Roomie

by Brent Clark Palmer
Vulpes Parvaes, Book 16

Chapter 1

The dorm room smelled of industrial floor wax and cheap pine cleaner, a sterile combination that somehow only amplified Kimmy Walters' anxiety. She stood in the center of the cramped space, clutching a pastel-pink storage bin to her chest like a shield.

Everything about Kimmy screamed *freshman*. She was petite, standing barely five-foot- two in her pristine white sneakers, with wide, doe-like hazel eyes and a cascade of soft, honey-blonde curls that her mother had meticulously brushed that morning. Her side of the room was already a pastel explosion of floral comforters, neatly folded cardigans, and a worn plush rabbit sitting dutifully on her pillow.

She had lived in the same suburban house her entire life, attended the same private Christian school since kindergarten, and had never shared a bedroom.

The lock on the heavy wooden door clicked, and it swung open.

Kimmy gasped softly, her knuckles turning white on the edges of her plastic bin. Nadia Newhart stepped into the room, bringing a sudden, suffocating shift in gravity with her. Nadia was tall—strikingly so—with an athletic, effortless grace. She wore distressed black denim, heavy combat boots, and a simple, fitted charcoal t-shirt that showcased a subtle, perfectly toned physique. Her hair was a sleek, dark curtain cut sharply at her collarbones, and her eyes were a piercing, icy blue.

Nadia stopped just inside the threshold, a heavy canvas duffel bag slung effortlessly over one shoulder. She took in the cramped room, the floral comforter, the plush rabbit, and finally, the trembling, adorable girl clutching a pink bin in the center of the floor.

Nadia didn't smile immediately. She simply observed, her blue eyes cataloging every detail with the cold, precise calculation of a predator spotting the perfect, helpless prey. An instant, electric jolt shot straight down Nadia's spine. It was a potent, visceral wave of attraction, dark and immediate. Kimmy was flawless. She was completely untouched, radiating a soft, sheltered innocence that made Nadia's mouth water. The urge to lock the door, back the tiny blonde against the cinderblock wall, and completely ruin her was staggering.

But Nadia was a strategist. You didn't shatter something this delicate all at once; you dismantled it piece by piece, until it thanked you for the ruin.

Nadia let the heavy duffel slide off her shoulder and hit the floor with a dull thud. Her lips finally curved into a slow, disarming smile.

"You must be Kimmy," Nadia said. Her voice was slightly lower than average, smooth and resonant. It filled the small room effortlessly.

Kimmy swallowed hard, her heart doing a frantic, erratic flutter against her ribs. She had never met anyone who looked like Nadia. The sheer proximity to the older-looking girl was making her palms sweat.

"I am," Kimmy squeaked. She cleared her throat, her cheeks burning with an immediate, furious blush. "I mean, yes. I'm Kimmy. It's nice to meet you, Nadia."

Nadia stepped fully into the room, closing the door behind her. She closed the distance between them with slow, measured steps, stopping just a fraction of an inch closer than social norms dictated. She extended her hand.

Kimmy fumbled with her bin, hastily setting it on her desk before offering her small, trembling hand.

Nadia took it. Her grip was firm, her skin warm and slightly calloused. Instead of a quick, polite shake, Nadia held the grip for three long seconds. Her thumb brushed deliberately over the delicate, frantic pulse point at Kimmy’s wrist.

Kimmy’s breath hitched, her hazel eyes going wide. A strange, heavy warmth blossomed in her stomach.

"Nice to meet you, too," Nadia murmured, her eyes locked on Kimmy’s. She let the silence stretch just long enough to make it intimate, watching the flush deepen on Kimmy’s cheeks, before finally releasing her hand.

Nadia turned her attention to the room, assessing the territory. She walked past Kimmy, casually invading her personal space, and stopped in front of the pastel-draped bed. "You got here early," Nadia noted, picking up the plush rabbit by one long, floppy ear. "My parents," Kimmy blurted out, wringing her hands nervously. "They wanted to beat the traffic. They just left about an hour ago. I hope you don't mind that I took the bed by the window. I can move if you want it! I haven't unpacked everything yet."

Nadia turned around, the plush rabbit dangling from her fingers. She looked at Kimmy, studying the desperate, eager-to-please anxiety radiating from the petite blonde. The malleability was almost intoxicating.

"The window is fine, Kimmy," Nadia said smoothly. She tossed the rabbit back onto the pillow, but purposefully let it land face-down. She didn't correct it. "I prefer the side closer to the door anyway. It gives me a better view of who's coming in and out."

"Oh. Okay. Good," Kimmy breathed, visibly relaxing.

Nadia walked back to her duffel bag and kicked it lightly toward her empty, bare mattress. "So," Nadia said, crossing her arms and leaning back against her desk. "First time away from home?"

Kimmy nodded quickly. "Yes. I grew up about three hours from here. I've never really been away from my family for more than a weekend. It's... a little overwhelming."

"I can imagine," Nadia said, her voice dropping into a tone of gentle, protective reassurance. It was a perfectly crafted mask. "Dorm life is a shock to the system if you're used to having your own space. The lack of privacy. The shared bathrooms. Having to learn how to exist entirely on someone else's schedule."

Kimmy shivered slightly, rubbing her arms. "I'm a little nervous about that, honestly." "Don't be," Nadia said softly. She pushed off the desk and closed the distance between them again.

This time, Nadia reached out and gently grasped Kimmy’s upper arms. The touch was completely unauthorized, crossing a major physical boundary for two strangers who had met three minutes ago, but Nadia executed it with such calm, parental authority that Kimmy didn't even think to pull away.

"You have me," Nadia murmured, her blue eyes pinning Kimmy in place. Her thumbs slowly stroked the soft cotton of Kimmy’s cardigan. "I know how this place works. I know how people are. If you stick with me, I'll make sure you figure it all out."

Kimmy stared up at her, entirely captivated. The anxiety that had been choking her all morning began to dissolve, replaced by a deep, sudden reliance on the tall, confident girl holding her.

"Thank you," Kimmy whispered, her voice trembling with genuine gratitude. "That's really nice of you."

"Of course," Nadia smiled. It was a brilliant, warm expression that didn't quite reach the cold calculation in her eyes.

Test one: Passed, Nadia thought. *She accepts uninvited physical contact without resistance if it's framed as protection.*

Nadia let her hands slide slowly down Kimmy’s arms, lingering just a second too long before stepping back.

"Why don't we finish getting you unpacked?" Nadia suggested, pivoting smoothly to Kimmy’s open suitcase on the floor. "I can unpack my stuff later. I travel light anyway." "Oh, no, you don't have to help me!" Kimmy protested politely, though she was already stepping toward the suitcase.

"I want to," Nadia countered, leaving no room for argument.

Nadia knelt by the open luggage. It was packed with meticulous care. She began pulling out folded stacks of clothing. Modest, high-necked blouses, knee-length skirts, thick flannel pajamas. It was the wardrobe of a child.

"These are cute," Nadia lied effortlessly, holding up a ruffled, pale yellow top. "Very... sweet."

Kimmy blushed, kneeling on the floor beside her. "My mom helped me pick everything out. She said I needed to look presentable for classes."

"Your mom has very specific taste," Nadia noted. She set the yellow top aside and reached deeper into the suitcase, her fingers brushing against a stack of plain, white cotton underwear. Nadia pulled one out, holding the conservative, full-coverage fabric up to the light. Kimmy gasped, her face turning a vibrant shade of scarlet. She lunged forward, trying to snatch the underwear away, but Nadia casually lifted her arm out of reach.

"Nadia, please!" Kimmy squeaked, mortified.

"Relax," Nadia chuckled, a low, teasing sound. She lowered her arm, but didn't hand the underwear back. Instead, she leaned in close to Kimmy, invading her space again. "We're going to be sharing a room, Kimmy. We're going to be seeing a lot of each other. There's no room for modesty in a dorm."

Kimmy stared at her, her chest heaving, trapped by the proximity and the heavy, magnetic pull of Nadia's gaze.

"Is this really all you brought?" Nadia asked softly, tracing the plain cotton waistband with one finger. "No lace? No silk? Nothing just for yourself?"

"I... I don't wear things like that," Kimmy stammered, completely overwhelmed by the intimate nature of the conversation.

"We'll have to fix that," Nadia murmured. She casually tossed the underwear onto Kimmy’s bed, maintaining eye contact the entire time. "College is about trying new things. Stripping away the things your parents forced on you and figuring out who you really are beneath it all."

Kimmy swallowed hard. She didn't fully understand the weight of the words, but the way Nadia said them made a hot, heavy pulse throb low in her belly.

Test two: Passed, Nadia plotted silently. *She is easily flustered by sexual implications, but she doesn't shut the conversation down. She is desperate for approval.*

Nadia stood up in one fluid motion, offering her hand to the kneeling girl.

"Come on," Nadia commanded lightly. "Let's put the rest of this away. Then I'll take you for a walk around campus. Show you the boundaries."

Kimmy looked at the offered hand, then up at Nadia's confident, flawless face. The instant attraction, the terrifying shift in independence, and the overwhelming desire to simply surrender to Nadia's guidance crashed over her.

Kimmy reached up and took her roommate's hand.

"Okay," Kimmy whispered softly, letting Nadia pull her to her feet. "Show me."

Nadia smiled, her grip tightening just a fraction on the smaller girl's hand. The timeline had officially started. Phase one was trust, and the sheltered, adorable little freshman had just handed her the keys to the castle.

Chapter 2

"You have to understand, Kimmy," Nadia said, pacing slowly across the narrow strip of linoleum that separated their beds. "College is an entirely different ecosystem. The rules you grew up with? They don't apply here. If you try to cling to them, you're going to drown." Kimmy sat on the edge of her perfectly made floral bed, her knees pressed tightly together. The whirlwind of Nadia’s conversation was making her dizzy. In the span of ten minutes, Nadia had effortlessly dismantled everything Kimmy thought she knew about privacy, personal space, and social survival.

"Privacy is a myth in a dorm," Nadia continued, her voice a smooth, hypnotic cadence that completely commanded the room. "The walls are paper-thin. We share a bathroom with forty other girls down the hall. The shower curtains are practically sheer, and half the time, they don't even close all the way. You are going to see a lot of bodies, Kimmy. And everyone is going to see yours."

Kimmy’s eyes went wide, a fresh wave of scarlet rushing to her cheeks. "Everyone?" "Everyone," Nadia confirmed, stopping right in front of Kimmy. She leaned against her own desk, crossing her arms over her chest. "Which is why the girls who are prudish, the ones who try to hide in towels and run down the hallways... they become targets. They get mocked. The fastest way to survive here is to just own your space. To be completely unashamed."

Kimmy swallowed hard. The thought of walking down the hall in a towel was terrifying enough; the thought of being mocked for it was paralyzing. "I... I've never really been around other naked girls before. Not even in gym class."

Nadia offered a sympathetic, incredibly understanding smile. It was a masterpiece of emotional manipulation.

"I know," Nadia said softly. "I can tell. You've been incredibly sheltered. But that's okay, because you have me. And the best way to get over a fear is exposure therapy. We need to tear the band-aid off."

"Tear it off?" Kimmy echoed, her pulse beginning to race.

"Exactly." Nadia pushed off the desk and stepped into Kimmy's personal space. She dropped gracefully to her knees on the linoleum, looking up at the petite blonde through her dark lashes. "We need to get you comfortable with being exposed. Starting right now. With me." Before Kimmy could even process the

suggestion, Nadia reached out and untied the pristine laces of Kimmy’s white sneakers. She slipped the shoes off, setting them aside, and then smoothly peeled away Kimmy’s white cotton ankle socks.

Nadia’s warm, slightly calloused hands wrapped around Kimmy’s bare heels. Her thumbs massaged the soft arches.

"You have the cutest feet," Nadia murmured, her tone analytical but undeniably intimate. "So tiny. It's adorable."

Kimmy’s breath hitched. A heavy, magnetic warmth blossomed low in her stomach. The contrast of Nadia’s strong hands on her pale, bare skin sent a localized shockwave straight up her legs. She wanted to pull away, to tell Nadia to stop, but the overwhelming desire to impress this cool, sophisticated girl held her entirely captive. She didn't want to be the prudish target Nadia had just described. She wanted to be mature.

"Thank you," Kimmy breathed, her hands gripping the edge of her mattress.

"Stand up for me, Kimmy," Nadia instructed, her voice dropping into a tone of quiet authority.

Kimmy obeyed on trembling legs. She stood in her yellow ruffled top and knee-length skirt, looking down at Nadia, who remained kneeling before her.

"If we're going to share this space," Nadia reasoned, her hands moving up to grip Kimmy’s calves, "we can't have secrets. Clothes are just constructs, Kimmy. They create unnecessary barriers between women. If we're going to be true roommates, true friends... we need to be completely open with each other. Don't you agree?"

It sounded crazy, but as Nadia’s hands slowly trailed up to Kimmy’s knees, the gaslighting warped into profound logic inside Kimmy's sheltered mind. *Clothes create barriers.* Yes. That made sense. Nadia was just trying to help her adjust. Nadia was being a good friend. "I... I think so," Kimmy stammered.

"Good girl," Nadia praised.

Nadia stood up. Without asking permission, she reached for the hem of Kimmy’s yellow top. Kimmy raised her arms instinctively, completely pliable under Nadia's confident direction. Nadia pulled the shirt over Kimmy’s head and tossed it casually onto the desk chair. Next came the skirt. Nadia unzipped it with a swift, fluid motion, letting it pool around Kimmy's bare ankles.

Kimmy was shivering now, standing in just her white cotton bra and the conservative underwear Nadia had mocked earlier. The air conditioning in the room felt freezing against her skin, but internally, she was burning up.

"See? Not so scary," Nadia whispered, stepping closer.

She reached around Kimmy’s back, her fingers brushing the sensitive skin of Kimmy's spine before unhooking the bra. The straps slid down, and Nadia pulled the garment away, tossing it aside. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of Kimmy’s plain cotton underwear and pushed them smoothly down the girl's thighs.

Kimmy stepped out of them automatically. She was completely naked in the center of the dorm room, bathed in the harsh afternoon sunlight filtering through the blinds. She crossed her arms over her small breasts, her thighs pressing tightly together, a primal instinct to hide battling against the intoxicating spell of Nadia's attention.

"No," Nadia corrected softly, reaching out to gently pull Kimmy’s arms away from her chest. "Don't hide. Turn around. Let me look at you."

Kimmy’s heart hammered a frantic rhythm against her ribs. She slowly pivoted on her bare feet, completing a full circle before facing Nadia again.

Nadia's icy blue eyes swept over the petite girl, calculating and hungry. She stepped in, closing the gap entirely.

"You really do have a beautiful figure, Kimmy," Nadia murmured.

Nadia’s hands landed on Kimmy’s bare waist. The touch was firm and deliberate. She slid her palms down the flare of Kimmy's hips, thoughtfully squeezing the soft, untoned flesh. Nadia’s hands mapped the curve of Kimmy's ass, giving it a slow, assessing grope, before her hands trailed back up her ribs.

Kimmy’s head fell back slightly, a soft, involuntary gasp escaping her lips. The vulnerability of being completely bare, combined with the slow, analytical way Nadia was handling her body, bypassed her anxiety completely. A heavy, throbbing pulse of intense arousal flooded between her thighs. She felt slick, her core clenching with a sudden, desperate need that she had never experienced in her life.

Nadia felt the shudder ripple through the smaller girl. She noted the flushed chest, the dilated pupils, and the heavy, ragged breathing. Kimmy wasn't just agreeing; she was melting. "It's so much better like this, isn't it?" Nadia asked, her hands moving up to cup the undersides of Kimmy's small, trembling breasts. "Without all those heavy, modest fabrics in the way. You feel so much more relaxed."

"Yes," Kimmy whispered, her eyes fluttering shut. She was completely intoxicated, entirely agreeable to whatever reality Nadia was weaving for her.

"I think we should make this a rule," Nadia proposed smoothly, her thumbs brushing the outer edges of Kimmy's areolas. "To help you adjust. To keep you comfortable. Whenever we are in this room, just the two of us, you shouldn't

wear any clothes. No coverings at all. It will be our safe space. You'll just exist naturally, exactly as you are right now."

In Kimmy's dizzy, overstimulated mind, the rule made more sense than anything she had ever heard. It wasn't degrading; it was *liberating*. Nadia was teaching her how to be a modern, unashamed college woman.

"Okay," Kimmy breathed, her hips swaying subtly into Nadia's proximity. "Yes, Nadia. I think that's a good rule."

Nadia smiled—a dark, victorious curve of her lips.

"I'm so glad we understand each other," Nadia murmured in her most helpful, sisterly tone. With precise, deliberate cruelty, Nadia's thumb and forefinger caught the peak of Kimmy's bare, hardened right nipple and gave it a sharp, sudden pinch.

Kimmy let out a loud, breathless squeak, her knees instantly buckling as a massive jolt of electricity shot straight down to her dripping core. Nadia caught her effortlessly around the waist, holding the naked, quivering girl against her fully clothed body, securing her new property on the very first day of class.

Chapter 3

By the end of the first week of classes, the boundaries of Room 314 had been entirely rewritten.

To the outside world, Kimmy Walters was just another overwhelmed freshman trying to navigate syllabus week. But the moment the heavy wooden door of her dorm clicked shut behind her, the outside world ceased to exist. In here, Nadia's reality was absolute. It was Thursday morning, and the sterile hum of the mini-fridge was the only sound in the room, save for the rhythmic drip of the coffee maker.

Kimmy stood at the small makeshift kitchenette on top of her dresser, completely naked. Her pale skin was dotted with goosebumps from the aggressive dorm air conditioning, her small breasts shivering slightly as she carefully poured steaming dark roast into a ceramic mug. The "no clothes in the dorm" rule had become ironclad. The first few times, Kimmy had hesitated, her cheeks burning as she peeled off her cardigan. But Nadia had been so casually encouraging, praising her bravery and telling her how much more *authentic* she was becoming, that stripping the second the deadbolt engaged had quickly become a reflex. Kimmy carried the mug across the linoleum, careful not to spill a drop.

Nadia was sitting up in bed, the floral comforter pooling around her waist. She wore a sleek black silk camisole, her dark hair artfully messy. She looked like a queen accepting an offering as Kimmy approached.

"One sugar, splash of almond milk," Kimmy said softly, offering the mug with both hands. "You're a lifesaver, Kimmy," Nadia murmured. She took a slow sip, her icy blue eyes looking over the rim of the mug to drag slowly down Kimmy’s bare, trembling body. "Perfect. You’re always so helpful."

"I like helping," Kimmy breathed, shifting her weight from one bare foot to the other. And it was true. The praise sent a warm, heavy flush of validation straight to her core. "Good," Nadia said, setting the mug on her nightstand. "Because we need to talk about your outfit for Psych 101 today. That yellow ruffled thing you wore on Tuesday? We’re officially retiring it."

Kimmy blinked, her hands clasping instinctively in front of her bare stomach. "My mom said yellow brings out my eyes."

"Your mom," Nadia sighed, throwing the covers off and stepping out of bed, "dressed you like a youth group chaperone. If you want to survive college, Kimmy, you need to elevate your look. You want to fit in, don't you?"

"Yes," Kimmy whispered quickly.

"Then let me handle it," Nadia commanded smoothly, walking over to Kimmy’s open closet. For the next ten minutes, Kimmy stood naked and shivering while Nadia ruthlessly audited her wardrobe. Nadia tossed out the high-necked blouses and knee-length skirts, eventually settling on a tight ribbed turtleneck and a plaid skirt that hit a solid three inches higher on the thigh than Kimmy was used to.

"Put this on," Nadia ordered, tossing the garments onto the bed. "No tights. Just the skirt." Kimmy dressed quickly under Nadia's watchful eye. The skirt felt scandalously short, the cool air brushing against the backs of her thighs, but when she looked in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, she had to admit she looked older. She looked like the college girl she desperately wanted to be.

"See?" Nadia praised, coming up behind her to adjust the collar of the turtleneck. Her knuckles brushed deliberately against Kimmy’s neck. "So much better. You just need someone to guide you."

The guidance didn't stop at fashion.

When Kimmy returned from her afternoon classes at three o'clock, she unlocked the door, stepped inside, and immediately dropped her backpack. Before she even asked about Nadia’s day, Kimmy reached for the hem of her turtleneck. She pulled it over her head, unzipped the skirt, and stepped out of her underwear, folding everything neatly into her pink storage bin. Nadia was lounging on her bed, typing on her laptop. She didn't look up immediately, letting the silence stretch, forcing Kimmy to stand naked in the center of the room, waiting to be

acknowledged.

Finally, Nadia closed the laptop.

"Come here," Nadia commanded.

Kimmy padded barefoot across the linoleum, her heart doing a familiar, frantic flutter. "Sit on the floor," Nadia instructed, patting the space between her knees. "I need you to brush my hair. It's full of tangles from the wind today."

Kimmy dropped to her knees without hesitation, settling onto the floor between Nadia’s denim-clad legs. She picked up the heavy boar-bristle brush from the nightstand and began to run it through Nadia’s sleek, dark hair.

"You have such a good touch, Kimmy," Nadia murmured, her eyes closing as the brush swept through her hair. "You're so attentive. Most roommates are totally selfish, but you just intuitively know how to take care of me."

"I want to take care of you, Nadia," Kimmy said, her voice soft and earnest. The repetitive motion of brushing, combined with the extreme vulnerability of being completely naked between the older girl's legs, was sending a steady, intoxicating hum of arousal through her body.

"I have a mixer tonight," Nadia announced casually. "Upperclassmen. The Sigma house." Kimmy paused, the brush hovering mid-air. "Oh. Are... are you going to be out late?" "Probably," Nadia said, opening her eyes and looking down at the naked blonde at her feet. "I'll need your help getting ready. Go to my closet. Pull out the black leather pants and the sheer lace bodysuit."

For the next hour, Kimmy acted as a devoted, naked handmaiden. She laid out Nadia’s clothes, retrieved her makeup bag, and even knelt on the floor to carefully zip up Nadia’s heavy combat boots.

Nadia stood in front of the mirror, looking absolutely devastating. The lace bodysuit left little to the imagination, projecting an aura of effortless, dangerous power. Beside her, Kimmy stood completely bare, looking small, pale, and entirely subservient.

"You look beautiful, Nadia," Kimmy whispered, her chest heaving slightly.

"I know," Nadia said, applying a final coat of dark red lipstick. She capped the tube and turned to face Kimmy. "And you did a great job helping me."

Nadia reached out, trailing a single, manicured fingernail down the center of Kimmy’s bare chest, stopping just above her navel. Kimmy shivered, her thighs pressing tightly together. "I have to go," Nadia said, her voice dropping into that low, hypnotic register that made Kimmy’s mind go blank. "But I have a very important job for you while I'm gone." "Anything," Kimmy breathed.

"You know how important our safe space is," Nadia murmured, her hand drifting up to cup the side of Kimmy's face. "The world out there is loud and full of expectations. But in here, you're free. I want you to stay exactly like this while I'm gone."

Kimmy’s eyes widened slightly. "Naked?"

"Completely naked," Nadia confirmed. "No blankets. No hiding in bed. I want you to sit at your desk, or sit on the floor, and just exist in your natural state. I want you to wait for me to get home, knowing that you followed my rule the entire time."

The thought was terrifying. The idea of sitting in the dorm room for hours, completely bare, listening to the footsteps of other students in the hallway, knowing anyone could knock or try the handle. But underneath the terror was a dark, twisting knot of intense excitement. "Okay," Kimmy whispered, her voice trembling. "I'll wait for you."

"Good girl," Nadia praised.

She leaned in, her lips ghosting over Kimmy’s cheek, close enough for Kimmy to smell her expensive perfume. Then, Nadia turned, grabbed her keys, and walked out the door. The heavy lock clicked into place.

Kimmy was entirely alone. The sterile hum of the mini-fridge returned. The room felt suddenly huge, the air conditioning biting against her bare skin. She looked down at her own naked body, her nipples tight and hard, her core pulsing with a heavy, wet ache. She walked slowly over to her desk chair and sat down, the cool plastic sending a shiver up her spine. She kept her hands folded neatly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the heavy wooden door, and began the long, quiet wait for her roommate to return.

Chapter 4

The digital clock on the microwave read 2:14 AM.

Kimmy had not moved from the hard plastic desk chair. For hours, she had sat completely bare in the quiet dorm room, her knees pressed tightly together, listening to the muffled sounds of the hallway. Girls laughing, doors slamming, the distant thump of bass from a frat house across the quad. Every footstep had made her heart race, terrified that someone would walk in, yet utterly paralyzed by the desire to obey Nadia’s rule.

By the time she heard the familiar scrape of a key in the lock, Kimmy was shivering, her skin flushed, her core aching with a heavy, pulsing need she didn't know how to satisfy. The door swung open, bringing with it the scent of stale beer, sweet perfume, and the crisp night air.

Nadia stepped inside, looking flushed and effortlessly stunning. But she wasn't alone. Trailing just behind her was a tall, gorgeous girl with cascades of auburn hair, wearing a tight denim skirt and a cropped flannel shirt.

Kimmy gasped, her hands flying up to cover her bare breasts, her eyes wide with absolute panic.

Nadia closed the door and locked it with a sharp *clack*. She didn't look surprised by Kimmy's nakedness. In fact, her icy blue eyes swept over the trembling freshman with dark, victorious satisfaction.

"You stayed exactly where I left you," Nadia murmured, her voice a low, approving purr. "Good girl."

The auburn-haired girl leaned against the doorframe, crossing her arms. She looked at Kimmy, then let out a soft, amused laugh. "You weren't kidding, Nads. She really is adorable. Like a little naked doll."

"Kimmy, this is Laura," Nadia introduced smoothly, dropping her keys on the desk. "Laura, my roommate, Kimmy."

"H-hi," Kimmy squeaked, her face burning a violent shade of scarlet. "I... I can put clothes on. I'm sorry."

"No," Nadia commanded, her tone gentle but completely unyielding. "Hands back in your lap, Kimmy. We don't hide in our safe space, remember? Clothes are barriers. Laura is a very close friend; she understands how progressive we are in this room."

Kimmy swallowed hard, slowly lowering her hands back to her bare thighs. The logic was completely twisted, but Nadia spoke with such absolute, unshakeable authority that Kimmy’s sheltered mind immediately scrambled to accept it. *This is progressive. This is normal college life.*

Laura kicked off her boots, stepping further into the room. "I love the vibe. It's so liberating." "Exactly," Nadia agreed. She walked over to her closet and opened the door, reaching up to the top shelf. "And college is all about communal support, Kimmy. Laura and I had a very long night at the mixer. We're stressed. We need to unwind, and as my roommate, part of your role in this ecosystem is to help facilitate that."

"I... how do I help?" Kimmy asked, her voice trembling.

Nadia turned around. In her hands were two wide-brimmed cowboy hats—one black felt, one woven straw.

"By being a good foundation," Nadia said simply.

Nadia tossed the straw hat to Laura. Without a hint of hesitation, Laura unbuttoned her flannel shirt, letting it drop to the floor, and unzipped her denim

skirt. Within seconds, Laura was completely naked, save for the straw cowboy hat perched playfully on her auburn hair. Nadia followed suit, stripping off her lace bodysuit and leather pants with practiced grace, placing the black felt hat on her sleek, dark hair.

Kimmy sat paralyzed in her chair, her breath catching in her throat. She was trapped in a room with two incredibly beautiful, completely naked upperclassmen wearing cowboy hats. The sheer absurdity of it was entirely eclipsed by the suffocating, heavy air of sexual tension. "Lie down on your bed, Kimmy," Nadia instructed, pointing to the floral comforter. "Flat on your back. Hands at your sides."

Kimmy stood on shaky legs and padded over to her bed. She climbed onto the mattress, lying flat on her back, her heart hammering against her ribs like a trapped bird.

Nadia walked over, standing beside the bed. She looked down at Kimmy’s small, shivering, pale body.

"You see, Kimmy, dorm rooms are small," Nadia explained, her voice dropping into that smooth, rationalizing cadence that made the insane sound perfectly logical. "Space is limited. Sometimes, to truly de-stress, you have to maximize the utility of your environment. Sometimes, friends just need to pretend they're two lazy cowgirls riding across the prairie. And to do that, we need a prairie."

Nadia reached out, trailing her knuckles down Kimmy’s bare stomach.

"You're going to be our prairie tonight, Kimmy. It's a very important part of roommate bonding."

"Okay," Kimmy whispered, her mind entirely hijacked by the gaslighting and the

overwhelming, electric proximity of the two women.

"Go ahead, Laura," Nadia murmured.

Laura climbed onto the bed near the pillows. She straddled Kimmy’s chest, lowering herself until her knees rested on either side of Kimmy’s shoulders. Slowly, deliberately, Laura sank down.

Kimmy gasped as the hot, slick weight of Laura's bare pussy pressed directly over her mouth and nose. The scent of sweet perfume and heavy, musky arousal filled Kimmy’s senses instantly. Laura shifted her hips, settling her wetness firmly against Kimmy's lips. "Breathe through your nose if you need to, sweetie," Laura cooed from above, adjusting her straw hat. "You make a very comfortable pillow."

Before Kimmy could even process the overwhelming intimacy of Laura’s position, the mattress shifted violently.

Nadia climbed onto the bed, straddling Kimmy’s lower half. She moved forward, positioning her hips directly over Kimmy’s stomach and crotch. Nadia lowered herself, her own bare, wet pussy sliding heavily against Kimmy’s slick, aching center.

Kimmy let out a muffled, desperate moan against Laura's flesh. The dual sensation—Laura suffocating her with heat from above, and Nadia grinding against her most sensitive, unfulfilled nerves from below—was a sensory overload that shattered Kimmy's innocence in a matter of seconds.

Nadia leaned forward, reaching out to wrap her arms tightly around Laura’s waist from behind, her black cowboy hat bumping softly against Laura’s back.

"Hold on, cowgirl," Nadia whispered into Laura's ear.

They began to move.

It wasn't frantic; it was a slow, agonizingly deliberate, rhythmic rocking. Nadia rolled her hips forward, driving her slick heat against Kimmy’s pulsing clit, while pulling Laura back, dragging Laura's wet folds directly across Kimmy’s mouth and nose.

"See how natural this is, Kimmy?" Nadia reasoned smoothly, her voice slightly breathless as she rocked her hips against the smaller girl. "We're just sharing space. Providing comfort. You're doing such a good job supporting us."

Mmph! Kimmy whimpered, her hands twitching at her sides, desperate to reach up and touch herself, but Nadia’s strict rule held her paralyzed.

"Lazy cowgirls," Laura sighed, tipping her head back against Nadia’s shoulder, her hips grinding a slow circle over Kimmy’s face. "Just riding the trail. It's so nice to have a roommate who understands how to be useful."

The friction was devastating. Kimmy was trapped beneath them, acting as a human mattress, her own body screaming for a release she wasn't allowed to take. Every time Nadia rocked forward, Kimmy’s hips bucked involuntarily, desperate to catch the friction, but Nadia kept the rhythm entirely focused on her and Laura's pleasure. Kimmy was just the surface they were using.

"That's it, Laura," Nadia groaned, her grip tightening on the auburn-haired girl's waist. "Ride it out."

The pace quickened. The slow, lazy rocking turned into heavy, desperate grinding. The wet sounds of skin slapping against skin echoed in the small dorm room.

Laura cried out first, her back arching, her thighs clamping tightly around Kimmy’s ears. She ground her soaking wet center brutally against Kimmy’s face, her body shuddering through a massive climax.

A second later, Nadia followed. With a sharp gasp, Nadia drove her hips down hard against Kimmy’s stomach, her clit mashing against the blonde's lower abdomen. Nadia held the position, her body rigid, shaking violently as the orgasm ripped through her, squeezing Laura tightly in her arms.

Kimmy lay pinned beneath them, her own body entirely flushed, her core throbbing with a frantic, agonizing need that went completely ignored.

As the aftershocks faded, Nadia and Laura didn't move. They simply collapsed, their sweaty, slick bodies acting like a heavy, suffocating blanket over the petite freshman.

Laura rested her head on Nadia’s shoulder, her hips still pinning Kimmy’s face, catching her breath. Nadia lay sprawled over Kimmy’s legs and stomach, her full weight pressing the smaller girl into the mattress.

"You were right, Nads," Laura murmured lazily, reaching up to adjust her straw hat. "This is the best mattress on campus."

"I told you," Nadia breathed, her hand trailing lazily over the side of Kimmy’s ribs. "She’s incredibly accommodating."

Beneath them, Kimmy’s chest heaved. Her mouth was coated in Laura's taste, her stomach slick with Nadia's climax, her own body practically vibrating with unfulfilled, desperate arousal. Her sheltered mind was in complete freefall, entirely rewritten by the last two hours. She had been used, ignored, and treated like literal furniture.

And as she lay trapped beneath the two beautiful, naked cowgirls, Kimmy squeezed her eyes shut and forced out a muffled, trembling whisper against Laura's thighs.

"Thank you for letting me help."

Chapter 5

The glowing red numbers of the microwave clock read 4:17 AM.

Kimmy woke up slowly, her body aching with a strange, heavy lethargy. The crushing weight of the two upperclassmen was gone, but the ghost of their bodies still pressed into her skin. She was lying on her own floral comforter, completely naked, the sheets tangled around her ankles. Her thighs felt sticky, her mouth tasted faintly of salt and sweet perfume, and her core was throbbing with a dull, relentless ache that had kept her tossing and turning for hours. The dorm room was mostly dark, illuminated only by the pale amber glow of the streetlamp filtering through the blinds.

From the other side of the room, on Nadia’s bed, came the low, quiet hum of conversation. Kimmy lay perfectly still, barely daring to breathe. Nadia and

Laura were sitting cross-legged facing each other, passing a slim, silver vape pen back and forth. The faint smell of mint and cannabis drifted through the cool, air-conditioned air.

"I'm just saying, Nads," Laura murmured, exhaling a thin cloud of vapor. "Look at her. What is she actually going to do with a Communications degree? Work in HR? It's a waste of a perfectly good aesthetic."

Nadia let out a soft, low chuckle. The sound made the hair on Kimmy’s arms stand up. "Her parents have a very specific vision for her," Nadia replied smoothly, leaning back against the cinderblock wall. "They want her to get an education, find a nice suburban husband, and join a country club. They sent her here to be socialized."

"But she's not built for that," Laura argued lazily, tracing the rim of a water bottle. "You saw her tonight. She didn't even try to move when we used her. She literally thanked us for letting her be furniture. You send a girl like that into a lecture hall, and she’s just going to have panic attacks over midterms. It’s cruel, honestly. Expecting her to perform academically when her actual utility is so obvious."

Kimmy’s breath hitched in the dark.

Her actual utility. The words sank into her sheltered, sleep-addled brain like heavy stones. Part of her knew she should be offended—she had always been a straight-A student, desperate for her parents' approval. But hearing Laura dismiss her intellect so casually sent a treacherous, electrifying jolt straight down to her clit.

"Her breathing just changed," Nadia noted, her voice dropping an octave.

Kimmy froze.

In the shadows, Nadia’s icy blue eyes shifted across the room, pinning Kimmy to the mattress.

"You're awake, Kimmy," Nadia commanded softly. "Don't pretend. Sit up."

Kimmy scrambled to obey, her bare skin shivering as she pushed herself up against her pillows. She pulled her knees to her chest, crossing her arms defensively over her small breasts, though she knew Nadia hated when she tried to hide.

"S-sorry," Kimmy stammered. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop. I just woke up."

"Put your arms down," Nadia instructed, a gentle but absolute demand.

Kimmy slowly lowered her arms, resting her hands on her bare knees, leaving herself completely exposed in the dim light.

Laura leaned over, resting her chin on her hand, looking at Kimmy with a predator's amused curiosity. "Did you hear what we were talking about, sweetie?"

"Yes," Kimmy whispered, her cheeks burning hot in the dark.

Nadia slipped off her bed and walked slowly across the linoleum, completely bare herself, moving with that effortless, intimidating grace. She stopped at the edge of Kimmy’s bed, looking down at the shivering freshman.

"Laura thinks college is going to be too stressful for you," Nadia reasoned, her tone thick with manufactured, maternal concern. "The essays. The exams. The eight A.M. lectures. The constant pressure to be smart, to be independent, to have opinions. It's exhausting, isn't it?" Kimmy looked up into Nadia’s eyes. A tear welled in her hazel eyes. It *was* exhausting. She had spent her entire life terrified of making a mistake, terrified of failing. "It is," Kimmy admitted, her voice cracking.

"So why do it?" Nadia asked smoothly, sitting on the edge of the mattress. She reached out, her cool fingers lightly tracing the curve of Kimmy’s bare shoulder. "Why force yourself to be something you're not? Look at how happy you were tonight, Kimmy. When you didn't have to think. When you just had to lie here and be a soft, quiet space for us to use. You didn't have to make any decisions. You just had to serve."

Kimmy’s heart was hammering a frantic rhythm against her ribs. The gaslighting was so masterfully executed that it felt like a warm blanket being wrapped around her trembling shoulders.

"I... my parents paid tuition," Kimmy whispered weakly, a final, fragile defense mechanism. "We're not talking about your parents," Laura chimed in, walking over to stand behind Nadia. Laura reached out and ran a hand through Kimmy’s honey-blonde curls. "We're talking about *you*, Kimmy. What do *you* want? Do you want to sit in a library for six hours tomorrow stressing over a sociology paper?"

Nadia leaned in closer, her thumb brushing over Kimmy's collarbone. "Or do you want to drop your classes? Stay here in our safe space. Wake up, make my coffee, lay naked on the rug, and wait for me to come back and use you. No stress. No expectations. Just absolute, mindless obedience."

The scenario painted by Nadia hit Kimmy’s nervous system like a freight train.

The idea of never having to write another paper. Never having to worry about her future. The idea of simply surrendering her entire existence to Nadia’s pleasure, becoming nothing more than a naked, useful object waiting in the dorm room.

A loud, wet, desperate moan escaped Kimmy’s lips.

Her thighs involuntarily fell open, her knees dropping to the sides. Her core was throbbing so violently it was almost painful. The sheer, overwhelming relief of abandoning her agency caused a heavy rush of slick arousal to flood between her legs, pooling visibly on the floral comforter.

Nadia looked down at the physical evidence of Kimmy’s surrender, a dark, victorious smile spreading across her face.

"Look at that, Laura," Nadia murmured, trailing her fingers lightly down Kimmy’s stomach. "I just suggested that she throw away her entire future to be my live-in mattress, and her body is practically begging for it. She's dripping."

"I... I can't help it," Kimmy sobbed quietly, completely undone by her own helpless desires. She hated how weak she was, but the arousal was completely paralyzing.

"She really is the perfect blank slate," Laura mused, her eyes tracking the wetness on Kimmy's thighs. Laura looked up at Nadia, a spark of wicked inspiration flashing in her eyes. "You know, Nads, if she drops out, she’s going to have a lot of free time. And if she’s just sitting around here, her brain might try to start working again. We don't want her getting anxious or overthinking her new role."

Nadia turned her head slightly. "What are you suggesting?"

"I know a girl in the psych department," Laura said, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper. "She's working on some unauthorized hypnotherapy techniques. Deep-trance conditioning. It’s a specialized regression process."

Kimmy’s breath caught. *Regression?*

"Go on," Nadia said, clearly intrigued.

"It basically smooths out the cerebral cortex," Laura explained casually, as if she were recommending a skincare routine. "It drops the subject's functional IQ by about thirty or forty points. Completely erases complex problem-solving skills, anxiety, and critical thought. It basically rewires the brain to operate purely on dopamine loops triggered by submission and service. They call it the 'Bimbo Trance,' but for her, we could just calibrate it to 'Perfect Pet.'" Kimmy stared at Laura in absolute, mind-shattering horror.

They were talking about intentionally lowering her intelligence. Erasing her mind. Making her stupid so she would be a better sex slave. Her human ego screamed in terror, begging her to run, to put her clothes on, to call her mother.

But then Nadia looked back down at her.

"An empty head for a perfect body," Nadia whispered, her icy blue eyes glittering with dark fascination. Nadia reached down and cupped Kimmy’s slick, swollen pussy right over the wet sheets, pressing firmly against her clit. "No more anxiety, Kimmy. No more worrying about being smart enough, or good enough. Just a quiet, empty, happy little brain that only knows how to please me."

Nadia rubbed her thumb aggressively against the sensitive bundle of nerves.

The physical stimulation, combined with the horrifying, suffocating promise of having her intelligence literally wiped away, short-circuited Kimmy’s brain completely.

"Ah! Oh god!" Kimmy cried out, her back arching violently off the bed.

She didn't want to be smart. She didn't want to worry. The thought of her IQ dropping until she was nothing but a mindless, naked, giggling toy for Nadia to play with was the most profoundly degrading, intensely arousing thing she had ever heard. Her hips bucked wildly against Nadia’s hand, her body completely betraying her intellect.

"She wants it," Laura laughed softly, watching the petite blonde writhe on the bed. "She is literally cumming at the thought of being made stupid."

"I think you're right, Laura," Nadia murmured, keeping her hand firmly in place, riding Kimmy through the edge of her humiliating climax. "I think a college degree is completely unnecessary for her."

Nadia leaned forward, her lips brushing against Kimmy’s ear as the girl shuddered through a violent, whimpering orgasm.

"First thing tomorrow," Nadia promised the gasping, ruined freshman. "You're dropping your classes. And then, we're going to make an appointment to fix that pretty little head of yours."

Chapter 6

The morning sun sliced through the narrow gaps in the dorm room blinds, casting harsh, bright lines across the linoleum floor.

Kimmy woke with a start, her naked body shivering as the aggressive air conditioning washed over her. She was still lying on top of her floral comforter, exactly where Nadia and Laura had left her the night before. Her limbs felt heavy, her mind foggy with the residual exhaustion of a sleep filled with terrifying, arousing dreams.

"She's up," a new, unfamiliar voice noted. The tone was clinical, smooth, and entirely detached.

Kimmy scrambled to sit up, her hands instinctively flying to cover her bare breasts. She blinked against the morning light, trying to focus.

Nadia was sitting comfortably at her own desk, dressed in sleek black leggings and an oversized university sweatshirt. Laura was lounging casually on Nadia’s bed, scrolling through her phone. Sitting in Kimmy’s desk chair, studying the trembling freshman with dark, assessing eyes, was a third girl. She had sharp features, wire-rimmed glasses, and dark hair pulled into a severe, sleek ponytail.

"Hands in your lap, Kimmy," Nadia commanded without looking up from her laptop screen. "We don't cover ourselves in this room."

Kimmy swallowed hard, forcing her trembling hands down to her bare, pale thighs. "Yes, Nadia."

"Kimmy, this is Trinity," Laura chimed in, not looking up from her phone. "She's a junior in the psych department. I told her all about your little stress problem."

Trinity tilted her head, her gaze drifting slowly over Kimmy’s exposed, blushing body. "She’s smaller than I pictured. Very delicate. Look at the flush on her chest—her nervous system is completely redlined. It’s a miracle she hasn't had a full breakdown yet."

"She’s been very accommodating," Nadia murmured, finally turning her chair around. "But she needs structure. Go make the coffee, Kimmy. Three mugs. Black for me, oat milk for Laura, and whatever Trinity wants."

"Just black is fine," Trinity said, crossing her legs.

Kimmy stood up on shaky legs. She felt the weight of three pairs of upperclassmen eyes tracking her every movement. She walked over to the makeshift kitchenette on top of her dresser, her bare feet silent on the floor. She kept her back straight, her hands trembling slightly as she prepped the coffee maker. The sheer vulnerability of standing completely naked while three fully dressed women discussed her like a specimen was sending a dizzying rush of heat straight to her core.

As the coffee began to brew, the room fell into a quiet, casual rhythm.

Click. Clack. Click.

Nadia was typing steadily on her laptop.

"Alright, that's done," Nadia announced casually, leaning back in her chair and stretching her arms over her head. "I bypassed the two-factor authentication on her student portal. It's a good thing you use the same password for your laptop and your university login, Kimmy." Kimmy froze, a ceramic mug hovering in her hand. "My... my login?"

"Yep," Nadia said, completely unbothered. "I just submitted the full withdrawal forms to the registrar's office. You are officially disenrolled from all your classes for the semester. I also routed the tuition refund direct deposit into a new joint

account I set up this morning." The mug slipped from Kimmy’s fingers, clattering loudly onto the wooden dresser. "You... you dropped my classes?" Kimmy breathed, the world tilting violently on its axis. Her heart hammered against her ribs. She was a straight-A student. Her parents had thrown a massive party when she got accepted. "Nadia, no... my parents... the registrar..." "Kimmy," Nadia snapped, the sharpness of her voice slicing through Kimmy's rising panic like a scalpel. "Look at me."

Kimmy turned around, tears already welling in her wide hazel eyes.

"What did we talk about last night?" Nadia reasoned, her voice softening into that hypnotic, toxic maternal tone. "We talked about how much pressure you're under. Look at you right now. You're hyperventilating over a schedule. You aren't meant for that world, Kimmy. I just did you a massive favor. I took the burden away."

"But I have to be in school," Kimmy sobbed, her chest heaving, her naked body trembling violently. "I have to be smart! I have to get a degree!"

"Why?" Trinity interjected. The psych major stood up from the desk chair and walked slowly across the room, stopping just inches from Kimmy. "Why do you have to be smart, Kimmy? What has being smart ever gotten you besides anxiety, stress, and fear?"

Trinity reached out, her cool fingers resting gently on either side of Kimmy’s temples. "Bring the coffee over to the floor," Trinity instructed softly. "Let's sit down. Let's make all that heavy panic go away."

Kimmy was sobbing quietly, but she obeyed. She placed the three mugs on a tray, carried them to the center of the linoleum floor, and dropped to her knees. Trinity sat cross-legged directly in front of her. Nadia and Laura watched from the perimeter, a silent audience to the execution of Kimmy’s intellect.

"Look at me, Kimmy," Trinity said. From her pocket, she produced a small, polished silver pendulum attached to a delicate chain.

She held it up, perfectly centered between Kimmy’s tear-filled eyes.

"Just focus on the silver," Trinity murmured, giving the chain a subtle flick. The pendulum began to swing in a slow, rhythmic arc. *Left. Right. Left. Right.*

"I can't... my classes..." Kimmy whimpered, trying to look away, but the swinging silver caught the morning light, drawing her eyes back with magnetic force.

"Shh," Trinity soothed, her voice dropping into a resonant, rhythmic frequency that seemed to vibrate directly inside Kimmy’s skull. "You don't need classes, Kimmy. Classes require thinking. And thinking is so incredibly heavy. Feel how heavy your head is right now. It hurts, doesn't it? All those big words. All those expectations. It's too much for a pretty little thing like you."

Kimmy’s breathing began to slow. The frantic, terrified beating of her heart started to match the rhythmic swing of the pendulum. *Left. Right. Left. Right.*

"You don't want to be smart," Trinity suggested, the words sinking like lead weights into Kimmy's subconscious. "Smart girls get stressed. Smart girls get sad. Stupid girls are happy. Empty girls are perfect."

"Empty," Kimmy whispered, her eyelids fluttering.

"That's right," Trinity smiled, her voice a warm, enveloping blanket. "I want you to imagine your brain, Kimmy. Imagine all those complex thoughts, all that math, all that sociology... it's just dark, heavy smoke. And right now, it's draining out of your ears. It's evaporating. Feel the smoke clearing out, leaving nothing behind but soft, pink, fuzzy space."

A localized, mind-numbing warmth bloomed at the base of Kimmy’s neck and spread rapidly upward. She could physically feel the resistance dying. The panic over her dropped classes was melting away, replaced by a terrifying, euphoric emptiness.

"The less you think, the better you feel," Trinity chanted softly, the pendulum swinging flawlessly. "Every time the silver swings, your IQ drops by a point. Let it go, Kimmy. Drop it. You don't need big words. You only need to know how to serve. You only need to know how to look pretty and obey."

Kimmy’s jaw went slack. A thick string of saliva pooled at the corner of her lips. The horrifying reality was that Trinity was right. The emptier her mind became, the better she felt. A massive, pulsing wave of arousal flooded between her naked thighs. The sheer degradation of being intentionally dumbed down, of having her intellect systematically erased by an upperclassman, was sending her straight into a feral heat.

"Look at her," Laura laughed softly from the bed. "She's practically drooling. Her pussy is dripping on the floor."

"She loves it," Nadia murmured, stepping off her chair and walking over to stand behind Trinity. Nadia looked down at the vacant, panting blonde. "Make it permanent, Trin." "I'm smoothing out the cortex right now," Trinity whispered to Kimmy, ignoring the others. "We're locking the doors to the library, Kimmy. You can't read those big books anymore. The words don't make sense. If you try to think too hard, your head will just feel fuzzy and you'll get incredibly horny instead. Thinking makes you wet, but it doesn't make you smart. Do you understand?"

"Thinking... makes me wet," Kimmy repeated, her voice airy, vacant, and completely stripped of its former anxiety.

"Good girl," Trinity praised. "From now on, your vocabulary is shrinking. You don't need complex sentences. You just need to say 'Yes, Nadia,' 'Thank you, Nadia,' and 'How can I help?' You are just a body, Kimmy. A beautiful, empty, naked body. A perfect pet." Trinity caught the pendulum in her palm, stopping the swing.

She snapped her fingers sharply right in front of Kimmy’s nose.

Kimmy blinked slowly. The sharp, bright panic that had defined her morning was entirely gone. Her hazel eyes were wide, glassy, and completely devoid of critical thought. She looked around the dorm room as if seeing it through a thick layer of pink cotton candy. She couldn't quite remember why she had been crying. She couldn't remember what a "registrar" was. The word felt too big, too heavy to hold in her mind, and trying to grasp it only made her clit throb with a dull, heavy ache.

Nadia stepped around Trinity and stood directly in front of the kneeling freshman. "Kimmy," Nadia said, her voice sharp and authoritative. "What is your major?"

Kimmy looked up at the tall, beautiful girl in front of her. She opened her mouth, her brow furrowing slightly as she tried to search her brain for the answer. *Communications.* She knew she knew the word, but it just slipped away, turning into static. The effort of trying to find the word sent a hot flush of pleasure straight down her spine.

Kimmy giggled—a soft, breathy, entirely vacant sound. She looked up at Nadia with absolute, empty adoration.

"I don't have a major," Kimmy smiled, shifting her bare, slick thighs against the linoleum. "I'm just... I'm Nadia's pet. How can I help?"

Nadia looked at Laura and Trinity, a slow, predatory smirk spreading across her flawless face. "Perfect," Nadia said. She reached down and patted the top of Kimmy’s blonde head. "Good girl. Now, hand me my coffee."

Chapter 7

The ceramic mugs clinked softly as Kimmy distributed them. She moved on her knees, her posture completely altered. The rigid, terrified tension that had gripped her shoulders since move-in day had vanished, replaced by a loose, pliant slump. She offered Nadia her black coffee, a soft, dopey smile playing on her lips.

"Here you go, Nadia," Kimmy said, her voice airy and slow, as if the words had to swim through syrup to reach her mouth.

"Thank you, pet," Nadia murmured, taking the mug. She took a sip, her eyes locked on Kimmy’s vacant face. "Trinity, you really outdid yourself. Look at her

eyes. There's absolutely nobody home."

Trinity accepted her mug, adjusting her wire-rimmed glasses. "The cerebral smoothing takes a few minutes to fully settle into the neural pathways. It’s fascinating to observe in real-time. The anxiety centers of her brain have been entirely bypassed and rerouted directly to her libido. Let's test the parameters."

Laura leaned forward on the bed, resting her chin in her hand. "Ooh, a pop quiz. I love this game. Hey, Kimmy?"

Kimmy blinked slowly, turning her head toward Laura. "Yes, Laura?"

"You used to be pretty smart, right?" Laura asked playfully. "What did you get on your SATs?"

Kimmy opened her mouth. Her brow furrowed, a tiny crease appearing between her hazel eyes. She reached into her memory, trying to find the numbers. *Fourteen... fourteen- something?* But the moment her brain tried to grasp the concept of standardized testing, a thick, pink fog rolled over the thought.

The mental effort hit a newly installed roadblock in her cortex, and just as Trinity had programmed, the blocked cognitive energy converted instantly into raw physical arousal. Kimmy gasped. Her hands flew to her bare thighs, her back arching slightly. A hot, heavy rush of wetness flooded her center.

"I..." Kimmy stammered, her breathing quickening. "I got... it was a big number. It was..." She tried to push through the fog, trying to force her brain to work, but the friction of the effort only made the arousal spike higher. Her hips gave an involuntary twitch against the linoleum. Her nipples pebbled into tight, hard points.

"Don't hurt yourself, sweetie," Laura laughed, taking a sip of her oat milk coffee. "Try something easier. What's eight times seven?"

Kimmy whimpered. The math equation floated in her mind, completely incomprehensible. The harder she looked at it, the heavier the ache between her legs became. She squeezed her eyes shut, her hands gripping her knees as she began to unconsciously grind her slick core against the hard floor.

"Ah... oh gosh," Kimmy moaned, her head falling back. "Eight... seven... I don't... it feels so fuzzy. It makes me feel so hot."

"The cognitive dissonance is literally making her cum," Trinity noted clinically, watching the blonde writhe on the floor. "She can't process basic multiplication without triggering a dopamine loop. Her brain is actively punishing her for trying to think, and rewarding her for giving up."

"Stop," Kimmy whined, looking up at Nadia with wide, teary, desperate eyes. "Nadia, please. Don't make me do math. It feels too heavy. It makes my head

fuzzy."

Nadia reached out, trailing her fingers gently down Kimmy’s flushed cheek.

"Shh," Nadia hushed, her voice a dark, comforting velvet. "It's okay, pet. You don't have to think anymore. Laura was just teasing you. We know you don't need numbers. You just need to look pretty and be useful."

The relief that washed over Kimmy was instantaneous and profound. The moment she abandoned the effort to think, the heavy, agonizing pressure in her head vanished, leaving only a warm, blissful emptiness and a lingering, highly sensitized state of arousal. "Thank you, Nadia," Kimmy breathed, leaning her cheek into Nadia’s hand, rubbing against it like a grateful kitten.

"Now that we’ve established you don't need a schedule, we need to establish your new routine," Nadia said, setting her coffee mug on the desk. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees. "Since you aren't a student anymore, you are full-time dorm furniture. You exist to make my life, and the lives of my friends, completely frictionless." "Frictionless," Kimmy repeated, the word sounding big and clunky in her newly emptied mind, but she smiled anyway because Nadia was looking at her.

"Laura and Trinity have classes today," Nadia explained. "I have a seminar at eleven. While we are busy enriching our minds, you are going to stay here. You will clean the room. You will organize my closet. And when you are finished, you will sit on your mat and wait for us to return."

"Naked?" Kimmy asked, her voice breathy.

"Of course naked," Laura chimed in, sliding off the bed and stretching her long legs. "Pets don't wear clothes, Kimmy. You'd look ridiculous in a sweater."

The logic was flawless to Kimmy's smoothed-out brain. Pets didn't wear clothes. She was a pet. Therefore, she was naked. It was so much simpler than sociology.

"But before we go," Nadia said, standing up, "we need to get ready. And you need to practice your primary function."

Nadia walked over to her closet and pulled out a sleek, black leather skirt and a fitted burgundy top. Laura pulled a pair of distressed jeans and a cropped sweater from her overnight bag. Trinity remained seated, watching the dynamic unfold.

"Laura, do you need to do your makeup?" Nadia asked casually.

"Yeah, actually," Laura said, pulling a small cosmetics bag from her tote. "But the lighting at the desk is terrible. I need to use the full-length mirror on the door."

"Kimmy," Nadia snapped her fingers, pointing to the floor directly in front of the mirror. "On your hands and knees. Laura needs a vanity stool."

Kimmy scrambled across the floor on all fours, her bare breasts swaying slightly. She positioned herself in front of the mirror, dropping her head and bracing her weight on her palms and shins. She didn't feel humiliated; she felt *purposeful*.

Laura walked over, wearing only her lace underwear and a bra. She casually straddled Kimmy’s lower back, sitting her full weight down on the freshman's bare hips.

Kimmy let out a soft grunt as the older girl's weight settled on her, but she immediately locked her elbows, straining to keep her back flat and stable.

"Perfect," Laura murmured, uncapping a tube of mascara. She leaned forward, using Kimmy’s back as a sturdy, living chair while she applied her makeup in the mirror. "She's actually really comfortable. Good posture."

"I told you," Nadia said, pulling her burgundy top over her head. "She's built for it." Nadia walked over to her own desk, grabbing her hair straightener. She looked down at Trinity. "Trin, you want to use her next? I know you hate bending over to tie those boots." "I suppose a footstool would be highly efficient," Trinity mused.

Ten minutes later, Laura hopped off Kimmy’s back, fully dressed and looking flawless. "All yours, Trin."

Kimmy’s arms were shaking slightly from holding Laura’s weight, but before she could even catch her breath, Trinity approached.

"Turn around, pet. Sit on your heels," Trinity instructed.

Kimmy obeyed, shifting her position so she was kneeling, sitting back on her bare calves. Trinity stepped up and unapologetically placed her heavy, black combat boot directly onto Kimmy’s bare, pale thighs.

Kimmy gasped at the cold, rough leather pressing into her soft skin, but she immediately reached out, gripping Trinity's calf to hold her steady. Trinity leaned over, methodically lacing her boots, using the naked girl as a literal piece of utility furniture.

Nadia watched the entire scene from the center of the room, her icy blue eyes shining with absolute domination. She had taken a straight-A, sheltered, nervous freshman and, in less than twenty-four hours, reduced her to a mindless, naked appliance for her friends to use. Trinity finished tying her boots and tapped Kimmy lightly on the cheek. "Good footstool." "Thank you, Trinity," Kimmy breathed, a dopey, contented smile on her face.

Nadia picked up her leather tote bag and slung it over her shoulder. She walked over to the door, flanked by Laura and Trinity.

"We're leaving now, Kimmy," Nadia said, her hand resting on the doorknob. "Remember your chores. And remember the rule. Do not try to think. If your head starts feeling heavy, just touch yourself until it goes away."

"Yes, Nadia," Kimmy whispered, kneeling in the center of the room, her hands folded neatly in her lap.

"Good girl," Nadia praised.

The three upperclassmen stepped out into the hallway. The heavy wooden door swung shut, the deadbolt engaging with a loud, final *clack*.

Kimmy was left alone in the cold, quiet dorm room. She looked around at the messy beds, the scattered clothes, and the empty coffee mugs. A brief, tiny spark of confusion flared in the back of her mind—a fleeting question about her parents, about a textbook she was supposed to buy.

But the moment the thought formed, a heavy wave of pink fog rolled over her cortex. The confusion instantly melted into a sharp, wet throb between her legs.

Kimmy let out a breathy giggle, her hazel eyes completely vacant. She didn't need textbooks. She needed to organize Nadia’s closet. She pushed herself up off the floor, her bare skin shivering in the air conditioning, and happily began to clean.

Chapter 8

The dorm room was quiet, save for the rhythmic, mechanical hum of the mini-fridge and the soft padding of Kimmy’s bare feet against the cold linoleum.

For the first hour, Kimmy moved with a strange, floaty kind of bliss. The heavy, suffocating anxiety that had plagued her since she arrived on campus was completely gone, replaced by a warm, fuzzy pink fog that seemed to wrap around her brain like cotton candy. She didn't have to worry about where her classes were. She didn't have to panic about icebreaker games or syllabi. She just had to clean.

She made Nadia’s bed first, smoothing out the floral comforter with meticulous, obsessive care, ensuring not a single wrinkle marred the surface. Then she moved to the floor, picking up discarded clothes, her small, naked body shivering occasionally when the air conditioning kicked on. But even the cold felt good. It kept her nipples tight and her skin flushed, a constant physical reminder of her new, perfect reality.

Eventually, she opened the doors to Nadia’s closet.

It was packed with clothes—leather jackets, silk camisoles, heavy denim, and sheer blouses. Kimmy knelt on the floor, pulling down a pile of tangled sweaters to fold them.

As she reached to the back of the shelf, her hand brushed against something stiff. A piece of paper had slipped behind a stack of jeans. Kimmy pulled it out.

It was a thick, cream-colored envelope. Her own name was written across the front in familiar, looping cursive.

Kimmy Walters.

Kimmy blinked, sinking back onto her bare heels. She stared at the handwriting. It was her mother’s. She had slipped it into Kimmy's luggage right before they drove away.

Slowly, clumsily, Kimmy unfolded the thick stationery inside.

My dearest Kimmy, the letter began. *I am so incredibly proud of you. Today marks the beginning of your journey into higher education. I know you've been anxious, but you are so bright, so capable, and I know you are going to achieve brilliant things in your degree program...*

Kimmy’s brow furrowed. She stared at the word *education*. Then at the word *achieve*. She tried to sound them out in her head, trying to grasp the meaning behind them, but the letters seemed to swim on the page. The moment her brain attempted to process the complex, abstract concepts of future goals and parental expectations, a physical pressure began to build behind her eyes. The pink fog thickened, turning into a heavy, suffocating wall. *My head...* Kimmy whimpered, her hands trembling. *It feels so heavy.*

Trinity’s conditioning was absolute. The cognitive dissonance triggered a massive, immediate fail-safe. The mental strain bypassed her prefrontal cortex entirely and routed straight into her nervous system.

A violent shudder racked Kimmy’s small frame. The paper slipped from her fingers, fluttering to the closet floor.

“If your head starts feeling heavy, just touch yourself until it goes away.” Nadia’s parting rule echoed through the pink fog.

Kimmy didn't hesitate. She couldn't. The ache between her legs was sudden and blinding. She collapsed backward, her spine hitting the closet wall, her bare legs falling wide open. Her hands dove instantly between her slick thighs, her fingers finding her swollen, dripping clit. "Ah!" Kimmy gasped, her head falling back against a row of hanging silk shirts.

She rubbed herself frantically, her breath coming in ragged, shallow pants. The friction was a lifeline. With every desperate stroke of her fingers, the heavy, painful words from the letter dissolved. *Education* melted into a hot pulse of pleasure. *Achieve* evaporated into a wet, breathy moan. The harder she touched herself, the emptier her head became, until there was absolutely nothing left but the sublime, mindless bliss of her own body.

"Good girl," Kimmy chanted to herself, a dopey, euphoric smile spreading across her flushed face. "I'm a good pet. I don't need to think."

She was so lost in the mindless pleasure that she didn't hear the lock click.

"Kimmy?" Nadia's voice called out from the entryway, followed by the soft thud of a leather tote bag hitting the desk.

Kimmy gasped, her eyes snapping open. She was right on the precipice of a climax, but the sound of her owner's voice triggered an instinct deeper than her own release. She pulled her hands away from herself, leaving them slick and shining, and scrambled out of the closet on all fours.

She scurried across the linoleum and dropped her forehead to the floor right at the toes of Nadia’s stylish leather boots, her chest heaving, her thighs trembling violently. "Welcome back, Nadia," Kimmy breathed, her voice airy and completely vacant. "I missed you."

Nadia looked down at the naked, panting girl. She noted the flushed skin, the dilated pupils, and the unmistakable scent of arousal clinging to the air. Nadia’s icy blue eyes swept the room. The beds were made. The trash was emptied. The room was spotless.

"You've been busy," Nadia noted, her voice a low, approving hum. She nudged Kimmy’s chin up with the toe of her boot. "But you're soaking wet, pet. Did you break my rule and try to think while I was gone?"

"I... I found a paper," Kimmy stammered, her hazel eyes wide and apologetic. She leaned her cheek into the leather of Nadia's boot. "It had big words on it. My head got really heavy and fuzzy, Nadia. It hurt. But I remembered what you said! I touched myself until the words went away. I made my head empty again."

A slow, terrifyingly brilliant smile spread across Nadia’s flawless face. Trinity's hypnosis wasn't just working; it had completely overwritten Kimmy's operating system.

"You did exactly the right thing," Nadia praised, stepping over Kimmy and walking toward her bed. "Words are dangerous for you, Kimmy. They just cause you pain. From now on, if you see a piece of paper with writing on it, I want you to throw it in the trash immediately. You don't need to read. Reading isn't part of your function."

"Yes, Nadia. Throw it in the trash," Kimmy repeated happily, crawling backward to give Nadia space. "Thank you for fixing me."

"You're very welcome," Nadia murmured. She unzipped her boots and kicked them off, then pulled her burgundy top over her head, tossing it onto the freshly made bed. She unhooked her bra, letting it drop to the floor.

Kimmy sat back on her heels, watching in absolute adoration as her beautiful roommate stripped down to her black lace underwear.

"I have a mountain of reading to do for my poli-sci seminar," Nadia sighed, walking over to her desk and pulling a massive, heavy textbook from her bag. "And the chairs in this room are incredibly stiff. My back is killing me."

Nadia turned around, the heavy textbook resting against her hip. She looked at Kimmy, her eyes gleaming with dark, utilitarian intent.

"Come here, pet."

Kimmy crawled forward instantly, stopping just a foot away.

"On your hands and knees," Nadia instructed. "Keep your back perfectly flat. Lock your elbows. I need a reading chair."

Kimmy shifted her posture, planting her palms firmly on the linoleum, her knees shoulder- width apart. She tightened her core, flattening her back into a rigid, horizontal surface. Nadia stepped up beside her. Without a hint of hesitation or apology, Nadia turned around and sat her full weight down squarely in the middle of Kimmy’s bare back.

Kimmy let out a sharp *oof* as the air was forced from her lungs, her arms trembling for a second before she locked her joints. Nadia shifted her weight, wriggling her hips slightly to get comfortable, her lace-clad bottom pressing intimately against Kimmy’s bare spine. "Hold steady," Nadia commanded, opening the massive textbook and resting it casually on her lap. "If you drop me, you're sleeping in the closet tonight."

"I won't drop you, Nadia," Kimmy strained, her voice tight but impossibly eager. Nadia ignored her, immediately diving into her reading. She reached over to the desk, grabbed a highlighter, and began marking passages. For the next forty minutes, the dorm room was entirely silent except for the turning of textbook pages and Kimmy’s ragged, heavy breathing.

The physical strain was immense. Kimmy’s shoulders burned, her thighs ached, and the cold linoleum dug into her kneecaps. But beneath the physical pain was a soaring, euphoric high. She wasn't Kimmy Walters, the stressed-out freshman anymore. She was an object. She was a chair. She was supporting Nadia, serving a purpose that required zero intellect and zero anxiety.

Nadia shifted her weight again, crossing one long leg over the other, completely indifferent to the human furniture beneath her. She reached out, idly tracing the black barcode that Trinity's hypnosis had mentally mapped onto Kimmy's psyche, running her fingernail down Kimmy’s ribs as she read a paragraph on geopolitical trade routes.

"You make a very good chair, Kimmy," Nadia murmured absentmindedly, highlighting a line of text. "So much softer than plastic."

"Thank you, Nadia," Kimmy gasped softly from the floor, a single bead of sweat rolling down her nose to splash onto the linoleum. Her empty, pink-fogged brain bathed in the praise, completely and permanently surrendered to the girl sitting on her back.

Chapter 9

The heavy, suffocating weight on Kimmy’s spine finally shifted.

Nadia closed the massive political science textbook with a loud, resounding *thud*. She stretched her arms over her head, her spine popping in the quiet room.

"Chapter finished," Nadia announced to the empty room.

Without a word of warning, she slid off Kimmy’s back, her lace-clad bottom brushing against Kimmy’s sweaty ribs as she stood up.

Deprived of her owner's weight, Kimmy’s exhausted, trembling arms finally gave out. She collapsed onto the cold linoleum with a soft gasp, her cheek pressed flat against the floor. Her muscles burned with a fierce, radiating lactic ache, her knees bruised and her shoulders screaming in protest. Yet, as she lay there panting, a dopey, wide smile stretched across her flushed face.

Nadia looked down at the naked, exhausted girl on the floor. She tossed the textbook onto her desk and nudged Kimmy’s hip with the toe of her boot.

"You held out for fifty minutes, pet," Nadia praised, her voice a low, soothing purr. "Very sturdy. I didn't have to adjust my posture once. You make an excellent chair."

"Thank you, Nadia," Kimmy breathed, her hazel eyes fluttering shut as a wave of pure, unfiltered dopamine flooded her newly smoothed-out brain. The physical pain was entirely eclipsed by the high of serving her purpose.

The heavy deadbolt clicked, and the door swung open.

Laura and Trinity stepped into the dorm room, bringing with them the chaotic noise of the Friday afternoon hallway before shutting it out completely. Laura was holding a large, brown paper takeout bag that smelled intoxicatingly of sesame oil and fried rice, while Trinity carried a six-pack of spiked seltzers.

"Is the furniture broken?" Laura laughed, stepping over Kimmy’s sprawled, naked body to set the food on the desk. "She looks completely wiped out."

"She was a very good reading chair," Nadia said, walking over to the mini-fridge to grab a bottle of water. "I got through forty pages. She didn't flinch."

Trinity set the drinks down and adjusted her wire-rimmed glasses, looking at Kimmy with analytical precision.

"Let's check the neural pathways," Trinity said, dropping her backpack onto her bed. She walked over to the center of the room and crouched down beside Kimmy's face. "Sit up, pet. On your knees."

Kimmy scrambled to obey, ignoring the burn in her joints. She pushed herself up onto her knees, resting her hands in her lap, and looked up at the psychology major with wide, vacant eyes.

"Hi, Trinity," Kimmy smiled, her voice airy and completely empty.

"Hello, Kimmy," Trinity murmured, reaching out to gently trace the curve of Kimmy’s jawline. "How is your head feeling? Any heavy thoughts? Any worries about your future?" Kimmy leaned into the touch, her eyes crossing slightly. "No. No heavy thoughts. Just pink and fuzzy."

"Let's make sure the fail-safes are holding," Trinity noted, glancing back at Nadia and Laura. She turned her attention back to the kneeling freshman. "Kimmy, what is the capital of France?"

Kimmy’s mouth opened. A tiny, frantic spark of her old self tried to reach into the depths of her memory. She knew she knew this. She had taken AP European History. The word *Paris* hovered just on the edge of her consciousness, blocked by a thick, suffocating wall of pink fog.

As her brain strained to process the geography question, the cognitive effort was instantly converted into raw, physical stimulation.

Kimmy gasped sharply, her back arching. Her hands flew to her bare thighs, her fingers digging into her own pale skin. A heavy, wet slick of arousal flooded her core, dripping visibly onto the linoleum.

"I... I don't..." Kimmy whimpered, her head falling back as the friction in her brain sent a jolt of electricity straight to her clit. "It's too big. The word is too big, Trinity. It makes me feel so hot."

"Fascinating," Trinity smiled, her dark eyes gleaming with scientific triumph. "Her frontal lobe is practically shut down. Geography is a trigger for sexual arousal now."

Laura popped the tab on a seltzer, taking a long sip. "Ask her something harder. Give her a math problem."

"No, please," Kimmy sobbed quietly, completely undone by the threat of intellect. She dragged her knees apart, unconsciously grinding her dripping center against the cold floor. "No numbers. Please, Nadia, tell them no numbers. I'm just a pet!"

Nadia walked over, standing directly behind Kimmy. She rested her hands heavily on Kimmy’s bare shoulders, grounding the trembling girl.

"Enough testing, Trin," Nadia commanded smoothly, her thumbs massaging the tight muscles of Kimmy's neck. "Her brain is perfectly empty. She's exactly where she needs to be. And besides, we need a table for dinner."

"Ooh, good call," Laura grinned, pulling a series of white styrofoam takeout boxes from the brown bag. "I'm starving. The dining hall food was tragic today."

"Kimmy," Nadia said, tapping the girl's shoulder. "Back on your hands and knees. Keep your back flat. You're the coffee table tonight."

Kimmy didn't hesitate. The relief of abandoning the geography question washed over her like a cool shower. She dropped eagerly onto all fours, planting her palms firmly on the floor. She tightened her core, flattening her spine into a rigid surface, her bare breasts swaying gently beneath her.

Nadia, Laura, and Trinity arranged themselves in a triangle around the naked freshman, sitting cross-legged on the linoleum.

"Hold perfectly still, pet," Laura warned playfully. "This is spicy tuna. If you drop it, you're licking it off the floor."

"I'll be still, Laura," Kimmy breathed.

Laura set a large, rectangular styrofoam box directly in the middle of Kimmy’s bare back. The plastic was warm from the freshly cooked rice, the heat seeping directly into Kimmy's skin. Trinity placed two chilled cans of spiked seltzer on Kimmy’s shoulder blades. The icy condensation immediately began to bead and run down Kimmy’s ribs in freezing, tingling rivulets.

Kimmy shivered, her muscles contracting, but she didn't dare move. She locked her elbows, focusing entirely on being the best, most stable table she could be.

For the next forty-five minutes, the three upperclassmen ate their dinner, completely ignoring the humanity of the surface they were using. They gossiped about their professors, complained about sorority rush week, and casually reached over Kimmy’s naked body to dip their sushi into soy sauce.

Every time Laura reached for a spicy tuna roll, her forearm brushed against the back of Kimmy’s neck. Every time Trinity picked up her seltzer, the sudden shift in weight forced Kimmy to adjust her balance.

"The Sigma party is going to be packed tomorrow," Nadia noted, picking up a piece of sashimi with her chopsticks. "We should pre-game here. Invite Sarah and Chloe over." "Definitely," Laura agreed, chewing thoughtfully. "We can use Kimmy as the bar. Set the handles of vodka on her back. She’ll love it."

"I would love that, Nadia," Kimmy whispered from the floor, her voice muffled as she stared at the linoleum between her hands.

"Quiet, table," Trinity corrected sharply, though she was smiling. "Tables don't speak unless they're spoken to."

"Sorry, Trinity," Kimmy breathed, instantly shutting her mouth.

As they finished their meal, a single drop of soy sauce fell from Laura's chopsticks, landing directly on the curve of Kimmy’s bare right buttock.

"Oops," Laura giggled, looking at the dark brown stain on the pale skin. "I spilled." Nadia looked at the spill, then down at Kimmy’s face.

"Well, pet," Nadia murmured, her voice dripping with dark amusement. "You know the rule about keeping our safe space clean. You are the only one naked in this room, which means you're the only one equipped to handle spills."

Kimmy blinked, her pink-fogged brain struggling to process the command. "How, Nadia?" "Clean it up," Nadia commanded.

Kimmy shifted her weight, slowly turning her head to look at her own hip. She realized what was being asked of her. With agonizing slowness, she twisted her torso, straining her neck until she could just barely reach the curve of her own glute.

She extended her tongue, her face flushed with extreme, degrading humiliation, and licked the drop of salty soy sauce off her own bare skin.

Laura and Trinity burst into a fit of cruel, delighted laughter.

"Oh my god, look at her!" Laura cackled, clapping her hands. "She's literally a dog cleaning herself!"

"She has completely abandoned her human dignity," Trinity noted, taking a sip of her seltzer. "The regression is flawless."

Kimmy settled back into her table position, her core throbbing so hard it felt like a second heartbeat. The laughter didn't hurt her feelings; it validated her. They were laughing because she was doing a good job. They were happy because she was useful.

"Good girl," Nadia praised, reaching out to scratch Kimmy gently behind the ear. "You're such a perfect, empty little pet."

Kimmy closed her eyes, letting out a long, shuddering sigh of absolute contentment. The dorm room was her entire universe now. She didn't need classes, she didn't need clothes, and she didn't need a brain. She only needed to be whatever shape Nadia told her to be.

Chapter 10

The harsh fluorescent lights of the dorm room had been clicked off, replaced by the warm, dim glow of a string of fairy lights Nadia had strung above her bed.

Kimmy was kneeling on the rug beside Nadia’s mattress, her naked body bathed in the soft, amber light. She was completely at peace, her mind floating in the familiar, heavy pink fog that Trinity had so expertly installed. She didn't know what day it was, and she didn't care. She was just a pet, waiting for instructions.

Nadia sat cross-legged on her comforter, wearing a pair of silk pajama shorts and a loose tank top. In her hand, she held a sleek, silicone vibrating wand. It was dark purple and hummed with a quiet, terrifyingly powerful motor.

"Come up here, pet," Nadia commanded softly. "Lie on your back across the foot of the bed." "Yes, Nadia," Kimmy smiled, her voice airy and vacant. She crawled up onto the mattress, lying flat on her back, letting her bare legs fall open naturally. She was already slick; just the sound of Nadia’s voice was enough to make her body hum with anticipation.

Nadia shifted closer, positioning herself between Kimmy’s spread thighs. She trailed the smooth silicone head of the vibrating wand lightly up Kimmy’s inner thigh, not turning it on yet.

Kimmy shivered, her hips twitching upward.

"We need to test your discipline, Kimmy," Nadia said, her voice dropping into a dark, hypnotic register. "Being a good pet isn't just about being empty. It's about absolute, unwavering obedience. It means your body doesn't belong to you anymore. It belongs to me." "I belong to you," Kimmy repeated happily, her hazel eyes completely glassy.

"Exactly," Nadia murmured. She moved the wand higher, resting the cool silicone directly against Kimmy’s swollen, dripping folds. "So tonight, I'm going to touch you. I'm going to make you feel incredibly good. But here is the rule: you are not allowed to come." Kimmy blinked, her pink-fogged brain struggling to process the command. "Not... not allowed?"

"No," Nadia said, her tone hardening into strict authority. "Don't you dare come, Kimmy. If you disobey me, if you lose control and cum, there will be a severe punishment." Kimmy’s lower lip trembled. She wanted to please Nadia more than anything in the world. "What kind of punishment?"

Nadia leaned forward, her icy blue eyes locking onto Kimmy’s.

"If you come," Nadia whispered, a wicked, sadistic edge to her voice, "I am going to make you put on sweatpants and a turtleneck. I am going to sit you at that desk, open a macroeconomics textbook, and force you to read an entire chapter out loud. I'm going to make you *think*, Kimmy. I'm going to make your brain work."

The threat hit Kimmy like a physical blow. Absolute, unadulterated terror spiked through her nervous system.

The thought of clothes scratching against her skin was horrifying, but the thought of the textbook was paralyzing. Reading meant heavy words. Reading meant the agonizing, painful pressure returning to her head. She didn't want to think. Thinking was torture. The empty pink fog was her only safe haven.

"No!" Kimmy sobbed instantly, shaking her head frantically against the floral comforter. "Please, Nadia, no! No words! I don't want to read! I'll be good, I promise! I won't come!" "Then you better hold perfectly still," Nadia commanded, her thumb finding the power button.

With a soft *click*, the wand buzzed to life.

Nadia didn't tease. She didn't start on a low setting. She pressed the vibrating silicone head directly and firmly against Kimmy’s bare, highly sensitized clit and immediately turned it to the highest speed.

"Ahhhhh!" Kimmy screamed, her spine bowing off the mattress as the overwhelming, localized vibration shot straight through her core like lightning.

Her hands flew out, gripping fistfuls of the comforter to keep from grabbing the toy. The physical sensation was completely blinding. Because her intellect had been smoothed away, her brain possessed zero defense mechanisms against the pleasure; every ounce of cognitive energy was routed directly into her libido.

"Remember the rule," Nadia taunted, keeping the wand pressed punishingly hard against the blonde's slick center. "Don't you dare come. If you cum, you're reading about supply and demand curves."

"I won't! I won't!" Kimmy wept, her head thrashing wildly from side to side.

It was a brilliant, devastating psychological trap. The terror of the punishment—the fear of having to use her brain—created a massive spike in adrenaline. But Trinity’s conditioning immediately converted that anxiety into raw, animalistic arousal. The harder Kimmy tried to fight the pleasure to avoid the textbook, the wetter and closer to the edge she became. Her body was completely short-circuiting.

"You're dripping, pet," Nadia purred, using her free hand to spread Kimmy’s folds wider, ensuring the vibration hit every single nerve. "You're so close. Hold it back. Don't you dare push over."

Kimmy was panting in ragged, desperate gasps. Her thighs clamped down against Nadia’s arm, her whole body flushed a deep, vibrant crimson. The vibration was shaking her apart from the inside out.

"Please!" Kimmy begged, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Nadia, it feels too good! Please stop! I don't want to read! I don't want to be smart!"

"I'm not stopping," Nadia said coldly, shifting her angle just slightly to grind the vibrating head perfectly against the most sensitive peak of Kimmy’s flesh. "Hold it."

She couldn't.

The human nervous system, especially one stripped of all higher executive function, simply could not withstand that level of targeted, overwhelming friction. Kimmy’s empty mind shattered into a million pieces of white-hot light.

"NOOO!" Kimmy shrieked, the word tearing from her throat as she broke completely. Her hips bucked violently upward, slamming against the wand. Her entire body locked into a rigid, trembling arch. She came with terrifying, devastating force, sobbing hysterically as wave after massive wave of orgasmic pleasure ripped through her pelvic floor. Her pussy spasmed and gushed around the vibrating silicone, completely surrendering to the physical overload.

Nadia held the wand in place through the entire climax, ensuring Kimmy was drained of every last drop of resistance, before finally clicking it off and pulling it away. Kimmy collapsed onto the mattress, gasping for air, her chest heaving. She was entirely drenched in sweat and her own slick.

But the post-orgasmic bliss lasted only a second before the reality of her failure crashed down on her.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Kimmy began to wail, scrambling backward against the headboard, pulling her knees to her chest. She hid her face in her hands, crying with genuine, heart- wrenching terror. "Please, Nadia, don't make me put clothes on! Don't make me read the book! My head will hurt! I'm sorry I came! I'm a bad pet!"

Nadia watched the naked, hyperventilating girl cower against the wall. She had broken her down to the absolute foundation. Now, it was time to rebuild her with unbreakable loyalty. Nadia tossed the toy aside and crawled up the bed.

She gently pried Kimmy’s hands away from her tear-streaked face. Nadia pulled the sobbing, trembling blonde into her arms, pressing Kimmy’s bare chest against her own.

"Shh," Nadia hushed softly, stroking Kimmy’s sweaty hair. "Shh, pet. Breathe."

"I couldn't help it," Kimmy hiccuped, burying her face in Nadia’s neck, terrified of the impending macroeconomics textbook. "I tried to be empty. It was just too much."

"I know," Nadia murmured, her voice dripping with sudden, overwhelming mercy. "I know it was too much. You're just a dumb, empty little pet. You don't have the capacity to resist." Kimmy sniffled, clinging desperately to Nadia’s shoulders. "You... you aren't going to make me read?"

Nadia pulled back just enough to look into Kimmy’s wide, terrified hazel eyes. She reached up and tenderly wiped a tear from Kimmy’s cheek with her thumb.

"No, Kimmy," Nadia smiled, a look of profound, benevolent grace on her face. "I'm not going to make you read. I'm not going to make you put clothes on. I forgive you. I know you tried your best to obey me."

The relief that washed over Kimmy was monumental. It felt like she had just been spared a death sentence. The threat of intellect had been lifted, replaced by the warm, protecting embrace of her owner. A profound, overwhelming wave of absolute gratitude crashed through her empty mind. Nadia wasn't just her roommate; Nadia was her savior. Nadia kept the heavy, painful world away.

"Thank you," Kimmy wept, her voice thick with pure, unadulterated devotion. She threw her arms around Nadia’s neck, kissing Nadia’s cheek, her shoulder, anywhere she could reach. "Thank you, thank you, Nadia. I love you. You're so good to me. I'll do anything for you. Anything."

Nadia held the clinging, naked girl, a triumphant, wicked smirk spreading across her face in the dark.

"Anything?" Nadia asked softly.

"Yes," Kimmy breathed, pulling back to look at Nadia with absolute, dog-like loyalty. "Whatever you want. I'm your furniture, I'm your pet. I just want to serve you." "Well," Nadia mused, brushing a blonde curl from Kimmy’s eyes. "Tomorrow night, my sorority sisters from the Sigma house are coming over to pre-game. Laura and Trinity will be here too."

"Do you want me to be the table again?" Kimmy asked eagerly, desperate to prove her worth. "A table is good," Nadia said slowly. "But I think you're ready for more responsibility. I told the girls about my new, empty little pet. And they were very curious."

Nadia’s hands slid down to grip Kimmy’s bare, trembling hips.

"I don't just want you to be a table tomorrow, Kimmy," Nadia purred, laying the final trap. "When they get here, I want you to crawl around on the floor. I want you to let anyone use you, however they want. I want them to pass you around like a toy. If someone needs a chair, you're a chair. If someone wants to use my vibrating wand on you while they drink, you'll spread your legs and let them. You belong to me, but tomorrow night, you are going to be entertainment for the entire room. Will you do that for me, pet?"

Before the regression, the thought of being a naked, passed-around sex toy for a room full of upperclassmen would have caused Kimmy to faint from shame.

But now? Bathed in the euphoric glow of Nadia’s mercy, her pink-fogged brain processed the command entirely differently. It wasn't degradation; it was the ultimate act of gratitude. It was a way to stay safe from the textbooks. It was her purpose.

Kimmy’s hazel eyes dilated. Her breathing hitched, a fresh wave of slick arousal already building between her thighs at the thought of mindlessly serving a whole room of girls. "Yes, Nadia," Kimmy whispered, her dopey, blissful smile returning in full force. "I'll be a good toy for your friends. I promise."

Chapter 11

By nine o'clock, Room 314 was unrecognizable.

The sterile, quiet dorm room had been transformed into a pulsing, humid den of

upperclassman power. A Bluetooth speaker on the kitchenette thudded with heavy, rhythmic bass. The air was thick with the scent of expensive perfume, spiked seltzer, and the unmistakable, heavy musk of arousal. Half a dozen girls from the Sigma house lounged across the beds, leaned against the cinderblock walls, and sat cross-legged on the floor, holding red Solo cups and laughing.

And in the center of it all, crawling seamlessly through the forest of denim-clad legs and leather boots, was Kimmy.

She was completely naked, a delicate, pale contrast to the fully dressed women surrounding her. She wore nothing but a black leather collar Nadia had fastened around her neck earlier that evening, and a dopey, blissful smile that never left her flushed face.

"Over here, pet," a brunette Sigma sister cooed, patting her denim-clad thighs.

Kimmy eagerly scurried over on all fours. The brunette grabbed Kimmy by the waist and effortlessly hauled the petite freshman up onto her lap. Kimmy settled across the older girl's thighs sideways, instinctively curling into a submissive, pliant ball.

"She is incredibly soft," the brunette marveled, running her manicured nails lightly up and down Kimmy’s bare spine. She reached around, casually cupping and squeezing one of Kimmy's small breasts as if she were inspecting a piece of fruit at the market. "And she just... lets you do whatever."

"She loves it," Nadia smiled, leaning back against her pillows with a vodka soda in hand. "Her only purpose in life is to be handled."

"Good pet," the brunette praised, pinching Kimmy's nipple lightly.

Kimmy gasped, her back arching slightly as a fresh wave of wetness flooded between her legs. "Thank you. I love being handled. How else can I help?"

Across the room, a tall girl with sharp features and wavy blonde hair was leaning against the closet door, staring intensely at the naked girl draped across her sorority sister's lap. She took a step closer, her brow furrowing in disbelief.

"Wait. Hold on. Turn her face toward me," the girl demanded.

The brunette obliged, grabbing Kimmy’s chin and tilting her vacant, blushing face up toward the light.

The tall girl’s jaw practically hit the floor. "Holy shit. Kimmy? Kimmy Walters?" Kimmy blinked, her pink-fogged brain registering the sound of her name. She looked up at the girl. A vague, hazy memory fluttered in the deep background of her mind, but it was quickly swallowed by the warm, fuzzy emptiness. "Hi," Kimmy breathed, her eyes

unfocused.

"You know her, Jess?" Laura asked, taking a sip from her cup.

"Know her? I went to St. Jude’s Prep with her back home!" Jessica exclaimed, walking over and staring down at the naked, collared girl in absolute shock. "Nadia, what the fuck did you do? She was the president of the abstinence club! She cried during senior year because she got an A-minus in AP Biology. She wouldn't even wear shorts that sat above the knee!" Jessica reached down, trailing a finger over Kimmy's bare, flushed cheek. "Kimmy? Are you really sitting here butt-naked on a Friday night letting a room full of girls grope you?" Kimmy leaned her cheek into Jessica's hand, nuzzling against the palm like a desperate kitten. "Yes, Jessica," Kimmy giggled, her voice airy and completely devoid of shame. "I don't need AP Biology anymore. Thinking hurts my head. I'm just Nadia's furniture now." Jessica let out a bark of astonished laughter, looking up at Nadia with sheer reverence. "You completely broke her. You took the most high-strung, prudish girl from my hometown and turned her into a literal lapdog. This is a masterpiece."

"I just helped her find her true calling," Nadia smirked, raising her plastic cup in a mock toast.

"It's true," Trinity noted from her spot on the floor, adjusting her glasses. "Her anxiety centers have been completely bypassed. Her intellect is practically nonexistent. We've routed all cognitive friction directly into her libido."

From the desk chair, a commanding voice cut through the chatter.

"She is dripping all over denim, that's what she is doing."

The room immediately quieted, turning their attention to the girl sitting at the desk. It was Victoria, the president of the Sigma house. She was fiercely beautiful, intimidating, and radiated absolute authority. She had been observing the dynamic all night in silence, her dark eyes tracking Kimmy’s every movement.

Victoria stood up, smoothing the front of her tailored black blazer. She walked slowly to the center of the room. The brunette quickly lifted Kimmy off her lap, setting the naked freshman back onto the linoleum floor.

Kimmy instinctively dropped to her hands and knees, bowing her head in the presence of the alpha.

Victoria circled Kimmy slowly, assessing the flushed skin, the rapid rise and fall of her bare chest, and the undeniable pool of slick moisture gathering on the floor between her thighs. Kimmy was practically vibrating with unfulfilled, desperate arousal, completely at the mercy of the room.

"She’s very responsive," Victoria declared, her tone analytical and authoritative. She stopped in front of Kimmy and crossed her arms. "As I see it, there are two ways we can do this. Either we see who is best at denying her OR which one of us can make Kimmy come the quickest."

A murmur of excitement rippled through the Sigma sisters.

"Denial is fun," Laura mused, swirling her drink. "But she’s already begging for it. Look at her shaking."

"I vote for speed," Jessica chimed in eagerly, looking down at her former high school classmate. "Especially knowing who she used to be. The idea of shattering her brain in seconds is too good to pass up."

"I agree with the speed run," a girl named Chloe said from the back of the room, her eyes gleaming maliciously. "Actually, I think I could do it in under a minute. I know exactly what to say. There is a perfect phrase that causes an instant orgasm in most women if they are already submissive enough. With her brain empty? It’ll hit her like a truck."

"Please," Jessica scoffed, rolling her sleeves up. "You don't know her history. If I whisper the right hometown trigger into her ear, she’ll cum so hard she'll pass out."

"It's entirely about exploiting the cognitive dissonance," Trinity advised the group, stepping into her element. "If you construct a sentence that forces her brain to try and process complex logic while simultaneously degrading her physical state, her smoothed-out cortex will short- circuit. The friction of the words will force a climax."

Victoria clapped her hands together once, the sharp sound making Kimmy flinch and whine softly.

"It’s settled then," Victoria announced, a wicked, competitive grin spreading across her face. "A speed-run. We take turns. One sentence, one physical touch. Whoever shatters the pet the fastest wins."

Nadia leaned forward on her bed, absolutely thrilled by the spectacle her creation had inspired. "Line up, ladies. Kimmy, to the center of the room. On your knees. Hands behind your back."

"Yes, Nadia," Kimmy breathed, scrambling eagerly to the exact center of the linoleum. She pushed herself up onto her knees, clasping her hands tightly behind her bare back. She was completely exposed under the bright overhead light they had just flipped on, her chest heaving, her hazel eyes wide, glassy, and swimming with a terrifying, intoxicating mix of fear and lust. She didn't want to hear complex sentences. She didn't want to think. But the promise of a permitted release was driving her entirely out of her mind.

Victoria pulled her phone out of her blazer pocket and opened the stopwatch app. The Sigma sisters formed a tight, predatory circle around the naked, trembling girl.

"Alright," Victoria commanded, holding her thumb over the start button. "Chloe, you claimed you had the perfect phrase. You're up first."

Chloe stepped out of the circle, a confident, predatory smirk on her lips as she approached the kneeling, dripping freshman.

"Timer starts... now," Victoria said, and hit the button.

Chapter 12

The tension in the dorm room was palpable, thick with the scent of spilled alcohol, sweet perfume, and raw, electric arousal. The Sigma sisters tightened their circle around the center of the linoleum, where Kimmy knelt under the bright overhead light.

Her hands were clasped obediently behind her bare back, her head bowed. The black leather collar rested starkly against her pale throat. Her chest heaved with shallow, erratic breaths, her entire body flushed a deep, vibrant crimson. She didn't know what words they were going to use, but the mere threat of having to *think* had her heart hammering a frantic rhythm against her ribs.

Victoria stood at the edge of the circle, her thumb hovering over the start button on her phone's stopwatch.

"Alright, Chloe," Victoria said, her dark eyes flashing with competitive authority. "You claimed you had the perfect phrase. Prove it. Timer starts... now."

Chloe stepped out of the circle, a supremely confident smirk on her lips. She sauntered over to the kneeling freshman and crouched down, placing one manicured finger directly under Kimmy’s chin to tilt her vacant, glassy hazel eyes upward.

"Listen to me, pet," Chloe purred, trailing her fingernail slowly down the center of Kimmy’s bare chest, stopping just above her navel. "You aren't a person anymore. You're just a worthless, empty little slut who exists to be used and discarded by your betters, aren't you?" Kimmy blinked, her pink-fogged brain easily processing the words. There was no complex logic in Chloe's statement. There were no heavy academic concepts to trigger the failsafe Trinity had installed. It was just basic degradation, and to Kimmy's smoothed-out cortex, it sounded perfectly comforting.

"Yes, Chloe," Kimmy sighed happily, leaning into the touch. Her hips gave a soft, involuntary twitch, and a fresh wave of wetness gathered between her thighs, but she didn't shatter. She just smiled. "I'm just an empty little slut. Thank you."

A chorus of groans and laughter erupted from the sorority sisters.

"Time!" Victoria called out, rolling her eyes. "Forty-two seconds, Chloe, and she didn't even come close to the edge. You just complimented her. There was zero cognitive friction." "Whatever," Chloe huffed, standing up and crossing her arms. "She's already completely brainwashed. She likes being called a slut."

"You went for generic degradation," Jessica smirked, stepping forward and cracking her knuckles. "You have to make it personal. You have to remind her of the contrast. Victoria, reset the clock."

"Ready," Victoria said, resetting the screen. "Go."

Jessica stepped up to Kimmy. Knowing exactly how to leverage her hometown connection, Jessica didn't use a gentle touch. She reached out and grabbed a fistful of Kimmy’s honey- blonde hair, yanking her head back sharply to expose her throat.

Kimmy gasped, her eyes flying wide open.

"Think about your mother, Kimmy," Jessica whispered harshly, her voice slicing through the heavy air. "Your mother thinks her perfect, straight-A daughter is sitting in the library right now studying for an anatomy midterm. But instead, you're a naked, dripping, mindless toy, spreading your legs on the floor for my entire sorority."

The words hit Kimmy’s nervous system like a localized earthquake.

Mother. Library. Anatomy midterm.

The concepts crashed into the thick, pink fog of her brain. Her intellect tried desperately to boot up, trying to process the agonizing guilt of her parents' expectations and the sheer, academic terror of a midterm exam. The cognitive weight was massive. The mental strain instantly hit Trinity's roadblock and violently converted into raw, blinding arousal. "Ah!" Kimmy shrieked, her back arching so hard her spine bowed.

Her knees slid wider apart on the linoleum. She squeezed her eyes shut, her head thrashing against Jessica's grip. The friction in her brain was agonizing, but the physical pleasure it generated was absolute agony. She was hyperventilating, her thighs trembling violently as the dopamine loop surged into overdrive to protect her from the complex thoughts.

"She's breaking!" Laura cheered from the bed, watching the slick pool of moisture actively expanding beneath the freshman.

"Don't think about the midterm, Kimmy!" Jessica taunted ruthlessly, keeping her grip on Kimmy's hair. "Think about the textbook! Think about the grades!"

"No! No grades!" Kimmy sobbed, her entire body locking into a rigid, desperate arch. The physical overload shattered her completely. With a loud, broken wail, Kimmy came. Her hips bucked wildly off the floor, her pussy spasming and gushing in a massive, uncontrolled climax as her brain desperately purged the academic thoughts to save itself.

She collapsed forward the moment Jessica let go of her hair, sobbing and panting, her forehead resting against the cold floor.

Victoria hit her screen. "Time! Eighteen point four seconds. Very impressive use of backstory, Jess. That was brutal."

"I told you," Jessica grinned, taking a victory sip from her red Solo cup. "You have to use the guilt."

"You're relying on emotional manipulation," Trinity noted calmly, adjusting her wire-rimmed glasses as she stood up from her spot on the floor. "Emotions are messy. They lack precision. If you want a true, instantaneous short-circuit, you don't use guilt. You use pure, unadulterated academic density."

The room quieted down. Trinity was the architect of Kimmy's current state; if anyone knew the exact parameters of the weapon they were playing with, it was her.

"Are you entering the ring, Trin?" Nadia asked from her bed, a proud, wicked smile on her face as she watched her pet trembling on the floor.

"I am," Trinity said, walking slowly to the center of the room. She looked down at the weeping, exhausted blonde. "And I'm putting a wager on it. If I beat Jessica's time, I want the prize."

Victoria raised an eyebrow. "What prize?"

"I want to take her home with me for twenty-four hours," Trinity declared, looking at Nadia. "I have a psychology thesis to draft this weekend. I could use a quiet, naked footstool that doubles as a stress-relief toy. She can stay under my desk while I type."

Nadia chuckled, taking a sip of her vodka soda. "If you can break her faster than eighteen seconds, you can check her out like a library book. Just bring her back washed and empty by Sunday night."

"Deal," Trinity said.

Trinity knelt on the linoleum right in front of Kimmy. Kimmy was still panting heavily from her last climax, her body highly sensitized, her skin flushed and slick with sweat. "Look at me, pet," Trinity commanded softly.

Kimmy slowly lifted her head, her hazel eyes glazed and terrified. She knew Trinity’s voice. She knew Trinity was the one who made her head fuzzy.

"Timer ready?" Trinity asked over her shoulder.

"Ready," Victoria confirmed.

"Go."

Trinity didn't grab Kimmy's hair. Instead, she reached out and pressed two firm fingers directly against Kimmy’s soaking wet, overstimulated clit, pinning the sensitive flesh hard against her pubic bone.

Kimmy gasped at the sudden, sharp physical contact, her eyes flying wide.

Trinity leaned in, her lips barely an inch from Kimmy’s ear, and delivered the cognitive killing blow in a rapid, flat, academic drone.

"Kimmy, explain the socioeconomic ramifications of post-industrial Marxist theory on modern suburban class structures, and calculate the statistical variance."

It was an act of absolute psychological devastation.

The sheer density of the vocabulary—*socioeconomic, ramifications, post-industrial, Marxist, statistical variance*—slammed into Kimmy's smoothed-out, emptied cerebral cortex like a freight train hitting a brick wall. Her brain literally could not process a single syllable. The cognitive dissonance was so instantaneous, so violently overwhelming, that her neurological fail-safes didn't just trigger; they detonated.

"EEEEEEE!" Kimmy shrieked, a sound of pure, unadulterated sensory overload.

She didn't even have time to build to a climax. The orgasm hit her with the force of a bomb. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her jaw locking open in a silent,

breathless scream. Her entire body convulsed so violently that she literally vaulted backward off Trinity's fingers, collapsing onto the linoleum in a violently twitching, spasming heap.

She was completely short-circuited, her thighs clamped together, her toes curled, riding out a climax so intense it bordered on unconsciousness.

The room was dead silent for three seconds.

Victoria looked down at her phone, her eyes wide with shock. She cleared her throat. "Time," Victoria announced, her voice echoing in the quiet dorm. "Three point eight seconds."

The Sigma sisters erupted. Laura fell back on the bed laughing hysterically, while Jessica threw her hands up in defeat.

"That wasn't even fair!" Chloe yelled over the noise. "You practically gave her a lobotomy with one sentence!"

"I utilized the parameters of her conditioning," Trinity said smugly, wiping her fingers on a tissue from Nadia's desk. She stood up and adjusted her glasses, looking down at the broken, drooling, twitching freshman on the floor. "Her brain tried to process Marxist theory and chose to violently orgasm instead. It's flawless."

Nadia slowly clapped her hands, genuinely impressed. She slipped off her bed and walked over to where Kimmy lay panting, her chest heaving, her eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. Nadia knelt and gently stroked Kimmy’s sweat-drenched hair.

"You did very well, pet," Nadia murmured affectionately. "You entertained my friends perfectly. Are you happy?"

Kimmy’s head rolled to the side. She looked up at Nadia, a dopey, completely blissed-out smile fighting through the exhaustion on her face. Her brain was a beautifully empty, silent pink void.

"Yes, Nadia," Kimmy slurred, her voice incredibly weak but overflowing with absolute, unconditional gratitude. "Thank you. No big words. I'm just empty furniture."

"Good girl," Nadia praised. She looked up at Trinity. "She's all yours for the weekend, Trin. Keep her on a short leash."

"I will," Trinity promised, a dark, clinical smile on her lips. She walked over and picked up Kimmy's discarded pink floral comforter, tossing it to the floor. "Come on, pet. Wrap this around yourself. We have a long weekend of studying ahead of us, and I need a place to rest my feet."

Chapter 13

The frenetic energy of Room 314 was finally beginning to wind down. The Bluetooth speaker had been paused, the overhead light flicked off, leaving only the amber glow of the fairy lights to cast long, dancing shadows across the cinderblock walls.

The Sigma sisters were gathering their things, tossing empty Solo cups into the trash bin and stepping into their boots. On the floor near the closet, Kimmy knelt obediently, her small, naked body wrapped tightly in her pink floral comforter. She was still flushed, her chest rising and falling in shallow, contented breaths. Her mind was a perfectly silent, fuzzy pink void, swept completely clean of the terrifying academic vocabulary Trinity had weaponized against her.

"That was legendary, Nadia," Victoria said, slipping her tailored blazer over her shoulders. "You really outdid yourself with this one. She is the ultimate party favor."

"My door is always open to the executive board," Nadia smiled smoothly, leaning against her desk.

Trinity was standing near the door, slinging her heavy canvas backpack over her shoulder. She adjusted her wire-rimmed glasses, her dark eyes shifting from the sorority president to the vacant freshman kneeling on the floor.

"Before we all head out," Trinity interjected, her tone slipping into its familiar, detached clinical register. "I want to clear something up with you, Nadia. Regarding my weekend plans for your property."

Nadia crossed her arms, raising an icy blue eyebrow. "You won her fair and square, Trin. What you do with her in your dorm is your business, as long as she comes back empty and compliant."

"She is empty," Trinity acknowledged, pacing slowly toward Kimmy. "But her neural architecture still has some unnecessary overhead. Her Broca's area is fully active. She can still form syntax. She can string sentences together."

Laura paused mid-yawn, pausing by the door. "So? We like hearing her thank us."

"Yes, but language requires logic," Trinity explained, kneeling in front of the pink-wrapped freshman. She reached out and tapped Kimmy lightly on the tip of the nose. Kimmy blinked, letting out a soft, dopey giggle. "Language is a gateway to critical thought. As long as she has access to vocabulary, there is a tiny, microscopic risk that she might try to form a complex idea. I want to sever the linguistic processing centers completely."

The room went dead silent.

Jessica’s eyes widened. "Wait. You want to take away her ability to talk?"

"I want to break her further," Trinity corrected, a dark, scientific thrill coloring her voice. "I want to regress her past the concept of humanity entirely. I want to make her an actual, literal pet. No words. No sentences. Just sounds. Whines. Barks. Meows. Total, irreversible animalistic conditioning."

Chloe let out a breathless laugh, her hands flying to her mouth. "Oh my god. A literal pet." Kimmy sat quietly on the linoleum, listening to the words float over her head. *No words.* The concept sank into the pink fog of her brain. Words were heavy. Words were scary. Words caused the agonizing friction that made her head hurt. The idea of never having to form a sentence again—of being reduced to simple, mindless noises—felt like the ultimate, blissful surrender.

A heavy, wet throb pulsed between her thighs. She whimpered softly, squeezing her knees together inside the comforter.

"Look at her," Victoria noted, stepping closer. "She's already getting off on the idea. She wants to be an animal."

"I approve," Nadia declared, her eyes gleaming with dark, possessive pride. "If she doesn't have words, she can't ever complain. But Trinity, if you're going to rewrite her programming this weekend, we need to establish the parameters. What kind of animal are you turning her into?"

Trinity stood up, looking at the group. "That's why I stopped you before you left. It's your pet, Nadia. It's your decision. Do you want a cat or a dog?"

A lively, ruthless debate immediately erupted among the Sigma sisters, treating the psychological destruction of a nineteen-year-old girl like a character customization screen in a video game.

"She's a cat," Chloe argued immediately, leaning against the bed. "Look at how petite she is. Those big hazel eyes. If you make her a naked little kitty, she can curl up at the foot of the bed and purr when we rub her. It’s a very sexy aesthetic."

"No way, cats have too much attitude," Laura countered, shaking her head. "Cats are aloof. Kimmy isn't aloof. She's desperately needy. She literally ate soy sauce off her own ass because we laughed at her."

"I agree with Laura," Jessica said, pointing at Kimmy. "She’s a dog. Remember high school? She was always following the teachers around, begging for extra credit. She’s a total pleaser. A golden retriever energy, just completely inverted."

"Dogs are infinitely more useful," Victoria added, bringing her authoritative logic to the table. "You can train a dog to fetch. You can train a dog to perform tricks for guests. A cat will just lie there, but a dog will actively beg to serve you. If you make her a dog, you can put her on a literal leash when we host tailgates."

Kimmy’s heart fluttered wildly in her chest. *A leash. Begging. Fetching.* The complete abandonment of her human dignity was sending her into a state of euphoric overdrive. She let out a soft, high-pitched pant, her tongue darting out to wet her dry lips.

Nadia walked slowly across the room, stopping directly in front of her kneeling property. Nadia looked down at the honey-blonde curls, the flushed, tear-streaked cheeks, and the wide, utterly vacant eyes. She remembered how Kimmy had scrambled across the floor to press her face against her boots. She remembered the desperate, needy way Kimmy rubbed against her hand when praised.

Nadia reached down, tangling her fingers into Kimmy’s curls, and tilted the girl's head back. "Speak to me, Kimmy," Nadia commanded softly. "Tell me what you are."

Kimmy’s chest heaved. She looked up at her beautiful, terrifying owner. She could feel Trinity’s gaze burning into the side of her head, promising to take the heavy, painful words away forever.

"I'm... I'm your good girl, Nadia," Kimmy breathed, her voice airy and weak. "I just want to obey."

Nadia smirked. She looked up at Trinity, her decision absolute.

"She's a dog," Nadia declared. "A dumb, loyal, desperate little lapdog. I want her crawling. I want her panting. I want her to whimper when I ignore her and bark when she needs permission to cum."

Trinity smiled, a terrifying, triumphant curve of her lips. She adjusted her glasses, her mind already racing with the hypnotic inductions she was going to use.

"Understood," Trinity said, reaching down to grab the scruff of Kimmy’s neck. "By Sunday night, her English comprehension will be reduced to basic canine commands. *Sit. Stay. Heel. Beg.* Anything more complex will just register as white noise."

"Perfect," Nadia purred, releasing Kimmy's hair. "Bring my puppy back to me in one piece, Trin."

"Come along, pet," Trinity commanded, giving Kimmy’s neck a firm, directing tug. Kimmy didn't stand up. Instinctively, effortlessly, she let the pink comforter slide off her bare shoulders, pooling on the floor. She remained on her hands and knees. The transition was already beginning in her mind.

She crawled forward, her bare skin shivering as she followed Trinity toward the heavy wooden door. As the Sigma sisters gathered their things and filed out into the hallway, Kimmy fell into step behind Trinity's combat boots, her head bowed,

her mind swimming in a sea of blissful, empty pink fog.

She was never going to have to write a paper again. She was never going to have to worry. She was just going to be a good girl.

As the door to Room 314 clicked shut behind them, Kimmy let out a soft, testing little whine, her bare tail wagging invisibly in the dark.

Chapter 14

Room 314 had been thoroughly and mercilessly purged.

Every trace that a straight-A, sheltered freshman named Kimmy Walters had ever lived there had been unceremoniously erased. The pastel-pink storage bins, the modest knee-length skirts, the pristine textbooks, and the worn plush rabbit had all been shoved into black trash bags and dumped down the chute at the end of the hall. The second bed had been stripped to a bare mattress and pushed flush against Nadia’s, creating a massive, wall-to-wall lounge area.

Where Kimmy’s desk chair used to sit, there was now a thick, plush faux-fur rug resting directly on the cold linoleum.

It was Sunday afternoon. The harsh midday sun filtered through the blinds, casting bright, warm stripes across the empty floor.

Nadia lounged on the newly expanded mega-bed, wearing a pair of distressed denim cut-offs and a black bralette, lazily swirling a spiked seltzer. Laura was stretched out beside her on her stomach, her auburn hair cascading over the edge of the mattress, scrolling idly through her phone.

"Trinity should be here any minute," Nadia noted, checking the time on her phone. A wicked, anticipatory thrill hummed in her chest.

Laura rolled over onto her back, a mischievous spark lighting up her green eyes. She looked at the empty faux-fur rug on the floor, then up at Nadia.

"When Trin gets here, we should play a game," Laura suggested, a slow smirk spreading across her lips. "I want to do a little roleplay. Let's pretend she's a worker from the city dog pound, and she's just delivering your new rescue puppy."

Nadia’s icy blue eyes widened slightly before curving into a brilliant, predatory smile. "A rescue? Does the shelter guarantee she's up to date on all her shots?"

"Oh, definitely," Laura giggled, sitting up and crossing her legs. "The pound completely spayed her of all her annoying, yappy little habits. We've never met her before. We're just two college girls looking for a sweet, dumb little companion to keep in the dorm."

"I love it," Nadia purred, taking a slow sip of her seltzer. "It’s perfect. It establishes the baseline right from the start."

Three sharp, rhythmic knocks echoed against the heavy wooden door.

Nadia and Laura exchanged a thrilling, conspiratorial glance. Nadia slipped off the bed, padding barefoot across the linoleum, and threw the deadbolt. She pulled the door open. Trinity stood in the hallway, wearing her signature wire-rimmed glasses and a dark oversized sweater. In her right hand, she held a thick, braided black leather leash.

The leash clipped directly to the black leather collar wrapped around the neck of the naked, honey-blonde girl crawling on the floor beside her boots.

"Delivery for a Ms. Newhart?" Trinity asked, slipping instantly and flawlessly into the roleplay. Her clinical tone perfectly mimicked a bored, professional shelter worker. "I have the stray you adopted. We found her wandering aimlessly around the psych department. She had no tags and absolutely no survival instincts."

Nadia leaned against the doorframe, crossing her arms and looking down at the naked girl on the floor.

Kimmy did not look up. She was resting on her hands and knees, her bare breasts swaying slightly. Her mouth was parted, a soft, rhythmic pant escaping her lips. Her hazel eyes, previously wide with nervous anxiety, were completely glazed over, swimming in a serene, permanent pink fog. She didn't look like a nineteen-year-old girl. She looked entirely, profoundly vacant.

"Come on in," Nadia said smoothly, stepping aside. "Let's take a look at the merchandise." Trinity stepped into the room, giving the leather leash a short, directing tug.

The girl on the floor didn't hesitate. She scrambled eagerly across the threshold on all fours, her bare knees padding softly against the linoleum. When she reached the center of the room, she stopped, sitting back on her bare calves, panting softly.

Nadia shut and locked the door. She and Laura slowly circled the naked blonde, inspecting her like a prized piece of livestock.

"She's very small," Laura noted, reaching down to run a hand over the girl's pale, bare shoulders. The girl instantly leaned into Laura's palm, letting out a soft, high-pitched whine of pleasure. "Look at that. She's incredibly friendly. Did she give you any trouble at the shelter?"

"None at all," Trinity answered, unhooking the leash from the collar and tossing it onto the desk. "Her previous owners clearly didn't train her properly. She was full of all this nervous, useless energy. Crying, shaking, trying to understand complex commands. We had to completely wipe her temperament."

"She looks so peaceful now," Nadia murmured. She crouched down right in front of the girl's face.

Nadia reached out and gently scratched the girl under the chin. The girl's eyes fluttered shut, her head tilting back, a thick string of saliva pooling at the corner of her lips. She let out a contented, breathy noise that sounded remarkably like a whimper.

"Speak," Nadia commanded softly, testing the waters. "Say hello."

The girl's brow furrowed for a fraction of a second. She opened her mouth, her vocal cords vibrating, but the linguistic processing centers of her brain encountered a massive, impenetrable wall of static. The concept of syntax, of forming a greeting, simply didn't exist anymore. The cognitive friction instantly converted into a rush of pure physical arousal. Her thighs clamped together. A heavy, slick drop of moisture pooled on the linoleum beneath her.

"Rrr... wuh... *whine*," the girl whimpered, her chest heaving as she panted, unable to form a single syllable.

"Flawless," Trinity stated, adjusting her glasses with a triumphant smirk. "The Broca's area has been completely severed from her vocal pathways. English sounds like pleasant white noise to her now. She relies entirely on tone, body language, and basic Pavlovian commands."

"She is magnificent," Nadia breathed, genuinely awestruck by the sheer depth of the psychological destruction. She ruffled the honey-blonde curls. "You did a very good job, little rescue. You're going to love it here."

The girl barked—a soft, breathless, happy little *yip*—and nudged her nose affectionately against Nadia’s thigh.

"What are we going to call her?" Laura asked, dropping down onto the faux-fur rug. "She can't be 'Kimmy' anymore. That's a human name. A human name for a girl who reads books. This is a pet."

"She responds best to high-pitched, two-syllable sounds," Trinity advised, crossing her arms. "Something soft. It triggers the dopamine loop I established."

Laura tilted her head, studying the naked girl panting on the floor. "Look at her hair. It's so sweet and sticky. Like... Goldie? Or Peaches?"

"No, not Peaches," Nadia mused, her icy blue eyes scanning the girl's flushed, devoted face. "She's too sweet for that. She's thick, and sweet, and exists entirely to be consumed." Nadia smiled. "Honey."

The girl’s ears didn't physically twitch, but her entire posture perked up at the tone of Nadia’s voice.

"Honey," Nadia repeated, pitching her voice slightly higher, infused with sweet, commanding affection. "Here, Honey. Come here, girl."

The naked blonde scrambled frantically across the three feet of linoleum, dropping her front half onto the faux-fur rug and resting her chin directly on Nadia’s bare foot. She panted heavily, looking up at Nadia with absolute, unconditional, mindless adoration.

"Honey it is," Laura laughed, clapping her hands together. "She loves it!"

"She's absolutely perfect, Trin," Nadia praised, looking up at the psychology major. "You took away all her heavy, painful thoughts. You saved her."

"I did," Trinity agreed, a dark, clinical pride in her voice. "But in removing her vocabulary, I ran into a minor behavioral issue during the conditioning process."

Nadia raised an eyebrow. "What kind of issue?"

"She possesses a terrifying, bottomless well of submissive devotion to you, Nadia," Trinity explained, pacing slowly around the faux-fur rug. "Before this weekend, whenever you did something cruel or degrading to her, her coping mechanism was to verbally thank you. Saying 'Thank you, Nadia' was how she processed her submission. It grounded her." Laura nodded, remembering the sushi dinner. "Right. She was constantly thanking us for using her."

"Exactly," Trinity said. "But now that she can't form the words 'Thank you,' the gratitude was getting trapped in her nervous system. She would whine and shake until she practically vibrated out of her skin because she had no way to express her appreciation. She needed an outlet. An action to replace the vocabulary."

Nadia’s eyes darkened with intrigue. "So what did you program her to do?"

"I rewired her reward circuitry," Trinity smirked, looking down at Honey. "I linked her need to express gratitude directly to her oral fixation and her libido. I conditioned her to understand that the only acceptable, appropriate way a good puppy says 'thank you' is by servicing her owner. Specifically, by licking pussy."

Nadia’s breath caught in her throat. Her icy blue eyes widened in pure, unadulterated delight. "Are you serious?" Laura gasped, bursting into a fit of wicked laughter. "You trained her to eat us out instead of saying thank you?!"

"It was the most efficient psychological substitute," Trinity stated coolly. "It satisfies her desperate need to please, it physically exhausts her so she remains docile, and it provides utility to the owners. Watch."

Trinity stepped up to the edge of the faux-fur rug. She looked down at the naked, panting girl. "Honey," Trinity commanded sharply.

Honey’s head snapped up, her vacant hazel eyes locking onto Trinity.

"You are a very good, very pretty, very dumb little puppy," Trinity praised, her tone dripping with affection. "I am so proud of how empty you are."

Honey let out a loud, high-pitched whine. Her entire body began to tremble. The intense, overwhelming wave of gratitude flooded her system, but she had absolutely no words to release it. Her eyes darted around frantically, her chest heaving as she sought an outlet. Trinity calmly unbuttoned her oversized jeans, pushing them and her underwear down to her thighs, and spread her legs slightly.

Honey didn't hesitate for a microsecond.

She scrambled forward on her hands and knees, practically diving between Trinity's denim- clad legs. She buried her face directly into Trinity's bare, slick center, letting out a muffled, desperate moan of relief. Her tongue lashed out, lapping frantically, hungrily, eagerly against Trinity's folds. She licked with manic, single-minded devotion, effectively screaming *Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!* with every desperate stroke of her tongue.

Trinity sighed, resting a hand casually on the back of Honey's head, adjusting her glasses with the other. "See? The reflex is fully automated. She can't help herself."

Nadia sat on the edge of the mega-bed, utterly mesmerized. A genuine, overjoyed smile stretched across her face, completely eclipsing her usual cool, calculating demeanor. This was beyond anything she could have ever plotted. She hadn't just broken Kimmy Walters; she had overseen the creation of a completely new, flawless entity. A naked, mindless, permanently happy little pet who crawled on the floor, answered to *Honey*, and eagerly, desperately begged to service her betters to show how grateful she was to be owned. "You are a genius, Trinity," Nadia breathed, watching her new puppy happily lap between the junior's thighs. Nadia slowly unhooked the front clasp of her black denim cut-offs, the sound of the zipper loud in the quiet dorm room. She spread her long, bare legs, leaning back on her elbows.

"Honey," Nadia purred, her voice a dark, irresistible siren song.

Honey’s head snapped up from Trinity's thighs. Her face was flushed, her lips shining, her hazel eyes completely blown out with empty bliss.

"Come here, puppy," Nadia whispered, tapping the mattress between her open thighs. "Come show Mommy how grateful you are to be home."

Honey let out a sharp, joyful bark and scrambled wildly across the linoleum, eager to spend the rest of her empty, blissful life saying thank you.