inside, and it felt weird, but it wasn't really a big deal. Pretty soon he had more fingers in my ass, though, and he was stroking them in and out. That was something: it was an intrusion. My body was clear that those fingers didn't belong in there, but the feeling wasn't intolerable or panicky like a gag reflex. I don't think I found it sexy, but I was so worked up from riding Jerry, that it was pretty hard to isolate the feelings.

Hal wrapped an arm around my waist and moved his body up against mine. I guess he was getting ready for his cock to say hello. I couldn't keep bouncing on Jerry being held like that, but fortunately he took over, thrusting his hips up into me and going, "uh, uh," over and over. Then I felt a lot more wetness on my asshole, and a pressure that must have been Hal's cock. The small part of my brain that was idle figured there was no way he was going to break through my unyielding butthole, but he just kept poking at it with his cock head - poor hungry little guy. I wasn't clenching - I know better than to do that - but still, it didn't seem like anything would change. And then just like that, my sphincter popped open and the tip of Hal's cock was inside my butt.

"Mmm," Hal grunted, as he took slow shallow strokes, spreading the lube gradually inside his chosen fuckhole. Deeper and deeper it invaded me, but for as weird as it felt, it didn't take anything away from the feel-good sex grindings I was experiencing. Once Hal reached his maximum depth, he began fucking my ass in longer, faster strokes.

The two boys were knocking me around and pounding me at different speeds and directions, creating a chaotic maelstrom of sensations. For a moment I thought about the two cocks inside of me like Godzilla and another monster, fighting and knocking down buildings in Tokyo. I guess I probably enjoyed it more than Tokyo did, though.

Whatever they were doing it was working. I had to confess that Hal's cock up my ass was not unwelcome. Jerry was squeezing my tits, and Hal's hands were on my hips, and I could feel an orgasm creeping along toward me. I bit my lip.

"Mmm, fuck yeah, keep doing what you're doing," I said. For some reason, that made Jerry pump up into me faster, and the orgasm that had been approaching started drifting away.

"No," I said instructively. "Do it like you were before." Jerry went back to his old rhythm, and suddenly I was back on track to coming.

"Oh, that's it. Fuck me, guys. I'm gonna come," I said. That's when Jerry wrapped his hands around my neck. He didn't squeeze - it was a purely symbolic gesture - but for some reason it really got me excited. "Oh, oh, oh god. Yes! Yes! Yes!" Climax hit, and my body squeezed and rippled and flexed in ways that I couldn't comprehend.

"Whoa!" Jerry said. His hands left my neck and dug like claws into the chair's armrests as his head fell back and he flooded my pussy with jizz. He was still like that when his softening cock popped out of my pussy, due in part to the now more violent thrusting that Hal was giving me from behind. I didn't want it to end any more than he did: however it was the we got there, his cock-hammer was keeping the high-intensity after-orgasm feelings going strong. I lay on top of Jerry for several minutes, kissing him, while Hal kept pounding me, until finally Hal groaned and squirted his come up my ass.

Afterward, I grabbed my clothes and dashed to the bathroom to clean up. When I came out, the two boys, now dressed in their underwear and talking quietly, fell silent and looked at me.

"I owe you guys an explanation," I said with a sigh, "but it would take too long. Let's just say I'm a freak and leave it at that. I had a good time. I hope you did too."

I left hastily, but I walked around a little before going back to my motel room. As soon as I creaked the door open, Stacy was off like a rocket. She grabbed me and pulled me outside so that she wouldn't wake Lucas, as she whisper-shouted at me.

"It is **not** okay for you to disappear like that," Stacy said through gritted teeth. "If you want to fuck the whole town, I'll print up the fliers. But god damn it, I need to be there so you don't end up dead in a ditch somewhere!"

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. She was right: I count on her so much, and yet I had deliberately evaded her protection. She wouldn't have judged me. I betrayed her confidence. My lips quivered and I didn't know what to say. Stacy suddenly changed her tone. "Hey, it's okay. Are you all right?"

"I just... I wanted to slip up," I sobbed. "I wanted to be free. Or, whatever this is."

"But you're okay?" Stacy pressed. "Physically?" I nodded.

"It was actually pretty good," I said meekly. "I'll tell you all about it morning, 'kay?"

**Chapter 4**

The next morning we sent Lucas to bring back breakfast while I told Stacy all about the night I'd had. It didn't take long for the tone to go from shameful confession to boasting about a wild night. Stacy was weirdly obsessed with the anal sex part. She had always sworn that she would never do it - as had I - but she seemed really intrigued. We had to stop talking when Lucas got back. I can tell Stacy anything, but I didn't want to disappoint Lucas.

A short while after we hit the road again, Stacy stuck her face between the front seats and started interrogating Lucas.

"So have you planned out what you're going to do with Angie?" Stacy asked in a bubbly voice. Lucas gave her a skeptical look in response.

"Like," she went on, "are you going to fuck her up the ass?"

Lucas took Stacy's bait. "We're both virgins. I think we'll stick to ordinary sex."

"Okay," Stacy went on, "but what kind of ordinary sex? Have you thought about positions? Wheelbarrow? Piledriver?"

Lucas held his tongue but it was clear that Stacy's needling was getting to him. She continued. "And have you made plans for other contingencies? Like, what happens if she laughs the first time she sees you naked? Or what if you come too fast and she's like, 'Is that all?' What if you try and you try and you try and you just can't make her come?"

Lucas kept his silence. I didn't think I needed to intervene just yet. "Okay, okay," Stacy said. "How do you imagine it will go?"

Lucas responded to that one. "I don't know - just ordinary sex. Like, guy on top or whatever."

Stacy sprung her trap. "Is that how you were thinking about doing it with her when you were jacking off last night in the hotel?"

Lucas blushed and gritted his teeth. Stacy went on, "You were thinking about Angie last night while you stroked your dick, right? I can't imagine who else you would have been thinking of...."

"God, Stacy, shut up!" Lucas shouted, even more flustered.

I patted Lucas' shoulder. "Ignore her," I said. "As long as you and Angie go into it with the right attitude, you'll have a great time figuring it all out. Don't let Stacy get in your head."

Nobody said anything for a few seconds so I figured I had made peace. But then Stacy said out of nowhere, "So what happened to the jizz after you came last night?" Lucas blushed and seethed some more, but didn't say anything.

After another moment of silence, Lucas spoke in a soft, vulnerable tone. "What if I can't make her come?" He said.

I shot Stacy a warning glance to tell her play time was over. "Don't obsess over that," I said. "Really - girls aren't like guys: we can enjoy sex without coming. But if you make that your mission, then neither one of you will have fun."

Stacy joined in with a shockingly sympathetic tone. "Anyway, it's not really under your control," she said. "Some girls need time to learn how their bodies work. I needed time. I didn't come for like the first two months when I started. And it wasn't anything that Ryan was doing wrong. It just... took practice."

It was touching that Stacy would share with Lucas like that.

"But you still really enjoyed it, right?" I asked, for Lucas' benefit. "Not just emotionally but because you liked the feeling?"

"Yeah," Stacy said. "I just wish I could have told my best friend about it at the time," she added while she reached forward and mussed up my hair.

There was another silence. Lucas broke this one again. "And positions?" He asked. "Is missionary okay? Or is there a better one?"

Stacy and I both answered. I started to say, "You can't go wrong with doggy..."; at the same time, Stacy blurted out, "Doggy style!" All three of us laughed.

"Have you guys talked about birth control?" I asked ponderously.

"Yeah, like a month ago," Lucas answered. "She said she was going to ask her doctor to put her on the pill."

"Hmm," I said. "That might not be long enough for her to be protected. "You should get some condoms just in case."

Stacy was back to her normal teasing self: "And lube, in case you want to fuck her up the ass!" She said.

By the time we hit the next gas station, Lucas was all psyched up to buy his first pack of condoms, but once we were in the store, his confidence faltered. There were parents with small children milling about, and the condoms were behind the counter so he would have to ask the cashier for them. The cashier was a sixty year old dead-inside ugly woman who almost certainly would be bothered by teenagers asking for condoms for one reason or another.

"Can't you do it for me?" Lucas begged. "It's less embarrassing for girls."

"That's not true," I said. And then, giving him my big-sister-knows-best face, "Anyway, would Angie rather hear that you bought them yourself, or that you asked me to?"

Lucas nodded and sighed and took position near the cashier, waiting for the right moment. I watched him from behind the gummy candy aisle. The right moment didn't seem to come, though. When I saw Stacy walk up to him, I was worried that she was going to pick on him. Instead, she slipped up beside him, wrapped her arm in his, and kissed him on the cheek. "Hey baby," she said casually. "Did you get them?"

I guess the extra sexual legitimacy of a girl on his arm was enough to move Lucas into action. After a brief moment of confusion, he went up to the counter. "I'd like some Trojans, please," he told the woman at the counter.

She didn't outwardly judge him, but the cashier certainly wasn't courteous, either. "Lubed or unlubed?" She asked, as if her paycheck depended on being as monotone as possible.

Lucas looked at Stacy, but she just shrugged. "Lubed, please," he said.

The cashier took a small box from the glass case behind her and set it on the counter. "Anything else?" She said.

Stacy spoke up. "Do you sell those in twelve-packs?" She said.

"No."

"Okay," Stacy negotiated, "then can we please have two three-packs?" The cashier took another box and tossed it onto the counter.

Back in the car after paying for an assortment of sodas, condoms, and gummy snacks, Lucas asked with some surprise, "Do you really think we'll go through more than three condoms?"

"I don't know," Stacy said, popping a green gummy worm into her mouth. "But if you do, won't you be glad you spent the extra two bucks?" I didn't say anything - I just beamed with pride at both of them.

We made it to our destination city pretty late - too late to really do anything. So we ordered a pizza and watched a movie on the hotel's TV.

When we were getting ready for bed, Lucas asked if Stacy and I were done with the bathroom for a while. He wanted to take a shower, he said. Not long after he started, we began to hear a faint wet slapping sound over the noise of the shower.

Stacy beamed devilishly at me. "He's doing it again, isn't he?" She asked. "I bet he's thinking about you," she added. She put on her imitation-boy voice: "Oh Katie, I've always wanted you! Even before all my friends told me what a fantastic lay you are!"

I shot Stacy the most serious face of my life. "Stacy," I said sternly, "you can't **ever** make that joke in front of him."

She started to protest - I'm sure she was going to say she was just goofing around - but I had to drive the point home. "Stacy, Lucas has suffered more than anyone because of my condition," I told her. "I really messed him up in the head... and I can't ever make up for that." My eyes started to tear-up a little.

Stacy stopped goofing. She put her hand on my arm. "Okay," she said.

The next day, Stacy and I dropped Lucas off at Angie's house, and drove to the college for the tour. I know it's silly, but I wanted to look nice, so I had worn my sundress and done my hair in a side-braid. That probably just made my mask seem that much more disturbing. Sort of Mad Max meets Cinderella. Stacy went with her usual attire: torn jeans, tee-shirt, studded vest, and winter cap.

There were five other kids in the tour group, and a couple parents. I wasn't surprised when the tour guide did that whole, "everyone tell us your name and something about yourself" thing. I knew he would and I knew I would hate it.

When it was my turn, I stood up and started to speak. "Hi, I'm Kaitlyn," I began.

The tour guide interrupted me. "Could you speak a little louder, please?" He said.

"I really can't," I said apologetically. With my mask on, I could have a normal conversation with someone as long as there wasn't too much background noise, but if I tried to go loud, I became unintelligible.

Stacy came to my rescue. She stood up next to me and put her hand on my shoulder. "This is Kaitlyn," she said. "She's a very good gymnast, and she wants to study engineering. My name is Stacy, and I enjoy punching people who give my friend a hard time." Based on the expressions on everyone's faces, I knew that Stacy was glaring at them.

The rest of the tour was fine, and it made me more excited about college in general. It didn't really help me decide if Rourke was where I wanted to go to, though. I had no idea how to make a decision like that.

In the early evening, Lucas texted that he would be having dinner with Angie's family, and would get his own ride back to the hotel. Stacy had somehow heard about a party, and I sort of owed her a little adventure of her own on this trip, so she threw on even more eyeliner, and then we headed over. I could almost see the gears turning in the door guy's head as he worked out that he had to let in the dorky mask girl if he wanted the sexy punk chick to come in.

I mostly sat in an out-of-the-way place, with half my attention on people-watching and half on Stacy-watching. I had never learned to drink - maybe a half glass of champaign here or there on holidays, but that was it. Stacy looked like an old pro at it, throwing down beer after beer. I don't know when or how she developed such a tolerance.

People mostly left me alone, which suited my mood pretty well. One college girl named Anjanette introduced herself and tried to make conversation, but it didn't really go anywhere. It was nice of her to try, though.

Stacy eventually got drunk and flirty enough that I became worried, so I dragged her back to the hotel. Lucas was reading, but he put down his tablet to help me with Stacy when he saw us.

Stacy slurred out a question. "So did your little cutie pie make a man out of you?" Lucas didn't answer, but it was clear from the grin on his face that the answer was yes. I made Stacy brush her teeth before going to bed, because I didn't want to try to sleep next to stale beer breath.

**Chapter 5**

Getting ready the next morning was slow going because Stacy kept hogging the bathroom to vomit. I threw on my dress again because it was easy. I promised Stacy I'd be back soon, and then drove Lucas to Angie's house again.

Lucas didn't want to share any details about his long-awaited first date with Angie, which was fine. He was very obviously happy, though, and he seemed unusually confident. He was in love, and I was glad for that.

"Hey, do you think I could meet her?" I asked. "I won't stay long, I promise. I'd just like to thank the girl who put a smile like that on my brother's face."

Lucas said it would be fine, so we both went up to the door together. I was wearing my mask, of course, but I was sure Angie wouldn't make me feel uncomfortable about it.

"This is my sister, Katie," Lucas said after kissing Angie hello when she opened the door.

"So nice to meet you, Katie!" Angie said, full of sunshine. Not fake sunshine, but the real thing.

"It's Kaitlyn," I said, like a dork. "Lucas calls me Katie. You can call me Katie too, I guess. Ah, nice to meet you too!"

We went in and talked for a little while. I really liked Angie - I knew that I would want her to be my friend, even if she weren't dating my brother. Pretty soon, Angie asked if we could take a picture of the three of us.

"Oh, I don't really take good pictures," I said, touching my mask self-consciously.

"It's probably safe to take it off," Lucas said to me. To Angie, he added, "You don't have anything vanilla scented around here, do you? Candles or air fresheners? She's super allergic."

"I don't think so," Angie said. She looked at me with hopeful eyes, and it really didn't seem risky at all.

"Okay," I said cheerfully. "But just one or two, and then I need to get back to take care of Stacy."

We were on our second picture when Angie's mom came home and shouted her greeting from the kitchen. "Mom! Come meet Kaitlyn!" Angie yelled back.

Angie's mom came in holding a box. "I found these pastries at the market," Angie's mom said as she flipped open the lid. "They looked so interesting, I had to buy some. Hi! I'm Gabrielle.

Lucas and I both glanced panickedly at my mask on the coffee table as the smell of the pastries hit us. Sure enough, they smelled like vanilla. Lucas yanked me out of my seat and dragged me into the bathroom, yelling, "Allergies," as he locked the door behind us.

"Oh god, Lucas, I'm so sorry. I can't control it!" I said, knowing that in less than a minute I would be begging him for sex.

"Katie, it's all right, I'm going to help you ride this out," Lucas said confidently. "Call Stacy - maybe that will help," he said, but we had both left our phones in the livingroom.

I was already affected. My eyes couldn't stop snapping to Lucas' crotch. "Lucas, you know how this ends," I said, rubbing my hand against my own crotch. "Is there anyone else in the house? A father or brother or handy man? Oh god, Lucas, I need it! Fuck, I need it!"

I reached to unbutton Lucas' pants, but I guess he was expecting that, because he twisted me around and pushed me face-down onto the sink counter, and held me there. "Just concentrate on your breathing," he told me.

"Fuck your breathing, I need cock!" I replied. I guess I was pretty loud. My heart was racing and my body felt awful. I was scared, anxious, furious - pretty much every motivating feeling there is. My body had given me a mandate.

"Do you need help in there?" Angie's mom asked. "Should I call an ambulance?"

"An ambulance won't help," Lucas shouted back. "Just give us a minute, please."

"Come on, Lucas," I said. I was still bent over the counter with my butt sticking out. I imagined Lucas moving behind me, pulling my dress up and my panties down. I yearned for it. "You know what the quickest solution is. The one that doesn't involve paramedics and police and unbearable agony. Please!"

Lucas didn't say anything. He just held me there, immobile, and stroked my hair.

"Please, Lucas, you have to fuck me!" I shouted. I went on in a calmer tone: "It won't be weird. I promise. We love each other so it won't be weird. I know you've thought about me. You've always secretly wanted me. I've thought about you, too. It's natural. Think about all of those fantasies you never really let yourself enjoy. They can be real."

"GIVE ME YOUR GOD DAMNED COCK, LUCAS!" I shouted. "IT'LL BE THE BEST FUCKING LAY OF YOUR LIFE. I'LL DO THINGS TO YOU SHE NEVER WILL."

"I think I'd better call an ambulance," came another shout from outside the bathroom door.

"No, don't - just wait," Lucas yelled back.

"God it hurts," I moaned and cried. "We lied, you know," I said. "Dad and I - about that time in San Francisco. He tried holding me like you're doing now, but he saw that it didn't work. He fucked me. He fucked me, Lucas, to make the pain go away - because he loves me. Why don't you love me, Lucas?"

It worked. The most depraved, manipulative lie I could think up, and it worked. And I wasn't sorry. I watched in the mirror as Lucas let go of me and dropped his pants. He was already rock-hard. I stayed bent over, and pulled up my dress. He pulled down my panties. And then I felt his hands moving all over my butt and between my legs as he bumblingly tried to find my hole with his near-virgin cock. I couldn't read his face at first, but once he did get his cock lined up right and slid it into my pussy, his face showed satisfaction and relief. We both groaned in unison.

"Oh god, that's good," I muttered. He pushed his dick into me over and over. With every stroke, another piece of my discomfort went away and was replaced by blissful relief. "Thank you, Lucas. I love you, Lucas."

Pretty soon I was moaning with pleasure, thoughts of where we were and how this had come to be completely out of mind. It was sex, and it was wonderful. Every stroke was musical, like a bow across a cello playing out a symphony. I suppose in hindsight that we could have stopped at that point - but I was too lost in the moment to realize it. I looked back through the mirror at my brother's sweet inexperienced face as he drove rhythmic pulses of pleasure into me.

Lucas started groaning. "I don't think I can hold back any more," he said.

"It's okay," I said sweetly. "You can come inside of me. I want you to." My baby brother was about to fill me with come, and I couldn't have been happier about it.

Hoping to make good on my promise to give him the best possible sex, I started squeezing my pussy around his cock in time with his thrusts. His groaning grew louder, like he was out of control. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as he stroked his final desperate pushes into me. Then he sighed with satisfaction, and he was still, and I felt the warm bursts of his ejaculation in my womb.

We stood like that for just a moment, smiling at each other in the mirror. Then the door swung open and Angie's very angry mom started shouting. "OUT! OUT OF MY HOUSE! GET! OUT!"

Lucas pulled up his pants, I grabbed my panties, and then Angie's mom herded us out the front door. Lucas and Angie exchanged a glance: she looked hurt and confused, but not angry. I desperately hoped that she wouldn't hold this against him, but I doubted there was anyone in the world who was that understanding. I discretely left my medical ID bracelet behind, hoping that it would help explain things.

Back at the hotel, we called Dr. Brown's personal phone number, interrupting her daughter-in-law's baby shower. She conferenced in my dad, and then we talked, and talked, and talked.

Lucas took a cab to the airport to fly back home. My dad was going to fly to us to help us drive back home, but he settled for promises from both Stacy and me to drive straight home, no distractions and no risks.

Lucas and Angie resumed their long-distance love affair, in defiance of Angie's parents. If those two ever get married, holidays are going to be very interesting.

After a couple days, surprisingly, Lucas and I just went back to the way we were before. It was really weird that it wasn't really weird.

Dr. Brown said that this incident was an important lesson in growing up and learning how to live life with my particular challenges. My dad agrees, but I swear every time he looks at me now there's a tiny glimmer of disappointment. Dr. Brown says that that perception, whether it's true or not, is also part of the lesson.