

“Hoooooly shiiiiit,” Emily wheezed as she fell backwards onto Tammy’s bed. The mattress felt incredibly soft and comfy underneath her back, and even though she could feel the fluids from her pussy rapidly cooling and congealing inside her clothes (ew), she didn’t...really...mind, all that much. She knew on some level that she ought to, that it was gross and unhygienic, but she could clean them. She’d have to change clothes soon anyway, if she didn’t plan on sleeping in her jeans, which she absolutely totally *super* did not intend on doing. What kind of barbarian went to bed in their jeans, anyway? And in someone else’s bed, as an invited guest? She’d sooner toss a hive of bees into their living room or ask their neighbor how much she could get in exchange for the silverware! Emily struggled to lift her body up but she just couldn’t get her torso into the air. She felt too...comfortable. The bed felt so nice and cozy underneath her. She was safe there, comfy and all like a baby bird, her body seemed to whine in protest, why would she ruin it by moving?

Had Tammy done that, and if so, had she even intended to?

“There, there. Eaaaasy girl,” Tammy murmured as she adjusted Emily to put her head on a pillow. The pink haired girl’s hands were remarkably soft and caring, even if they lacked the precise, trained nature of a vet or a doctor. Emily remarked internally that she didn’t feel any callouses. She’d never noticed that detail before but something about the intimacy of this moment in particular pulled it into her view. She liked Tammy’s hands. They felt...bumbling, in an earnest kind of way. There was no practice behind them, no protocol or lists or procedure. Tammy set her down and stared down with a loving little smile twinged by the familiar shadow of vague worry that surfaced every time something remotely difficult to parse happened. Emily realized she...kind of liked that, for some reason? She’d always heard her peers in high school complain about that sort of thing, but she felt cared for in a way that nobody else seemed to give her.

“I love youuuuu,” Emily whimpered, her voice warbling and shaky as it wobbled and wiggled its way out of her mouth. She panted a bit, hoping it would make her tits heave in a pleasing way. Judging by the way Tammy’s eyes flicked, it seemed to work. Emily would chuckle if she weren’t so tired.

“I love you too honey,” Tammy giggled. “Need any aftercare? Ramen? Pats? Praise?”

“No h- no, Tammy,” Emily whimpered as she continued in her efforts to catch her breath again. “Geez, that...hoooooly shit...”

“Yeah,” Tammy chuckled, “that took you out of commission for a *while*. You really went to town on yourself there. I expected it to go quicker- I’ll have to give you a little more foreplay next time. Your clit feel okay?”

“F-feels great,” Emily wheezed out, gasping for air as she finally felt herself get hit by the exertion of whatever she’d done under Tammy’s influence. God, that must have been intense. She failed to remember the breathing training she had locked down into muscle memory, but

thankfully her body obeyed it on its own anyway. “Christ, holy fuuuuuuck, what did you DO to meeee,” she moaned, hoping her word choice didn’t make her sound angry or afraid. Tammy seemed to flinch, but offered up an explanation in short order regardless.

“I just made your brain go all in on horny and obedient and had it forget how to do anything else,” Tammy said as she blushed and scratched at the back of her hand. “Some girls would just throw their head back and orgasm when I told them to cum, and I kinda forgot that kind of reaction isn’t really...universal. Oops.” She reached out and cupped Emily’s face with her hand. Emily purred. She felt...something...stir inside of her. She wanted to make Tammy happy. She knew that already, of course, she loved pleasing this girl, but this was...it felt *deeper*, that that. It felt *more* than that. She didn’t just like when Tammy was happy and she didn’t just enjoy making it happen, she wanted to *make* Tammy happy, and she wanted her *Happy* happy. Lastingly, meaningfully, fulfilled-ly happy. She felt Tammy’s hand rest on her cheek, warm and soft. Tammy leaned over, bringing her face closer to Emily’s. Emily stared, forced herself to breath in a way that did not move her head. Anything to help her focus on Tammy. On the girl she...*loved*. She’d loved before, boys whose faces she enjoyed cradling in her tits as she sat in their lap, whose hair she liked playing with, but there had always been something you were supposed to get that she never had. It occurred to her now that she felt it deep in her chest: a specific warmth that demanded she stay around this person, become a part of her life, become a candle that warmed and delighted them whenever needed and brightened their days to the best of her power.

Tammy brought her face inches from Emily. They stared wordlessly into another’s eyes and smiled mutually, as Emily relaxed even more. She’d never felt so...at peace before. No darkness existed in her mind, no voices warned her of danger. She felt confident that Tammy would never, EVER hurt her, at least never on purpose. She scoured the details of Tammy’s face, her jaw, her cute little ears, the blonde roots that had grown out since she dyed her hair pink. A hunger awakened in Emily’s chest to learn Tammy, to study her, to KNOW her. She’d experienced the joy of being opened up like a piece of machinery, inspected with care, cleaned and polished and reassembled, and wanted to return somehow the feeling of trust it gave her. She opened her mouth to verbalize the feeling, to beg Tammy to let her pay it back somehow, to tell her what a dream come true she was, to try and articulate that Tammy was so kind it felt hard to believe someone like her could even be *real*. The instant her lips parted, Tammy moved a pointer finger onto Emily’s mouth, and she went silent immediately. Emily’s body limply awaited whatever Tammy intended to do. Not a thought existed in Emily’s mind, as to what that would be. She felt no need nor desire to try and guess. Whatever Tammy intended to do to her, she knew that she wanted it done.

Tammy’s body dropped to the side, and she flopped into bed herself, laying down next to Emily. She wrapped her arms around Emily’s shoulders and her thighs around Emily’s. She squeezed Emily tight. Emily felt the same bulge she had back in Fregri. Would Tammy want her dick sucked some day, she wondered? She was...pretty good at that, she liked to think, if her prior partners were anything to go by. Sure, it would be a much cruder interaction than any they’d

shared before, but up until that day Tammy's body had been a secret- to her at least, if not everyone.

"You're beautiful," Tammy whispered with a lazy yawn. She lacked any of the qualities that Emily thought women were supposed to like- confidence, power, drive, and the like- but the way she so carefully considered everything made Emily feel warm. Tammy's embrace tightened briefly to give the blonde a loving squeeze. "So beautiful...thank you. I love you. I love you so much."

Will I get tired of hearing those words someday? Emily thought to herself. She certainly hoped that she never would, and felt as if she never could. The idea of hearing those words from Tammy, and not feeling any warm fluttering in her heart, felt...wrong. But that's what love did, wasn't it? Burn bright, then suffocate slowly until it died and became a weight one had to carry? She felt something inside her sag under the weight of the thought, but then Tammy purred and it all disintegrated. Emily smiled appreciatively and allowed herself to simply enjoy the present. Her head finally went limp as efforts she hadn't realized she'd been spending trying to lift it, ceased. She turned a little bit towards Tammy, trying to get that sweet loving face back where she could stare at it. Tammy giggled and writhed in order to worm her way closer. The two girls found themselves face to face, both relaxed and limp and lying down on Tammy's decently comfortable bed (which felt significantly comfier than normal to one of them, for assorted reasons).

"You like my boobs that much?" Emily teased. She felt proud of herself for figuring out one of Tammy's weaknesses so easily. Tammy giggled and nodded and nuzzled her with a big happy grin.

"I looove boobs, silly, you know this," Tammy said back as she rubbed Emily's thighs and hips through her jeans. Her hands moved slowly, carefully, lacking intent or hunger but practically burning with adoration for their subject. "Especially big ones attached to sweet blonde cheerleaders that let me play with their adorable, bubbly heads." She planted a brief, yet very firm, kiss on Emily's lips. Her own felt loving and sweet and wet and soft, despite how obviously chapped and ruined by picking they were to someone who looked at them. Emily made to kiss back, but Tammy had already moved away by the time she'd puckered up in reaction. She couldn't even find the energy to pout about it properly, because the kiss hit her brain on a delay and left her stunned with mildly delirious joy. "Good girl," Tammy repeated, "gooood girl. You're such a good girl." Perhaps she would find that level of repetition annoying under most circumstances, but in this one it didn't seem to bother her much if at all. Emily sighed happily and sank even deeper into the bed.

"I'm sleepy..." she muttered.

"Then let's get you tucked in."

Emily woke up naked. She sat up and stretched-

Emily woke up naked. She immediately bonked her head on the bunk above her and flinched, cursing it under her breath.

She was in someone else's room, she noticed as she rubbed her poor hurting little head. Why was she not in her own? She reached her mind's eye towards the past and quickly recalled the birthday party and subsequent domming she'd been present for during the previous night. She rolled her eyes and groaned, some small part of herself still embarrassed by just how hard she was falling for this *nerd*. Still, the moment they'd spent with their gazes locked on one another's eyes, faces mere inches apart, simply enjoying the beautiful presence of each other's minds and bodies...

She had class to prepare for.

And...

"HEY TAMMY?" She asked, dread attacking her insides from everywhere at once. "HEY TAMMY?" She looked around and didn't see her. She hopped out of bed and saw Tammy in the top bunk. Damn respecting women, damn gentleman act, damn giving her space after peeling her brain open like a fucking orange instead of ravaging her until she was too broken and horny to make words anymore...! "HEY TAMMY?" She asked, a little upset but mostly scared, as she clambered up towards the top bunk, forgetting she was naked despite that kind of being the subject of her worry. "WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?"

Emily closed the door to her room, her face bright red. She'd almost had to go to class in clothes with cum still on them, ones she hadn't even washed. She thanked God that Grendel had not been there when she stealthed in wearing the dirty clothes and immediately grabbed a towel and sprinted off to shower. The evidence of her crime erased, she hurried over to the washing machines in the bottom floor and flung a load in, paying extra for the *good* detergent. She thanked God again, this time for the fact she didn't have any of her nice pretty underwear clean and thus hadn't gotten *those* stained.

Anyway, with that task completed she darted across the building and sprinted towards her first class of the day. It started at ten, two buildings over, and it was currently nine fifty one AM. She really had to book it, and she did exactly that.

Tammy sat in the cafeteria and ate a paltry (or rather, poultry) chicken sandwich for lunch. The chicken proved dry and far from anything someone with a more sophisticated palette would accept, but for her it served its purpose well enough. Her other hand held her phone, which had the group chat with her subs open as she read over their correspondence from the day so far. She sat alone, but that fell far short of bothering her. She quite liked eating alone, even if joining friends or loved ones was wonderful when she could do it.

At the moment, she had Fara blissed out and drooling in her bed. She could make the girl hallucinate anything she wanted, using only text messages, and everyone in the chat knew it. She liked to think of herself as some kind of brain wizard as a bit, since hypnosis sometimes felt like the closest thing the world had to actual magic. These moments were what fostered that thought. It led to an attitude of playfully faux malevolent mirth in Tammy, and the wide evil grin she made in between bites of her bland chicken and bread really made it clear to any observer who cared to look for it. Right now Valerie was in class, and so was Kitty, so the active group consisted only of Rika, Fara, and herself.

"It's snowing in your room, isn't it?" Tammy typed before pressing the send button and having a mischievous little giggle to herself in silence. She took another bite of her food, and spent a moment slowly chewing it before she swallowed. She could see Fara in her mind's eye, wide-eyed with innocent wonder as she realized it really was snowing in her room.

"How?" Fara replied, the text message followed seconds later by an emoji of a snowflake. Tammy grinned wider, curled around her phone like a cautionary ad in a magazine angry at kids and cell phones.

"It happens all the time! You must be really unlucky, right Rika?" She sent into the void, accompanied by a playful emoticon of a wink. Neither girl responded for a minute or so, but before Tammy could feel her trademark reflexive worry Rika did actually chime in.

"Oh yeah! Poor Fara, never having it snow in her room. That sounds so sad, right Princess?" Tammy cackled out loud at that one and nearly choked. After pounding her sternum with the side of her fist and making sure she could still breathe (which she thankfully could), Tammy sent a followup. She did so love being called that.